This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google books

https://books.google.com

St. Nicholas

Mary Mapes Dodge

Digitized by Google

0801
.S147
1873/4

Library of

Princeton University.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY PAIR
32101 019524907

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

NICHOLAS

SCRIBNER'S
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

EDITED BY
MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME I.
[illegible]

SCRIBNER & CO., NEW YORK

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

ST. NICHOLAS:

SCRIBNER'S
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

WITHDRAWN FROM
CARNEGIE LIBRARY,
PITTSBURGH.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME I.
NOVEMBER, 1873, TO NOVEMBER, 1874.

SCRIBNER & CO., NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google

(RECAP)
0901
.S147
(1873/74)

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by
SCRIBNER & CO.,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.

FRANCIS HART & CO., Printers,
12 & 14 College Place, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS VOLUME I.

		PAGE
About Some Queer Little People. (Illustrated)	*Donald G. Mitchell*	296
Adventures of a Man-Kite, The. (Illustrated)		315
Adventure with a Critic, An. (Illustrated)	*John Riverside*	63
Affair of the Sandpiper, The. (Illustrated)	*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps*	595
All About Blind Man's Buff. (Illustrated)	*Hezekiah Butterworth*	378
Anna's Doll	*Lucretia P. Hale*	28
Antelope, or Prong-horn, The. Illustrated)	*Oliver Howard*	630
Arabian Nights, Who Wrote the. (Illustrated)	*Donald G. Mitchell*	42
Auctions all Over the World	*N. S. Dodge*	397
Baby Sylvester. (Illustrated)	*Bret Harte*	506
Baby's Thoughts. (Illustrated)		168
Bean, The Sacred. (Illustrated)		92
Bee and the Butterfly, The. Verse	*Margaret Eytinge*	168
Bee-hive, A Visit to a. (Illustrated)	*Annie Moore*	34
Being a Boy	*Charles Dudley Warner*	165
Bianca and Beppo. (Illustrated)	*Joel S. Stacy*	177
Billy Boy. Verse. (Illustrated)	*M. M. D*	52
Birds, For the. (Illustrated)	*C. C. Haskins*	72
Blue Beard's Island	*Charles Dimitry*	409
Blue-Coat Boys	*Virginia C. Phœbus*	2
Borrowing Trouble. Translation of French Story on page 276	*Nellie Binckley*	430
Bowwow-Curlycur and the Wooden Leg	*Margaret Eytinge*	82
Boys in Africa, Some. (Illustrated)	*M. S*	230
Boy who Took a Boarder, The	*Charlotte Adams*	565
Boy who Worked, The. (Illustrated)	*Roswell-Smith*	147
Bright Idea, A. (Illustrated)	*M. S*	411
Brighton Cats, The (Illustrated)	*Joel S. Stacy*	50
Broken! Picture		275
Bubbles. (Illustrated)	*Joel S. Stacy*	393
Card from the Editor of "Our Young Folks"		160
Card from the Editor of "St. Nicholas"		160
Chanticleer. Poem	*Celia Thaxter*	204
Cheated Mosquitoes, The. Poem. (Illustrated)	*Clara Doty Bates*	640
Chip. (Illustrated)	*Rebecca Harding Davis*	689
Christmas Angels. (Illustrated)	*Donald G Mitchell*	105
Christmas City. (Illustrated)	*S. B. C. Samuels*	405
Christmas in Spain. (Illustrated)	*John Hay*	122
Church-Cock, The. (Illustrated)	*Z. Topelius*	330
Churning Song, A. Poem	*Silas Dinsmore*	199
Cloud-Picture, A. Poem	*H. H. Colquitt*	79
Coast-Wreckers, The. (Illustrated)	*William H. Rideing*	481
Coming. Poem. (Illustrated)	*M. M. D*	703
Contentment. Picture, from sketch by	*W. Brooks*	396
Cossack Horsemen. (Illustrated)		289
Cost of a Pleasure, The. Poem	*William Cullen Bryant*	177
Cruise of the Antioch, The. (Illustrated)	*Cyrus Martin, Jr*	58
Curious Fishes, Some. (Illustrated)	*Jas. C. Beard*	256, 438
Curious Things that may be Found on the Sea-shore, Some. Picture, drawn by	*W. H. Gibson*	658
Dangerous Experiment, A. Picture, drawn by	*Frank Beard*	295
Date and Some Other Palms, The. (Illustrated)	*Fannie R. Feudge*	60

WITHDRAWN FROM CARNEGIE LIBRARY, PITTSBURGH.

Digitized by Google

PAGE

Dog-day Fancy, A. Picture 741
Drinking-Pan, The. Poem. (Illustrated) ..... *M. M. D.* 480
Dwarfs, The Ten Little ..... *Sophie Dorsey* 70
Eagle and the Serpent, The. Poem ..... *William Cullen Bryant* 506
Earth, the Moon and the Comet, The. Poem. (Illustrated) ..... *C. P. Cranch* 698
Elfin Jack, the Giant-Killer. Poem. (Illustrated) ..... *Joel S. Stacy* 272
Elves' Gift, The. (Illustrated) ..... *Arthur Crosby* 108
Emprunt de Peine. For translation. (Illustrated) ..... *Joel S. Stacy* 276
Enchanted Prince, The ..... *Rebecca Harding Davis* 18
Famous Garden, A. (Illustrated) ..... *M. E. Edwards* 466
Farallone Islanders, The. (Illustrated) ..... *John Lewees* 20
Fast Friends. (Illustrated) ..... *J. T. Trowbridge* 153, 184, 289, 322, 398, 449, 534, 567, 658, 704
Fifty Pounds Reward. (Illustrated) ..... *Donald G. Mitchell* 669
Fire-Crackers and the Fourth of July. (Illustrated) ..... *William H. Rideing* 545
Fish-Hawks and their Nests. (Illustrated) ..... *M. D. Ruff* 79
Folded Hands ..... *B. W.* 459
Following a Good Example. Pictures, drawn by ..... *J. W. Champney* 249
Forget-me-not, The ..... *Alice Williams* 515
Fourth-of-July Tablet 505
Four Years Old. Poem. (Illustrated) ..... *L. G. Warner* 532
Gallant Outriders, The. Poem. (Illustrated) ..... *Burt McMillan* 249
Garden Party of Wild Animals, A. (Illustrated) ..... *Elizabeth Lawrence* 583
Garret Adventure, A. (Illustrated) ..... *M. M. D.* 129
Gentle Angler, The. (Illustrated) ..... *Paul Fort* 627
German Story for Translation. (Illustrated) ..... *Clara Hance* 41
German Story for Translation. (Illustrated) ..... *J. L.* 229
Girl's Visit to the Geysers, A. (Illustrated) ..... *Susie Cogswell* 333
Good Boy, There was a. Poem. (Illustrated) 83
Gowns of Gossamer. Poem ..... *Lucy Larcom* 444
Grandfather's Story. (Illustrated) 192
Grandmother. (Illustrated) ..... *Elsie G.* 17
Half a Loaf is Better than no Bread. Translation of French Story on page 86 170
Hans Ryitzar's Breakfast. Translation of German Story on page 229 303
Haydn's Children's Symphony. (Illustrated) ..... *James Judson Lord* 429
Hermann, the Defender of Germany ..... *E. A. Bradin* 22
Heronry among the Gnarled Pines, The. (Illustrated) ..... *C. A. Stephens* 445
Hidden Rill, The. Poem ..... *William Cullen Bryant* 136
Home from the Party. Poem. (Illustrated) ..... *Mary D. Brine* 408
Home Service, The. Poem ..... *Mary D. Brine* 548
How a Tinker Wrote a Novel. (Illustrated) ..... *Donald G. Mitchell* 92
How Charlie Cracked the World. (Illustrated) ..... *"Aunt Fanny"* 717
How Jamie had His Own Way ..... *Mary N. Prescott* 202
How Meg Changed Her Mind. (Illustrated) ..... *Elizabeth Lawrence* 121
How My Hero Found a Name. (Illustrated) ..... *E. A. E.* 605
How Persimmons Took Cah ob der Baby. Poem. (Illustrated) ..... *Lizzie W. Champney* 420
How St. Valentine Remembered Milly. (Illustrated) ..... *Susan Coolidge* 218
How the Bullfinch is Taught to Sing. (Illustrated) ..... *R. E. Hale* 243
How the "Gull" Went Down. (Illustrated) ..... *Rebecca Harding Davis* 441
How the Heavens Fell. (Illustrated) ..... *Rossiter Johnson* 193
How the Little Bird Went to Sea. Poem. (Illustrated) ..... *F. V. W.* 610
How the Snow Came. Poem ..... *Annie R. Annan* 301
Ice in India. (Illustrated) ..... *M. E. Edwards* 714
Indian Mother, An. (Illustrated) 29
In Summer Time. Poem. (Illustrated) ..... *L. G. Warner* 578
In the Wood. Poem. (Illustrated) ..... *M. M. D.* 424
Introduction ..... *M. M. D.* 1

Digitized by Google

PAGE

Isn't it so? Poem ..... *M. M. D.* 140
Jack Frost. Poem ..... *Celia Thaxter* 49
Japanese Games ..... *Ichy Zo Hattori* 167
Jenner, Edward. (Illustrated) ..... *Clarence Cook* 241
Jim Crow. (Illustrated) ..... *Annabel Lee* 647
Jimmyjohns' Sailor-Suits, The. (Illustrated) ..... *Abby Morton Diaz* 425
Jingles 6, 83, 196, 214, 407, 492, 577
Johanna Sebus. (Illustrated) ..... *John Lewees* 377
John Martin's Snowball. Translation of French Story on page 151 228
Jolly Harper Man and His Good Fortune, The Story of the. (Illustrated) ..... *H. Butterworth* 136
Kindergarten Crow, The ..... *Charles Barnard* 299
Kitten. Acting Charade ..... *Mary Haines Gilbert* 373
Kittiwakes, The. Poem ..... *Celia Thaxter* 646
La Boule de Neige de Jean Martin. For translation. (Illustrated) ..... *Paul Fort* 151
La Petite Plume Rouge. For translation ..... *Mary L. B. Branch* 366
Last Guest at the Wedding, The. Picture, drawn by ..... *M. I. MacDonald* 448
Last Flower of the Year, The. Poem ..... *Lucy Larcom* 107
Last Pie, The ..... *Alice Chadbourne* 301
Law that Could Not be Broken, A. (Illustrated) ..... *Joel S. Stacy* 39
Le Petit Paresseux. For translation ..... *A. A. C.* 740
Le Singe Favori. For translation. (Illustrated) ..... *H. D. Field* 591
Letter from Egypt, A. (Illustrated) ..... *Sarah Keables Hunt* 693
Letter from Holstein, A ..... *Mrs. Charles A. Joy* 422
Library, Making a. (Illustrated) ..... *John Lewees* 78
Life-Saving on the Coast. (Illustrated) ..... *William H. Rideing* 336
Light-house, Under the. Poem ..... *Celia Thaxter* 37
Light-houses and Light-ships, Our. (Illustrated) ..... *William H. Rideing* 725
Little Ben and the Sunshine. (Illustrated) ..... *Kate Bloede* 654
Little Boy who Went Out to Swim, The. (Illustrated) ..... *Henry Howland* 632
Little Doll that Lied, The. Poem ..... *Sarah O. Jewett* 595
Little Girl, A. Verse. (Illustrated) ..... *M. H. B.* 740
Little Girl's Diary, A Leaf from a. (Illustrated) ..... *Abby Morton Diaz* 724
Little Girl who would n't Eat Crusts, The. Poem. (Illustrated) ..... *M. M. D.* 117
Little Goo-goo. Poem ..... *Scott Campbell* 404
Little Gustava. Poem ..... *Celia Thaxter* 329
Little House with the Golden Thatch. Verse ..... *M. F. B.* 606
Little Red Feather, The. Translation of French Story in April No. 554
Little Reformers, The. (Illustrated) ..... *Rossiter Johnson* 462
Little Sambo and the Buttermilk Pail / The Buttermilk Pail and Little Sambo } Pictures, drawn by ..... *S. McSpeden* 668
Little Violinist, The. (Illustrated) ..... *Thomas Bailey Aldrich* 358
Little "Wide-awake." Poem. (Illustrated) ..... *Mary A. Lathbury* 354
Look Ahead. Poem ..... *John Hay* 448
Magic Keys, The. (Illustrated) ..... *James H. Flint* 388
Magic Pictures. (Illustrated) ..... *M. V. M.* 520
Make-Believe. Poem. (Illustrated) ..... *S. S. H.* 268
Making Snow ..... *James Richardson* 274
Mamie's Lecture. (Illustrated) 300
Man who Sat the Old Year Out, The. Picture 108
Manatee, The. (Illustrated) ..... *Harriet M. Miller* 200
March. Poem. (Illustrated) ..... *M. M. D.* 255
Microscope on Shipboard, The. (Illustrated) ..... *A. Rattray* 527
Mieux vaut avoir la Moitié d'un Pain que ne pas avoir de Pain. For translation. (Illustrated) ..... *M. M. D.* 86
Mild Farmer Jones and the Naughty Boy. Poem. (Illustrated) ..... *Theophilus Higginbotham* 190
Mischief in the Studio. A Pantomime ..... *G. B. Bartlett* 238

Digitized by Google

PAGE

Miss Fanshaw's Tea-Party ..... *Emma Burt* 394
Missionary Insects, Some ..... *Mary B. C. Slade* 576
Monkey, The Pet. Translation of French Story in August No 732
Moon Came Late, The. Verse. (Illustrated) 69
Moose Hunt in the Maine Woods, A. (Illustrated) ..... *C. A. Stephens* 205
Moving of the Barn, The. (Illustrated) ..... *Abby Morton Diaz* 602
Mrs. Pomeroy's Page ..... *Mary E. Bradley* 341
Mrs. Slipperkin's Family. (Illustrated) ..... *Clara G. Dolliver* 469
My Friend the Housekeeper. (Illustrated) ..... *Sarah O. Jewett* 650
My Little One Came. Verse. (Illustrated) ..... *M. M. D* 99
My Pet Lamb. (Illustrated) 234
Naylor o' the Bowl. (Illustrated) ..... *Rebecca Harding Davis* 65
Nest, The. Poem ..... *H. H* 696
New Regulation, A. Verse. (Illustrated) 128
New Toys and Games for the Children 170
Nice Old Gentleman, A. (Illustrated) ..... *D. G. M* 478
Nimpo's Troubles. (Illustrated) ..... *Olive Thorne* 161, 210, 277, 355, 415, 473, 549
Not at all Like Me. Poem ..... *Margaret Eytinge* 332
Odd Fellow, An. (Illustrated) ..... *Harriet M. Miller* 262
Oh, no! Poem. (Illustrated) ..... *M. M. D* 13
Old Dutch Times in New York. (Illustrated) ..... *T. W. Higginson* 674
Old-fashioned Hat, An. (Illustrated) ..... *Olive Thorne* 7
Old Simon. Verse. (Illustrated) 77
Omnibus, The Autobiography of an. (Illustrated) ..... *Louisa M. Alcott* 719
Passenger Pigeons ..... *M. T* 15
Peach-Boy, The. (Illustrated) ..... *Isaac Yaunkahama* 386
Pete. (Illustrated) ..... *Lucy G. Morse* 117
Peterkins had a Late Dinner, Why the ..... *Lucretia P. Hale* 518
Peterkins' Summer Journey, The ..... *Lucretia P. Hale* 673
Peter Parrot. Poem ..... *Rose Terry Cooke* 263
Pony Express, The. (Illustrated) ..... *Major Traverse* 641
Popsey's Posies. (Illustrated) ..... *Lizzie W. Champney* 607
Prairie Fires. Poem. (Illustrated) ..... *Eudora May Stone* 629
Princes in the Tower, The. (Illustrated) ..... *M. M. D* 146
Pussy's Class. Poem. (Illustrated) ..... *M. M. D* 656
Pygmy Families, The Deaf and Dumb. (Illustrated) ..... *James H. Flint* 701
Queen o' May, The. Poem. (Illustrated) ..... *M. M. D* 392
Rabbit on the Wall, The. Picture, from a sketch by ..... *W. Brooks* 472
Rascally Sandy ..... *Robert Dale Owen* 269
Rebecca, the Drummer. (Illustrated) ..... *Charles Barnard* 503
Robbie Plays in the Water ..... *Olive Thorne* 628
Robin's Nest, The. Poem. (Illustrated) ..... *C. F. Jackson* 428
Room for One More. Picture 348
Roses and Forget-me-nots. (Illustrated) ..... *Louisa M. Alcott* 250
Sam Quimby's Art Summer. (Illustrated) ..... *Fanny Barrow* 95
Sancti Petri Ædes Sacra. For translation. (Illustrated) ..... *J. H. Morse* 493
Sea, By the. (Illustrated) ..... *Noah Brooks* 10
Shag, The. Poem. (Illustrated) ..... *Celia Thaxter* 517
Silent. Acting Charade ..... *Mary L. Ritter* 124
Sleeping Bloodhound, The. (Illustrated) 328
Small Vessels and Great Builders. (Illustrated) ..... *Fannie Roper Feudge* 513
Snowed In. (Illustrated) ..... *Martha M. Thomas* 257
Spring Workman, A. Picture 367
Story to be Told, A. Pictures by ..... *Wm. Cruikshanks* 617
St. Peter's Church. Translation of Latin Sketch in June No 589
Sun and the Stars, The. Poem. (Illustrated) ..... *M. M. D* 455

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. I. NOVEMBER, 1873. NO. 1.

DEAR GIRL AND BOY—No, there are more! Here they come! There they come! Near by, far off, everywhere, we can see them,—coming by dozens, hundreds, thousands, troops upon troops, and all pressing closer and closer.

Why, this is delightful. And how fresh, eager, and hearty you look! Glad to see us? Thank you. The same to you, and many happy returns. Well, well, we might have known it; we *did* know it, but we hardly thought it would be like this. Hurrah for dear St. Nicholas! He has made us friends in a moment.

And no wonder. Is he not the boys' and girls' own Saint, the especial friend of young Americans? That he is. And isn't he the acknowledged patron Saint of New York—one of America's great cities—dear to old hearts as well as young? Didn't his image stand at the prow of the first emigrant ship that ever sailed into New York Bay, and wasn't the very first church the New Yorkers built named after him? Didn't he come over with the Dutch, ever so long ago, and take up his abode here? Certainly. And, what is more, isn't he the kindest, best, and jolliest old dear that ever was known? Certainly, again.

Another thing you know: He is fair and square. He comes when he says he will. At the very outset he decided to visit our boys and girls every Christmas; and doesn't he do it? Yes; and that makes it all the harder when trouble or poverty shuts him out at that time from any of the children.

Dear old St. Nicholas, with his pet names—Santa Claus, Kriss Kringle, St. Nick, and we don't know how many others. What a host of wonderful stories are told about him—you may hear them all some day—and what loving, cheering thoughts follow in his train! He has attended so many heart-warmings in his long, long day that he glows without knowing it, and, coming as he does, at a holy time, casts a light upon the children's faces that lasts from year to year.

Never to dim this light, young friends, by word or token, to make it even brighter, when we can, in good, pleasant, helpful ways, and to clear away clouds that sometimes shut it out, is our aim and prayer.

Digitized by Google

THE WOODMAN AND THE SANDAL-TREE.

(From the Spanish.)

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Beside a sandal-tree a woodman stood
  And swung the axe, and, as the strokes were laid
Upon the fragrant trunk, the generous wood,
  With its own sweets, perfumed the cruel blade.
Go, then, and do the like; a soul endued
  With light from heaven, a nature pure and great,
Will place its highest bliss in doing good,
  And good for evil give, and love for hate.

BLUE COAT BOYS.

BY VIRGINIA C. PHOEBUS.

THE blue coat boys were not United States soldiers in uniform, not *any* soldiers in uniform, but boys of all ages between seven and fifteen, and this was the uniform they wore,—a blue coat or tunic, bright yellow petticoat, yellow stockings, a red leathern girdle about the waist, a white cravat about the neck, and on the head a little round, black woolen cap.

How many of these boys were there? where did they live? why did they wear so strange a dress? They lived in London, about one hundred years ago, dozens upon dozens of them; they were all members of a school known as Christ's Hospital (a strange name for a school), and their peculiar dress was the regular school uniform; they were charity scholars, brought from poor and respectable homes, to receive as good advantages as England could give even to her wealthier sons, and to be fitted for entrance into the highest universities of the land. The school still exists in London, and blue coat boys may be seen there to-day, but those of whom I am going to tell you belonged to the old time.

The little seven-year-old boy, fresh from the home-love and petting, here found himself surrounded by a multitude of strange faces, numbering five and six hundred, sometimes as many as eight hundred. How awkward it must have seemed to him at first, when even the familiar garments which mother's hands had made must be laid aside and the quaint school garb assumed! I can fancy such a one, going over the great building for the first time, accompanied by an older scholar, who would explain to him the wonders of the place.

He would hear how this old building had once been the home of the Grey Friars, an order of monks, whose uniform was of the color indicated by their name—he would be shown into the boys' bed-rooms, and told that these were once monks' cloisters, where they counted their beads and said their prayers and did their penances. At certain places he would be stopped to listen to frightful details of the scenes that had been enacted just there, among these old monks in the ages gone by.

Then he would be told how, after the monks had been suppressed, the boy-king, Edward VI (whose memory all little students of English history learn to love), had, just a few months before his death, established in these extensive old buildings, this school for boys; he would have his attention drawn to the brass medal-like buckle which fastened his red leathern girdle; and the boy-face on it would always thereafter be associated in his mind with Edward VI, whom it was intended to represent. He would be taught to distinguish the monitors by their badge. Guess what this monitor's badge was.

Digitized by Google

You never will: so give it up, and I will tell you. It was and still is, a *superior style of shoe-string!*

Had these blue coat boys any holidays? Yes; there was Christmas, when they clubbed their funds together and bought such refreshments as their means would allow, when even the penniless ones came in for a share of the good things, as they sat around the fire and told stories; then, on Christmas night, when the little ones had retired at their usual hour, seven o'clock, the monitors and older boys went through the halls and bed-rooms, singing their Christmas carols, until, as one of their number wrote years afterwards, when he was no longer a boy,—"I seemed to be transported to Bethlehem, and to hear the voices of the angels as they sang to the shepherds."

There was Easter, when the whole school marched in solemn procession through the London streets and were received by the Lord Mayor in his stately robes, who dispensed to each child cake, wine, and a shilling. *That* was a red-letter day, you may be sure. Then there were several days preceding Good Friday, when they "supped in public," and any persons in the city might come in to witness their proceedings; not so very stately a performance one would think, when he is told that they ate from wooden trenchers and the meal to which the public was invited as spectators was simply a meal of bread and cheese.

Lastly, there were the holidays known among them as whole leave days, when there were no studies and *no dinner.* This suited admirably the boys who were within walking distance of friends and parents, but those who had no other retreat but the school may well be excused if they longed for night and supper. It was bright enough at first; breakfast over, they wandered away to a famous bathing place, known as the New River; here they bathed and dived and swam, getting themselves appetites; then they came out of the water and watched the cattle feeding in the meadows, the bees gathering their stores of sweets from the flowers, the birds finding their supplies of seeds and grubs—all things around had something to eat—the very sight made them the hungrier. How long the afternoons were; they looked in at the bright shop windows, and then went to the Tower, where was a famous menagerie, and where they might watch the lions, for the keeper of the menagerie understood that blue coat boys were always to be admitted free of charge, whenever they applied for such a favor. I cannot think those holidays without dinner were red-letter days.

Did they make much progress in their studies? Some of the brightest names in English literature belonged to men, who, in their childhood, were blue coat boys. It would be an interesting study for those of you who have leisure and taste for these things, to hunt up some of these names. Let me give you a few hints. One of them became a prominent English bishop. The initials of three, who became famous as poets and prose writers, were, C. L., S. T. C. and L. H.

What did they read? It was before the days of children's magazines and children's literature, but they had Robinson Crusoe and the Arabian Nights. Do you know any brighter or more entertaining books, even now?

They had some laws which were peculiar to themselves; these laws or traditions, handed on to each new-comer, and thus passing from generation to generation, were rigorously observed by all.

Among these traditions was the abstaining from all fat meats, and the refusal to eat certain kinds of sweet cakes. No one could tell how these traditions originated. The boys were strictly allowanced in the matter of food, and we are told that this allowance was "cruelly insufficient;" so much meat placed upon each plate, part lean, part fat; this fat was known among the boys as "gag," and no matter how hungry he might be, nor how much his appetite might crave it, no blue coat boy would willingly be a "gag-eater."

There is a touching story told of one who acquired among the other boys the reputation of a "gag-eater;" it was noticed that he quietly gathered up, after the meal, every bit of fat left on the plates of those who sat at the same table with himself; the hungry boys were not likely to leave a particle of bread, yet, if they did, the smallest bit of crust was never overlooked by him; all these scraps were placed in a blue-checked handkerchief, and the handkerchief on a bench by the side of his bed; the boys watched to see him eat it, but they only saw the scraps accumulating; it was rumored that he ate at night when others were asleep, but in this he was never detected. The "gag-eater" became odious to his fellows; he seemed a studious, gentle-hearted boy, yet they shunned him; no one would play with him or associate with him; he ate "strange flesh;" at length it was noticed that the blue-check handkerchief and its contents were regularly carried away, when he had leave of absence. His footsteps were traced by some of his school-fellows to the poorest part of the town, into a wretched garret; and when the whole matter was revealed, it was found that the parents of the poor boy had become so reduced that they were in danger of starvation, and the weekly supply of scraps in the blue-checked handkerchief was gladly received and eagerly devoured by the two old people. Honor to the brave "gag-eater!" I am glad to add that the school authorities came to the relief of his parents.

Digitized by Google

TOMMY HOPPER'S CHOICE.

BY PAUL FORT.

THERE was nothing that pleased Susan Burroughs so much as being generous. She was willing to give away everything she had, and, more than that, she often wished to give away many things that she did not have at all. I do not mean to say there was any dishonesty about Susan. She simply took pleasure in thinking what she would give if she only had it.

This was a very amiable trait, and generally a very agreeable one, but, sometimes, some of the smaller boys and girls, whom she used to entertain with accounts of what she would do for them if she only had this, that, and the other thing, were considerably annoyed in their little minds by the delightful, but impossible pictures she drew for them. They could not see any reason why Susan did not have all these good things since she was so anxious to give them away.

It was a bright winter afternoon, near Christmas day, when Susan stepped out of the house, warmly dressed for a walk, and with a twenty-five cent note snugly tucked away in the bottom of her pocket. She did not have twenty-five cents every day, and she felt a little rich. By an instinct natural to most children about Christmas time, she walked directly to the largest toy store in the neighborhood; not that she had any intention of buying anything just then, but, as you may have noticed, it is always more pleasant to look at pretty things when you have money in your pocket than when you have none.

When she reached the store, the first thing she saw was little Tommy Hopper, standing boldly before the shop window feasting his eyes on the wonderful things within. There were balls, and bats, and tops, and hoops, and kites, and boxes of tools, rocking-horses, sleds, steamboats with real engines and propellers, boxes of games, ninepins, battledores and shuttlecocks, steam-cars that moved along a track just like real ones (only not so fast), babies that crept on their hands and knees if you wound them up, little boys riding on velocipedes, great big humming tops, and jack-straws, and dear knows what all.

"What are you going to buy, Tommy?" said Susan, stepping up softly behind him.

Tommy looked around quickly. When he saw it was Susan, he smiled a curious little smile, and said:

"I ain't a-going to buy nothing, I'm only a-looking."

"You haven't any money, have you, Tommy?" said Susan.

"No," said Tommy, in a very commonplace tone of voice, as if it were nothing extraordinary for him to have no money.

"Now, I'll tell you what I'll do, Tommy," said Susan, "I'll give you the very prettiest thing in that window that you can buy for twenty-five cents; so you can just take your choice."

"Have you got the money?" asked Tommy.

"Yes," said Susan, drawing her twenty-five cents from her pocket, "here it is."

"It is all your own, is it?" said Tommy.

"Yes; it is all my own," answered Susan.

Tommy was now satisfied. He could go to work and make his selection with a certainty of being backed by a capitalist. He did not hesitate long. In less than half a minute he had chosen a rocking-horse.

"Oh! you can't buy that for a quarter, Tommy!" cried Susan. "You must choose something cheaper."

Tommy hesitated a little now. He felt humbled. And so the next thing he chose was simply a box of tools.

"Oh! you little goose!" cried Susan. "That box would cost two or three dollars. Isn't there any small thing that you like which does not cost more than a quarter?"

Tommy was now silent for some time; his mind was a little confused. Susan would have suggested something, but the truth was she did not know much about the prices herself, and she did not like to mention anything that would cost more than she could pay.

At last Tommy made a hit; "One of those creeping babies," said he.

"Oh! I can't buy that," said Susan, somewhat impatiently.

"Why, that is ever so little," said Tommy, sturdily.

He had chosen a baby because it was small, and he was not to be argued out of his position every time.

"But I tell you, you can't buy that for twenty-five cents," said Susan. "Don't you know it creeps?"

"It's littler than our baby at home," said Tommy, grumly.

"Well," said Susan, "you couldn't buy that for twenty-five cents."

"Yes, I could," said Tommy, and then a little doubtfully, "Which is the most, these creeping ones, or real ones?"

Digitized by Google

"You little simpleton!" said Susan, laughing, and shaking him by the shoulders. "If you don't choose something quickly, I'll go away."

"No, you won't," said Tommy. "I haven't choosed anything yet, and you said you'd wait till I did."

If Susan had not been one of the most good natured of girls, she certainly would have been tired out by Tommy's persistence in selecting the most expensive articles in the window. It was of no use to mention to him marbles, and tops, and kites, for it was winter time, and Tommy did not want any toys out of season.

At last, tired of following Tommy's eyes about

Digitized by Google

the window, Susan looked around, and, across the street, she saw her father going home from the office. One of the greatest delights of her life was to take a walk with her father, and so she hurriedly said to the little boy, "Here, Tommy, take the money and buy something for yourself. I am going home with father."

Tommy was delighted to be free from Susan. She worried and bothered him in his choice. Now he felt he could select something he would like without having her "nagging" him all the time, and telling him that things cost too much.

So he walked boldly into the store with his twenty-five cents clutched in his chubby fist. After a very short tour of inspection he stepped up to the man at the counter.

"I want one of them sleds," said he, pointing to a number of handsomely painted sleighs and sledges near the door.

"Which one will you have?" said the man, coming out from behind the counter, and separating one or two of the sleds from the others, "this green one, or this blue one with red runners?"

Tommy hesitated. The blue one was very handsome, but the green one had a horse painted on the seat. This latter fact decided him.

"I'll take the green one," said he.

"That is three dollars and a half," said the man, looking at Tommy, and, noticing, apparently for the first time, what a very little boy he was.

"But it's too much," said Tommy. "I've only got a quarter."

The man laughed.

"You ought to have known whether you had money enough or not, before you asked for it," said he.

"Are all sleds more'n a quarter?" asked Tommy.

"Yes," said the shopman.

"Good-by," said Tommy, and out he marched.

On his way home he passed a peanut stand. Happy opportunity! Tommy stepped up to the man and demanded twenty-five cents' worth of peanuts. Peanuts were cheap in those days, and when Tommy's little pockets were all full, and his hat would scarcely go on his head for nuts, and he had even stuffed some in the waistband of his trousers, there were yet ever so many peanuts and no place to put them.

"Bother on twenty-five cents!" said Tommy. "In some places it's too little, and in some places it's too much!"

LITTLE JINGLES.

SNOW, snow, everywhere!
Snow on frozen mountain peak,
Snow on Flippit's sunny hair,
Snow flakes melting on his cheek.
Snow, snow, wherever you go,
Shifting, drifting, driving snow.
But Flippit does not care a pin,
It's Winter without and Summer within.
So, tumble the flakes, or rattle the storm,
He breathes on his fingers and keeps them warm.

TINKER, come bring your solder,
And mend this watch for me.
Haymaker, get some fodder,
And give my cat his tea.
Cobbler, my horse is limping;
He'll have to be shod anew;
While the smith brings forge and hammer,
To make my daughter a shoe.
Bestir yourselves, my lazies!
I give you all fair warning:
You must do your work 'twixt twelve at night,
And an hour before one in the morning.

HOW did they learn that their ways were small?
Jean and Kitty—
How did they know they were scorned by all?
Jean and Kitty—
Why, they listened one day, at a neighbor's blinds,
And heard the family speak their minds—
What a pity!

Digitized by Google

AN OLD-FASHIONED HAT.

By Olive Thorne.

A long time ago, when we old folks were young, when girls wore big bonnets—and never dreamed of wearing a hat like a boy's,—there was in fashion a small fairy-like hat of silver or gold, to wear on the finger. Every girl had one, and was taught to use it almost as soon as she was out of her cradle; young ladies wore it nearly all the time, and as for mothers—why, they scarcely took it off to go to bed.

JEAN AND KITTY.

They were very pretty little things made of gold or silver, as I said, and though they are somewhat out of style just now, I think you will like to know a little about them. The Germans call them finger-hats, and our English forefathers, who had time to give long names to everything, called them thumb-bells; but of late the world has got into such a hurry that we've shortened that pretty name into thimble, and now, of course, you think you know all about them.

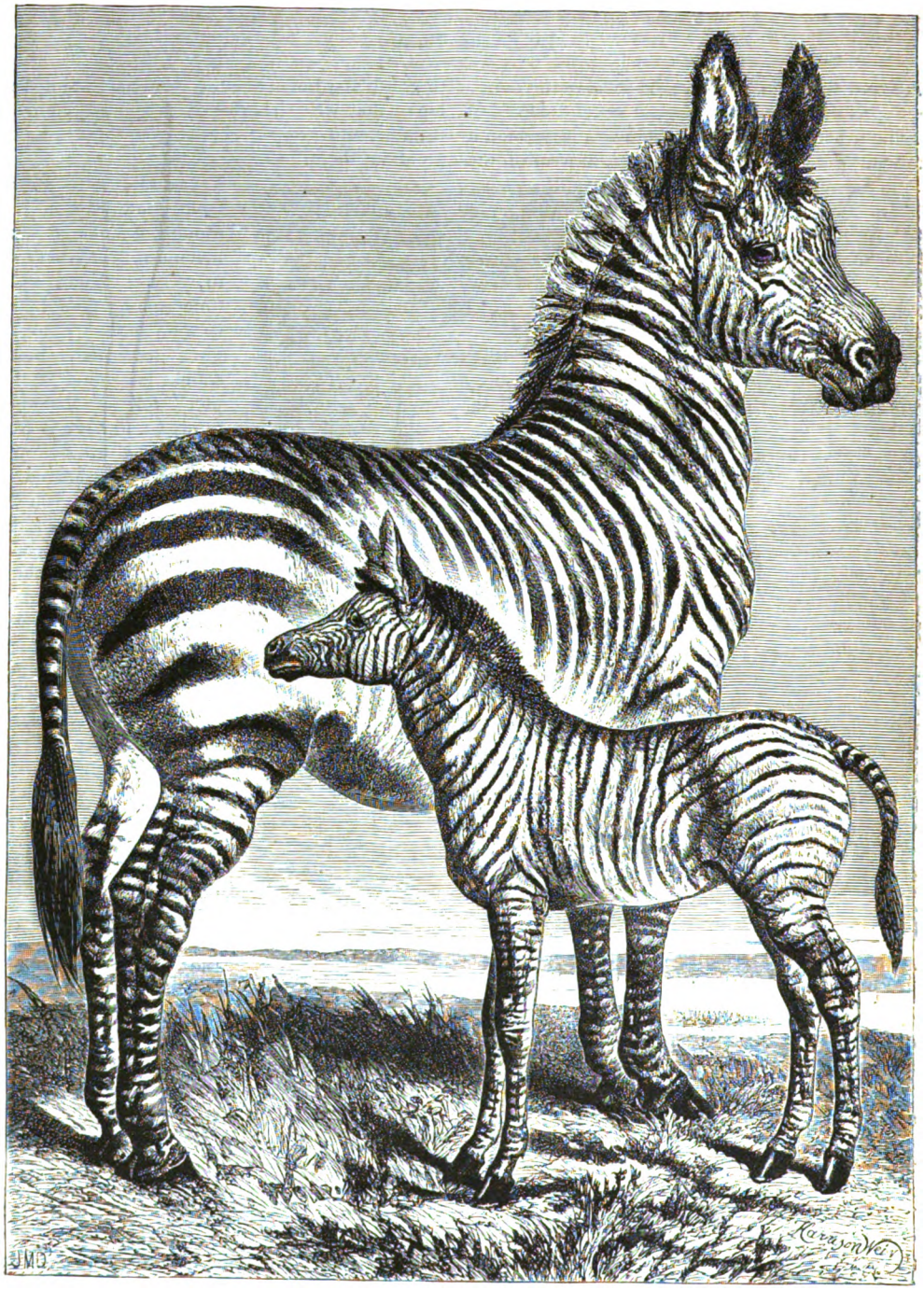
You may know how one looks, and what it is for, though, thanks to sewing-machines, you don't have to wear it much, and the time is long gone by when it was necessary to every girl's good name that she should embroider a "sampler" full of letters and figures, and have it framed and hung up before she was a dozen years old. But I don't believe you know how it comes to be a dainty little finger-hat instead of a silver spoon, or a gold ring.

I can assure you it has a history of its own, and it has been through many trials and wonderful adventures since the time it was sleeping in its native bed under the ground. It would be as interesting as a fairy story if you could have the true story of a thimble, either of gold or silver.

Why, how many persons do you suppose it has taken to bring it from the state of tiny specks to the pretty little thing it is? Not to count miners, or crushers, or refiners, or any of those people, but to begin when it enters the thimble factory, it takes about twenty workmen, besides lots of machinery, to make it.

It begins with the rollers—monstrous great rollers of steel—which think nothing of rolling a bar of silver out as thin as a sheet of paper if thinness is wanted. For thimbles, however, it is rolled about a twentieth of an inch thick, and cut into strips two inches wide. It looks like a beautiful silver ribbon, and one hates to see it go to a remorseless steel punch, which champs away all day, taking out bites about

Digitized by Google



ZEBRA AND COLT.

Digitized by Google

as big as a silver half-dollar (an old-fashioned American coin you may have heard your grandmother mention).

These round silver pieces are the future thimbles, as you'll see before they get through their tribulations in this house.

The next torturing machine turns up the edge all around, making the foundation for the future rim. No one would suspect this round flat thing could ever get into the shape of a thimble, but the very next machine does the business. The unfortunate bit of silver is put into a press, a dreadful great steel thing comes down with a smash, and, behold! there is your thimble, perfect in shape, though plain silver without figures.

The next thing is to turn over the edge and make it firm, and the thimble is ready for its "dimples," as some one calls the little holes made to catch the needle.

The smooth silver finger-hat is put into a lathe—a machine that does nothing but turn things around—a workman sits down in front with a suitable tool, shaped something like a hammer, and while the thimble is whirling on the lathe he proceeds to cover the top with holes. First, he makes the one in the very middle, then a ring close around that,—look at one and you'll see,—and so he goes on across the top, and down the sides as far as it is wanted.

Now, there's a curious thing happens while this bit of silver is whirling on the lathe. It makes very sweet musical sounds, higher or lower in tone as it turns fast or slow. Workmen sometimes get so expert that they can vary the sounds, by changing the speed, and fairly make the thimble sing a tune. That must be the moment of glory for the little thimble, for it is the first and last sound it ever makes.

From the lathe the little thumb-bell goes to be polished, to have its number marked on it, and its pretty little border of leaves or figures engraved by sharp steel tools, and by the time it is ready for the shop, it has only plain silver enough left to put your name on when you buy it.

Brass and steel thimbles are made in very much the same way, though many of them, you know, have no tops, and are destined to the shops of tailors.

When the finger-hat is of gold, the process is a little different. It is not cut from a solid piece like the silver thimble—by no means—in fact the gold thimble is a humbug and a sham, and goes through life on false pretenses, for the gold is only skin deep, and the rest is—common steel.

Pope immortalized a thimble by describing one adorned with the face of a queen; but sewing-machines are getting so perfect that perhaps before Pope is forgotten, there will have to be a note at the bottom of the page, explaining the use of that antique tool—the thimble.

Silver and gold, and steel and brass, are not the only kinds of thimbles. There's the droll little black one, sometimes ornamented with a vine of gold leaves. That is made of hard rubber, and is very good for use, but not so pretty as silver. Then they have been made of ivory and china, but these were only to look at, I suspect.

Whom we are to thank for the gift of thimbles we do not know, except that the inventor was a woman. Some writers say they came from the industrious dames of Holland with their quaint name of finger-hat, while others claim the invention for some small-footed lady of the Flowery Kingdom.

I think the probabilities are in favor of the Hollanders.

It is not quite two hundred years since they were introduced into England. How do you suppose ladies did the wonderful embroidery that has come down to us from those old times, book-covers, robes, and almost everything else, when they had no stout little thumb-bell to protect their fingers?

THE ZEBRA.

If the zebra were as useful as he is ornamental he would be one of the most valuable members of the horse family; but, unfortunately, about all that can be done with the zebra is to look at him, and, if he happens to be out in his native wilds, one seldom gets a chance to look at him very long, for he is one of the fleetest and most timid of animals. The zebra generally lives in mountainous districts. He bounds up the sides of the hills and over the rocks as active and sure-footed as a goat.

What a magnificent animal a tamed zebra would be for mountain travelers! Instead of slowly toiling up the steep paths on the back of a donkey or a horse, one could dash up the mountain sides as if he were on a level plain, with no fear of tiring the powerful beast, and there would be no danger of his slipping, for a zebra that was in the habit of making missteps could never expect to arrive at maturity. But it is useless to dream of a tame zebra. Some of the most celebrated horse-tamers have endeavored to break the fiery spirit of this animal and make him submit to harness and sad-

Digitized by Google

dle, but they have never entirely succeeded. It is just possible that a man like the celebrated Mr. Rarey, who seemed able to tame almost any horse in the world, might ride a zebra for a short distance, but it would not do for anybody else to try it. A man or a boy who should once endeavor to ride a zebra would probably remember his failure for the rest of his life.

But although it seems impossible to make much use of zebras, they are frequently hunted in South Africa, where they are principally found. The Hottentots are very glad to kill them, so as to have a zebra steak for dinner, for these savages consider zebra meat quite a delicacy, and are willing to take a great deal of trouble to get it. White hunters prefer to catch a zebra alive, and send him to civilized countries for exhibition, for there are few things more attractive in a menagerie than one of these beautiful animals, with his white, cream-colored skin and its rich velvety black bands. And if a zebra colt has been captured with its mother there are few boys, and, in fact, few grown-up folks who can pass their cage without stopping to look in.

If the zebra had a long wavy tail like the horse, instead of a jackass' tail with a bushy tuft at the end, he might be still handsomer than he is. But then no animal can have everything.

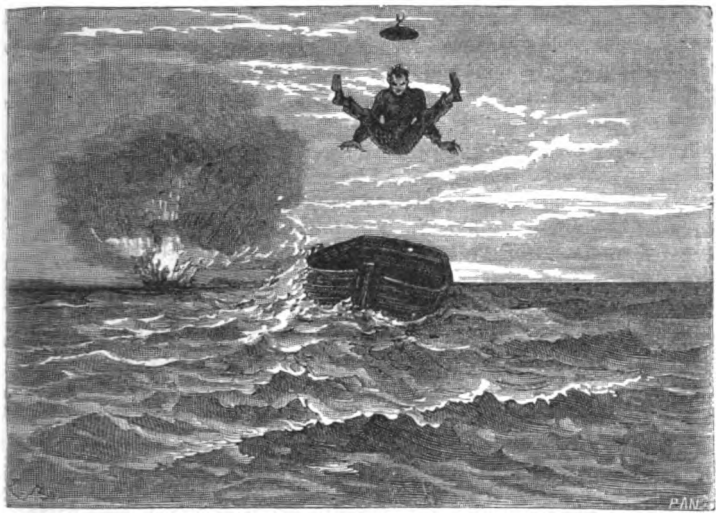
BY THE SEA.

By Noah Brooks.

Boys who have been born and brought up by the sea wonder what sort of fun they who live inland can possibly have. To be sure, there are the woods and streams to give them some sorts of sport; it is true, they have squirrel and rabbit-hunting, the delights of gunning, the pleasure of "going in a-swimming," where the mill-pond and the pebbly streamlets sparkle in the sun or glide under the cool shadows of the willows; but, as a boy, I used to think that the poor fellows who never knew salt water, nor saw the furious breakers dash on the rocky coast of New England, were much to be pitied. And when once, while I was a little chap, I was taken on a visit to Bucksport, it seemed as if I should stifle in the close air of the country town, which had no water near it but a contemptible river flowing past. The sea seemed so far away that I thought I should lose my breath before I could get back to its salt air again. But perhaps I was homesick.

When the gale was high and the long rollers came thundering on the beach, Aunt Rachel used to take me by the hand and lead me along the lonely shore. It was almost terrible to look over the immense waves as they came piling over each other, and to see far out on the stormy sea, the dancing fishing-boats, now riding on top of the sea and now disappearing in the watery trough of the wind-swept ocean. Sometimes a bit of broken spar would come tumbling in from the far-off waves to tell its story of wreck and disaster. Once, while the gale was howling and the breakers were crashing along the shore, Aunt Rachel snatched from a foaming wave a piece of a ship's rail, with

Digitized by Google



part of a child's night-dress clinging to it. Where was the little one who had worn this garment? And in what dismal wreck had some distressed mother tied it to this floating wood? Nothing ever came from the sea to tell us.

But all was not sad and tragical by the sea. Such larks as we used to have by the Back Cove shores! On Saturday afternoons we tore mussels from the rocks at low tide, or dug clams from the watery sand, and roasted them in fires of drift-wood. Or we built rafts of the loose wood along the beach and paddled about the broad cove. If the frail craft fell to pieces and let the half-naked youngsters into salt water, there were enough swimmers to save those who could not swim. Then there were the joys of boat-building and sailing; and how eagerly we watched the rude little craft as their birch bark sails faded away in the blue waters of the bay. In the drift, along the beach, we found all sorts of curious things; not only bits of wreck, but fragments of clothing, curious and unknown shells, foreign nuts; and once the whole shore was strewn with big russet apples, lost overboard, perhaps, from some distressed trading schooner.

Dearer than all this, even, were the rude wooden wharves that skirted the ancient town. The smell of tar and oakum, the odor of salted fish and the flavor of the brine were in the atmosphere of these delightful places. Here were rusty old anchors, huge and brown, over which we climbed, while we marveled what they had seen at the bottom of the great sea. Worn iron chain-cables were piled up with sun-bleached rigging and fragments of ship-houses and cabooses which should voyage no more. Here was a battered figure-head of King Philip, which had been scorched in the fierce suns of the Indian Ocean and had lost its nose in the icy Arctic. Here, once or twice a year, lay the two or three ships of Fairport, discharging salt from Cadiz and peopled with story-telling sailors who had sailed all the seas over and knew the most delightful yarns ever spun; of these Dave Booden was consummate. He had been a foremast hand "in the time of the embargo," when the British fleets blockaded the entire coast of New England. His tales were blood-curdling; and many is the night when we boys staid so late listening to the latest version of the story of his blowing up the *Arethusa*, that we were sent supperless to bed. The *Arethusa* was a British sloop-of-war blockading Casco Bay. Dave, who, by the way, always spoke of that period as "the time of dimbargo," was a prisoner of war on board, having been captured from a fishing-pinkey and kept as a pilot. By hurrahing for King George and other-

Digitized by Google

wise pretending to be a good Tory, he gained the confidence of the crew; and one night, while laying at anchor off Diamond Head, he fixed a lighted fuse under the powder magazine, slipped through an open port-hole to a boat that was towing astern and so made off, paddling with his shoes for want of oars.

"When that ere ship blowed up," said the truthful Dave, "I was nigh unto ten miles and a-half away. But she shook the air so, that I wuz blowed clean out o' that yawl jest straight. My cap went up three feet higher nor I did, and I went up about nine feet inter the air. What air ye sniggerin at?" Dave would angrily demand of one boy who never would believe this part of the story. "When I lit agen, I jest sot right in the yawl on the very same thort that I was a-sittin' on afore; and my cap was on my head, tew. Fact, boys, and ye may jest ask yer old gran'ther ef it ain't." Gran'ther Perkins, who commanded the American volunteers in the time of the embargo, had been dead ten years or more. Dave's story-telling had no fortifying witnesses.

Once in a while—too often, alas!—news would come in a round-about way, of a Fairport vessel lost at sea. Perhaps one of the survivors would, after many thrilling adventures, reach us, and become the sad hero of the town. Sometimes a fishing vessel would sail for the Banks, and never be heard of more. We boys would sit under the lee of the rocks, and fancy that one of the flitting sails that glided along the blue line of the sea and sky, was the missing vessel; then, as she melted away, we would fall to inventing stories of the woful wreck, and whisper to each other, how the men, some of whom we knew, had starved on the raft as they floated on the waves, until they ate each other, or struggled against their fate until they perished miserably in the waters. When night fell, and the full moon swam up the sky, we used to see Marm Morey sitting on Fish Hawk Crag, looking wistfully out to sea. Sol Morey, as brave a lad as ever split a cod-fish, becalmed on Georges Banks, had sent word by a passing vessel that the *Two Brothers*, in which he sailed, would be in port by the full of the moon. The moon fulled and waned, and waxed and waned again, but the *Two Brothers* never came. Sol's mother watched and waited, and waited and watched, on Fish Hawk's Crag for many moons and many years. When the young moon hung pale in the sunset sky, she said, "Sol will be here soon." When it grew smaller, and disappeared from the heavens at night, she went about her work, and said never a word about Sol or the *Two Brothers;* but we boys knew when the moon was full, for we saw Marm Morey on the crag, hopefully turning her faded face to the sea, watching for the gleam of the sail that came no more.

Considering what risks are run by boys about the sea-shore, it seems strange that no more of them are swallowed by the waves. Perhaps the remorseless sea, as poets call it, has a savage pity for the small children who play about its edges. Certain, a kind Providence watches over the lives of the little folk, who snatch a fearful joy from the rush and tumult of the sea. Many a time we tumbled off the wharves, or upset in sail-boats, or were snatched off the rocks by the hungry breakers; yet not one of all my playmates ever met his death thereby. They were spared to be killed by a flying railroad train, a falling roof-slate, an Alpine avalanche, or a stray bullet in the trenches before Petersburg. Once a little crowd of us, caught on a bare reef of rock by the rising tide, and cut off from shore, were driven from point to point, until huddled on Otter Rock, which was usually covered at high water. We sobbed and screamed in vain for help, while the mocking waves crept higher and higher. We faced death, then, every one of us. A few inches of slippery rock stood between us and the end of the beautiful world that smiled around us. The tide crept on and on, stood still, and sunk away inch by inch until we were free! We crawled along the weedy reef, and hushed and half-tearful, told our tale. The tides, at that season, were not so high as usual. But to us it seemed a miracle. Perhaps it was.

Digitized by Google

OH, NO!

If blue-birds bloomed like flowers in a row,
And never could make a sound,
How would the daisies and violets know
When to come out of the ground!
They would wait and wait the seasons round;
Never a flower could on earth be found.

And what would birds and butterflies do
If the flowers had wings to fly?
Why, birds and blossoms, and butterflies too,
Would stay far up in the sky;
And then the people would droop and sigh,
And all the children on earth would cry.

WHAT THE WORM COULD AND DID DO.

By Margaret Eytinge.

He had dark curly hair—very curly—curling almost as tight as the tendrils of a grape-vine, and you all know how tight they curl.

And he had bright grey eyes with long black lashes, and a funny little mouth that looked as though it was always asking questions, as, indeed, between you and me, it always was.

And he was a boy five years and I don't know how many days old, and he had no sisters, or brothers, or cousins, or anything of that kind, or if he did have a cousin or two they didn't live there, so what was the use?

He played with the flowers, and stones and grass, and talked to the bees and the butterflies, and the dog and the cat, and he sang pretty songs with the birds, and his name was "And why," because the funny little mouth said "And why?" so often, but they called him Andy for short.

Digitized by Google

He loved to play in the dirt, and he had a tiny garden for his very own, where one summer he raised one pea-vine and two radishes.

The reason he didn't raise any more pea-vines and radishes was because he kept digging up the seeds he had planted to see if they were growing yet; but this pea and these two radish seeds having rolled away and hidden in a corner, escaped being dug up, and so took root and became, as I said before, a pea-vine and two round, red, crisp, very nice radishes.

The two radishes Andy ate (I'm afraid he did not stop to wash them), and the pea-vine, after putting forth five sweet pink blossoms that looked like angel butterflies, died because it was so lonely.

Well, one day Andy was digging in his very own garden just after a shower, when he spied a big worm.

Worms are not pleasant things. I don't think that anybody would make a pet of one, and although I've tried very hard, I can not say that I really *love* them myself; but I'm not afraid of them, and neither, I am glad to say, was Andy.

He didn't run away as fast as he could, tumbling over all sorts of things until he reached the house, nor did he dance up and down screaming "oh! oh! oh!" when this worm came out of the ground. Not a bit of it.

He sat quietly down on an overturned flower-pot and looked at the worm in silence for at least two minutes, and the worm raised its head a little (worms can't raise their heads very high) and looked at him.

At last said Andy, "You're not pretty."

"I am not," answered the worm.

"You can't dance," said Andy.

"I can't," said the worm.

"Nor sing," said Andy.

"Nor sing," repeated the worm.

"You don't know your letters, even," said Andy.

"I don't," said the worm.

"Butterflies can fly," said Andy.

"They can," said the worm.

"Bees hum," said Andy.

"They do," said the worm.

"*You* can't do anything," said Andy.

"I CAN," said the worm, so loudly (for a worm) that Andy tumbled off the flower-pot, he was so very much astonished.

But quickly picking himself up, he sat down again, and asked, "What?"

"Something that bees, birds, and even boys can't do," answered the worm, wriggling a little, as naughty girls do when they say, "So there now, you think yourself something great."

"Let's see," said Andy.

"Take your little spade and chop me in two," said the worm.

"Oh, no," said Andy, "that would be wicked."

"Well, don't you ever do it unless a worm asks you to," said the worm, "*then* it's all right. Now I'm ready, go ahead."

"Are you sure you're in earnest?" asked Andy.

"Quite sure," answered the worm.

"And won't it hurt you?" asked Andy.

"Don't ask so many questions; do as I tell you," replied the worm.

"And why?" said Andy; but seeing that the worm was turning away from him he seized his little spade and chopped it in two, and lo! and behold! one-half crept off one way and one-half the other.

"Well, sure enough," said Andy, "I don't believe I *could* do that. Good-bye Mr. Worm—I mean two Mr. Worms."

"Good-bye," said the head, and "good-bye" said the tail; and they both crept under the ground and left Andy to ask, "And why?" until this very day.

Digitized by Google

PASSENGER PIGEONS.

By M. T.

For many days the fresh morning air had resounded with the dull bumming of the prairie chickens, and an unbroken line of snowy "schooners," as the emigrant wagons are called on the prairies, had slowly moved westward. These wagons were followed by droves of cattle; and the cattle were driven by brown, dusty women, bare-footed and scantily clothed in blue drilling or patched and faded chintz. I had looked curiously at the labor-saving churns in which butter was made by the mere motion of the jolting wagons; I had questioned the rough-looking Germans and Norwegians, who often could not speak a word of English; and I was never weary of watching for the bright eyes of the dingy-faced little children, who sometimes peeped from the wagons. When these weary travelers halted by the wayside, and their gipsy fires blazed out into the night, what wild sweet singing was borne across the prairie on the evening breeze!

But one day I forgot my slow-plodding friends, in the excitement of watching the passage of a multitude of travelers, who could no more be numbered than the sands upon the sea-shore. What a commotion the shy strangers made that early May morning! I was startled from sleep by a voice crying "Mollie! The pigeons!" and a strange sound, like the rushing of a strong wind, came to my ears. The air was full of flying birds, and for hours I watched the immense flock pass over that little prairie village in Minnesota.

Most boys and girls who live in the country have seen wild pigeons, and know what graceful birds they are. The muscles of their wings are very large and strong. Audubon says that these pigeons travel at the rate of a mile in a minute, and that if one of them were to follow the fashion, and take a trip to Europe, it could cross the ocean in less than three days. We can all exclaim with David, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove!" But quite as wonderful as their speed, is the great power of vision these birds possess. As they journey through space, they can overlook hundreds of acres at once, and their sharp eyes can discover at a glance whether the country beneath them is barren, or supplied with the food they need.

On the day I speak of, the birds flew very low, and hundreds of them alighted on the trees in passing. They often alight in such numbers that great branches are broken off, and sometimes the pigeons are crushed to death. The fields bordering the river were covered with them; but they only stopped to rest, apparently, or perhaps to pick up a little food, and were again on the wing. As these detachments of the vast army of pigeons rose from the ground, with a great flapping of wings, others alighted; meanwhile the main flock was passing steadily over our heads. The procession seemed endless, for the day wore on, and still the swift-winged birds rustled through the air, and still the coming flocks looked like delicate pencilings on the distant sky. It was a rare day for sportsmen. Instead of roosting in a neighboring forest, as we had hoped, the pigeons flew over into Wisconsin. But every day through the summer, stray flocks foraged among the oak groves about us, and their shadows swept over sunny slopes and fields of waving grain, like flitting clouds.

"I didn't suppose there were so many pigeons in North America!" exclaimed a young trapper who visited this roost not long ago, and who, in his first surprise at the wonderful scene before him, forgot all about his game. The piece of woods that the pigeons selected in which to rear their young, is three or four miles wide, and ten miles long. Their nests were in every tree; sometimes more than fifty nests could be seen in one tree. In each of these frail nests, carelessly woven of a few twigs, two white shining eggs were laid. It is said that the father and mother birds take care of these eggs in turn. When the pigeons fly through the woods, the sound of their wings is almost deafening; an old farmer compared it to the roar of ten thousand threshing machines!

From their nesting place the birds flew all over Minnesota, Iowa, and Wisconsin, in quest of food; but they always returned as the sun went down, though the roost was hundreds of miles distant.

When the young pigeons or squabs are almost ready to fly, comes the exciting time known as robbing the roost. Men arm themselves with long poles, with which they upset the nests; the poor squabs fall to the ground, and are easily caught in large quantities. They can then be kept in cages, fattened, and killed as they are wanted.

The passenger pigeon does not migrate from one part of the country to another to find a warmer climate, but only in search of food. So many of these birds are killed every year, for the New York and other markets, that it seems as if they must gradually disappear. But they multiply very fast, and Audubon, the naturalist, thought that nothing but the destruction of our forests could lessen their number.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

GRANDMOTHER.

By Elsie G——.

For a long time I did not understand it at all. I thought that, because grandmothers often were feeble and old-fashioned, they could never really feel as we children do; that they needed no particular notice or enjoyment, for it was their nature to sit in rocking-chairs and knit. They seemed quite different from the rest of the world, and not to be especially thought about; that is, by girls who were as full of merry plans as we were.

Grandmother lived with us, as father was her only son. We had a vague idea that she helped mother mend the clothes and knitted all father's winter stockings, beside some pairs for the church-society. We were supposed to love her, of course, and were never openly rude, for indeed we had been taught to be polite to all aged persons. As for grandmother, she was one of those peaceful souls who never make any trouble, but just go on in their own way so quietly that you hardly know they are in the house. Mother sat with her some-[illegible] but we girls, in our gay, busy pursuits, rarely [illegible] of such a thing. She seemed to have no [illegible] our existence.

[illegible] on so for some time, till one day I hap-[illegible] at sundown to go into the sitting-room, and [illegible] grandmother, alone. She had fallen [illegible] her chair by the window. The sun was [illegible]ing out of sight, leaving a glory of light as [illegible], and in this glory I saw grandmother—[illegible] really for the first time in my life!

She had been reading her Bible, and then, as if there had been no need of reading more, since its treasure already lay shining in her soul, she had turned the book over upon her lap and leaned back to enjoy the evening.

I saw it all in a moment,—her gentleness, her patience, her holiness. Then, while her love and beautiful dignity seemed to fold about me like a bright cloud, the sweet every-day lines in her face told me a secret, that even then in the wonderful sunset of life she was, O, how human! So human that she missed old faces and old scenes; so human that she needed a share of what God was giving us,—friends, home interests, little surprises and expectations, loving offices, and, above all, a recognition in the details of our fresh young lives.

* * * * * * * *

Girls! when grandmother woke up, she found us all three stealing softly into the room; for God had helped me, when I went to tell my sisters about it. Mary only kissed her and asked if she had had a good nap; Susie picked her ball of yarn off the carpet, where it had rolled, and began to wind it, all the while telling her a pleasant bit of news about one of the school-girls; and I—well, I knelt down at grandmother's feet and, just as I was going to cry, I gave her knees a good hard hug, and told her she was a darling.

That's all, girls. But it's been different ever since from what it was before.

IN THE TREE-TOP.

By Lucy Larcom.

"Rock-a-by, baby, up in the tree-top!"
Mother his blanket is spinning;
And a light little rustle that never will stop,
Breezes and boughs are beginning.
Rock-a-by, baby, swinging so high!
Rock-a-by!

"When the wind blows, then the cradle will rock."
Hush! now it stirs in the bushes;
Now with a whisper, a flutter of talk,
Baby and hammock it pushes.
Rock-a-by, baby! shut, pretty eye!
Rock-a-by!

"Rock with the boughs, rock-a-by, baby, dear!"
Leaf-tongues are singing and saying;
Mother she listens, and sister is near,
Under the tree softly playing.
Rock-a-by, baby! mother's close by!
Rock-a-by!

Weave him a beautiful dream, little breeze!
Little leaves, nestle around him!
He will remember the song of the trees,
When age with silver has crowned him.
Rock-a-by, baby! wake by-and-by!
Rock-a-by!

Digitized by Google

THE ENCHANTED PRINCE.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

ONCE upon a time there was a boy whose name was Leon, whose father was a banished king, living as a wood-cutter in a hut in a great forest; but a magician had laid them both under such cruel enchantment, that instead of the forest, people only saw two or three scraggy cherry-trees in a back-yard, and the king passed for a country doctor, and Leon went by the name of Bob, and was sent for cheese and molasses to the grocery, and thrashed at school, just as though he had not been a prince at all. It was very fortunate that he himself knew what he was.

One day he had more trouble than usual. Two of his milk teeth were pulled and left a gap in his upper jaw, and giant Blunderbore (who had left one of his heads at home and was keeping a candy shop in disguise—though Bob knew him quite well) accused him of robbing his melon-patch, and in fact beat him.

The worst of it was, that although the prince lived altogether on wild honey, and collops and pasties of the fat stags often shot by himself and Robin Hood, Bob had a remembrance of plugging a melon that was not bought at the grocery store. Put him on his oath and he could not swear he had not stolen it.

As things were in this confused and uncertain state, he resolved to set out that night to seek his fortune. Having had this business on his mind for some time, he was soon ready. Filling a bottle with clear water from the brook (which some people supposed only to be a horse-trough), and putting, with some difficulty, half a loaf of bread in his belt, he mounted his steed and set out by the light of the moon.

Now this prince's village was enchanted in such a manner that it appeared to be a noisy, dirty mill-town; but it was surrounded by sandy hills, and immediately on the other side of these hills lay the dark and bloody ground of Cornwall, whose principal productions are scarlet runner beans and giants, and whose history was, how they were slain by Jack; only now Jack was dead, and a new crop of giants had sprung up, with several heads apiece. Outside of the hills, too, lay the wilderness through which Christian traveled, and the prince naturally wanted to know if Greatheart was still escorting pilgrims through its pits of fire, and whether the lions yet guarded the House Beautiful, and especially he wished to get some of the green apples which gave Matthew such horrible gripes in the stomach. Back of the hills, too, was the ocean with Crusoe's island, and Bagdad, and the Spanish main. About the time when the tallow candle was lighted for Bob, and he was sent from his father's shop up to bed, dark nights were beginning out yonder, full of meteors, and double suns, and armies marching in the sky overhead. Below, great genii burst like thunder-clouds out of crocks, and glittering fairies danced in rings through the moss, by moonlight, and the Caliph, Haroun al Raschid, with black Mesrour at his elbow, listened to stories from one-eyed calendars of women turned into mares; and Robert Kyd sailed and sailed through the pitchy darkness past the Spice islands to the beach where his dead bo'sen stood guard over the treasure, or boarded ships with his black flag and skull and cross-bones flying apeak, and gave no quarter.

When the prince arrived at the hills, he met Desiderio. She was the fair maiden for whom he was going out to fight; all princes go out to fight for a fair maiden. He had never seen Desiderio before, but he took her up on his saddle all the same, and fully intended, after he had killed a dragon or giant or something, to bring her back to the castle in triumph and marry her. Sometimes she wore a robe of white samite, embroidered with gold, and sometimes was in rags like Cinderella. She was not fat and solid, like Josie Wilkinson, the carpenter's daughter, although she had Josie's red head and pug nose, but she was quite light and transparent, like a bubble-girl.

As they journeyed through the wilderness, Desiderio said, "I am hungry, break me a piece of thy manchet;" and then Bob was quite convinced she was a real princess from the correctness of her language.

"I shall not break, but cut it with my sword," he said. Which he did after some sawing and hacking, putting a small chunk of crust in his pocket, for his own supper. "It will go well with jam," he thought to himself.

"What will be thy first adventure?" quoth Desiderio, when she had eaten the bread.

"I shall go in search of the head of the Nile. I've intended to do that ever since I got to 'Egypt,' in Mitchell's Primary."

"And after that?"

"After that, about tea time, we will come back in triumph to be crowned and married."

But Desiderio laughed, and said nothing.

So he held her with his right hand, for she was as lumpy and heavy as unrisen dough, although she seemed so light, and took his sword in his left.

Digitized by Google

Before he discovered the source of the Nile, he passed through an entire swamp, full of serpents, besides running the gauntlet between double rows of griffins. Two or three stray giants also met them as they were taking a short cut through a whirlpool, but the prince settled *them* with a whisk or two of his sword. Nobody, who is not a boy and a prince, knows how easily such adventures are achieved. It was just six o'clock when they set out, and at quarter to eight precisely, they reached the end of their journey, and discovered that the river was spouted up (as Bob had long suspected) by an enchanted gigantic monster, something like a whale (the same who had a dispute with Solomon, and was sentenced to be buried in the sand up to his nose, for two thousand years).

"So *that's* settled," said Bob. "I always knew how it would turn out. A pretty to-do there will be when the enchantment's taken off him." He filled a flask with water out of the whale's nostrils to prove his discovery. "Now we'll go home and be married," said he.

But the princess laughed and looked more like a fair brilliant bubble than before. "You must achieve another adventure before you can win me."

"I have always intended to dig down into the middle of the world and see what is there," said Bob, after thinking awhile. "Indeed I began in the bottom of the potato-patch, but mother put pumpkin seeds in the hole, supposing I dug it for planting."

"That will do very well. Begin to dig," said Desiderio, promptly seating herself on his shoulders. Bob had only a crooked stick to dig with, but like all heroes, he got on very well, and was soon down some fifty miles or so. But Desiderio began to be very heavy. She was also very hungry and so was Bob.

"Break me another piece of thy manchet," she said. And taking out his crust he found it covered inch deep with jam of the best raspberries, also a thick layer of icing on top.

He had never been so hungry in his life. He looked at Desiderio and he looked at the jam. Then he gave it to her with a dreadful sigh, putting one small bite in his pocket for himself.

"That will keep me alive until we reach home. Perhaps they'll have muffins for supper," he thought.

When they reached the middle of the world, at about eleven o'clock, they discovered the shell of a roc's egg—a very large roc's egg.

"The whole world has evidently been hatched out of this," said Bob, "and sent clucking off among the clouds to grow. Well, now, we'll go home and be married, and I'll warrant you we'll have something to eat."

"Very well," said Desiderio. "But you must carry me home for the love you bear me."

Now, they had had to pass through a lake of fire on their way down, and another packed full of blocks of ice, which I forgot to mention; and the princess, though she looked like a breath of vapor, weighed weight, and not a few pounds either.

"For the love I bear you," thought he, and he hoisted her bravely upon his shoulders, smiling on her courteously, as the Seven Champions of Christendom always did on distressed damsels. But the calves of his legs ached tremendously.

On the way back (after the lake of fire and the ice-pack, miles deep) he met and slew sixteen dragons of distinct species; he also put to death a wild boar and led a small cohort of Roman soldiers against forty-three thousand savage cannibals and was victorious in every engagement, and was crowned with bay leaves and followed wherever he went with multitudes of people, especially Turkish slaves bearing golden salvers full of jewels, who hailed him with cries of "*Io Triumphe!* Hail, Thane of Cawdor!"

"I really think we shall soon be married and have supper," he observed to the princess. But she laughed again scornfully.

"There is the desert yet to pass before you can win me," she said.

Now, the desert was a vast plain extending far beyond the world's edge, and quite covered with snow, unmelted since time began, and all the winds of heaven beat upon it. When the prince began to cross it, his strength left him and he was feeble as an old man, and felt his way slowly with groping hands. Desiderio left his shoulder and fluttered before him. It seemed to him that she was thinner and more like the air than before. He put out his hands but could not reach her.

"When thou canst touch me thou shalt indeed be Hero and King," she cried. But her voice was far-off like the echo which distant bells leave on the air.

There were neither dragons nor griffins nor Roman cohorts here. It was just to toil along the wind-beaten plain, hungry unto death. At last he remembered the bit of bread and flask of water, and took them out to keep him alive.

Now the bread had turned into plum cake, fuller of raisins than any you ever saw, and the water was cold and sparkled in the sun.

"Give them to me," cried the princess, "for the love you bear me."

Whereupon he handed them to her, and a sudden darkness fell upon them. But she ate the last crumb and drank the last drop. Then she faded farther and farther, as fair and faint as the rainbow colors that sometimes shine through tears on our

Digitized by Google

lashes, and he could only hear her voice as though it came from the under-world.

Just then the giant who had put this prince and his father under enchantment long ago, seized him and wrapped him up in his arms. They were cold and flabby as the clammy touch of the cuttle-fish; and they carried him out of the desert back to his trundle-bed, and when he awoke, his tallow candle had burned out in the tin candlestick, and he was only Bob. Never Leon again.

So he went on and on, to school and to college, just like any other Bob, and he married Josie Wilkinson; and now he is about as old and fat as your papa, and combs his hair up over his bald head in a friz, to hide the baldness. And he sells sugar and coffee by the barrel, and always has his meals at regular hours, and never calls a piece of bread a manchet, or wishes for jam or icing.

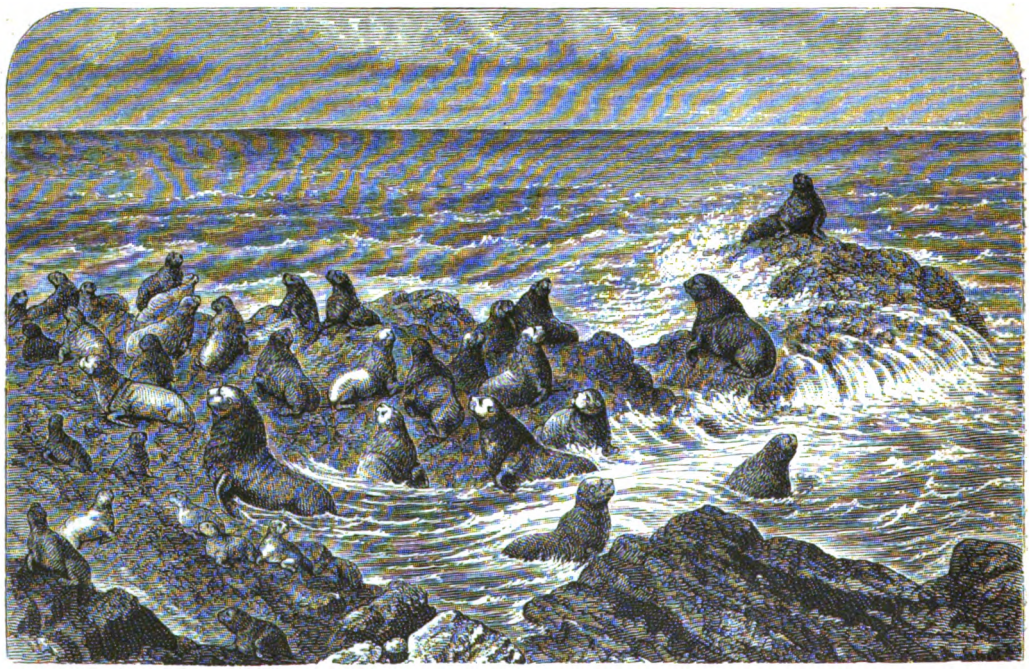
But he keeps his secret about all that he has done. When he hears of Speke, and Grant, and Sir Samuel Baker, hunting through Africa for the source of the Nile, he says to himself, "What nonsense!"

Because he knows that he found it long ago. Or when he reads of geologists exploring the depths of the earth below the solid granite, he remembers the shell of the roc's egg. But he says nothing. Nor when he looks at his wife does he tell her of the princess who faded, long ago, into thin air; but at Christmas time, when all men who are men, turn into boys again, he knows that these things were real, and that he was a prince in disguise, and that his store and fat wife and solid babies will vanish some day like a dream, and the real things return. Strangers, looking into his face, ask sometimes, what wonderful history he has had, or whether he is not a hero in some sort of way, which the people around him, of course deny, and tell them that he is only a grocer.

But he knows. And he is kinder to Josie and his babies, and he loves them all the better for the sake of Desiderio, whom he lost, long ago, in the desert.

THE FARALLONE ISLANDERS.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

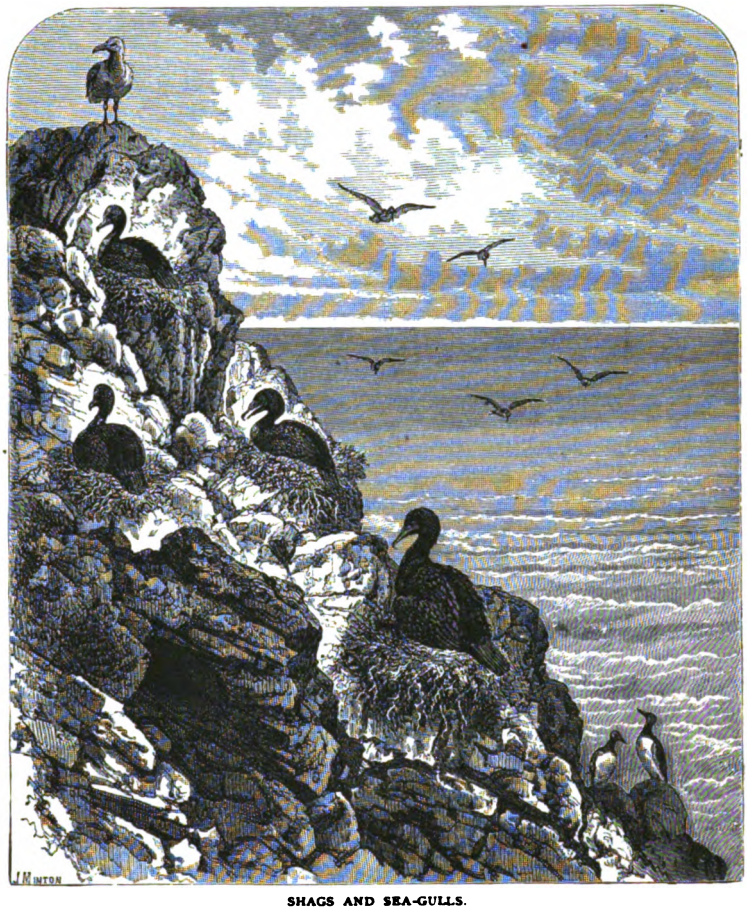


SEALS ENJOYING THEMSELVES.

IN the Pacific Ocean, off the coast of California, is a group of three small rocky islands, named, long ago, by the Spaniards, the "Farallones de los Frayles," or the Friars' Islands. They are often of great

Digitized by Google

advantage as landmarks for sailors; for they are quite conspicuous, and lie about thirty miles west of the "Golden Gate," that beautiful entrance to the Bay of San Francisco. These islands are inhabited—indeed, their population is quite large. The principal inhabitants may be divided into three classes: seals, shags and sea-gulls. Human beings are there sometimes, but only as visitors.



SHAGS AND SEA-GULLS.

The seals, some of which are so large that they are called sea-lions, are the most permanent residents, for the shags (which are small cormorants) and the sea-gulls will fly away sometimes. But one can nearly always see the seals playing on the rocks. And seals are objects of great interest to the San Francisco people. Near the city, and only a short distance from a hotel on the shore, is a rock called Seal Rock, which is generally covered with seals, which sport there for their own amusement and that of the spectators on the shore. They are not afraid to show themselves, for no one is allowed to molest them, and they may have found out that they are under protection of some kind. There are few animals more easily tamed than seals. Out on the Farallones there are a great many more seals than are to be seen on the Seal Rock. But fewer people see them, for it is necessary to go in a vessel to reach these islands. Here the seals seem to spend a curious existence. They climb up out of the water and they slip down into it again. They sleep in the sun, and they wake up and bark and slip into the sea, and then they climb out again and bark, and bark, and bark. Most persons have heard seals bark in a menagerie, and they can imagine the effect of hundreds of these creatures barking all at once. If one of them can get on a high peak of rock he generally barks the loudest. And then they slip, and slide, and climb, and sleep and bark all their lives long.

But the sea-gulls and shags which you see on the high rocks in the above picture have a more lively time, for they can fly. They are very graceful birds on the wing; and although they are very patient while sitting on the eggs in their nests, which they build on the highest rocks in the islands, they must be delighted when the hatching season is over and they can fly over the ocean and over the land, sweeping and circling, and diving and rising all day, as free and almost as swift as the wind.

But these poor shags and gulls have their troubles. Men come to the islands and carry away their eggs to take to the San Francisco market; and as for the very young gulls, they are killed and salted down like herrings. They are considered good eating, but the old gulls take so much exercise that their flesh is very tough.

In the air, in the water, or on shore these inhabitants of the Farallone Islands are certainly interesting creatures.

Digitized by Google

HERMANN, THE DEFENDER OF GERMANY.

BY E. A. BRADIN.

OF course, many of my young readers have heard of Julius Cæsar and his conquests, and they remember that, at the time of our Saviour's birth, almost all the known world belonged to the Roman Emperor. Before this, many kingdoms had, one by one, become great and powerful, but each, in its turn, was subdued, and now only the Roman Empire possessed either power or influence. Even Greece, the land of Achilles and Miltiades, Leonidas and Alexander, was now a province of Rome. But there were some nations further north that the great Roman Empire had not been able to entirely subdue. Britain, Gaul (or France) and Germany all had been invaded. The first two were conquered, although the Romans never had much influence in Britain; but the brave and warlike Germans were still independent. Germany was not then what it is now. Instead of beautiful castles on the tops of the hills, with sunny fields and vineyards, stretching down to pleasant valleys, the country was wild and uncultivated; the hills were covered with dark forests, between whose leaves the bright, warm sunshine seldom fell.

The Germans were tall, strong men, with blue eyes and yellow hair, brave and powerful, generous and faithful. They loved their fatherland then as fondly as now; and the Romans had to fight many and many a battle before they conquered enough of the country to place garrisons even on its borders.

In the time of the Emperor Augustus, who reigned from B. C. 27 to A. D. 14, Hermann, or Arminius, a young German prince, was taken captive and carried to Rome, where he was brought up. He was made, by the Emperor, a Knight and a Roman citizen. The citizenship was considered a great honor, as it brought with it certain privileges which those who were not citizens, even though they had been born in the Roman Empire, could not enjoy. Hermann was better educated than most of the other Germans, who still were ignorant and uncivilized; and, what was more important for him, he understood just how the Romans managed their armies and fought their battles. He loved his country so dearly, that even in the midst of the comfort and luxury around him, he often sadly thought that Roman soldiers guarded its borders, and that though it was not yet conquered, it was not perfectly free. As he grew older, he determined to save his dear fatherland. He married Thusuelda, the daughter of Segestes, a German chief, who was a traitor to his country and the Romans' friend. He did not wish his daughter to marry Hermann, but the chief carried her off, and she made him a loving and devoted wife. In revenge, Segestes accused Hermann, before the Roman Governor, of intending to attack the Romans. This treachery so roused the noble German, that he determined to lead his oppressed countrymen to a general revolt.

His plans had to be very carefully laid, as the Romans were well armed, and were the best soldiers in the world; while the Germans had only simple weapons, no forts, or walled towns, and not enough provisions to last them, in case of a long siege.

It would not do to attempt to attack the Romans in a pitched battle, that is, a regular fight in an open field, so Hermann determined to succeed by strategy. Varus, the Roman general, had only lately come into Germany. He was an unkind ruler, and oppressed the people in many ways, which, of course, made them all the more anxious to become again independent.

Many severe rains had fallen, which swelled the streams, and made the muddy roads worse still for the Roman troops, whose dress and arms were heavier than those of the Germans. Suddenly, the tribes near the Visurgis and Amisia rivers, now the Weser and the Ems, in the north of Germany, rose against the Romans. The chiefs near Varus made him believe that it was necessary for him to go instantly to the spot and try to subdue them; but they did not tell him that many other tribes were only waiting for a signal from Hermann to revolt also.

Varus began his march, and, at last, while they were toiling on, Varus heard that the Germans had attacked the rear of his army. He pressed eagerly forward, but a shower of arrows and other weapons from the woods, on each side, showed him that the enemy were surrounding him. He, however, arranged his camp for the night in the best place he could find, and the next day began again to march. He expected to find the greater part of the German army ready to fight; but Hermann let him go on for some time without disturbance, except from occasional showers of darts. At length the head of the army reached a thickly-wooded hill, and here the baggage-wagons had to be stopped, as Hermann had placed the trunks of trees across to delay the enemy. Then Hermann made his great attack. The Romans fought bravely, but they were not fighting for their homes and father-

Digitized by Google

land, for their wives and children, like the Germans; they were struggling to conquer a free and noble nation, and they were defeated. The Germans aimed often at the horses, who being wounded, threw their riders and then rushed wildly here and there, among the soldiers. At length, seeing that all was lost, Varus threw himself upon his sword, and died. A band of Romans placed themselves in a ring on a little mound and fought there till evening, but the next day they too were captured. In a little while the Roman garrisons were destroyed, and this battle made Germany once more free. When the emperor received the news at Rome he was filled with grief. Beating his head against the wall, he would cry out: "Varus, Varus, give me back my Roman legions."

Some years after this, Segestes again quarreled with Hermann, and traitorously called upon the Romans to assist him. He gave himself up to Germanicus, the Roman general, and also betrayed his daughter, the dear wife of Hermann, into his hands. This roused Hermann to the fiercest rage. He called upon his countrymen to rise and chase their enemies from the land. Germanicus went first to the place where Varus was defeated, buried the bones of his countrymen, and raised a funeral pile to their memory. He fought with Hermann not far from here, and, the Romans say, gained a victory; but that is doubtful, as he immediately afterwards returned to the Rhine. Some of his troops went home by sea, but a part he sent with Cæcina through the German country, ordering them to pass as soon as possible over the "long bridge," which stretched between two marshes. The Germans knew the road, and hastened to reach the woods on either side, before Cæcina.

When the Romans arrived, they found that the bridges needed repairing, and while they were at work Hermann attacked them. The Romans suffered terribly; their armor was so heavy that the men sunk in the marshes, and so did their wagons; while the Germans, accustomed to this sort of fighting, used their long lances with perfect ease.

At night, while the Romans slept, the Germans turned the courses of the mountain streams, and flooded the camp. Probably all would have been killed, as in the battle with Varus, if the Germans, in spite of all Hermann could do, had not seized upon the baggage, thus giving the Romans time to move off to a hill where they could form a camp. The next day, contrary to the advice of Hermann, the Germans attacked their enemies and were defeated.

There were no more battles after this for a year, in which time the Germans had destroyed the monument erected to Varus. Germanicus entered Germany again, and encamped on the banks of the Weser, where a strange scene took place. Flavius, the brother of Hermann, had also been brought up at Rome, and he remained a Roman in heart instead of taking up arms for his native country. Hermann approached as near as possible to the banks of the stream, and called aloud to ask if his brother were in the Roman ranks. Flavius came to the borders of the river, and answered to his call. Then an exciting scene took place. Hermann reproached Flavius bitterly for his treason to the fatherland, calling upon him in the name of the great German gods, of the dear German land, and above all, of their beloved mother, who still was true to her country, to give up the honors which the Romans had heaped upon him, and return. Flavius grew greatly excited, and so did Hermann; and, if those around had not interfered, they probably would have rushed across the stream and fought with each other.

On the next day a battle took place between the Germans and part of the Romans, in which Hermann was victorious; but on the following day the rest of the Romans forded the stream, and defeated Hermann, who was severely wounded. Germanicus raised a magnificent triumphal pile with a boastful inscription; but he soon retreated towards the Rhine, which shows that his victory was not as great as he made it appear.

Not long after this, the noble Hermann was murdered by some of his own people. Tacitus, a Latin historian, says that he tried to make himself king; but when we think of his self-sacrificing, disinterested life, we cannot believe this. Other historians say that he wanted to extend his power over some other tribes, not to become king.

His countrymen raised to his memory a pillar with his statue upon it; and this was considered a sacred guardian of their land until the 9th century, when Charlemagne, King of the Franks, defeated the Germans, and carried away both the pillar and the statue of their beloved Hermann, the deliverer of his country.

Digitized by Google

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER I.

HARRY LOUDON MAKES UP HIS MIND.

ON a wooden bench under a great catalpa tree, in the front yard of a comfortable country-house in Virginia, sat Harry and Kate Loudon worrying their minds. It was all about old Aunt Matilda.

Aunt Matilda was no relation of these children. She was an old colored woman, who lived in a cabin about a quarter of a mile from their house, but they considered her one of their best friends. Her old log cabin was their favorite resort, and many a fine time they had there. When they caught some fish, or Harry shot a bird or two, or when they could get some sweet potatoes or apples to roast, and some corn-meal for ash-cakes, they would take their provisions to Aunt Matilda and she would cook them. Sometimes an ash-cake would be baked rather harder than it was convenient to bite, and it had happened that a fish or two had been cooked entirely away, but such mishaps were not common. Aunt Matilda was indeed a most wonderful cook—and a cook, too, who liked to have a boy and a girl by her while she was at work and who would tell them stories—as queer old stories as ever were told—while the things were cooking. The stories were really the cause of the ash-cakes and fish sometimes being forgotten.

And it is no wonder that these children were now troubled in their minds. They had just heard that Aunt Matilda was to go to the Almshouse.

Harry and Kate sat silent. They had mourned over the news and Kate had cried. There was nothing more to be done about it, so far as she could see.

But all of a sudden Harry jumped up. "I tell you what it is, Kate," he exclaimed, "I've made up my mind! Aunt Matilda is not going to the Almshouse. I will support her myself!"

"Oh, that will be splendid!" cried Kate, "but you never can do it!"

"Yes, I can," said Harry. "There are ever so many ways in which I can make money."

"What are you going to do?" said Kate; "will you let me help?"

"Yes," said her brother, "you may help if you can, but I don't think you will be of much use. As for me, I shall do plenty of things; I shall go out with my gun—"

"But there is nothing to shoot, now in the Summer-time," said Kate.

"No, there is n't much yet, to be sure," said her brother, "but before very long there will be partridges and hares; plenty of them; and father and Captain Caseby will buy all I shoot. And then you see until it is time for game I'm going to gather sumac."

"Oh! I can help you in that," cried Kate.

"Yes, I believe you can," said her brother. "And now, suppose we go down and see Aunt Matilda, and have a talk with her about it."

"Just wait until I get my bonnet," said Kate. And she dashed into the house, and then, with a pink calico sunbonnet on her head, she came down the steps in two jumps, and the brother and sister, together, hurried through the woods to Aunt Matilda's cabin.

Harry and Kate Loudon were well-educated children, and, in many respects, knew more than most girls and boys who were older than they. Harry had been taught by his father to ride and to swim and to shoot as carefully as his school-teacher had taught him to spell and to parse. And he was not only taught to be skillful in these out-door pursuits, but to be prudent, and kind-hearted. When he went gunning, he shot birds and game that were fit for the table, and when he rode, he remembered that his horse had feelings as well as himself. Being a boy of good natural impulses, he might have found out these things for himself; but, for fear that he might be too long about it, his father carefully taught him that it was possible to shoot and to hunt and to ride without being either careless or cruel. It must not be supposed that Harry was so extremely particular that there was no fun in him, for he had discovered that there is just as much fun in doing things right as in doing them wrong; and as there was not a boy in all the country round about who could ride, or swim, or shoot so well as Harry, so there was none who had a more generally jolly time than he.

His sister Kate was a sharp, bright, intelligent girl, rather inclined to be wild when opportunity offered; but very affectionate, and always as ready for out-door sports as any boy. She could not shoot—at least, she never tried—and she did not ride much on horseback, but she enjoyed fishing, and rambles through the woods were to her a constant delight. When anything was to be done, especially if it was anything novel, Kate was always ready to help. If anybody had a plan on hand, it was very hard to keep her finger out of it; and if there were calculations to be made, it was all the better. Kate had a fine head for mathematics,

Digitized by Google

and, on the whole, she rather preferred a slate and pencil to needles and spool-cotton.

As to Aunt Matilda, there could be no doubt about her case being a pretty hard one. She was quite old and decrepit when the war set her free, and, at the time of our story, she was still older and stiffer. Her former master had gone to the North to live, and as she had no family to support her, the poor old woman was compelled to depend upon the charity of her neighbors. For a time she managed to get along tolerably well, but it was soon found that she would suffer if she depended upon occasional charity, especially after she became unable to go after food or help. Mr. and Mrs. Loudon were very willing to give her what they could, but they had several poor people entirely dependent upon them, and they found it impossible to add to the number of their pensioners. So it was finally determined among the neighbors that Aunt Matilda would have to go to the Almshouse, which place was provided for just such poor persons as she. Neither Harry nor Kate knew much about the Almshouse, but they thought it must be some sort of a horrible place; and, at any rate, it was too hard that Aunt Matilda should have to leave her old home where she had spent so many, many years.

And they did not intend she should do it.

CHAPTER II.

THE ADOPTION.

WHEN the children reached Aunt Matilda's cabin, they found the old woman seated by a very small fire, which was burning in one corner of the hearth.

"Are you cold, Aunt Matilda?" asked Kate.

"Lor' bless you, no, honey! But you see there wasn't hardly any coals left, and I was tryin' to keep the fire alive till somebody would come along and gather me up some wood."

"Then you were going to cook your breakfast, I suppose," said Harry.

AUNT MATILDA AND HER GUARDIANS.

"Yes, child, if somebody 'ud come along and fetch me something to eat."

"Haven't you anything at all in the house?" asked Kate.

"Not a pinch o' meal, nor nothin' else," said the old woman; "but I 'spected somebody 'ud be along."

"Did you know, Aunt Matilda," said Harry, "that they are going to send you to the Almshouse?"

"Yes; I heerd 'em talk about it," said Aunt Matilda, shaking her head; "but the Almshouse ain't no place for me."

Digitized by Google

"That's so!" said Kate, quickly. "And you're not going there, either!"

"No," said Harry;" "Kate and I intend to take care of you for the rest of your life."

"Lor', children, you can't do it!" said the old woman, looking in astonishment from one to the other of these youngsters who proposed to adopt her.

"Yes; but we can," said Harry. "Just you wait and see."

"It 'll take a good deal o' money," said the old woman, who did not seem to be altogether satisfied with the prospects held out before her. "More'n you all will ever be able to git."

"How much money would be enough for you to live on, Aunt Matilda?" asked Harry.

"Dun no. Takes a heap o' money to keep a person."

"Well, now," said Kate, "let's see exactly how much it will take. Have you a pencil, Harry? I have a piece of paper in my pocket, I think. Yes; here it is. Now, let's set down everything, and see what it comes to."

So saying, she sat down on a low stool with her paper on her knees, and her pencil in her hand. "What shall we begin with?" said she.

"We'll begin with corn-meal," said Harry. "How much corn-meal do you eat in a week, Aunt Matilda?"

"Dun no," said she, "spect about a couple o' pecks."

"Oh, Aunt Matilda!" cried Kate, "our whole family wouldn't eat two pecks in a week."

"Well, then, a half-peck," said she—"'pends a good deal on how many is living in a house."

"Yes; but we only mean this for you, Aunt Matilda. We don't mean it for anybody else."

"Well, then, I reckon a quarter of a peck would do, for jest me."

"We will allow you a peck," said Harry, "and that will be twenty-five cents a week. Set that down, Kate."

"All right," said Kate. And she set down at the top of the paper, "Meal, 25 cents."

The children proceeded in this way to calculate how much bacon, molasses, coffee and sugar, would suffice for Aunt Matilda's support; and they found that the cost, per week, at the rates of the country stores, with which they were both familiar, would be seventy-seven and three-quarter cents.

"Is there anything else, Aunt Matilda?" asked Kate.

"Nuffin I can think on," said Aunt Matilda, "'cept milk."

"Oh, I can get that for nothing," said Kate. "I will bring it to you from home, and I will bring you some butter too, when I can get it."

"And I'll pick up wood for you," said Harry. "I can gather enough in the woods in a couple of hours to last you for a week."

"Lor' bless you, chil'len," said Aunt Matilda, "I hope you'll be able to do all dat."

Harry stood quiet a few minutes, reflecting.

"How much would seventy-seven and three-quarter cents a week amount to in a year, Kate," said he.

Kate rapidly worked out the problem, and answered: "Forty dollars and forty-three cents."

"Lor'! but that's a heap o' money!" said Aunt Matilda. "That's more'n I spect to have all the rest of my life."

"How old are you, Aunt Matilda?" said Harry.

"I spect about fifty," said the old woman.

"Oh, Aunt Matilda!" cried Harry, "you're certainly more than fifty. When I was a very little fellow, I remember that you were very old—at least, sixty or seventy."

"Well, then, I spects I 'se about ninety," said Aunt Matilda.

"But you can't be ninety!" said Kate. "The Bible says that seventy years is the common length of a person's life."

"Them was Jews," said Aunt Matilda. "It did n't mean no cull'd people. Cull'd people live longer than that. But p'raps a cull'd Jew would n't live very long."

"Well," said Harry, "it makes no difference how old you are. We 're going to take care of you for the rest of your life."

Kate was again busy with her paper.

"In five years, Harry," she said, "it will be two hundred and two dollars and fifteen cents."

"Lor'!" cried Aunt Matilda, "you chill'en will nebber git dat."

"But we don't have to get it all at once, Aunt Matilda," said Harry, laughing, "and you need n't be afraid that we can't do it. Come, Kate, it's time for us to be off."

And then the conference broke up. The question of Aunt Matilda's future support was settled. They had forgotten clothes, to be sure, but it is very difficult to remember everything.

CHAPTER III.

COMMENCING BUSINESS.

WHEN they reached home Harry and Kate put together what little money they had, and found that they could buy food enough to last Aunt Matilda for several days. This Harry procured and carried down to the old woman that day. He also gathered and piled up inside of her cabin, a good supply of wood. Fortunately, there was a spring very near her door, so that she could get water without much trouble.

Digitized by Google

Harry and Kate determined that they would commence business in earnest the next morning, and, as this was not the season for game, they determined to go to work to gather sumac leaves.

Most of us are familiar with the sumac bush, which grows nearly all over the United States. Of course we do not mean the poisonous swamp-sumac, but that which grows along the fences and on the edges of the woods. Of late years the leaves of this bush have been greatly in demand for tanning purposes, and, in some states, especially in Virginia, sumac gathering has become a very important branch of industry, particularly with the negroes; many of whom, during the sumac season, prefer gathering these leaves to doing any other kind of work. The sumac bush is quite low, and the leaves are easily stripped off. They are then carefully dried, and packed in bags, and carried to the nearest place of sale, generally a country store.

The next morning, Harry and Kate made preparations for a regular expedition. They were to take their dinner, and stay all day. Kate was enraptured—even more so, perhaps, than Harry. Each of them had a large bag, and Harry carried his gun, for who could tell what they might meet with? A mink, perhaps, or a fox, or even a beaver! They had a long walk, but it was through the woods, and there was always something to see in the woods. In a couple of hours, for they stopped very often, they reached a little valley, through which ran Crooked Creek. And on the banks of Crooked Creek were plenty of sumac bushes. This place was at some distance from any settlement, and apparently had not been visited by sumac gatherers.

"Hurra!" cried Kate, "here is enough to fill a thousand bags!"

Harry leaned his gun against a tree, and hung up his shot and powder flasks, and they both went to work gathering sumac. There was plenty of it, but Kate soon found that what they saw would not fill a thousand bags. There were a good many bushes, but they were small; and, when all the leaves were stripped off one, and squeezed into a bag, they did not make a very great show. However, they did very well, and, for an hour or so, they worked on merrily. Then they had dinner. Harry built a fire. He easily found dry branches, and he had brought matches and paper with him. At a little distance under a great pine tree, Kate selected a level place, and cleared away the dead leaves, and the twigs, leaving a smooth table of dry and fragrant pine needles. On this she spread the cloth, which was a napkin. Then she took from the little basket she had brought with her a cake of corn-meal, several thick and well buttered slices of wheat bread, some hard boiled eggs, a little paper of pepper and salt, a piece of cheese, and some fried chicken. When this was spread out (and it would not all go on the cloth) Harry came, and looked at the repast.

"What is there to cook?" said he.

Kate glanced over her table, with a perplexed look upon her countenance, and said: "I don't believe there is anything to cook."

"But we ought to cook something," said Harry. "Here is a splendid fire. What's the good of camping out if you don't cook things?"

"But everything is cooked," said Kate.

"So it seems," said Harry, in a somewhat discouraged tone. Had he built that beautiful fire for nothing? "We ought to have brought along something raw," said he. "It is ridiculous eating a cold dinner with a splendid fire like that."

"We might catch some fish," said Kate; "we should have to cook *them*."

"Yes," said Harry, "but I brought no lines."

So, as there was nothing else to be done, they ate their dinner cold, and when they had finished, Kate cleared off the table by giving the napkin a flirt, and they were ready for work again. But first they went to look for a spring, where they could get a drink. In about half an hour they found a spring, and some wild plums, and some blackberries, and a grape vine (which would surely be full of grapes in the Fall, and was therefore a vine to be remembered), and a stone, which Kate was quite certain was an Indian arrow-head, and some tracks in the white sand, which must have been made by some animal or other, although neither of them was able to determine exactly what animal.

When they returned to the pine tree Kate took up her bag. Harry followed her example, but somewhat slowly, as if he were thinking of something else.

"I tell you, Harry," said Kate, "suppose you take your gun and go along the creek and see what that was that made the tracks. If it was anything with fur on it, it would come to more than the sumac; I will stay here, and go on filling my bag."

"Well," said Harry, after a moment's hesitation, "I might go a little way up the creek. I need n't be gone long. I would certainly like to find that creature, if I can."

"All right," said Kate, "I think you 'll find it."

So Harry loaded his gun, and hurried off to find the tracks of the mysterious, and probably fur-covered animal.

Kate worked away cheerfully, singing a little song, and filling her bag with the sumac leaves. It was now much warmer, and she began to find that sumac picking, all alone, was not very interesting, and she hoped that Harry would soon find his ani-

Digitized by Google

mal, whatever it was. Then, after picking a little longer, she thought she would sit down, and rest awhile. So she dragged her bag to the pine tree, and sat down, leaning her back against the tall trunk. She took her bag of sumac in her arms, and lifted it up, trying to estimate its weight.

"There must be ten pounds here!" she said. "No—it don't feel very heavy, but then there are so many of the leaves. It ought to weigh fifteen pounds. And they will be a cent a pound, if we take pay in trade, and three-quarters of a cent if we want cash. But, of course, we will take things in trade."

And then she put down the bag, and began to calculate.

"Fifteen pounds, fifteen cents, and at seventy-seven and three-quarter cents per week that would support Aunt Matilda nearly a day and a half; and then, if Harry has as much more, that will keep her almost three days; and if we pick for two hours longer, when Harry comes back, we may get ten pounds more, apiece, which will make it pretty heavy; but then we won't have to come again for nearly five days; and if Harry shoots an otter, I reckon he can get a dollar for the skin,—or a pair of gloves of it—kid gloves, and my pink dress—and we 'll go in the carriage—two horses—four horses—a prince with a feather—some butterflies—" and Kate was asleep.

When Kate awoke, she saw by the sun that she had been asleep for several hours. She sprang to her feet. "Where is Harry?" she cried. But nobody answered. Then she was frightened, for he might be lost. But soon she reflected that that was very ridiculous, for neither of them could be lost in that neighborhood, which they knew so well. Then she sat down and waited, quite anxiously, it must be admitted. But Harry did not come, and the sun sank lower. Presently she rose with an air of determination.

"I can't wait any longer," she said, "or it will be dark before I get home. Harry has followed that thing up the creek ever so far, and there is no knowing when he will get back, and it won't do for me to stay here. I 'll go home, and leave a note for him."

She put her hand in her pocket, and there was Harry's pencil, which she had borrowed in the morning, and forgot to return, and also the piece of paper, on which she had made her calculation of the cost of Aunt Matilda's board. The back of this would do very well for a note. So she wrote on it:

I am going home, for it is getting late. I shall go back by the same road we came. Your sumac bag is in the bushes between the tree and the creek. Bring this piece of paper with you, as it has Aunt Matilda's expenses on the outside.

Kate.

This note she pinned up against the pine tree, where Harry could not fail to see it. Then she hid her brother's sumac bag in the bushes, and, shouldering her own bag, which, by-the-way, did not weigh so many pounds as she thought it did, set out for home.

(To be Continued.)

ANNA'S DOLL.

By Lucretia P. Hale.

ANNA'S doll was thought a very remarkable one by all of the family. It had now reached its third head, which could be washed in front, and could be curled behind, and, happily, was very strong.

For Anna, though she was very fond of her doll, whose name was Elsie, did often forget to take care of her. I am sorry to say she sometimes left her under the rockers of the chair, which is not a safe thing for a doll, or on the sofa in the parlor. And the way her first head was broken was, that somebody stepped on it, because Anna had dropped it in the front entry, one day, when she was hurrying off for school.

Anna had two older sisters and two very kind aunts, and that is the way her doll came to have so many nice things. Whenever they went away, they always brought home something pretty for Elsie. She was wearing now a pretty new hat, and a little parasol with fringe, that one of the aunts brought home from Paris.

Anna had a brother Jim, and it was hard to tell whether he was more of a help to her, or a plague, about her doll. On rainy days, when he had nothing better to do, he would make doll's chairs and tables for Anna's baby house. The legs were not very strong, and had a way of wobbling, but Anna was very grateful for them, and they made her forget that it was owing to Jim that Elsie had lost her second head.

This was a waxen head, and it was a very lovely one—there were light, golden curls, and you could move the head one way or another. But one winter's day Jim came in, and said he knew Elsie must be very cold, and advised Anna to put her in front of the crackling wood fire, to sit in her easy-chair and warm her feet. This might have done

Digitized by Google

for a little while, but Anna left her there too long, and when she came back, all Elsie's sweet expression had melted away!

Jim was really very sorry, and he offered some of his next month's allowance to buy a new head for the doll, but one of the aunts had just come home with a new head, which she had bought, thinking Elsie might be in need of one, and this was number three. Anna began to think it was the most beautiful of all, though she loved her dear Elsie so much, she said she would not care if she had no head.

Jim then said he would write a book for the doll, a book that should teach her never to sit too near the fire, or to run into danger. The idea pleased Anna very much. This is the book:

ABOUT DOLLS.

BY J. J.

Some dolls' heads are made of wood; these are called wooden dolls. Wood comes from trees, which are found in the country. Trees have leaves also; they grow up, but dolls do not grow. Some trees are pine, some apple, some pine-apple, and some murhoggany, a hard word to spell. These heads are very hard, and you can pound them without hurting.

Some dolls' heads are made of wax, and are called wax-dolls. The wax comes from a little animal called the bee, that has wings. Sometimes it is called the busy bee, because it buzzes. The bee does not make the dolls, but the wax. It goes in a straight line to a flower, and pokes the honey out with its sting. Then you feel glad you are not the flower, because the sting hurts—it does—that is the way it makes the wax. But it is not good to put these dolls in the sun or over a furnace.

Some dolls are made all over of India rubber, and you can fling them about anyhow. They grow on a tree, the India rubber does, in India, where they make India rubber boots. It is a good kind to have, because you can throw it about like a ball. But then the face is painted, and may rub off—some noses do.

Then there's China dolls, made of what tea sets are; but they don't come from the China where they make the fire-works, though they do make the tea. These might smash, if pounded with a hammer. There's another kind I don't know about, that Elsie's made of. It don't matter, any way. My aunt helped me about the spelling, except murhoggany—that I knew. I shall write another volume, telling more about trees and bees, and why dolls should take care of themselves.

This is enough for once.

AN INDIAN MOTHER.

THERE is not much to be said about the beauty of Indians—generally speaking. Occasionally we hear of a pretty Indian girl but we seldom see her or her portrait. Fancy-pictures of Indians are common enough, but we have had engraved a portrait of a real Indian mother—a Piute squaw—and her two children. The baby or papoose is wrapped up tight in a sort of portable cradle, made of cloth or bark stretched over a frame made of saplings, with a board back to it. In this cradle or case the baby is hung up on a branch to sleep, or swung about, or tossed over its mother's shoulder, or stood up in a corner.

The Piute Indians are rather poor creatures. They hang around the Pacific Railroad stations and beg for money, or clothes, or any thing, except soap, that they think they can get. They are always dirty and have a sullen look. They live in wigwams covered with sail-cloth, or bark, or calico, whichever happens to be the most convenient. But these Indian children may grow up to be respectable and industrious citizens, for although many of the Indian tribes of the West are lazy and thriftless, and some hostile and treacherous, there are Indians upon whom white missionaries have exerted such a good influence that they are industrious and thrifty, cultivating the soil, supporting schools, and even publishing newspapers.

Digitized by Google

By Mary G. Wingate.

THIS story is about a little Chinese boy, and his name you see written at the head of it; only, there it is put in characters large enough for a great Mandarin, quite too large for a little orphan boy in an unknown family, who, according to Chinese ideas, ought humbly to write his name in very small letters, so: [illegible]. But at the time of our story, little Ya-Sek, for in the district where he lives, the name is so pronounced, was only two years old, and was not called [illegible], if, indeed, he had any name at all. He probably was known as Number Two, for he had a brother older than himself, and among poor people in China, numbers are very commonly used for names, both for girls and boys.

Number Two's father and mother lived up in the country, at a distance from the sea-side, near which lived his grandmother, the mother's mother, and her two sons, his uncles, A-Muc and A-Seng.

The grandmother was the funniest looking old lady that could possibly be. She had very little flesh, and it seemed as if there could hardly be anything so substantial as bones about her; for she looked as though she might be carried away by the first puff of wind. Then, what made her seem stranger yet, was a great pair of spectacles which she wore, with glasses in them as round, and almost as large, as watch crystals. She and her younger son, A-Muc, were in the "pig business," that is, they bought pigs, and, after fattening them, sold them.

Besides A-Muc, a little girl lived with her, a sweet-tempered little girl, with a face as brown as the sun could burn it. Though I think she could not have been more than twelve years old, she used to work very hard indeed. She would carry, for a long distance, two very large buckets filled with rice-water and other food for pigs; these she would hang on the ends of a pole put over her shoulder. And the reason for her doing all this was, that she was engaged to be married to A-Muc, though according to Chinese custom, A-Muc never looked at her nor spoke to her. Their fathers and mothers had managed it all when the little girl was still younger and smaller, and now she lived part of the time with her own mother, and part of the time with A-Muc's mother.

A-Seng lived in another house. He was servant in a foreigner's kitchen. He had been taught from the Bible by one of the missionaries, and seemed to be truly a very good man. He ate at a table with his wife, which was an almost unheard-of thing.

A-Seng's only child, a little girl, had died when she was a month old. She was lame in her feet. Her parents were going to throw her little body into the river, but, after the missionary had talked with them about it, they concluded to make her a grave on the hillside. All the other Chinese laughed at the idea of having a coffin for a baby a month old. They did not suppose that it could have any soul. Only a month old, and a girl! If it had been a boy, a year old, that would have been very different!

A-Seng had no son, and no man in China is really happy without a son; if he has none of his own, sometimes one of his friends will give him one; if not, he can try to buy one!

One day, sorrowful news came down from the country. Little Number Two's father and mother were dead, and he was to be sold.

A-Seng started, at once, in a boat, to go and inquire into the matter. Alas, it was all too true! Number Two's parents were both dead, and his grandfather had said, "There is not now rice enough for so many mouths; the little boy Number One, must grow up into his father's place, but we must part with Number Two."

A-Seng did not like to have Number Two go out of the family; so he asked the relations, "For how much will you sell him to me, to be my own son?" and they said, "Fifteen dollars."

Now, fifteen dollars was a large sum to A-Seng, who had his wife to support, and all his own food and clothes to buy out of six dollars a month; but it was for his sister's little boy; so he raised the money and took a written paper from the father's family, saying that they gave up all claim to the child.

Digitized by Google

Then A-Seng came home in the boat, joyfully bringing Number Two with him.

"I mean to give him a Bible name," said A-Seng.

"Then you ought to call him Joseph," said one of his friends, "because he was sold by his brethren."

This idea pleased A-Seng, and, from that time, little Number Two has been called Ya-Sek, which, in his district, is the Chinese for Joseph.

Ya-Sek is now about five years old, and he has a happy home with his father-uncle.

For a wonder, he is quite clean, and his eyes are very bright, and, considering they are Chinese eyes, they are very large and round, and he is as chubby as plenty of rice to eat can make him.

In summer, he does not wear many clothes, but you should see him in winter, when he is dressed in his best. Then his plump, little feet are encased in shoes which look very tidy, though they cost little more than a dime, and he wears a blue jacket and trousers, and a little cloth cap, wrought with gay silks. This cap has two embroidered cloth butterflies, looking, for all the world, like pen-wipers, sewed on in front, and at the back of his head, hanging down from under the cap, is the little queue of hair, about a quarter of a yard long, with a bunch of scarlet silk braided in the end of it.

If he were told to speak to you, he would clasp his hands together in the Chinese style, and, making you a bow, would repeat the salutation of the Christians, "Peace!"

And this is the story of the little Chinese boy, Ya-Sek, who is too young yet to write his name; but I doubt if many of you are old enough to want to write it often.

WILLY BY THE BROOK.

[SEE FRONTISPIECE.]

WILLY lay by the dimpling brook
  Where the sun had lain before;
And, strange to say, when its place he took
  The spot just brightened the more.

The birds were singing in the blue
  A song that was like a hymn;
While the baby ducklings, two by two,
  Strayed into the water to swim.

"Heigho!" sighed Willy, "I cannot fly,
  Nor even so much as float;
And as for singing like robins, why
  I never could raise a note.

"But I can play on my pipe," said he;
  And soon the music came—
So clear and sweet, so blithesome free
  That it put the birds to shame.

The baby ducklings softly splashed,
  The robins yet harder tried,
The sprinkled grass in sunlight flashed
  As it nodded by Willy's side.

And, before he knew, he was floating free
  On a sparkling river of thought;
While the birds in the air came down to see
  What wonder the pipe had wrought.

And still the music softly rose,
  Still Willy was floating free—
And the little ducks with their funny toes,
  Were happy as happy could be.

Digitized by Google

MAJOR.

Digitized by Google

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

I am Major. Come smooth my head and pull my ears. I won't bite. But don't step on my tail or strike my black nose. If you do, I shall bark.

Once a boy got on my back. Then he held fast by my ears, and said "Get up!" and away we went. It was such fun that he said "Ha! ha! ha!" and I said "Bow, wow-wow!"

"You can't guess what I have in my basket," said Fred. "Oh, do tell us," cried Fan, "and I will show you my nice ball."

Fred took the ball, and May gave him a hug, which made his hat fall off. Then they took a peep, and what do you think they saw? Why, two little white mice, with pink ears.

Dear Jesus
Please to keep
Little Elsie
In her sleep.
Bless Papa,
Mamma and Sue,
Bless my doll
And Kitty too.
If we're good
As we can be,
We shall live
In Heaven with Thee.

Digitized by Google

WHICH IS CAUGHT?

A COMMON MISTAKE.

THE wisest thing
For any man,
Is to get from others
All he can.
The meanest thing
A man can do,
Is to get his gains
From me or you.

WHICH IS CAUGHT?

WHICH is caught? Mousie or Pussie! Ha! Ha! Not Mousie; for Puss cannot move without setting him free. It is good to know that the little fellow is more frightened than hurt; for cats' rocking-chairs are very light. Keep up your courage, Mousie, there's a chance for you yet!

A VISIT TO A BEE-HIVE,

DESCRIBED BY THE FAIRY FLYAWAY.

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey day by day,
From every opening flower?"

"How doth she, indeed?" I said to myself, as I awoke one bright morning.

The thought was suggested by a noisy bee, who waked me by trying to enter my lily-bell, and I resolved that I would look into the matter. So I flew out of my lily, and to the nearest hive, to make inquiries.

Bees are high-spirited and quick-tempered persons, I know, but a fairy can make her way anywhere.

The hive was a neat building, pleasantly situated in an orchard. On one side a clover-field, full of perfume; and on the other a gay flower-garden.

At the door of the hive I was met by a number of sentinels, one of whom addressed me rather sharply, with "Who goes there?"

"A friend," I replied, "who wishes to learn something of the ways of bees, and how they make honey."

"Your passport," said she.

"I never thought of such a thing," said I.

"Do you intend to go into the honey business yourself?" asked she.

"By no means," I replied; "I am the fairy Flyaway, and only want information and amusement."

"I will send a messenger to our Queen," said the sentinel.

The messenger soon returned with the Queen's permission to go entirely through the hive, — escorted by one of her own body-guard,—excepting into the royal apartments.

Digitized by Google

I then entered the doorway, where I was greeted by my guide, who gave me her name,—Deborah,—and ushered me, with a grand flourish of her wings, into a wide gallery or passage.

In the middle of the hive I saw a long string of bees, reaching from the roof to the floor, each bee clinging to her neighbor, and remaining motionless, while other bees ran up and down, as though upon a ladder.

"What is that?" I asked my guide.

"A bee-rope," she replied, "a short cut from the top to the bottom of the hive."

I remarked that I had thought it might be some kind of dance.

"No," said she. "In the winter when there is no work to be done, we sometimes dance in the sunshine before the hive, but never at any other time. We are too busy."

This seemed to me rather sad, but I did not say so.

In the gallery we saw bees hurrying about in all directions, too busy to notice us, and never disturbing or interfering with each other, in the least.

"These are our Workers," said Deborah.

"About how many of them are there?" I inquired.

"There are twenty-thousand of us, all told," she replied, "one Queen, or Mother-bee, blessings on her Majesty! some hundreds of Drones, and the rest Workers."

"They must be tired enough if they always work as fast as these do," I said.

"No," replied Deborah, "they like it. A true Worker-bee is never content to be idle. Would you like to see the Nurseries?" continued she.

"Anything you please to show me," I replied.

We then turned through a side-gallery into a quiet corner of the hive, where we found curious cradles or cells, of different sizes, made of the purest white wax.

"Here the eggs are laid by our Queen," said Deborah, "generally about two hundred a day, but often many more."

"Then your Queen must be busy, as well as the rest of you," I said.

"No one works harder," replied my guide.

I thought of our beautiful Queen, with her delicate wings, and felt that a bee-hive was not much like Fairy-land.

"And will these eggs ever turn into real bees?" I asked.

"O yes," said my guide, "in three or four days they hatch into worms."

"Something like caterpillars and butterflies?" I asked.

"A little," she replied, "but in this case the young worms are worth taking care of, as bees are valuable and industrious persons, while butterflies are idle and useless."

"You are mistaken there," I said, "they are useful to us fairies. In our long flights we could not do without them."

"Ah," said she, "I never heard of it before."

"When the eggs turn into grubs or worms," continued she, "the Workers find plenty to do to take care of them. Each little worm must be carefully fed for four or five days, with water, and bread and honey."

"What kind of bread?" I asked.

"O, bee-bread," she replied, "nothing else would suit them. The cells are then sealed up, that is, a nice lid or cover is put upon each one, and the little worms must take care of themselves for a while. Every worm is expected to line its cell neatly, with a silken webbing, and then roll itself up in a cocoon. And they always do it. I never knew one fail. This takes a day or two and then they must stay in the cocoon for a time. Ah! we are just in time to see the cells closed."

And, to be sure, there were the attendants sealing up the cells, a small, white worm in each.

I must confess it made me shudder to look at them, for I never did like worms! It is so dreadful to meet one in the folds of a rose.

But I fancied the little worms seemed uneasy at the idea of being shut up, and so I told my friend.

"Ah well!" said she, "It is the only way. We all go through with it. Before many days they will come out perfect bees. Wings and legs all right."

"And must they go to work as soon as they are out," I asked, "and not dance once?"

"No," replied Deborah. "They are not strong enough to fly until they have been fed one or two days. Then they begin to work in good earnest."

I observed that the cells were of different sizes, and inquired the reason.

"The largest and handsomest cells," replied Deborah, "are for the young Queen-bees or Princesses. The next in size for the Drones, and the smallest for the Workers."

"Can the cells be used more than once," I asked, "or are they done with, like last-year's birds'-nests?"

"The royal cells are all destroyed when they have been once used," she answered, "but the others are cleansed and the silken webbing is left to strengthen them, and they are then better than ever."

"How long does it take to turn from eggs into bees?" I inquired.

"Sixteen days for the Queen-bee to become a perfect insect. Twenty-four days for the Drones, and twenty-one for the Workers," she replied.

Digitized by Google

"And have these attendants nothing to do but to feed the little ones?" I asked.

"O yes," said Deborah, "they attend the Queen, do the fighting, prepare the wax, make the combs or cells, collect the honey by day, and store it by night, and keep the hive in order. The Drones lead an idle life. They will die, rather than work. They will not even feed themselves if they can find any one else to do it. And, to tell the truth, like all idlers in a busy community, they are such a bother, that about once a year we have to kill them off."

"My dear Deborah!" I exclaimed, in horror, "you can't mean it!"

"Yes. It is the custom. They don't seem to mind it. But let us look now at the store-rooms," said she, hastily changing the subject, as well she might.

In the store-rooms we saw rows upon rows of cells, fitted one upon another, and every one filled with clear honey, and securely sealed.

"This is our winter store," said my guide; "pure honey, made from the white clover, and put up in the combs by the Workers."

"How do they make the honey?" I asked.

"They gather it," she replied. "We send out thousands of bees every morning, to all the gardens and fields around. Mignonette makes good honey, and so do apple-blossoms. We usually make from two to six pounds in a day. The bees often fly as far as two miles from the hive, and they come back loaded with honey and pollen. Each Worker has a tongue or proboscis with which she licks or brushes up the honey, and puts it into her honey-bag.

"Stop a moment," said she to a Worker who was hurrying by. "You will observe, my dear, that the hinder legs have something like baskets, on the side, in which the pollen or bee-bread is carried."

"I see it," said I, "I have often watched the bees coming out of flowers, covered with yellow dust."

I then took the opportunity to mention to her that I lived in a lily-bell, that I sometimes danced the greater part of the night, and that the bees were very much in the habit of waking me at an unreasonable hour in the morning. She said she would attend to it.

"And how do the bees make wax?" I asked.

"By a process best known to themselves," replied Deborah. "It is not in my line just now, and I am quite sure that I could not describe it to you. The bees say they cannot tell how they do it, but they wish to keep the secret among themselves. The sides of these cells are the one-hundred and eightieth part of an inch in thickness. So you see we must use an immense quantity of wax."

"You must, indeed," I replied. "And are the cells always made in this same shape?"

"Yes," said she. "They are six-sided. The early bees fixed upon that as the best for strength and economy of space, and no change has been made since. However, the Bumble-bees," she added, with a slight expression of scorn, as though she had said, "the Beggars," "have a way which they prefer. They put it up in bags, and store it under-ground."

This was no news to me. Such a thing has been done in Fairy-land as to "borrow" a little honey from the Bumble-bee, in time of scarcity. But I said nothing.

"And you tell me the Workers do the fighting. Is there much fighting to do?" I asked.

"A great deal," replied Deborah. "We have many enemies, bother on them! Mice, caterpillars, moths, snails, wasps, robber-bees, and other evil-minded creatures!" As she said this, she buzzed fiercely and unsheathed her sting.

"Look here a moment," said she, "and you will see one of them."

And there in a corner, guarded by a squad of bees, lay a wretched snail, prisoner in his own shell. The edge of the shell was covered with strong cement, which held it firmly to the floor.

"I think we have him now, the villain!" said my guide. "His shell is fastened with propolis."

"What is propolis?" I asked.

"It is bee-glue," she replied; "resin from the buds of trees."

At this moment we heard a low murmur of "The Queen! the Queen!" and turning, we saw passing through the principal gallery, a magnificent bee, larger and more stately than any of her subjects, though her wings were much smaller than theirs. The under part of her body was golden, the upper part dark.

She was surrounded by her body-guard, and as she passed, her subjects politely backed out of her way, to give her room, and some offered her refreshment in the form of honey.

"What would become of us, if anything should happen to our beloved queen!" exclaimed Deborah.

"How long has she reigned?" I inquired.

"More than two months," she replied.

"And how much longer may she reign?" I asked.

"She may outlive us all," she replied. "Queens live four years, and workers only from six to nine months. Our old Queen went away with a swarm to another hive. But now," she continued, "if you will come back to the gallery, I will offer you some of our best honey."

Digitized by Google

This was tempting, even to a fairy, and we are considered dainty; that is, the crickets and grasshoppers call us so. I tasted some honey, and found it delicious.

"This is not like the honey one finds in the flowers," I said.

"We have our own way of purifying and preserving it," said Deborah.

"And bee-bread. Can you tell me exactly how to make it?" I asked.

"That is not allowed," she replied, "though it would do no harm, as no one but a bee could ever make it. It is made of the pollen of flowers, and honey and water; and it wants a great deal of kneading. But it is only fit for the food of young bees. We older ones never eat it."

"And do the young princesses eat it too?" I asked.

"Not at all," she replied. "They are fed upon royal jelly."

"And what is that?" I asked.

"Don't ask!" she replied. "It is the greatest secret of all. Off goes my head, if I tell you!" "And by the way," said she, "perhaps it will be better to say nothing about that Drone business."

"Perhaps it will," I replied, "for I have known our fairy-queen to imprison one of her subjects in a pea-pod a whole hour, for only pinching a gnat."

"Ah! yes," said she, "not our idea of discipline."

She then escorted me to the door of the hive. I thanked her, recommended less work and more dancing, invited her to call on me in my lily-bell, and took my leave, feeling that I had really learned something of the ways of the "little busy bee," if not how she makes honey. The next day I sent to my friend Deborah, by a butterfly, the finest four-leaved clover I ever saw, knowing that to be the best return I could possibly make for her kindness.

UNDER THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

By Celia Thaxter.

Beneath the tall, white light-house strayed the children,
In the May-morning sweet;
About the steep and rough grey rocks they wandered
With hesitating feet;
For scattered far and wide the birds were lying,
Quiet, and cold, and dead,
That met, while they were swiftly winging northward,
The fierce light overhead,
And as the frail moths in the summer evenings
Fly to the candle's blaze,
Rushed wildly at the splendor, finding only
Death in those blinding rays.
And here were bobolink, and wren, and sparrow,
Veery, and oriole,
And purple finch, and rosy grosbeak, swallows,
And king-birds quaint and droll;
Gay soldier blackbirds, wearing on their shoulders
Red, gold-edged epaulets,
And many a homely, brown, red-breasted robin,
Whose voice no child forgets.

Digitized by Google

And yellow-birds—what shapes of perfect beauty!
What silence after song!
And mingled with them, unfamiliar warblers
That to far woods belong.
Clothing the grey rocks with a mournful beauty
By scores the dead forms lay,
That, dashed against the tall tower's cruel windows,
Dropped like the spent sea-spray.
How many an old and sun-steeped barn, far inland,
Should miss about its eaves
The twitter and the gleam of these swift swallows!
And, swinging 'mid the leaves,
The oriole's nest, all empty in the elm-tree,
Would cold and silent be,
And never more these robins make the meadows
Ring with their ecstasy.
Would not the gay swamp-border miss the black-birds,
Whistling so loud and clear?
Would not the bobolinks' delicious music
Lose something of its cheer?
"Yet," thought the wistful children, gazing landward,
"The birds will not be missed;
Others will take their place in field and forest,
Others will keep their tryst;
And we, we only, know how death has met them,
We wonder and we mourn
That from their innocent and bright existence
Thus roughly they are torn."
And so they laid the sweet, dead shapes together,
Smoothing each ruffled wing,
Perplexed and sorrowful, and pondering deeply
The meaning of this thing.
(Too hard to fathom for the wisest nature
Crowned with the snows of age!)
And all the beauty of the fair May morning
Seemed like a blotted page.
They bore them down from the rough cliffs of granite
To where the grass grew green,
And laid them 'neath the soft turf, all together,
With many a flower between;
And, looking up with wet eyes, saw how brightly
Upon the summer sea
Lay the clear sunlight, how white sails were shining,
And small waves laughed in glee:
And somehow, comfort grew to check their grieving,
A sense of brooding care,
As if, in spite of death, a loving presence
Filled all the viewless air.
"What should we fear?" whispered the little children,
"There is no thing so small
But God will care for it in earth or heaven;
He sees the sparrows fall!"

Digitized by Google

A LAW THAT COULD NOT BE BROKEN.

By J. S. Stacy.

One day, as I sat reading a book called Arnott's Physics or Natural Philosophy, I suddenly laughed aloud.

Now, Arnott's Physics is by no means a funny book. I am quite sure there is not a joke in it, from cover to cover. So, when I laughed, my wife looked up in great surprise, for I may as well confess I had been reading aloud to the dear little lady and it had put her in anything but a lively mood.

"What is it, Joe?" she asked, smiling in spite of herself when she met my broad grin.

"This part here, about the centre of gravity and its always taking the lowest place," answered I, tapping the page with my fingers, "made me think of something."

"Did it?" she said with solemn surprise.

As the precious girl (please don't mind my speaking in this way of my wife, for, the fact is, we have been married only a year, and she is just eighteen to my twenty-two), as the precious girl evidently did not expect an answer to her question, I took up the book again and read:

By attending to the centre of gravity of the bodies around us on the earth, we are enabled to explain why, from the influence of gravity, some of them are stable, or firmly fixed, others tottering, others falling. * * * The line of a plummet hanging from the centre of gravity is called the line of direction of the centre, or that in which it tends naturally to decend to the earth.

"You remember, Lily," said I, interrupting myself, "the law we read in Gale yesterday:"

"While the line of direction falls *within the base* upon which the body stands, the body cannot upset; but if the line fall beyond the base the body will tumble."

Then, taking a pencil and note-book from my pocket, I made a picture of a coach tilted by a great stone in such a way that a perpendicular line drawn from its centre of gravity fell *beyond the base* of the coach, that is, outside of the point where its wheels touched the ground on the tilted side, and she saw at a glance that the coach must upset.

"Oh, yes, I understand it now, perfectly," she exclaimed, quite pleased.

So I read on, as Dr. Arnott proceeded to tell us how to find the centre of gravity of any object, and to explain in a very clear and delightful way the principle shown in rolling balls, leaning towers, unsafe chimneys, in the graceful positions of skaters, in tumbling dolls and the movements of various toys, when my wife said quickly:

"Joe!"

"No, dear," said I, listening a moment and thinking that *she* had thought she heard the baby cry.

"Joe!" she exclaimed again, "what were you laughing about?"

"When?" said I.

"Why, a moment ago."

"O," I laughed, "didn't I ever tell you, my dear? It was such a capital illustration of the laws we have just been studying, though I didn't know it at the time."

"Well?" said she.

She drew her chair close to mine, with a comical look of curiosity on her face, and I began in a dramatic fashion:

"'Tis now eleven years since a small boy, full of mischief by nature, but very cautious by education, found himself alone in the upper part of a fine city mansion. His mother was out. The servants were in the kitchen, and this small boy felt that, perhaps, never again would he have such a grand chance to be up to something, he hardly knew what."

"Was it you, Joe?"

"It was," said I. "Well, as the boys say, I cast about for some time, not able to settle on a plan. Many delightful projects entered my head, but they were all more or less connected with danger. There was the roof, as steep and as slanting as heart of boy could wish; but I had been made so thoroughly to understand that to tumble from it would be to break every bone in my body, to say nothing of being 'killed stone dead,' that I gave up my half-formed plan at once. Then there was the window. It would be fun to let myself down from it by tying a stout rope to the bed-post, and so sliding to the ground. But the rope might break, or I might not be able to hold on—and the wild thought was abandoned in a flash. Suddenly an idea came to me:

"There was a beautiful porcelain vase on the top of father's book-case, high out of reach. What fun it would be if I only could manage to knock it down without breaking it!"

"You little goose!—*then*, not now," added Mrs. Joseph, hastily.

"Goose or not, I tried it," said I. "It was nearly time for mother to return. There was not a moment to be lost, and I had to make great preparations.

"The bed was made up in fine style, with its great ruffled pillow fixings and its silken spread all tucked in as if it were never to come out again.

Digitized by Google

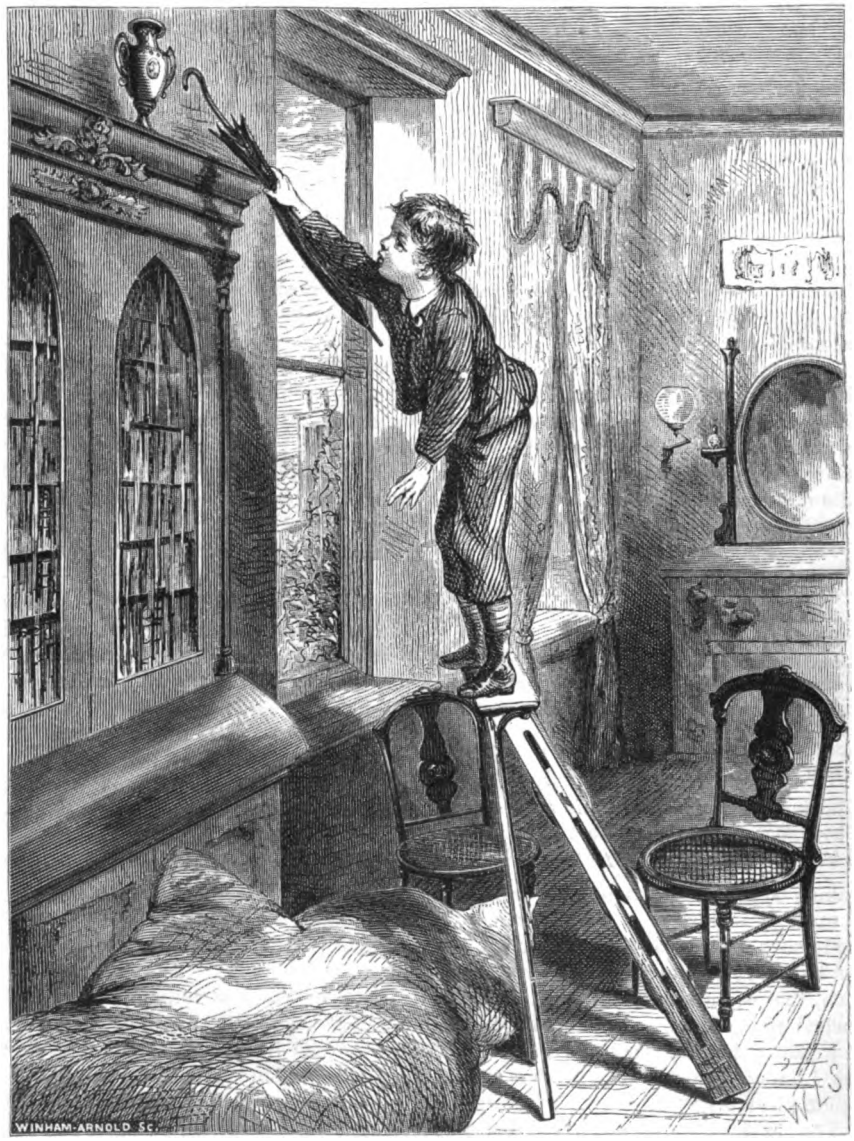
But I hauled off the covers, and with many a tug and pull brought the feather bed to the floor. Then I dragged it to the book-case. The next thing was to fetch a ladder from the garret—no easy job for a ten-year-old. This done, it was evident I should need some sort of a stick for poking the vase with. Father's umbrella with its crooked handle was just the thing.

"'Good!' said I to myself. 'Won't it be larks to knock down the vase and never hurt it a bit! Good for you, too, Old Mr. Feather-Bed! All you've got to do is to catch it.'

"With this, seizing the umbrella after the manner of the boy and flag in "Excelsior" and hastily adjusting the ladder, I mounted to the top, and—"

"O, Joe!" cried Mrs. Joseph, laughing. "I remember it! Yes, just as well as if it were yesterday. Your mother had been to our house, and *my* mother had let me go home with her. We went right up stairs, and just as we opened the door we heard such a crash, and there were you and the ladder on the floor! No, the ladder was on the feather-bed and you were on the floor. You must have pitched over backward, Joe, just as the ladder slipped from under you."

"Very likely," said I.



Digitized by Google

"Well, I declare. That *was* a caper! What a funny little wisp of a boy you were! And to think of our actually being married eleven years afterward! But what about the vase?"

"Oh, that was safe enough, you may be sure, for the umbrella hadn't time to touch it."

"Joe," said Mrs. Joseph, "if you had opened that ladder a little wider, or taken a plummet up with you and been careful to have the line of direction from the centre of gravity fall within the base of the ladder all would have been well, wouldn't it, my—"

Just then little Josie was heard in the next room screaming like a good fellow. Off ran Mrs. Joseph. I was left alone to ponder over the laws of gravitation.

GERMAN STORY.

Den falschen Weg sehend.

Von Clara Hance.

[Here is a little story written by Mrs. Hance for the benefit of girls and boys who are learning to read in German. Next month we shall print a translation of it, so that all the children may know the meaning of Mr. Stephens' spirited picture. We intend to give, every month, a short story in French or German, so that our readers who are studying those languages may have a chance to do a little translating out of school. Next month we shall have a French story.]

Klein Lieschen hatte die üble Angewohnheit nie vor sich zu sehen; sie blickte entweder rechts oder links. Da kam es einmal, daß sie mit einem großen Stück Kuchen in der Hand hinaus auf einen Hof lief, wo einige Maurer eine Grube machten, die sie beabsichtigten mit Kalk zu füllen. Lieschen rannte fröhlich umher, die Warnungen ihrer Mutter hatte sie längst vergessen; außerdem war es ja auch gar zu lustig, den großen Hund zu sehen, welcher sie umkreiste und nach dem Kuchen schnappte. Aber, o weh, ehe sie es sich versah fiel sie Kopf über in die Grube. Ihr Geschrei brachte die Arbeiter herbei und sie holten eiligst das arme Kind aus dem häßlichen Loch. Lieschen mußte nun lange Zeit im Bette bleiben und arge Schmerzen dulden, während draußen andre Kinder munter spielten. Da nahm sie es sich vor, nie wieder einen Weg zu gehen und wo anders hin zu blicken. Hätte sie früher daran gedacht, so würde sie ihrer guten Mutter keine Sorge und sich nicht Schmerzen bereitet haben. So aber ging es ihr, wie dem Tyroler auf Herrn Stephens' Bild. Beide achteten nicht auf den Weg und man sieht was daraus entsteht.

Digitized by Google

WHO WROTE THE "ARABIAN NIGHTS?"

By Donald G. Mitchell.

WHO knows? Not Captain Mayne Reid; though if he had been born a Persian, and lived long time enough ago, and been a Caliph with a long beard and a scimitar, instead of a captain in the Mexican war, with a Colt's revolver and a goatee, and had seen the cloud of dust which Ali-Baba saw, I think he could have made out the band of forty robbers under it, and the cave, and all the rest.

But Mayne Reid didn't see the cloud of dust which covered those robbers (and which is very apt to cover all gangs of public robbers) and therefore didn't write the "Arabian Nights." Nor did Mrs. Hannah More, for the book is not in her style; nor did the author of "Little Women;" and the genius in her "work," though very decided, isn't at all like the Genius that comes in smoke and flame into the wonderful story of Aladdin and the Lamp.

You could never guess who wrote the Arabian Nights;—for nobody knows when those stories were first written. It seems very odd that a book should be made, and no one able to tell when it was made. The publishers don't allow such things to happen now-a-days. Yet it is even so with the book we are talking of. Of course, it is possible to fix the date of the many translations of the Arabian Nights which have been made into the languages of Europe from the old Arabic manuscripts. Thus, it was in the year 1704 that a certain Antoine Galland, a distinguished oriental scholar of Paris, who had traveled in the East and who had collected many curious manuscripts and medals, published a French translation of what was called the "Thousand and One Nights." This was in the time of the gay court of Louis the Fourteenth; and the fine ladies of the court—those of them who could read—all devoured the book. And the school-boys throughout France (though there were not many school-boys in those days outside of the great cities) all came to know the wonderful stories of Aladdin and of Ali-Baba. Remember that this was about the time when the great Duke of Marlboro was winning his famous victories on the Continent—specially that of Blenheim, about which an English poet, Dr. Southey, has written a quaint little poem, which you should read. It was in the lifetime, too, of Daniel De Foe,—who wrote that ever charming story of Robinson Crusoe some twelve or fourteen years later; and the first newspaper in America—called the *Boston News Letter*—was printed in the same year in which Antoine Galland published this translation of the Thousand and One Nights. If you should go to Paris and be curious to see it, you can find in the Imperial Library or the National Library (or whatever those changeable French people may call it now) the very manuscript of Antoine Galland.

Some years afterward there was a new and fuller translation by another oriental scholar, who had succeeded M. Galland as Professor of Arabic in the Royal College. Then there followed in the early part of this century translations into English, and I suppose that American boys in the days of President Monroe took their first taste of those gorgeous Arabian tales.

But the completest of all the collections was made by a German scholar, Mr. Von Hammer, in the year 1824—not so far back but that your fathers and mothers may remember little stray paragraphs in the papers, which made mention of how a German scholar had traced these old Arabian tales back to a very dim antiquity in India; and how he believed they had thence gone into Persia, where the great men of the stories all became Caliphs, and how they floated thence, by hearsay, into Arabia (which was a country of scribes and scholars in the days of Haroun al Raschid); and how they there took form in the old Arabic manuscripts which Antoine Galland had found and translated. But during the century that had passed since M. Galland's death, other and fuller Arabic copies had been found, with new tales added, and with other versions of the tales first told.

But what we call the machinery of the stories was always much the same; and the same Genii flashed out in smoke and flame, and the same scimitars went blazing and dealing death through all the copies of "The Thousand and One Nights."

But how came that title of the Thousand and One Nights, which belonged, and still belongs, to all the European collections of these old Arabian stories? I will tell you why; and in telling you why, I shall give you the whole background on which all these various Arabian stories, wherever found, are arrayed. And the background is itself a story, and this is the way it runs:—

Once there lived a wicked Sultan of Persia, whose name was Schahriar; and he had many wives—like the Persian Shah who went journeying into England this summer past; and he thought of his wives as stock-owners think of their cattle—and I fear the present Persian Shah thinks no otherwise.

Well, when this old Schahriar found that his wives were faithless and deceitful—as all wives will

Digitized by Google

be who are esteemed no more than cattle—he vowed that he would cut off all chance of their sinning, by making an end of them; so it happened that whatever new wife he espoused one day, he killed upon the next.

You will think the brides were foolish to marry him: but many women keep on making as foolish matches all the world over; and she who marries a sot, or the man who promises to be a sot, is killed slowly, instead of being killed quickly with a bow-string,—as the Schahriar did his work.

Besides, all women of the East were slaves, as they are mostly now, and subject to whatever orders the Sultan might make.

Now, it happened that this old Schahriar had a vizier, or chief officer under him (who executed all his murderous orders), and who was horrified by the cruelties he had to commit. And this same vizier had a beautiful and accomplished daughter, who was even more horrified than her father; and she plotted how she might stay the bloody actions of the Schahriar.

She could gain no access to him, and could hope to win no influence over him, except by becoming his bride; but if she became his bride, she would have but one day to live. So, at least, thought her sisters and her father. She, of course, found it very hard to win the consent of her father, the vizier to her plan; but at last she succeeded, and so arranged matters that the Schahriar should command her to be his bride.

The fatal marriage-day came, and the vizier was in an agony of grief and alarm. The morning after the espousals, he waited,—in an ecstasy of fear,—the usual order for the slaughter of the innocent bride; but to his amazement and present relief, the order was postponed to the following day.

This bride, whose name was Scheherazade—known now to school-boys and school-girls all over the world—was most beguiling of speech, and a most charming story-teller. And on the day of her espousals she had commenced the narration of a most engrossing story to her husband the Schahriar, and had so artfully timed it, and measured out its length, that when the hour came for the sultan to set about his cares of office, she should be at its most interesting stage. The sultan had been so beguiled by the witchery of her narrative, and so eager to learn the issue, that he put off the execution of his murderous design, in order to hear the termination of the story on the following night.

And so rich was the narration and so great was the art of the Princess Scheherazade, that she kept alive the curiosity and wonder of her husband, the sultan, day after day, and week after week, and month after month, until her fascinating stories had lasted for a thousand and one nights.

If you count up these you will find they make a period of two years and nine months—during which she had beguiled the sultan and stayed the order for her execution. In the interval, children had been born to her, and she had so won upon her husband, that he abolished his cruel edict forever,—on condition that from time to time she should tell over again those enchanting stories. And the stories she told on those thousand and one nights, and which have been recited since in every language of Europe, thousands and thousands of times, are the Arabian Nights tales.

If this account is not true in all particulars, it is at least as true as the stories are.

A good woman sacrificed herself to work a deed of benevolence. *That* story at any rate is true, and is being repeated over and over in lives all around us.

But, after all, the question is not answered as to who wrote the "Arabian Nights." I doubt if it ever will be answered truly. Who cares, indeed? I dare say that youngsters in these days of investigation committees are growing up more curious and inquiring than they used to be; but I know well I cared or thought nothing about the authorship in those old school days when I caught my first reading of Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp.

What a night it was! What a feast! I think I could have kissed the hand that wrote it.

A little red morocco-bound book it was, with gilt edges to the leaves, that I had borrowed from Tom Spooner, and Tom Spooner's aunt had loaned it to him, and she thought all the world of it, and had covered it in brown paper, and I mustn't soil it, or dog's-ear it. And I sat down with it—how well I remember—at a little square-legged red table in the north recitation-room at E—— school; and there was a black hole in the top of the table—where Dick Linsey, who was a military character, and freckled, had set off a squib of gunpowder (and got trounced for it); and the smell of the burnt powder lingered there, and came up gratefully into my nostrils, as I read about the sulphurous clouds rolling up round the wonderful lamp, and the Genius coming forth in smoke and flames!

What delight! If I could only fall in with an old peddler with a rusty lamp,—such as Aladdin's,—wouldn't I rub it!

And with my elbows fast on the little red table, and my knees fast against the square legs, and the smell of the old squib regaling me, I thought what I would order the Genius to do, if I ever had a chance.—A week's holiday to begin with; and the Genius should be requested to set the school "principal" down, green spectacles and all, in the thickest of the woods somewhere on the "mountain." Sat-

Digitized by Google

urday afternoons should come twice a week—at the very least;—turkey, with stuffing, every day except oyster day. I would have a case of pocket-knives "Rogers' superfine cutlery"—(though Kingsbury always insisted that "Wostenholm's" were better) brought into my closet, and would give them out, cautiously, to the clever boys. I would have a sled, brought by the Genius, that would beat Ben Brace's "Reindeer," he bragged so much about,—by two rods, at least. I would have a cork jacket, with which I could swim across Snipsic Lake, where it was widest—twice over—and think nothing of it. I would have a cavern, like the salt mines in Cracow, Poland (as pictured in Parley's Geography); only instead of salt, it should all be rock-candy; and I would let in clever fellows and pretty girls, and the homely ones, too—well, as often as every Wednesday.

Ah, well-a-day! we never come to the ownership of such caverns! We never find a peddler with the sort of lamp that will bring any sort of riches—with wishing.

But, my youngsters, there is a Genius that will come to any boy's command, and will work out amazing things for you all through boyhood, and all through life; and his name is—Industry.

And now, if your lessons are all done, and if you will keep in mind what I have said about the "Arabian Nights," and their history, we will sit down to a reading of Ali-Baba and the Forty Thieves.

THE STORY OF TOM GIP.

ONCE upon a time, there lived a fat boy, whose name was Tom Gip. Tom liked lunch better than lessons, so he never forgot his lunch and never remembered his lessons. Every morning, he carried to school, in a big box on wheels, three hard-boiled eggs, three sticky gingerbread cakes, three sausages,

three baked apples, three pickles, three turn-over pies, and three puddings, called huckleberry bolsters. He would shut himself up in such a hurry at intermission, that he always pinched his nose in the door; and he ate so fast that he regularly choked himself.

The boys used to write his last name backwards.

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

WE heard a school-girl say of a "girl-graduate," the other day: "O she has grand times, now that she has left the Academy. And she doesn't spend her time foolishly, either. She reads all the new books!"

"I don't know about that," said an old gentleman.

"O it's true, sir;" said the school-girl, flushing; "that is, I mean she reads as many of them as she possibly can."

"Just so, my dear," said the old gentleman, kindly. "But I'm not sure about the wisdom of the lady who reads all the new books. It seems to me that she often must spend her time very foolishly—very foolishly indeed, my dear."

The old gentleman was right. It would be better to read no new books at all than to read too many of them. A man might live to be as old as Methuselah, and read a good book through every week—yes, at the end of a few centuries become really a well-read man without once looking into a new book. Ever since the days of a grand old poet named

Digitized by Google

Chaucer, books have been coming and going. Fortunately, that careless old saying, "The good die young," cannot be applied to books. Those that are worthy to live *do* live; and it would be quite a safe thing for our Methuselah to look only at twenty-year old works.

"Ah, but he would be so far behind the age!"

True, my dears, and very knowing of you to say it. So, to save you from such a fate, we shall try now and then to point out as they appear, the new books that are worthy of a boy's or girl's attention. But, first of all, here is a word of advice. Do not read only the new authors: For hundreds of years great and good souls have been saying beautiful things to us all—those who come early and those who come late—and their words are as precious now as ever they were. It is a good rule for young persons not to read any two new books in succession. Always put a good, standard work between them; something that has stood the test of time and that lives, which your new book may not. There is such a long list of these that you must ask your parents and friends to help you make a suitable choice, according to your age and tastes. Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, who tells you about the "Arabian Nights," in this number of ST. NICHOLAS, will, we hope, point out and help you to enjoy many a fine and delightful old book, as the months go on. Meantime, we shall see what the publishers are doing for you. Our space allows us to mention only a few books this month, but we hope to do better next time.

Roberts Bros., of Boston, send out many good books for girls and boys. Of these, we have lately read "Shawl Straps," the second of Aunt Joe's Scrap-Bag series, by Miss Alcott; Miss Woolsey's "New Year's Bargain," and a little volume by Miss Laura Ledyard, called "Very Young Americans." These all are good, though not among the latest, and we recommend them heartily. The last two are illustrated by Addie Ledyard, who drew the picture "Oh, No!" in this number of ST. NICHOLAS.

Hurd and Houghton, of New York, have just printed a new edition of a capital book, by Arthur Gilmans, "First Steps in English Literature." It is not meant for the young readers, but all young folks from eleven to ninety-nine years of age will find it very useful indeed. It is just the book for any boy or girl who wishes to know what English literature means, where it comes from, what it is good for, and how it is to be enjoyed. And, also, it is just the thing for persons who know these things, and who like to hear all about it again, in a few words. It is a very long book or a very short one, just as you choose to make it. You may read it through in a day, or you may study and study it for months,—a good and safe companion always.

Scribner, Armstrong & Co., of New York, have just printed an entertaining book, entitled, a "Journey to the Centre of the Earth." It is translated from the French of Jules Verne, and is among the best of that author's works. It is not written for children, but as you young persons are sure to be attracted by it, we must tell you not to forget that many passages in the book will puzzle you, because they are intended for older heads than yours. You will find a great deal of information in its pages, and a great deal of—stuff; and you'll be sure to like its fifty-two wonderful pictures. Altogether, we do not object to our boys and girls going to the centre of the earth, for a little while, with Jules Verne.

Robert Carter & Bros., of New York, offer you "The Little Camp on Eagle Hill," by the author of the "Wide, Wide World." This is a story by Miss Warner, well worth reading, as indeed all of her stories are.

Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, among many new works, have "Adventures by Sea and Land." This is such a beautiful book to look at and to handle, and its pictures are so very interesting, that it will no doubt be given at Christmas to any number of boys. If good Santa Claus brings it to you, you will be sure to enjoy it; but you must use your own wits through it all, and judge for yourselves whether its astonishing scenes are probable or not. When you come upon a description, as you will, of a serpent seventy feet long, and twice as thick as a man's body, it will be well to inquire into the matter and see whether these little creatures are known to naturalists or not. As the hero of one of these "adventures" goes off on a dangerous journey, for the mere love of excitement, and almost to the heart-break of his young wife, left at home, it strikes us that there is no need of wasting much sympathy upon him. But he certainly has a hard time of it, and so do the astonishing number of wild beasts who come in the way of his knife and his bullet.

Digitized by Google

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

MY name is Jack. I am a green thing coming up as a flower, yet I know a great deal. For why? The birds come and tell me.

It is quite common for me to talk of what I hear and see, but very few creatures can understand—only the owls, for they are wise and keep silence, the fairies, who, alas! are rather flighty, and one or two clear-hearted children who sometimes run up to me laughing, and say, "Good-morning, Mr. Jack-in-the-Pulpit!"

But here, at last, is a chance. A little bird tells me that through ST. NICHOLAS the girls and boys all over the country may hear what I say. This is as it should be. Why, often I stand and talk whole days without ever a human being coming near me. How would you like that?

But those times are over now, and I'm as happy a Jack-in-the-Pulpit as ever waved. Hereafter, my dears, you'll get my messages by paragraph. The editors of ST. NICHOLAS have laid the paragraphic wires, whatever those are, and they say the sooner I begin the better.

Good! I've sent the birds off in every direction to collect information. Not but that I know a good deal already, understand, but a city sparrow tells me that nowadays young folks want everything done up just *so*. (What in the world "just so" means I can't understand, but probably the birds will bring some word about it.)

Meantime I'll tell you a few things that will astonish you if you are dear, sweet, stupid little folks, and not little Paragons. I don't like little Paragons. They know botany and pull flowers to pieces.

Hallo! Mr. Roundeyes, an owl friend of mine, says I must take that back. He insists that, of all things, a Jack-in-the-Pulpit shouldn't object to botany. It helps human beings to understand us, he says; sort of lifts them up to our level. All right. I apologize.

A BIRD that spends much of his time on factory roofs tells me that folks are beginning to make buttons, combs, door knobs, cups, canes and all sorts of things out of leather. They chemicalize it, he says, chip it up and dissolve it in certain fluids till it is a pulp. Then they make it into useful articles by pressing it into moulds of the required shape. When they take it out of the moulds it is hard and tough. Then they polish its surface in some way and the articles are ready for sale.

So, my dears, you may yet comb your hair with your skate-straps, button your clothes with your boots, drink out of old pocket books and use a worn-out harness for your walking stick.

WHAT would you say if I told you what coal comes from? It is made of trees, and ferns, and twigs, and Jack-in-the-Pulpits—fact. Lazy work, though. It takes thousands of years to do it. Inquire into this business.

HERE'S a conundrum. A bird heard a man give it out in Canada:

I went into the woods and I got it. After I got it I searched for it. But I had it in my hand all the time, and at last went home because I couldn't find it.

Answer—A SPLINTER.

JACK knows where there is a tallow tree.

"Is it a make-believe tree, made out of tallow, like candles?" you ask. Oh, no; the tallow tree is a real tree that grows from twenty to forty feet high. Its native place is China, but it has been transplanted into some of our hot-houses. The tallow comes from the seeds. They are pounded and boiled in water, when something like fat rises on the top. This fat is skimmed off and when cold it is as white as snow and almost as soft. The Chinese mix this vegetable tallow with wax to harden it, and out of the mixture make candles, which give a clear, bright light. Now, then, if you want a candle, and you know any one who has a hot-house with a tallow tree in it, it would be better for you to buy a candle in a grocery store; for I do not believe you could make one without wasting a great many tallow-plant seeds.

IN parts of Switzerland, when two men have quarreled with each other, and their friends are anxious to see them reconciled, they endeavor to bring them unawares under the same roof. If the two enemies sit down at the same table they are pledged to peace. They break a piece of bread together, and are friends once more. It would be a good idea if every boy or girl who quarrels with

Digitized by Google

another boy or girl, should "make-up," and become reconciled the moment they happened to eat bread together in the same county; at least, that is what Jack thinks about it.

HERE is a little news! Some clever children in New York, known as the Vaux Brothers & Co., have printed a book of their grandmother's recipes for cooking, printed it with their own hands and in the very neatest style. Their grandmother is the best cook in the country, they say. It is evident that they have grand visits at this dear grandmother's house, and that they are not willing to keep the secret of her wonderful dinners and suppers to themselves. They've very sensibly bound blank sheets in the book for the convenience of house-keepers, and I'm told the printed recipes are excellent, telling how to make good soups, salads, biscuits, and every delicacy down to the cake called snichadoodles. I object to this last. It takes three eggs, and that's nothing more nor less than murder.

THE RIDDLE BOX.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 22 letters.

My 10, 5, 3, 4, 12, 6, 16, 21, was name given by the Greek poets to Italy.

My 18, 22, 21, 15, 16, 7, 8, was a witty clerk employed by Roman auctioneers, B. C. 110.

My 13, 11, 19, 9, 21, was the goddess of the hearth.

My 20, 14, 7, 9, 21, was the wife of Agron, king of the Illyrians.

My 1, 2, 22, 21, was a daughter of Cronos.

My 17, 11, 6, 14, 16, 3, was a daughter of Pyrrhus I., king of Epirus.

My whole is a star.

RIDDLE.

TWO heads I have, and when my voice
  Is heard afar, like thunder,
The lads and maids arrested stand,
  And watch and wait with wonder.

Quite promptly I'm obeyed, and yet
  'Tis only fair to say,
My master bangs me, right and left,
  And him I must obey.

ELLIPSES.

FILL the blanks with the same words transposed, as

1. Our —— —— a blackbird. *Ans.* Our *host shot* a blackbird.
2. ——, I wish you would amuse the ——.
3. ——, will you find my ——?
4. —— has —— herself very much.
5. He was able to —— my opinions in various ——.
6. I never can —— a cage-full of —— without a shudder.
7. The —— and —— grew on the edge of the ——.

ANAGRAMS.

1. Rise late.
2. I made time.
3. Peter so sly.
4. Act I pray.
5. Acts abide.
6. Red sables.
7. Just ran oil.
8. Green mantle.
9. I scare Nat.
10. I can trace iron.

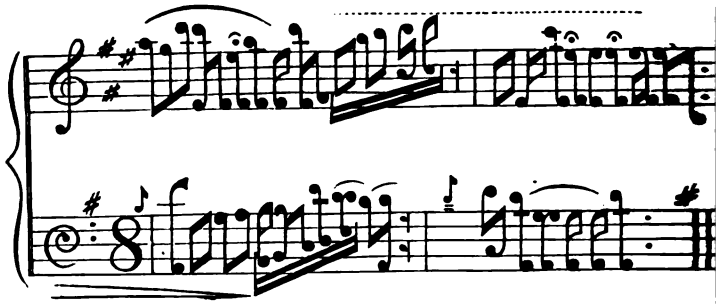
REBUS.

Digitized by Google

The Vision.

THE VISION.

A London Spectacle-maker issues this musical advertisement. What sort of a vision do you readers of music find in it?



DIAMOND WORD.

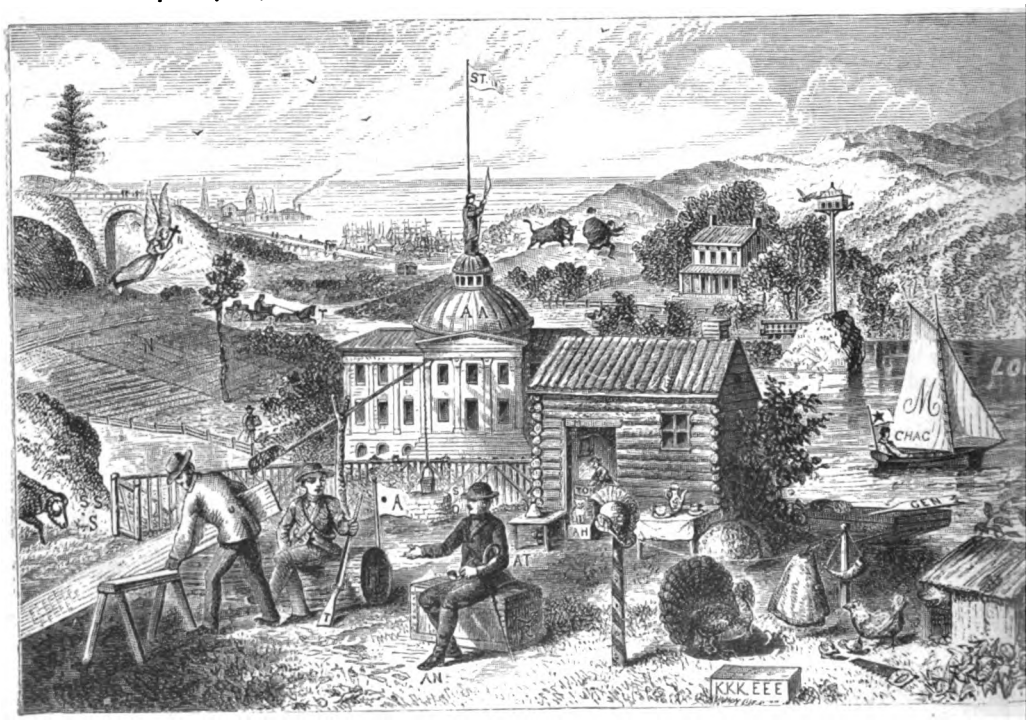
1. I FLY about, but never play.
2. As I am old, I'm thrown away.
3. My eyes are scarcely ever blue.
4. In Scotland I am listened to.
5. I'm rough and ready, by the way.
6. High up a tree I'm glad to play.
7. I'm in the middle of the sea.
   And now what do you think of me?
   Some people in me much rejoice,
   And some despise my very voice.

LOGOGRIPH.

FIND a useful domestic article of six letters out which you may make thirty-three nouns.

PARAPHRASED PROVERB.

AN anxiety in a smaller degree time piece hotel to tempt to equal-tes a night-watch embiem of indus enemy.



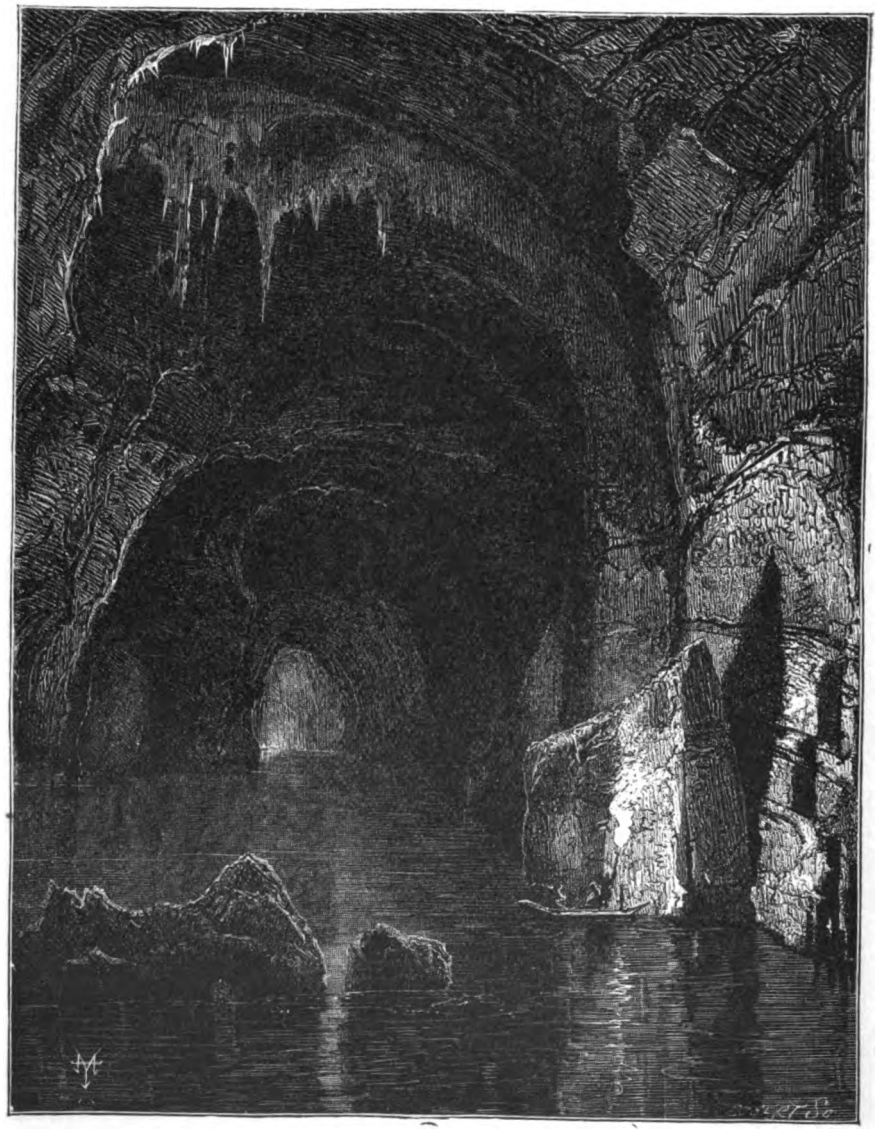
GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

IN the above picture will be found over fifty geographical names. Who can give us the most of them?

(ANSWERS TO ALL RIDDLES AND PUZZLES NEXT MONTH.)

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



THE WONDERFUL RIVER.

Digitized by Google

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. I. DECEMBER, 1873. NO. 2.

JACK FROST.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

RUSTILY creak the crickets—Jack Frost came down last night:
He slid to the earth on a starbeam, keen and sparkling and bright.
He sought in the grass for the crickets with delicate, icy spear,
So sharp and fine and fatal, and he stabbed them far and near:
Only a few stout fellows, thawed by the morning sun,
Chirrup a mournful echo of by-gone frolic and fun—
But yesterday such a rippling chorus ran all over the land,
Over the hills and the valleys down to the grey sea-sand!
Millions of merry harlequins, skipping and dancing in glee,
Cricket and locust and grasshopper, happy as happy could be,
Scooping rich caves in ripe apples and feeding on honey and spice,
Drunk with the mellow sunshine, nor dreaming of spears of ice.
Was it not enough that the crickets your weapon of power should pierce?
Pray what have you done to the flowers? Jack Frost, you are cruel and fierce,
With never a sigh or a whisper you touched them and lo! they exhale
Their beautiful lives, they are drooping, their sweet color ebbs, they are pale,
They fade and they die! See the pansies yet striving so hard to unfold
Their garments of velvety splendor, all Tyrian purple and gold!
But how weary they look, and how withered, like handsome court dames, who all night
Have danced at the ball till the sunrise struck chill to their hearts with its light.
Where hides the wood aster? She vanished as snow-wreaths dissolve in the sun
The moment you touched her! Look yonder, where sober and grey as a nun
The maple-tree stands that at sunset was blushing as red as the sky:
At its foot, glowing scarlet as fire, its robes of magnificence lie.
Despoiler! stripping the world as you strip the shivering tree
Of color and sound and perfume—scaring the bird and the bee,
Turning beauty to ashes—O to join the swift swallows and fly
Far away out of sight of your mischief! I give you no welcome, not I!

Digitized by Google

THE BRIGHTON CATS.

By J. S. Stacy.

Did ever you hear of the Brighton cats? No? Well, that is strange, for they are very famous fellows, I assure you. If you were to go to Brighton, in England, you would soon know all about them. They are trained pussies, and they are not only very good actors, but, what is more pleasant still, they seem to enjoy their own performances very much. Their master loves them dearly, and every day they jump up on his shoulders, and, rubbing their soft cheeks against his beard, purr gently, as if to say, "Ah, master dear, if it were not for you, how stupid we should be! You have taught

us everything." Then the master laughs and strokes them, before he sets them at work. At last his quick command is heard—

"Pussies, attention!"

Down they jump, their eyes flashing, their ears twitching and eager, their very tails saying—"Aye, aye, sir."

"Pimpkins, to work!"

Pimpkins is a painter; that is, he has learned to hold palette brushes and mall stick in one paw, and a brush in the other, which you'll admit is doing very well for a pussy. With his master's help, he is soon in position, perched upon a stool and painting away for dear life on the canvas before him. There is always a very queer-looking picture on the easel unfinished, and pussy daubs away at

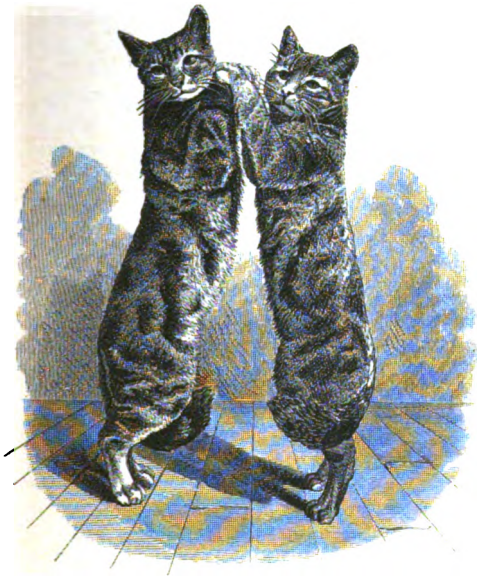
it when visitors are by; but when asked whether he did it all or not, he keeps very still, and so does his master.

Meantime the two other pussies, whom we must know as Tib and Miss Moffit, obeying a motion from the master, seat themselves at a table, and begin a lively game at chess. The chessmen stand in proper order at first, and both pussies look at them with an air of unconcern. Soon Tib moves

Digitized by Google

his man. Then Miss Moffit moves hers. On comes Tib again, this time moving two men at once. Instantly Moffit moves three. The game now grows serious. Moffit's men press so thickly on Tib's that suddenly he gives all of them a shove, and Miss Moffit is check-mated! *Then* Tib is grand. Leaning his elbows on the table, and tipping his head sideways, he looks at Moffit until she fairly glares.

After this all the pussies are, perhaps, requested to wash for their master. And they do it, too, in fine style, though, when they are through, Tib and Pimpkins generally squabble for a bath in the tub, while Miss Moffit hangs the clothes on the line to dry.



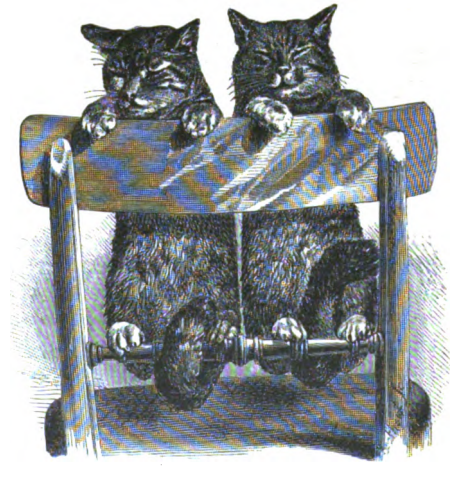
After work comes play. Miss Moffit and Pimpkins have a little waltz, and Tib slides down the balusters. Sometimes Tib amuses himself by drawing the cork from his master's ale bottle. And then if the foaming ale happens to be unusually lively, it makes a leap for Tib, and Tib rubs his nose with his paw for half an hour afterward.

Are they ever naughty? Yes, indeed. But even then their good master is gentle with them. He never whips them, but simply looks injured, and orders them to "do penance." Poor Tib and Moffit,—for they generally are the naughty ones—how they hate this! But they never think of such a thing as escaping the punishment. No, indeed; they jump upon a chair at once, and, shutting their eyes, stand as you see them in the picture, two images of misery, until their master says they may get down.

We have had these pictures of the Brighton cats carefully copied from photographs that were taken from life not many weeks ago. The photographs are very sharp and clear, showing

every feature distinctly, with just the least blur at the tips of the tails, where they wriggled a little. When you think how hard it is for real persons not to laugh or to move while having a photograph taken, you will understand how wonderful the Brighton cats are, to be able to stand perfectly quiet in these difficult positions, from the time when the photographer takes the brass cap from the front of the camera until he puts it on again, and sets them free.

"They're too wise to be right," said an old apple-woman one day, as she looked at them. "It's onnatural—cuttin' about and actin' like Christians as they do."



Tib stood on his hind legs at this, and Miss Moffit shook paws with Pimpkins—as well she might.

Digitized by Google

BILLY BOY.

POOR Billy boy was music mad,
O music mad was he;
And yet he was as blithe a lad
As any lad could be—
With a hi-de-diddle,
Bow and fiddle,
Rig-a-me-ho! sang he—
For Billy was as blithe a lad
As any lad could be.

"Nobody knows the joy I know,
Or sees the sights I see,
So play me high, or play me low,
My fiddle 's enough for me.
It takes me here, it takes me there—
So play me low or high—
It finds me, binds me, anywhere,
And lifts me to the sky."
With a hi-de-diddle,
Bow and fiddle,
Rig-a-me-ho! sang he—
For Billy was as blithe a lad
As any lad could be.

THE WATER DOLLY.

BY SARAH O. JEWETT.

THE story begins on a Sunday in the middle of August. Elder Grow had preached long sermons both morning and afternoon, and the people looked wilted and dusty when they came out of church. It was in the country, and only one or two families lived very near, and among the last to drive away were the Starbirds, Jonah and his wife, and their boy and girl. The wagon creaked and rattled, and the old speckled horse hung his head, and seemed to go slower than ever. It was a long, straight sandy road, once in a while going through a clump of pines, and nearly all the way you could see the ocean, which was about half a mile away.

There was one place that Prissy, the little girl, was always in a hurry to see. It was where another road turned off from this, and went down to the beach, and every Sunday that she went to church she hoped her father would go this way, by the shore. Once in a while he did so, so she always watched to see if he would not pull the left hand rein tightest, and there was always a sigh of disappointment if the speckled horse went straight on; though, to be sure, there were reasons why the upper road was to be enjoyed. Mr. Starbird often drove through a brook which the road crossed, and there were usually some solemn white geese dabbling in the mud, which were indignant at being disturbed. Then there was a very interesting martin-house on a dingy shoemaker's shop—a little church it was, with belfry and high front steps and tall windows, all complete. To-day Mr. Starbird turned the corner very decidedly, saying, "I shouldn't wonder if it was a mite cooler on the beach. Any way, it can't be hotter, and it is near low water." Prissy sat up very straight on her cricket in the front of the wagon, and felt much happier, and already a great deal cooler.

"Oh, father," said she, "why don't we always go this way? It would be so much nicer going to meeting."

Digitized by Google

"Now, Prissy," said Mrs. Starbird, "I'm afraid you don't set much store by your preaching privileges;" and then they all laughed, but Prissy did not quite understand why.

"Well," said her father, "it is always three-quarters of a mile farther, and sometimes it happens to be high tide, and I don't like jolting over the stones; besides, I see enough of the water week-days, and Sunday I like to go through the woods."

It was cooler on the shore, and they drove into the water until the waves nearly came into the wagon, and Prissy shouted with delight. When they drove up on the sand again, she saw a very large sea-egg, and Sam jumped down to get it for her.

"Wouldn't it be nice," said she, "if I could tame a big fish, and make him bring me lovely things out of the sea?"

"Yes," said Sam, "or you might make friends with a mermaid."

"Oh, dear!" said Prissy, with a sigh, "I wish I could see one. You know lots of ships get wrecked every year, and there must be millions of nice things down at the bottom of the sea, all spoiling in the salt water. I don't see why the waves can't just as well bring better things in shore than little broken shells and old good-for-nothing jelly fishes, and wizzled-up sea-weed, and fish bones, and chips. I think the sea is stingy!"

"I thought you were the girl who loved the sea better than 'most anything," said her mother. "I guess you feel cross, and this afternoon's sermon was long. I'm sure the sea gives us a great deal. Where should we get any money if your father couldn't go fishing, or take people sailing?"

"Oh, I do love the sea," said Prissy; "I was only wishing. I don't see, if there is a doll in the sea—a real nice doll, you know, with nobody to play with it—why I can't have it."

Soon they were at the end of the beach, by the hotel, and then they were not long in getting home.

Just as they were driving into the yard a little breeze began to blow from the east, and Mr. Starbird pointed to a low bank of clouds out on the horizon, and said there would be a storm before morning, or he knew nothing about weather.

"It is a little bit cooler," said his wife, "but my! I am heated through and through."

Prissy put on her old dress, and after supper she and Sam went out in the dory with their father, to look after the moorings of the sail-boat, and then they all went to bed early. And sure enough, next morning there was a storm.

It was not merely a rainy day; the wind was more like winter than summer. The waves seemed to be trying to push the pebbles up on shore out of their way, but it was no use, for they would rattle back again as fast as they could every time. The boats at the moorings were dancing up and down on the waves, and you could hear the roaring of the great breakers that were dashing against the cliffs, and making the beach beyond white with foam.

There was not much one could do in the house, and there were no girls living near whom Prissy could go to play with.

The rainy day went very slowly. For a while Prissy watched the sandheaps flying about in the rain, and her father and Sam, who were doing something to the cod lines. Finally she picked over some beans for her mother. Sam and his father went down to the fish-houses, and after dinner Prissy fell asleep, and that took most of the afternoon. She couldn't sew, for she had hurt her thimble-finger the week before, and it was not quite well yet. Just before five her father came in and said it was clearing away. "I am going out to oil the cart wheels and tie up the harness good and strong," said he, "for there will be a master pile of sea-weed on the beach to-morrow morning, and I don't believe I have quite enough yet."

"Oh!" said Prissy, dancing up and down, "won't you let me go with you, father? You know I didn't go last time or time before, and I'll promise not to tease you to come home before you are ready. I'll work just as hard as Sam does. Oh, please do, father!"

"I didn't know it was such a nice thing to go after kelp," said Mr. Starbird, laughing. "Yes, you may go, only you will have to get up before light. Put on your worst clothes, because I may want to send you out swimming after the kelp if there doesn't seem to be much ashore." And the good-natured fisherman pulled his little girl's ears. "Like to go with father, don't you? I'm afraid you aren't going to turn out much of a housekeeper."

The next morning just after daybreak they rode away in the cart; Mr. Starbird and Prissy on the seat, and Sam standing up behind, drawn by the sleepy weather-beaten little horse. It had stopped raining, and the wind did not blow much; the waves were still noisy and the sun was coming up clear and bright. They saw some of their neighbors on the way to the sands, and others were already there when the Starbird cart arrived. For the next two hours Prissy was busy as a beaver picking out the very largest leaves of the broad, brown, curly-edged kelp. Sometimes she would stop for a minute to look at the shells to which the roots often clung, and some of them were very pretty with their pearl lining and spots of purple and white where the outer brown shell had worn away. Prissy carried ever so many of these high up on the sand to keep,

Digitized by Google

and often came across a sea-egg, or a striped pebble or a very smooth one, or a crab's back reddened in the sun, and sometimes there was a bit of bright crimson sea-weed floating in the water or left on

the sand. Besides these there seemed to be a remarkable harvest of horse-shoe crabs, for at last she had so many that she took a short vacation so as to give herself time to arrange them in a graceful circle round the rest of her possessions, by sticking their sharp tails into the sand. It was great fun to run into the water a little way after a long strip of weed that was going out with the wave, and once as she came splashing back trailing the prize behind her, one of the neighbors shouted good-naturedly: "Got a fine lively mate this voyage, haven't ye, Starbird?"

Nearly all the men in the neighborhood were there with their carts at six o'clock, and there was a great deal of business going on, for the tide had turned at five, and when it was high there could be no more work done. The piles of sea-weed upon the rocks grew higher and higher. In the middle of the day the men would begin loading the carts again and carrying them home to the farms. You could see the great brown loads go creaking home with the salt water still shining on the kelp that trailed over the sides of the carts. You must ask papa to tell you why the sea-weed is good for the land, or perhaps you already know?

But now comes the most exciting part of the story. What do you think happened to Prissy? Not that she saw a mermaid and was invited to come under the sea and choose out a present for herself, but she caught sight of a bit of something bright blue in a snarl of sea-weed, and when she took it out of the water, what should it be but a doll's dress!

And the doll's dress had a doll in it! Just as she reached it the wave rolled it over and showed her its cunning little face. Prissy was splashed up to the very ears, but that would soon dry in the sun, and oh, joy of joys! such a dear doll as it was. The blue she had seen was its real silk dress, and Prissy had only made believe her dolls wore silk dresses before. And, as she pulled away the sea-weed that was all tangled around it, she saw it had a prettier china head than any she had ever seen, lovely blue eyes, and pink cheeks, and fair yellow hair. Prissy's Sunday wish had certainly come true. What should she wish for next?

But she could not waste much time thinking of that, for she found that the silk dress was made to take off, and there were little buttons and buttonholes, and such pretty white underclothes, and a pair of striped stockings and cunning blue boots—but those were only painted on. Never mind! the salt water would have ruined real ones. There was a string of fine blue and gilt beads around her neck, and in the pocket of the dress—for there was a real pocket—Prissy found such a pretty little handkerchief! Was this truly the same world, and how had she ever lived alone without this dolly? Some kind fish must have wrapped the little lady in the soft weeds so she could not be broken. Had a thoughtful mermaid dressed her? Perhaps one had been a little way out, hiding under a big wave on Sunday, and had heard what the Starbirds said as they drove home from church. Prissy was just as certain the doll was sent to her as if she had come in a big shell with "Miss Priscilla Starbird" on the outside, and two big lobsters for expressmen.

How surprised Mr. Starbird was when Prissy came running down the beach with the doll in her hand. Sam was hot and tired and didn't seem to think it was good for much. "I wonder whose it is?" said he. "I s'pose somebody lost it."

"Oh, Sam!" said Prissy, "she is my own dear dolly. I never thought but she was mine. Can't I keep her? Oh, father!"—and the poor little soul sat down and cried. It was such a disappointment.

"There, don't feel so bad, Prissy," said Mr. Starbird, consolingly, "I wouldn't take on so, dear. Father 'll get you a first-rate doll the next time he goes to Portsmouth. I suppose this one belongs to some child at the hotel, and we will stop and see as we go home." And Prissy laid the doll on the sand beside her, and cried more and more; while Sam, who was particularly cross to-day, said, "Such a piece of work about an old wet doll!"

"Oh," thought Prissy, "I kept thinking she

Digitized by Google

was my truly own doll, and I was going to make new dresses, and I should have kept all her things in my best little bit of a trunk that grandma gave me. I don't believe any Portsmouth doll will be half so nice, and I shouldn't have been lonesome any more."

Wasn't it very hard?

But Prissy was an honest little girl, and when her father told her he was ready to go, she was ready too, and had the horse-shoe crabs transplanted from the sand into a strip of kelp in which she had made little holes with a piece of sharp shell, and the best shells and stones were piled up in her lap. She had made up her mind she could not have the doll, and she looked very sad and disappointed. It was nearly a mile to the hotel, and it seemed longer, for the speckled horse's load was very heavy. Prissy hugged the water-dolly very close, and kissed her a great many times before they stopped at the hotel piazza.

Mr. Starbird asked a young man if he knew of any child who had lost a doll, but he shook his head. This was encouraging, for he looked like a young man who knew a great deal. Then a boy standing near said, "Why, that's Nelly Hunt's doll. I'll go and find her."

Mr. Starbird went round to see the landlord, to arrange about carrying out a fishing party that afternoon, and Prissy felt very shy and lonesome waiting there alone on the load of sea-weed. She gave the dolly a parting hug, and the tears began to come into her eyes again.

In a few minutes a tall, kind-looking lady came down stairs and out on the piazza, and a little girl followed her. Prissy held out the doll without a word. It would have been so nice to have her to sleep with that night.

"Where in the world did you find her, my dear?" said the lady in the sweetest way—"you are a good little girl to have brought her home. What have you been crying about? Did you wish she was yours?" And she laid her soft white hand on Prissy's little sandy sunburnt one.

"Yes'm," said Prissy; "I did think she was going to be my doll, and then father said somebody must have lost her. I shouldn't like to be the other girl, and be afraid she was drowned."

This was a long speech from our friend, for she usually was afraid of strangers, and particularly the hotel folks. The lady smiled, and stooped to whisper to the little girl, who in a minute said, "Yes, indeed, mamma," aloud.

"Nelly says she will give you the dolly," said the lady. "We are sorry her clothes are spoiled, but some day, if you will come over, I will give you some pieces to make a new dress of. It will have to be either black or white, for I have nothing else here, but I can find you some bright ribbons. Nelly left her out on the rocks, and the tide washed her away. I hope you will not be such a careless mamma as that."

"Haven't you any dolls of your own?" said Nelly; "I've six others. This one is Miss Bessie."

"No," said Prissy, who began to feel very brave and happy. "I had one the first of the summer. It was only a rag baby, and she was spoiled in the rain. Oh, I think you're real good!" And her eyes grew brighter and brighter.

"Dear little soul," said Mrs. Hunt, as she went in, after Mr. Starbird had come back, and they had gone away; "I wish you had seen her hug that doll as she turned the corner. I think I never saw a child more happy. It had been so hard for her to think she must give it up. I must find out where she lives."

You will know that Prissy went home in a most joyful state of mind. In the afternoon, just as soon as dinner, she went down to the play-house, carrying the shells and crabs, and she and the new dolly set up house-keeping. The play-house was in a corner where there was a high rock at the end of a fence. There were ledges in the rock that made nice shelves, and Sam had roofed it over with some long boards, put from the top of the rock to the fence, so it was very cozy. There were rows of different kinds of shells and crab-backs, marvelous sea-eggs, and big barnacles by the dozen. Sam had rolled in a piece of drift-wood, that had been part of the knee of a ship, and who could want a better sofa? There was a bit of looking-glass fastened to the fence by tacks, and there had been some pictures pinned up that Prissy had cut out of a paper, but these were nearly spoiled by the rain. A bottle, with a big staring marigold in it, stood on a point of a rock that she called her mantelpiece. Besides these treasures, she had a china mug, painted red, with "Friendship's offering" on it in gilt letters. The first thing she did was to go down to the shore, where she was busy for some time washing the dolly's clothes, which were very much spotted and crumpled, and full of sand and bits of sea-weed. The silk dress could only be brushed, her mother told her, and would not be quite clean again; but after all it was quite grand.

Prissy's "wash" was soon hung out on a bit of a fish-line, stretched near the play-house, and the doll, who had been taking a nap during this time, was waked up by her new mother. The sun shone bravely in at the door, and all the shells glistened. Prissy counted the sails out at sea, and noticed how near the light-house looked that day. "When I go out there again, you may go, too," said she to the doll—"you won't be a bit sea-sick, dear."

Digitized by Google

The water dolly looked happy as if she felt quite at home. Nelly Hunt came over next morning with a box of "Miss Bessie's" clothes and a paper of candy, and when she saw the play-house she liked it so much that she stayed all the rest of the morning, and came to see Prissy ever so many times that summer before she went away.

THE GIANT WATABORE.

A Big Child's Story.

BY M. M. D.

IN the year no hundred and something and one, there lived a mighty giant—a scientific giant, named Watabore. This mighty giant was noted for devouring information. Not an idea nor an opinion could come near him, but he would swallow it instantly. Nothing was too much for him. More than once he took in a whole headful of conflicting arguments without choking. The country, for miles around, rang with accounts of his daring and greed.

Well, this mighty scientific giant went on in this way, devouring information and swallowing all sorts of creeds and opinions, whether they agreed with him or not, until at last, as might be supposed, his system became terribly out of order. His eyes couldn't see straight; his ears deceived him; his appetite was completely gone; and he grew so thin that his poor body was not an eighth of a mile around. What to do he didn't know. The things he had swallowed disordered him to such an extent that everything went against him. The world soured on his mind. Everything was confusion.

When at last he decided to call in a first-class homœopath-allopath-hydropath-electric-movement-cure physician, he found there was no such person to be had. He couldn't even get a plaster-pill-lotion, though he sent to every shop in the county. And when he attempted to carry out his idea of remaining perfectly quiet with active exercise, he found it wouldn't answer at all. All at once he remembered that either the telegraphic locomotive engine or the steam telegraph, he wasn't sure which, was wonderfully good for something, if applied boiling cold and taken inwardly on soft flannel; but his friends assured him the thing couldn't be done, that no nurse living would undertake to apply such a remedy, so he gave it up, though his sufferings were fearful. His mind couldn't lie easy in any position, and as I said before, his appetite was entirely gone. Serve up facts, opinions, theories and creeds as daintily as his friends might, not one could he swallow.

They consulted the man in the moon.

"Let him take a lecture every other night," said the man in the moon.

It was a bitter pill; but the giant took it. Every other night he swallowed a lecture, but it did not help him. In fact, he grew worse. There wasn't a point on which his mind could rest comfortably. Hungrier than ever, it was useless to offer him anything. Nothing would go down.

At last, somebody thought of something.

Show him an opinion-maker.

They brought him one, but it was such a little thing that the mighty giant could make nothing out of it. "It seems to be some sort of a hop-toad," said he; "big for a hop-toad, yet smaller than those skipping things called horses. Fetch me a microscope."

They brought one. Watabore carefully stood the opinion-maker on his finger and commenced to examine it.

"Ha!" cried the giant, "what do I see? Can it be possible? The opinion-maker is nothing but

Digitized by Google

a man! Grind my teeth! but he is at work now. The little midget is throwing them off before my very eyes,—all sorts of opinions,—good, bad, and so-so. Some of them worse than so-so,—positively poisonous! And here have I been, gulping down his wares whole, without examining them. Odd flupps! The world must be full of these creatures. Fetch me another."

So the giant went on, with his microscope, examining one opinion-maker after another, until he arrived at the very sensible conclusion, that these little creatures might be very useful in their way, but there was no reason why he should let them do all his thinking. Opinion-making was a business in which every one had a right to take part for himself.

THE GIANT WATABORE MAKES A DISCOVERY.

From that day the giant prospered. His appetite returned; but, instead of swallowing every opinion he met with, he either made very cautious selections, choosing the good and rejecting the bad, or he prepared his own. He collected the best raw material he could find for the purpose, and took care to examine his stock very often, so as to throw out all opinions that were not worth keeping. And when he found an opinion very different from his own, he compared both carefully and held to the better one. On this diet his appetite became just what a healthy giant's appetite ought to be, and—that's all I know of the mighty scientific giant Watabore, who lived in the year no hundred and something and one.

Digitized by Google

THE CRUISE OF THE ANTIOCH.

BY CYRUS MARTIN, JR.

"BLESS your dear heart! *you* don't want to go to sea!" They always said this to little Jack, but the small boy, who rejoiced that his home, at least, had a flavor of the sea about it, was not a bit pleased that old Reeler should so chuck him under the chin when he said it. "As if I were a hateful little girl," said Jack, angrily. It was a rambling, tumble-down old town by the sea where he lived. Jack's father, and uncles, and grandfather, and, for all I know, his grandfather's father and grandfather had been sailors, captains, mates, and general ploughers of the sea. As the youngster idled along the beach, watching the fishing-boats putting off for their short voyages, or gazed with a great longing out into the misty blue, where sky and water meet, the sailor-men would shake their heads and say, "His father and gran'ther were drowned at sea; so'll he be." For Jack wanted to go to sea more than anything else.

"BLESS YOUR DEAR HEART! YOU DON'T WANT TO GO TO SEA."

And this is how he went: As he lay on his cot one night, his mother, who had always said that it would break her heart if he went to sea, came to him and told him that the good ship, Antioch, was going to sail in an hour, and that he might go if he wished. She put up a bundle of things in a bandanna handkerchief. There was a sheet of ginger-bread, a four-bladed knife, a ball of rope-yarn, a box of dominoes, a pair of blankets, a pocket Bible, a fine-tooth comb, and a jar of mince jelly, of which last Jack was very fond. You may be sure she added a mother's blessing; and thus supplied, Jack sailed out of the harbor on the stanch ship, Antioch; and the last thing he saw was old Keeler sweeping off Tilden's wharf, just as the sun rose. He was at sea at last.

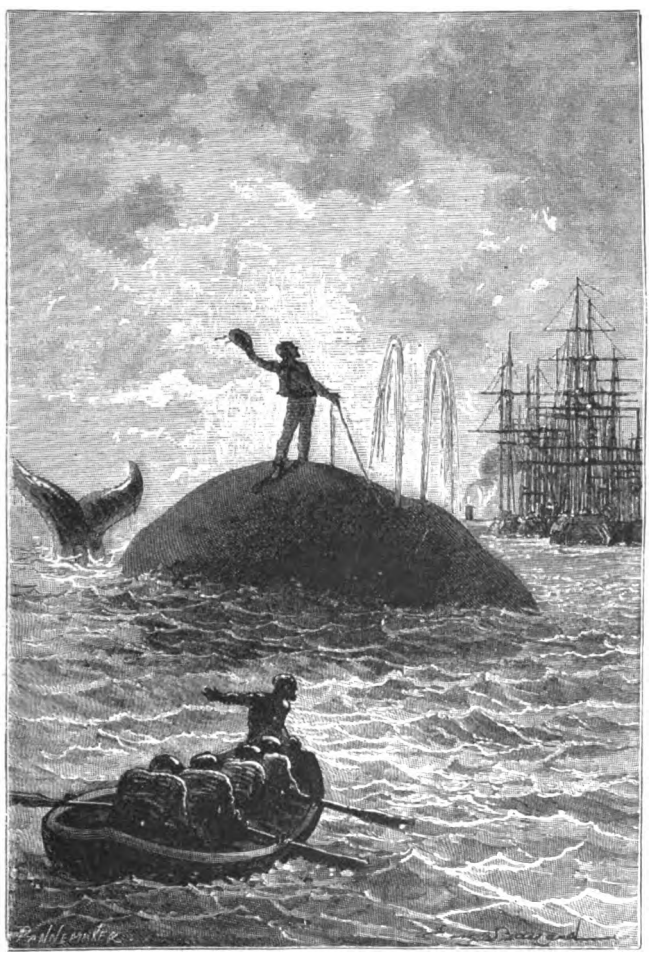
The ship was bound to the North Sea, and Jack, who soon grew familiar with all the ways and manners of sailor life, became the hero of the Antioch. When the captain's baby girl fell overboard, who but Jack leaped from the main truck, and, gallantly seizing the little maid by the waist, swam to the ship with her. It was Jack who put gunpowder in the sailors' lobscouse, when they were not looking, and laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks as they tried in vain to eat it, and swore that the cook was poisoning them. When they were lying in Snerdavik, on the Swordland Sea, Jack made a great name for himself by his whale exploit. He saw a monstrous "bight" whale come blowing past the Antioch, with a harpoon sticking in his head. At one bound, he hopped from the ship's rail to the back of the astonished whale, seized the lanyard, or rope attached to the harpoon, and, waving his hat in return for the cheers from the fleet in the harbor, steered his captive up the fiord, and drove him ashore, just below the Jotsen Skalder, where

Digitized by Google

the huge creature was cut up and made into excellent oil.

Passing into the Arctic circle the Antioch was locked fast among the icebergs of that frosty region. Time hung heavily on their hands, but Jack was, as usual, the life of the crew. The songs he sang, the games he cut up on the ice, and the adventures he had among the polar bears would astonish you very much. He had now grown to be quite a man, for he had been gone from home many years. He did not once hear from his mother; and though he did not notice it then, he thought afterwards that it was very queer.

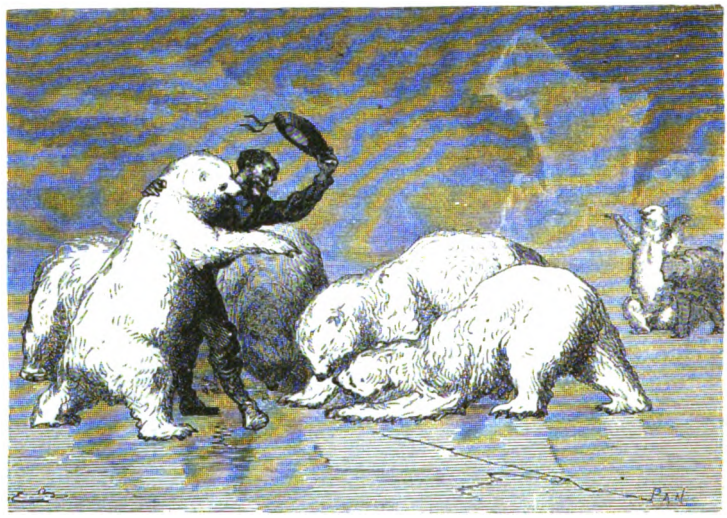
But waltzing on the ice with the white bears—wild fun as it was—could not always last. The ship was melted out of her frosty prison by the long summer day; for, in those parts the sun never sets for nearly six months; then it is night all the rest of the year. The Antioch was soon driving down a tropical coast where the shore was lined with the most delicious fruits and flowers. Mangos, bananas, pine-apples and fragrant nuts loaded the branches, and brilliant flowers of unknown kinds swept down to the water's edge, and swung dreamily in the crystal tide. But in the tropics, you know, storms are sudden and waters are dark too. While Jack gazed with longing on the charming sights on shore, the black clouds rolled up, the sea rose like a mad, hunted creature, and the blinding glare of the lightning smote his eyes. His stomach reeled and he felt deathly sick; he seized the rigging to keep from being washed overboard. On the ship drove hurriedly toward the black lodes from which the lovely flowers had now gone. The



"JACK STEERED HIS CAPTIVE UP THE FIORD."

Digitized by Google

captain seized a rope's end, and cutting him across the bare legs, bawled—"Lay aloft there, you lubber, or I'll break every bone in your body!" Terrified by such a sudden change in the captain's manner, Jack, bursting into tears, shouted, "Mother! mother!" "Well, my darling," said she, coming into his chamber, "you must not lie on your back; you'll surely have bad dreams if you do." Jack, very much astonished, and still trembling with dread of Captain Tarbucket's rope's end, sat up in his little white bed. The cruise of the Antioch was over.



JACK WALTZING ON THE ICE WITH THE WHITE BEARS.

THE DATE AND SOME OTHER PALMS.

BY FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

DATES, to us merely an occasional luxury, are to the Arab the very "staff of life," just as the camel is his "ship of the desert." The date tree, one of the large family of *palms*, is a native of both Asia and Africa, and will grow readily in any sandy soil where the climate is not too cold. It was long ago introduced into Spain by the Moors, and a few are still found even in the South of France. But the most extensive date forests are those in the Barbary States, where they are sometimes miles in length.

Growing thus, the trees are very beautiful. Their towering crests touching each other, they seem like an immense natural temple. The walls are formed of far-reaching vines and creepers that twine gracefully about the tall, straight trunks, and the ground beneath is dotted with tiny wild-flowers that, with their rainbow tints and bright green foliage, are more beautiful than any floor of costly mosaics. For worshipers there are thousands of gay plumaged birds, flitting from bough to bough, as they carol forth their morning and evening songs, their little bosoms quivering with gladness.

The Bedouins, or wild Arabs of the desert, who consider it beneath their dignity to sow or plant, or cultivate the soil in any way, depend upon gathering the date where they can find it growing wild; but the Arabs of the plains cultivate it with great care and skill, thus improving the size and flavor of the fruit, and largely increasing the yield. In some varieties they have succeeded in doing away with the hard seed, and the so-called seedless dates, being very large and fine, are highly prized. When ripe, the date is of a bright golden color, fragrant and luscious; and in the dry, hot countries where palms grow, no better food for morning,

Digitized by Google

noon, or night can be found, while one never wearies of the sweet pulpy fruit, gathered fresh from the tree. But the trees do not bear all the year round, of course, and so the Arabs make what they call date honey, using for this the juice of the ripe fruit, and those who can afford it preserve dates fresh through the year, by keeping them in close vessels covered over with this honey.

Wine and spirits are also made from dates by distillation; but they are sold, for the most part, to foreign traders. For the Arabs are exceedingly temperate in their habits; and poor and ignorant as many of them are, a drunken man is never found among them. There is still another product of the date—one that is of vast importance to the poor Arabs in their long journeys across the deserts. This is date-flour, made by drying the ripe fruit in the sun, and afterward grinding it to powder. It is then packed in tight sacks, and if stowed away from the damp will keep for years. This is food in its most compact form, easily carried about, and needing no cooking; it has only to be moistened with a little water, and the meal is ready for eating. How wisely has the all-loving Father provided for these sons of a barren soil, suiting his mercies to their needs—giving them for their toilsome journeys the patient, hardy camel, the only beast of burden that could bear the heat and drought of their deserts; and for their own sustenance, the wholesome, nutritious date.

But it is not alone of the fruit of his precious tree that the Arab makes use. A pleasant beverage called palm-wine is drawn from the trunk, by tapping, as we tap sugar-maples in this country; the trunks of the old trees furnish a durable wood for building houses and furniture—the leaves make baskets and hats, and the fibrous portions, when stripped out, make excellent twine, ropes, and fishing lines. Even the stones or "pits" are useful—the fresh ones for planting, while the dried are turned to account in Egypt for cattle feed, in China for making Indian ink, and in Spain for the manufacture of the tooth-powder sold as "ivory-black."

A tree when mature will bear two hundred and fifty pounds of dates in a season, and sometimes even more. The gathering is no easy task, as I think my boy readers would say after they had tried to scale one of those straight, round trunks, full sixty feet high, without a single branch to handle or furnish foot-hold, and the entire stem rough with scaly, horn-like protuberances, not pleasant to touch with either hands or feet. But these oriental fruit gatherers are very agile, and have a way of their own to reach these dizzy heights, and possess themselves of the tantalizing fruit hidden away among those sharp-pointed leaves. First a strong rope is passed across the climber's back and under his arm-pits, and then, after being passed around the tree, the two ends are tied together firmly in a knot. The rope is then placed on one of the notches left by the foot-stalk of an old leaf, and the man slips that portion which is under his arm-pits towards the middle of his back, thus letting his shoulder blades rest thereon; and then with knees and hands, he grasps firmly the trunk, and raises himself a few inches higher. Then holding fast by knees and feet and one hand, with the other he slips the rope a little higher up the tree, letting it lodge on another of those horny protuberances, and so on till the summit is gained. The fruit, growing in dense clusters at the top, is easily plucked and thrown down when it is reached, and is then caught in a large cloth held at the corners by four men.

The general name of the palms, of which there are a great many varieties, is derived from the Latin *palma*, a hand, from the fancied resemblance of their quaint, pointed leaves to the human hand. They are all singularly graceful in structure, with tall, straight, branchless trunks, and with their ever-verdant crowns that seem almost to touch the clouds, are beautiful beyond description. Among the ancients, the palm was the symbol of victory, and conquerors in the Grecian games were often crowned with chaplets woven of its young leaves.

In the particulars I have named, all the varieties of palm closely resemble each other; in other respects each species has its peculiar characteristics. I have already described to you the date, and will now mention a few others.

The fan palm is found in greatest abundance in the warmer portions of South America and the East Indies. It usually grows in groups, and lives to the age of a century and a-half. The wild tribes of *Guaraunes*, who live near the mouths of the Orinoco, derive their entire sustenance from this tree. They suspend mats made of the stalks of the leaves from stem to stem, and during the long rainy season, when the delta is overflowed, they reside entirely in the trees; by means of these mats keeping warm and dry, and living among their leafy bowers as securely as if they belonged to the monkey tribe. Their hanging huts are partially covered with clay; the fire for cooking is lighted on the lower story, and the traveler, in sailing along the river by night, sees the flames in long rows, looking as if suspended in the air. The fruit of this same tree supplies the food of the inhabitants of the huts, the sap makes a pleasant drink, the blossoms sometimes form an agreeable salad, and the pith of the stem contains at certain seasons a sort of sage-like meal, with which to vary their bill of fare.

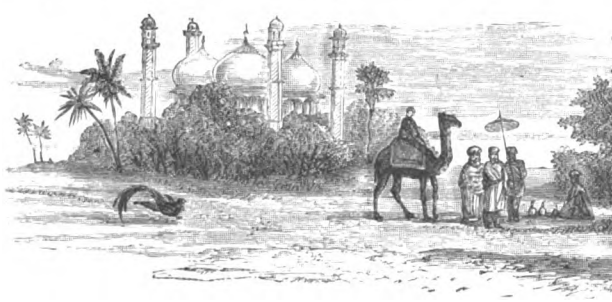
Digitized by Google

The cocoanut is another of the palms of special value to the people of the tropics. The husk furnishes them with excellent ropes, the green nut affords a palatable drink, and the ripe contains an oil that supplies butter for the table, perfumery for ladies' toilettes, and a good light for their houses. The leaves are several feet long, glossy and beautiful. The fruit is too well known to need description; as are also the bananas and plantains. But I wish you could see the huge, polished leaves, and the bright purple blossoms of the plantains—they are so grandly beautiful. Single trees will bear about two hundred pounds of ripe luscious fruit at a time, and they continue bearing nearly the year round.

The wild palm of the desert is usually found standing in solitary grandeur near a fountain; and you can imagine the joy with which the poor thirsty traveler, almost dying for water, sees at last, one of these tall trees just visible in the distance, telling of at least a tiny, bubbling spring where he will surely find water enough to save him from perishing. The stem is usually rough and uncomely with the withered rampart of old leaves that have remained from year to year, but it is beautiful in the eyes of the weary, thirsty, perishing traveler—beautiful as the distant light-house to the storm-driven mariner.

Perhaps, after all, the most curious of the palms is the talipat, that derives its name from the Bali word *talipoin*, which means priest, and it is so called because the sacred fans used by Buddhist priests are made of these leaves. There is another use made of the leaves of the *talipat* palm, that is deemed by Buddhists quite as sacred as the fans: The leaves are dried and pressed perfectly smooth, then soaked in milk, and while still damp, they are inscribed with the laws and traditions of the Buddhist faith. The people think the book all the more sacred that it is written on the leaves of the talipat palm; and nearly all their religious books, as well as important historical records, are written on this material. The ink is a sort of wood-oil that is obtained from a tree that grows in most parts of India; and the pen is an iron *stylus*, very nearly resembling those formerly used by the Romans for writing on their tablets of wax. The books are not bound, nor the leaves even sewed together, but are simply strung on silken cords, one at each end of the slips, which are readily turned in reading.

There is said to be in a temple on the island of Ceylon, a book written in the Bali language, on the leaves of the talipat palm, that contains eleven hundred and seventy-two leaves, or two thousand three hundred and forty-four pages. The talipats are so valuable, that half-a-dozen trees are considered a small fortune of themselves, yielding the owner a comfortable support, and furnishing an important item in the estate bequeathed to his heirs.



Digitized by Google

AN ADVENTURE WITH A CRITIC.

By John Riverside.

If Ned McGilp was not a great painter, it was not his fault; no artist ever worked harder. Early and late he was in the fields or woods studying the forms and color of trees, rocks, mountains, plants, and clouds; or he was in his studio working out on canvas the charming things which he found in nature. Yet, somehow or another, his pictures did not sell. He could not even get an opinion from the critics. His little sister said that everything he painted was "just lovely." And another young lady, for whom Ned had a very high admiration, thought and declared that his pictures were "heavenly." But these fair critics could not buy his pictures, of course; and their praises, while they fed his vanity, did not help him to fame and reputation. Ned used to say that he had never met with one honest critic. He was determined that he would find one such; and he did.

Last summer, despairing of finding anything new to paint among the Atlantic States, Mr. Ned McGilp packed up his "painting traps" and betook himself to California. People are tired (so he said) of smug Connecticut towns, with white steeples, nestling among maples and elms; they have been fed so long on White Mountain scenery, and Lake Georges, and bosky dells, and sylvan glades, that they want something new. I'll go and find it. So he went and found it.

Among the Santa Cruz mountains, a broken and picturesque ridge that skirts the Pacific Ocean, just south of San Francisco, McGilp fixed his painting camp. Near the saw-mill of Mr. J. Bowers, better known as "Missouri Joe," the young artist found shelter and lodging. Most of the daylight hours he passed in the open air. The grand old peaks and gorges, shining with water-falls, or covered with noble mahogany and madroña trees, gave him a new delight. He painted as if he were mad. It would be useless to tell you how many yards of canvas and square feet of sketching paper he covered. Mr. J. Bowers used to remark, thoughtfully, that "that thar painter chap war a powerful dabster at his biz." But Mr. Bowers was not the critic Ned McGilp was looking for. He set up his easel, day after day, on the mountain side and manfully worked away, forgetting all about his critic. Quite likely he was not expecting him in the least.

One day, leaving the San Gabriel road on the left, and climbing up the Felipe Felipena ridge, which, of course, all California tourists remember, Ned planted his easel firmly on a broad bench of rock, overlooking a deep ravine, beyond which the mountain rose in rocky steeps, dotted with scrubby oaks and mansanitas, against the horizon. To the right the ravine wound around a noble spike of bald, grey rock, down which came tumbling a laughing stream, making a soft roar of mirth in the air. This was the scene which he had looked at, and decided days before, should be the subject of his grand picture. Swiftly he went to work, softly repeating to himself the lines of some favorite poet of nature, as he spread his colors and made his canvas begin to glow with the tender hues of sky and mountain.

So intent was he upon his work, that he did not know that a large black bear, one of a numerous family that lives in the Santa Cruz mountains, had quietly come up behind him, and now, gravely squatted down, was watching him at his work with great interest. Ned's brushes flew swiftly; the colors beamed on the canvas, and the lines of the picture grew firm and clear. Bruin looked on attentively; and Ned said softly to himself, "This might please the critic—if he ever sees it. This is the picture that shall make my fortune, if I ever make it." He paused a moment to think of the little girl with brown eyes who thought his pictures "heavenly," when he heard behind him a contemptuous chiff, as if some one said, "I have a very poor opinion of that." He looked about, angrily, and saw Bruin regarding him and his work with great disdain.

Mr. McGilp might have stopped to argue the case; he was in a great hurry, however, and fled at once, leaving behind him his picture, brushes, colors, hat, and even his loaded gun, which happened to be nearer the bear than the artist. He did not stop until he reached the opposite side of the ravine, when, expecting to feel the bear's sharp claws on his shoulders, he ventured to look around. To his great relief, Bruin had not followed one step of the way; but, on the other side, the ungainly creature stood on his hind legs, regarding the unfinished picture with an air of great dissatisfaction. He growled at it roughly, in the manner of most critics; perhaps he found something wrong in the distance, or the drawing was faulty. I am inclined to think that he was much displeased with the boldness of the coloring. At any rate, he rudely knocked over the easel, put one paw on the canvas, and then deliberately licked off every scrap

Digitized by Google

of the beautiful colors. Even this did not soften his rage—perhaps it was not to his taste—and, after mashing the painter's color-box into small bits, he seized the gun, and began to hug and twirl it about with rage. Bang! bang! went the gun, for both barrels were loaded. Bruin looked at the smoking muzzle of the gun with great surprise, clapped his paw to his own black muzzle, as if he did not like the smell of powder, gave one yell of dismay and astonishment, dropped the battered gun, and fled up the mountain side much quicker than Mr. Ned McGilp had before fled in the opposite direction.

Very cautiously, McGilp returned to the ruined outfit, picked up the shattered canvas and color-box, and went back to Bowers' saw-mill with much lowness of spirit. He had met his critic, at last.

Mr. Bowers was disgusted "that thar pictur chap should be chased by a bar," and, taking down his rifle, went in pursuit of the courageous critic. He never found him. Perhaps he had an engagement on some of the New York newspapers; I think I have heard of him since. But Mr. Ned McGilp painted his damaged picture over again. He put in the ravine, waterfalls, sky, and mountain, just as before. But he added a portrait of himself at his easel with his severe bear-critic gazing on the work.

This last picture was much more interesting and valuable than the first one would have been, had Ned finished it. The figure of the black bear in the painting excited so much curiosity and comment when it was exhibited, and when it became known that the bear incident was a real one, that the picture sold for a high price. More than this, it gave Ned such a good reputation as an artist that he is now quite satisfied that, after all, his "grand picture" will be the means of really making his fortune.

"THIS PICTURE SHALL MAKE MY FORTUNE," SAID NED.

Digitized by Google

NAYLOR O' THE BOWL.

By Rebecca Harding Davis.

The story of Beak's Derricks was this. Jem Beak was a sharp young fellow in a Western town, who was paid the high wages which skilled hands in the iron mills command. By some chance he heard of a few acres of land for sale in the Kanawha (West Virginia) Valley, in which he fancied oil might be found. He persuaded some of his companions, who had saved a little money, to take it out of savings banks and building associations, to buy the hill-side and go with him to working it. They found oil, not enough to make them rich, but to pay them better than iron mills. But with the oil or their pay we have nothing to do.

The derricks stood in a defile or gut of the mountains to which the only access was by a creek wide and deep enough to float their rafts when laden with barrels. Few strangers came to this lonely place, and no women. Beak and his five partners and their workmen lived in cabins, cooked and washed, and served themselves. The shadow of one hill or the other lay over the wells all day long, giving to the defile a gloomy and forbidding air. Beak used to say, by way of a grim joke, that the cry of blood seemed to issue from the ground, and that the place ought to be called Murderer's Hollow. Outside of the mouth of the defile, there lay like a wonderful picture, a broad river and low green hills over which the birds flew and the clouds heaped themselves once or twice a day and turned into glittering palaces and towns of carnelian and jasper. But Beak and his companions cared nothing for rivers or hills unless there was oil in them. Very soon, too, no jokes passed among the men, grim or otherwise. Lads out of mills are not apt to know much about the friendships or courtesies or even amusements which boys in school and college delight in: even their fun is likely to consist in hard hitting. When Beak and Welker and the others, therefore, began to quarrel about the yield of oil or amount of ground due to each, there were no soft pleasant remembrances or common ground of good-humored amusements and politenesses to fall back on for a fresh start. They bickered and snarled, all day long, and went to bed to rise and bicker again. In time they ceased speaking one to the other, giving orders each to his own workmen. One after another would threaten to sell out, but did not sell out, afraid the others would cheat him. In old times they had been used to take a little holiday, running off in couples to the neighboring town for a change of air, and harmless frolic. Now they all stayed at the derricks to watch each other. Tales of their greed and their quarrels began to spread through the country-side, and some of the country papers went so far as to call them "a band of young thieves and cut-throats, leagued together." This, of course, was going too far. But people avoided the gloomy valley, and it was left to its shadows and ill repute more and more with each succeeding year.

Matters were in this state when Joe Welker received a letter one day, on the reading of which his glum face darkened still more.

"I'll have a mess-mate now, Phil," he said that evening to the negro cook who baked and broiled for them in turn. Phil was a good-humored, civil fellow, and they were all in the habit of gossipping with him, good-humor and civility being at so high a premium at the Wells. "It's an old gentleman," continued Joe, with a touch of pride, "my grandfather. He's been left quite alone in the world: I'm his only relative."

"What ye gwine do wid him, Mr. Welker?"

"Bring him here."

Now Phil's idea of an old gentleman was the reverend gray-haired clergyman whom he had served long ago. "Dis isn't ezactly de place for dem ar," he said, gravely looking about him.

Digitized by Google

Welker, going up to his cabin, looked about him, too, and saw for the first time the mud pits, the filth gathered in front of the huts, the heap of ashes, potato parings and bones at his own door.

"I can't bring him here," he muttered: "but what else am I to do?"

Welker, scapegrace as he was, had always had an absolute reverence for his grandfather Naylor, and he felt it to be very strange that he had been left to his care. "Seems as if God was in it," speaking the name of God for the first time in many months without an oath. He fell to work at the heap of ashes. By night it was gone. The next day Beak's Derricks was amazed to see Welker busy whitewashing his cabin. All kinds of jokes passed among the men about the visitor he expected. They said it was a rich relative who would lend him money; or, could it be that Joe meant to marry? Whoever it might be would meet with a cool reception. Welker was the most unpopular of the partners, and the Derricks, without a word, entered into a conspiracy to make the place too unpleasant to hold his guest.

"Gentleman, indeed!" said Beak to some of his men, "we want no tag-rags of gentility here." Phil had just brought word that the stranger had arrived in the night.

"And this is Mr. Beak, I'm sure?" said a cheerful, hearty voice from under Jem's feet, as he thought.

He looked behind him,—up—down.

"Hel-lo!" he cried.

Just on a level with his knees was the head of an old man, the gray hair falling thick about it. The face was pale and wrinkled, but full of kindness and good humor—even fun. The old man's body was large as Jem's own, but it ended at the knees. Both legs were gone. He sat in a low round basket on wheels, which he worked slowly along by his hands. Jem's "Hello" went down into a compassionate "Tut! tut!" as he stooped and pushed the basket up to a safer place. The men glanced at each other with a pitying shake of the head and then took off their hats. "Good day, sir. Hope I see you well," one said after the other. To Beak or to Welker they would have nodded with their hats on.

"WHAT COULD I DO?" SAID BEAK AGAIN.

"Yes, I am James Beak, sir. And you?"

"Naylor, Joe Welker's grandfather. 'Naylor o' the Bowl' they call me sometimes," glancing with a smile down at his odd carriage. "Yes, I've come to live with you all. I wish I was eighteen instead of eighty to go in with you in earnest. Five young fellows joined together in business and fun. All friends! Why, you could move the world if you chose. Joe used to write to me about you at first, until I knew you all. Precisely the kind of thing I should have liked as a boy; but I never, when Joe described his chums, thought I should be one of you. Yet here I am!"

"I'm sure we are very glad you are one of us,"

Digitized by Google

said Beak, holding out his hand. "What else could I do?" he said afterward, when telling of it.

Naylor shook it cordially. "There comes another of the partners; introduce me," rubbing his hands in glee. "I want to know you all at once: I tell Joe that you must take me into all your troubles and frolics—eh, boys? It puts new blood into me to come among such a hearty lot of good fellows, all working together!"

"What *could* I do?" said Beak again, talking of it, "I couldn't look the old man in the eye somehow and tell him we were living like so many dogs fighting over a bone. I called Pratt up (it was George Pratt) and I introduced him to gran'ther Naylor. Whether the shock of seeing him knocked the wits out of George, or whether he was anxious to be friends again, I don't know, but after he had shaken hands with the old man, he shook hands with me!"

Presently the old gentleman bowled himself off to find "some more of his new partners," he said. He had brought all the late papers down, and distributed them as he went; stopped at every door to talk a little, then was off to one well after another, asking questions, testing the oil, smelling bits of the earth and tasting it, as though he were an expert, to the great amusement of masters and men.

Joe Welker, who had made some excuse for remaining behind, started out to find his grandfather about noon. He could not bring himself to tell the old man the truth about the wretched condition of affairs in this place to which he had come, and preferred to shirk it and let him find out for himself. When he found him, it was in front of black Phil's door. The workmen had lifted him, basket and all, up on a horse-block, and were lounging about eating their "nooning," while he read some story from the newspaper, adding anecdotes of his own adventures when he was a younger and a whole man, which brought forth shouts of laughter and applause. Beak, Pratt and Williams (another of the partners) were all seated near the door, as Welker saw with amazement; shying away from each other gruffly, it is true, yet now and then exchanging words.

"Time to go home, grandfather," said Joe, grimly.

"Eh? Really, Joseph? The morning has passed so quickly that I——. Take care, my boy, you can't lift me down alone."

Beak and Williams both started forward to Joe's help. "All right!" chirped the old man; "these lads would be capital nurses! Women could not do better. I generally take a nap these hot afternoons. As there is only half of me, I don't run full time—eh? But come over in the evening, lads. Come over, Joe will be delighted to see you, and I've some good cheese there I'd like you to try. I brought it with me. You'll all come?"

"I shall be very happy to see you, gentlemen," said Welker, growing red. "They've not let him know," he thought; "that was clever of the boys."

They all answered him politely enough.

Pratt, however, was the only one who appeared in the evening.

Early the next morning "gran'ther," as they all began to call him, began his rounds again. Whether because of his white hair, or his utter helplessness, or his cheerful, friendly voice, he seemed to carry a new life into the gloom and hatred of Beak's Derricks.

Stryber, the roughest and most bitter of the partners, left a curiously-carved wooden pipe with Phil for the old man. "His face minds me of my own father," he said, in explanation. Beak and Williams looked up some books to lend him which had been stowed away in their cabins for many a day. Every evening they all gathered about him somewhere. He had such an inexhaustible store of anecdotes and riddles that everybody began to beat their brains to furnish matches for them; and after they had tried them on him, they told them to each other. Men cannot keep up ill-humor long after they have laughed together. Jokes, puns, conundrums flew about the Derricks thick as hail—nobody had known what a jolly fellow his neighbor could be until now.

The old man, too, was perpetually calling on somebody for a song, after piping out "The Bay of Biscay," or "The Maid of Lodi," in his shrill treble. Now, there was not a man at the wells who did not think himself a very fair singer. In the course of a week or two you would hear songs of all sorts in all kinds of voices—tenor, baritone, bass—roared and shouted and mumbled all day long. The raftsmen on the river began to suspect the town of drinking too hard, so jolly and gay had it gradually become; even the shadow of the hills fell less heavily, Beak fancied, than before.

It was on the fourth Sunday after his arrival that the old man began his rounds early in the morning. Tapping softly on every door with his stick, "Ho, boys," he said, "Parson's come! Did not expect to get over for two weeks, but here he is! Preaching in the big shed at ten o'clock. Bring your hymn books; everybody must sing."

Now, Mr. Armstrong, the clergyman, who came two or three times in a season to preach to these people, was used to see the big shed very nearly vacant. What was his surprise, therefore, to find all the partners and many of the men seated and orderly before he began. He observed the glances they gave furtively to a poor mutilated stump of a man who sat in the midst of them.

Digitized by Google

"They are afraid of him," he thought shrewdly. "They are afraid he should know they never have been here before." He saw what they could not. What a rare, strong meaning was in the old man's face; what wisdom and fine charity under the jollity and good humor. "There is a man," he said to Beak, "who is born with a power of leading other men. His influence is good here."

"I don't know—why, certainly, it is good," said Beak, who had not thought of it before, "it would not be so great if he had his legs," laughing. "But the men regard him both as they would a child and an old man. He is as helpless as a baby, you see, and as wise as the prophet Elijah, though he never lectures us," laughing.

"There are other ways of preaching than in the pulpit," said Mr. Armstrong.

Now, a great deal may be done by joking and laughing, and kindly talk in the way of keeping peace and harmony in a community. Even one pleasant, good-humored face every day going up and down among us is like mortar that holds all conflicting parts together. But gran'ther Naylor's work was not complete. At the end of the year he was still the centre of the once jarring, disorderly village; no longer jarring or disorderly. Welker's cabin had been the first to reach the honor of a coat of paint; in the spring the old man wheeled his basket about the yard setting out pear and plum trees where the pigs and dung-heaps had been. Very soon, paint, whitewash and fruit-trees came into fashion. The workmen collected about him, as usual, in the evenings. Many was the fight nipped in its bloody growth by the sound of the paddle, paddle of Naylor's bowl along the cinder walk; many a young fellow set down the glass of whiskey untasted and sneaked hurriedly from the bar-room, hearing the old man's hearty voice outside. But the partners were not friends. They nodded gruffly when they met, and each would willingly have gone back to their old brotherhood, but pride held them back.

The winter of '59 was a severe one. The one street of Beak's Derricks was well nigh impassable for full-grown men; no one was surprised or anxious, therefore, at missing Naylor o' the Bowl from his accustomed haunts. But one day word went about that the old man was ill and wished to see all his old friends. The work at the wells flagged that day; the men, dressed in their Sunday clothes, with a liberal display of white shirts and red cravats, were going to Welker's cabin from morning until night, singly and in groups, always coming out with cheerfuller faces than when they went in.

"He'll come round," they said to each other. "Dying men don't have that spirit nor courage;" for Naylor had joked and laughed with them just as he had always done. He never had preached to nor advised them, and they did not notice that the joke and laugh always left them more kindly, happier men.

"I did not want to say good-bye to any of them," the old man said to Joe. "And when our partners come, put me in my basket; let the lads remember the old man at the last as they have always known him."

He always called Beak, Williams, Stryber and Pratt "our partners," though he knew they were not even Joe's partners any longer. Welker had scarcely raised him up into his wicker bowl when the young men came. It was noticeable that they came together, nodding to each other gravely as they first met. Pratt, who was the gentlest and most kindly-natured among them, was the first to speak.

"The old man's going fast, I hear. Well, the Derricks will lose a good friend."

"None better," said Stryber, gloomily.

They had reached the cabin now and went in. The window shutters were open. The cheerful sunset light fell on the mutilated old creature in his bowl, raised on a table to a level with their heads. His wrinkled face was strangely pale. The white hair hung about his neck, but his blue eyes were joyous as a boy's going home after a long absence. He held out both hands.

"Here you are, lads, here you are!"

The men crowded around him. They touched each other in touching him. Their faces were gloomy and agitated.

"Have you any pain, grandfather?" said Beak.

"No, just weak—weaker every day; death couldn't come more pleasantly—with all my partners about me too," looking about with a feeble laugh.

Nobody could answer him. His head dropped on the rim of his bowl. Stryber and Joe lifted it and joined hands to support it.

"It's all been so pleasant," said Naylor o' the Bowl, looking at the young men and past them at the hills without. "It's been a good friendly world, but so is the other—so is the other. There's friends watching me go here, and friends watching for me to come yonder."

"Water," whispered Williams. Beak brought it and wet his lips. The men were young; death was not a common thing to them. It seemed as though they, too, stood in its dreadful light, on the edge of the unknown sea. with the worlds on this side and on that, where all were friends. Friends? With whom were they friends? How would their greed, and hate and bitterness avail them when they stood where the old man stood now?

Digitized by Google

He looked from one set and stern face to the other. "Boys, I think I'm going now," he said, gently. "I'll not say good-bye, because—because you're all coming to meet me some day—we'll be friends there again and partners—eh, boys? All friends—and—and partners?" His eyes turned on them from the verge of that unknown world, eager and begging of them.

The men looked at each other with no hasty emotion, but a long unanswered question in their eyes. Then as by one impulse they joined hands.

"We'll meet you, gran'ther," said Beak, "and will be friends again and partners."

When they turned to the old man again his eyes were closed.

Naylor o' the Bowl's work was done.

THE moon came late to the twinkling sky,
To see what the stars were about:
"Fair night," quoth she, "are the family in?"
"Oh! no, they are, every one, out."

Digitized by Google

THE TEN LITTLE DWARFS.

From the French of Emile Souvestre.

BY SOPHIE DORSEY.

THE long winter evenings had set in, and William's farm-house was the scene of frequent gatherings of friends and relatives. After the day's work, the family were accustomed to assemble around the fireside, and neighbors joined them; for in the solitary valleys of the Vosges Mountains, dwellings are scattered and neighborship establishes a sort of relationship.

It is there, around the glowing flame of pine knots, that friendships are cemented; the sweet warmth of the fire, the joyous reunion, and the freedom of conversation lead to intimacies. Hearts freely open to hearts, and minds unite in a thousand projects, each inner life is thrown into a common stock, the outer one being cast off for the occasion, as a mask thrown aside.

Sometimes Cousin Prudence joined the evening party, in spite of the distance he had to come, and *then* it was a real holiday at the farm; for this cousin is the cleverest "story teller" in the mountains; he not only knows all those the fathers have related, but also those told in books. He knows when all the old houses were built, and the histories of all the old families. He has learned the names of the moss-covered stones, which rise upon the hills like columns, or like altars; he is, in short, a living tradition of the country and its lore. And more than that, he is the *Wise Man*. He has learned to read hearts, and he rarely fails to discover the cause of any ill that may afflict them; others may know remedies for the infirmities of the body, but the old peasant treats infirmities of the soul, so the popular voice has bestowed on him the respected name of "Goodman Prudence."

It is the first time within the new year that he has appeared at the farn gatherings, and every one, at the sight of him, shouts for joy; they give him the very best place by the fireside, they form a circle around him, and William, the farmer, lights his pipe and seats himself right in front of him. The Goodman Prudence is then, first by one and then by another, informed of every piece of news about everything and everybody in the neighborhood; he wishes to know how the crops turned out, if the last colt is thriving, how the poultry yard is flourishing; but all his inquiries, when addressed to the farmer's wife, formerly so cheerful, are answered slowly and in an uninterested manner, as if her thoughts were elsewhere; for the pretty Martha thinks often of the village where she grew up, regrets the dances under the Elms, the long walks in the fields with her young companions, when they laughed and plucked flowers from the hedges, the long chats in the square and at the fountain. So it often happens that Martha sits with her arms listlessly hanging by her side, her pretty head drooping, and her mind occupied with the past. This very evening, whilst the other women worked, she sat before her spinning-wheel, which did not turn, her distaff, filled with flax, hanging idly to her girdle, her fingers playing abstractedly with the thread lying over her knees.

The Goodman Prudence had observed all this from the corner of his eye, without saying anything, for he knew that good council is like bitter medicine to children, and that the manner and the time for administering it must be well chosen to make it acceptable.

In the meantime the family and neighbors surrounded him, and cried out, "Goodman Prudence, a story, a story;" the old peasant smiled and cast a glance toward Martha, still sitting listless.

"That is to say," said he, "that one must pay for his welcome—well you shall have your way, my good folks. The last time I told you of the olden times, when the Pagan armies ravaged our mountains; that was a story for the men; *now* I shall speak, if it please you, to the women and children; every one must have his day. We told then, of Cæsar, now I will tell of Mother Water Green."

Everybody burst into a great laugh at this, and all quickly settled themselves to hear. William, the farmer, re-lighted his pipe, and the Goodman Prudence commenced:

This story, my dears, is not a nursery tale; you can read it in the Almanac, with other true tales, for it happened to our grandmother Charlotte, whom William knew, and who was a wonderfully reliable woman. Grandmother Charlotte was also fair in her time, though you would hardly credit it, when looking at her gray locks and her hooked nose always trying to meet her chin, but those of her own age said there was no better-looking, or gayer girl anywhere than she, when she was young. Unfortunately, Charlotte was left alone with her father, in charge of a large farm,

Digitized by Google

much more productive of debts than of income, and work so constantly succeeded work, that the poor girl, who was not made for so much care, often fell into despair and took to doing nothing, since she could not find the way to do everything.

One day, whilst sitting before the door, her hands under her apron, like a lady with frost-bitten fingers, she commenced to say, in a low tone: "God forgive, but the task which has been laid upon me is not such as a Christian can bear, and it is a great pity that I am tormented at my age with so many cares; why, if I was more industrious than the sun, quicker than water, and stronger than fire, I could not do all the work of this family. Ah! why is not good fairy Water Green still in the world? or, why wasn't she invited to my christening, and asked to stand godmother? If she could hear me, and would help me, perhaps we should get relief from our troubles,—I from my care, and my father from his debts."

"Be satisfied, then, here I am," interrupted a voice, and Charlotte saw before her Mother Water Green supporting herself on her staff of holly.

At first, the young girl was frightened, for the fairy was dressed very differently from the costume of the country; she was clad entirely in a frog skin, the head of which served as a hood, and she herself was so ugly, old, and wrinkled, that if she had been worth a million, no one would have been bold enough to marry her. Nevertheless, Charlotte recovered herself quickly enough to ask of the fairy, with a voice rather tremulous but very polite, what she could do to serve her.

"It is I who have come to serve you," replied the old woman. "I have heard your complaints, and have brought something to relieve you."

"Are you really in earnest, good Mother?" cried Charlotte, who quickly, in her joy, lost her fear of her visitor. "Do you come to give me a piece of your rod, by which I can make my work easy?"

"Better than that," replied Mother Water Green. "I bring you *ten little workmen*, who will do all that you order."

"Where are they?" cried the young girl.

"I will show them to you." The old woman opened her cloak, and out popped ten little dwarfs of different heights.

The two first were very short, but quite stout. "These," said she, "are the strongest; they will help you in every work, and they make up in strength what they want in dexterity; those that you see follow them, are taller and more adroit, they know how to milk, to handle the distaff, and to take hold of all housework; their brothers, whose tall figures you see, are remarkably clever in the use of the needle, and that is the reason I have clapped little thimbles of brass upon their heads instead of caps; here are two others, who are not so smart, and who wear a ring for a girdle, they cannot do much more than aid in the general housework, as also these last little ones, and they are to be estimated by their *willingness to do what they can*—all ten of them appear to you, I warrant, very insignificant fellows, and not worth much, but you shall see them at work, and then you can judge."

At these words the old woman made a sign, and the ten dwarfs sprang forward. Charlotte saw them execute successively the rudest and the most delicate work, lend themselves to everything, prepare everything, and accomplish everything. Amazed, she uttered a cry of delight, and stretching her arms toward the fairy, "Ah! Mother Water Green," she cried, "lend me these ten brave workers, and I will ask nothing more."

"I will do more than that," replied the fairy, "I will *give* them to you, only as you cannot carry them about with you without being accused of witchcraft, I will order each of them to make himself very little and to hide in your ten fingers." One word, and this was done.

"You now know what a treasure you possess," continued Mother Water Green, "and all depends upon the use you make of it. If you do not know how to control your little servants, if you allow them to grow clumsy by idleness, you will gain nothing from my gift, but if you direct them properly, and for fear that they should pass their time in napping, never allow your fingers any repose, you will find the work, which now so frightens you, done as if by magic."

The fairy spoke truly, and our Grandmother, who followed her advice, not only cleared, at last, the farm from all its difficulties, but made money enough, after marrying happily, to raise eight children comfortably and respectably. Since that time it has become a tradition amongst us, that all the women in the family have inherited Mother Water Green's *workers*, for whenever they stir themselves these little laborers go to work, and we greatly profit thereby, and it is a common saying with us, that in the movement of the housewife's ten fingers lies all the prosperity, all the joy, and all the happiness of the family.

In speaking these last words the Goodman Prudence turned towards Martha — the young wife blushed, lowered her eyes and picked up her distaff.

Farmer William and his cousin exchanged a glance — all the family silently reflected upon the story, each one seeking to penetrate its full meaning, and apply the lesson to him, or her, self. But the farmer's pretty wife had already understood to whom it was addressed, for her face had become gay, the spinning-wheel turned rapidly, and the flax soon disappeared from the distaff.

Digitized by Google

FOR THE BIRDS.

By C. C. Haskins.

My Dear Children: I have been thinking for a long time of writing a plea for a large family of our friends who are wantonly destroyed and abused by impulsive persons without good reason, and, very often, thoughtlessly. These friends are constantly at work for our good, and are doing much to cheer and enliven our every-day lives. If they were suddenly exterminated, we should sadly miss them, and regret their absence They are the birds—all of them—from the eagle and the vulture down to the tiniest humming-bird that pokes his little needle bill into the depths of our delicate flowers, and makes an ample dinner on less than a drop of honey.

St. Nicholas and I have had some correspondence on the subject of the abuse of birds, and we have devised a plan for their protection. How do you think we propose doing this? We are going to raise an army of defense, without guns, and carry war right into the enemy's camp. We shall use example and argument and facts, instead of powder, and we must try to carry on the war until we conquer, and the birds have perfect peace.

Before we can do much we must drum up our volunteers. We want all the boys, and the girls also, to form themselves into companies. But if any of the good fathers and mothers desire to join our young folks' army, we shall be heartily glad to have them do so.

Through St. Nicholas we will be enabled to learn the plans of our commanders, and the movements of the enemy; in it we can urge the claims of the birds, and answer all the false logic of any who dare oppose us.

There have been, at different times, in some parts of Europe, societies organized for the extermination of particular kinds of birds, because they were said to destroy fruits and grains. At an annual meeting of one of these, in the County of Sussex, England, the report of the bird murderers showed that this club alone had put to death *seventeen thousand sparrows!* This was only in one county. Other counties encouraged the same sort of slaughter. In France, too, the same outrageous killing was encouraged, and poisoned grain was sown, year after year, until the rapid increase of noxious insects completely ruined several of the grain-producing districts, and convinced the people of the error they had committed. A law was then passed, protecting the birds, and with the return of the merry little worm-eaters, the insects diminished in number, and the fields again became productive.

By careful investigation, it has been ascertained that a single pair of European sparrows, during the infancy of their brood, feed their little ones an average about *three thousand three hundred and sixty caterpillars* in a week! Now, take your slates and pencils, my little friends, and see how many caterpillars in a month the sparrows killed by that Sussex County club would have destroyed if they had been permitted. Think what quantities of pretty leaves, how many bushels of grain, and what an abundance of nice fruit must be destroyed by the taking off of seventeen thousand worm-eating birds!

There is a class of birds which feed on very small seeds. Did you ever shake a dry weed-stalk and see what quantities of seed fell from it? It makes very abundant provision for plenty of weeds of its kind next year. The seed-eating birds, who live mostly on this kind of seed, do more than the farmer and all his help in preventing the increase of weeds; and without the birds the farmer would find his plow and hoe work more than doubled.

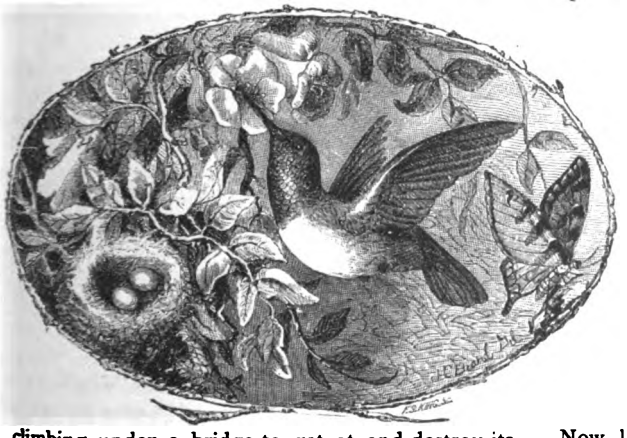
Hawks and crows are our friends. So are the owls. The snakes, and mice, and rats devoured by these good fellows far exceed all that are killed by all the terrier dogs on the continent. And birds are my especial preference for two other reasons: I never have to beg meat for them at the butchers'.

Digitized by Google

and I never heard of one having the hydrophobia. They do occasionally take a chicken for a holiday dinner, perhaps: but the rats and the weasels do much more of that sort of rascality than they; and if the birds were less fearful of being shot at and trapped there would be fewer rats in the barns, and the weasels would have to hide or die.

Almost every boy who goes gunning, if he can find nothing that he wants to bang away at, considers it the next best thing to kill a few woodpeckers. They look so funny, wrong end up on the side of a tree, bobbing and whacking around the loose bark, that the temptation is strong, and the poor, jolly hammerer has no friends—so *bang!*—and down he comes, and he is given to the dog to play with and tear to pieces. That poor little bird, if over a year old, has killed and eaten many hundred thousands of bugs' larvæ, in the form of grubs and worms, and almost every one of a kind which is injurious to vegetation. The cat-bird, one of our finest singers, and a bird that is always sociable, if ever permitted to be so, eats a cherry occasionally, and of course he must be banished or suffer death. He pays a better price for every cherry he eats than any fruiterer would dare demand in the market, in the worms he destroys, and throws in a complete bird-opera several times a day in the bargain.

The king-bird, or phoebe-bird, is too often stoned, and shot, and frightened—and almost any farmer's boy deems it a duty to risk his neck while climbing under a bridge to get at and destroy its mud nest. Why? "*He kills our bees!*" Well, yes, he does kill bees. He is very cunning about it, too. He watches the hive, sitting very near, as the bees go and come under his very nose, and sometimes he is impudent enough to alight close to the entrance, and rap with his bill to announce that he is making a call. Oh! what a rascal! A murderer, calling his victim to the door of his own house, that he may kill, and then eat him! And when the bees come to the door to answer the knock, Mr. Phoebe selects the largest bee, and makes off to the fence corner or to his mud nest to enjoy his prize. But the queer part of it all is that he only eats the drone bees, which never store any honey, and when the flowers become scarce the working bees kill these lazy drones and pitch them out of the hive. So the king-bird is a help, instead of a damage, to the bee raiser.



There are many reasons, in addition to what I have given you, why birds should be protected, but I must omit them now, and proceed to our organization.

I want all the little people to assist me in selecting a name for our army. There has been a deal of thinking and discussing, and we have said "that's it!" "ah, no! it isn't!" many times, and I am not sure we have quite hit it, yet. What do you say? There are "Bird Advocates," "Brigades," "Guards," "Friends," and ever so many more, but I am best pleased with "BIRD DEFENDERS." What do you think of it?

As a basis on which to commence work, let us adopt the following preamble and resolution:

Whereas—We, the youth of America, believing that the wanton destruction of wild birds is not only cruel and unwarranted, but is unnecessary, wrong, and productive of mischief to vegetation as well as to morals; therefore,

Resolved—That we severally pledge ourselves to abstain from all such practices as shall tend to the destruction of wild birds; that we will use our best endeavors to induce others to do likewise, and that we will advocate the rights of birds at all proper times, encourage confidence in them, and recognize in them creations of the great Father, for the joy and good of mankind.

Now, little folks, there is a starting-point; send in your names. ST. NICHOLAS is ready to hear from each and all of you on the subject of bird protection, and will be glad to learn what you have

Digitized by Google

to say about organizing yourselves for this really important and humane work. Come forward freely with your plans, and let us all put our wits together and see if we can not decide upon a line of defence for our little feathered friends who, poor things, are unable to defend themselves from their thoughtless or cruel enemies. Here is an opportunity for all of us to do good work.

LOOKING THE WRONG WAY.

(Translation of German Story in our November Number.)

LITTLE Lizzie had the bad habit of never looking before her. She was always gazing to the right or to the left. It happened, once on a time, that she ran out with a large piece of cake in her hand into a court-yard where some masons were digging a hole which they intended to fill with lime. Lizzie ran gaily about, having entirely forgotten the warnings of her mother. Indeed, it was too funny to see the large dog, which came circling about her and snapped at the cake. But, alas! before she saw it, she fell headlong into the pit. Her screams brought the workmen to her, and they quickly helped the poor child out of the ugly hole.

Lizzie was obliged now to lie for a long time in bed and suffer great pain, while the other children were joyfully playing out-of-doors. She resolved never again to go one way and look another. Had she thought of that before, she would have spared her good mother sorrow and herself much pain. But it was with her as with the Tyrolese in Mr. Stephens' picture. Both failed to look where they were going, and we see what happened.

THE YELLOW COTTAGE.

BY MARION DOUGLAS.

'MID fields with useless daisies white,
Between a river and a wood,
With not another house in sight,
The low-roofed yellow cottage stood,
Where I,
Long years ago, a little maid,
Through all life's rosy morning played.

No other child the region knew;
My only playmate was myself,
And all our books, a treasured few,
Were gathered on a single shelf;
But oh!
Not wealth a king might prize could be
What those old volumes were to me!

On winter nights beside the fire,
In summer, sitting in the door,
I turned, with love that did not tire,
Their well-worn pages o'er and o'er;
In me,
Though sadly fallen, it is true,
Their heroines all lived anew!

One day, about my neck a ruff
Of elder flowers with fragrant breath,
I was, with conscious pride enough
To suit the part, Elizabeth;
The next,
Ensnared by many wily plots,
I sighed, the hapless Queen of Scots!

Digitized by Google

Where darting swallows used to flit,
Close to me, on some jutting rocks,
Above the river, I would sit
For hours, and wreath my yellow locks,
And trill
A child's shrill song, and, singing, play
It was a siren's witching lay.

On Sundays, underneath the tree
That overhung the orchard wall,
While watching, one by one, to see
The ripe, sweet apples fall,
I tried
My very best to make believe
I was in Eden and was Eve!

Oh golden hours! when I, to-day,
Would make a truce with care,
No more of queens, in bright array,
I dream, or sirens fair;
In thought,
I am again the little maid
Who round the yellow cottage played

Digitized by Google

A DAY AT SYDENHAM.

BY ELIZABETH LAWRENCE.

LITTLE Dora lived in London, and it was quite a standing joke in the family, that on her birthday there was always sure to be a royal show, or a grand flower exhibition, and on this particular eighteenth of June, which made Dora ten years old, the Queen was to open the new fountains at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, and papa and mamma and Dora were going.

They started about eleven, Dora, happy soul, in the freshest of rose-colored muslins, with cheeks to match, and opposite to her, the two whom in all the world she loved best.

As they drove rapidly along, it was easy to see the influence of the great *fête*, in the tide of carriages full of gaily dressed people, all setting in the same direction.

Dora often had been there before, but the Crystal Palace always seemed like Fairy-land, and to-day it was more beautiful than ever.

One can hardly make anybody who has never seen it understand the charm of the long nave with its high arched roof, its graceful galleries, its huge marble basins of water-lilies, edged with beds of the brightest flowers, its great hanging baskets of delicate plants, its tropical trees, its statues, its bright banners, its delicious music and its glimpses down the crossing transepts of one of the loveliest landscapes in all England; for these transepts, or crossways, you must know, are walled and roofed with glass like all the rest of the building.

And this is just what you have before your eyes as you go in, but to see all the curious and interesting things would take weeks. At each side of this wonderful nave, or body of the building, there are beautiful courts, in which one may see exact copies of famous places all over the world.

For instance, the Pompeian court, where there is an exact copy of a house in Pompeii, the city which was destroyed by burning lava from Mount Vesuvius hundreds of years ago, before Christ was born. You can scarcely believe it, I dare say, but it is true. And mind, I don't mean the ruins of a house like those to be seen to-day in Pompeii, but just as it used to be when that city was a busy, active place, and Pompeian little folk kept their birthdays and played and learned their lessons just as you do now.

And in another court there is a model of a house of ancient Rome, with couches instead of chairs in the dining-room, for you know, among other strange habits, the old Romans had a way of lying down at their meals.

I dare say you have heard of the Alhambra, the famous and beautiful palace built by the Moors in Grenada. Well, in this Crystal Palace you may see for yourselves just how it looked, and how gorgeous the Hall of the Abencerrages must have been with its wonderful rainbow-colored and gold fretwork dome filled with a soft lilac light.

And there are the Egyptian court and the Assyrian court and many more besides, and also copies of all the most celebrated statues in the world.

Upstairs, in the galleries, they have all sorts of pretty things for sale at different stalls; books, photographs, jewelry and fans and bronzes, beautiful glass and china, toys, and games, and dolls, and even candy, put up in boxes with pictures of the Crystal Palace on the lids.

You can scarcely imagine a more fascinating place to do shopping. Dora was delighted when her parents asked her to choose two birthday presents, in the lovely gallery overlooking the grand transept.

She was a long time making up her mind, but at last she decided on a fan with black and gold sticks, and a long tassel, and a nice little Russian leather writing-case, completely furnished, and with a lock and key. Then, with her own pocket-money, she bought a doll for the baby at home, and a box of barley-sugar fishes, with a picture of the Assyrian court on the top, and then they went down stairs again to get some luncheon.

One side of the dining-room, at the Crystal Palace, is an open verandah, with a view over the magnificent grounds of the Palace, and miles and miles of the lovely country beyond; and with such a picture before one's eyes, it must be a more exacting person than any of our party who would not forgive a slight toughness in the cold chicken and a want of flavor in the salad.

After lunch they went out into the grounds, and it was not too soon, for with one accord all the people began pouring out of the building, and the good places for seeing the great sight of the day were very soon filled. Our three found a charming little grassy knoll close to the broad gravel walk that encircles the large fountains, and there they established themselves most comfortably in the shade of a clump of rhododendrons, knowing that the royal party would drive along the walk just before them, and they could not possibly have had a better place to see all that would happen.

The grounds looked perfectly lovely on this fair

Digitized by Google

June afternoon, with the bright masses of flowers of all kinds set into the velvety green turf; and the bright dresses of the ladies grouped about on the grass added to the beauty of the scene. The rhododendrons were at their height, and the polished dark green leaves were thickly sprinkled with large clusters of the delicate azalea-like flowers, in pink and crimson, and lilac and white.

And now I must explain that, for years, there had been a number of extremely fine fountains in front of the palace, which played every afternoon, but it had taken a long time to finish the grand series of water-works, which was to include, besides the first fountains, a number of very much higher jets, as well as others, in elaborate shapes, and some beautiful cascades, which altogether make, I believe, the finest set of fountains in the world, except, perhaps, those in the gardens at Versailles. And now, at last, they were all finished, and in working order.

Not a single fountain was playing, even the old ones were still waiting, like their new sisters, for the Queen to come.

Punctually at four o'clock, the people in the gardens saw the royal standard unfurled from the large flag-staff on the palace, and heard the bands playing "God Save the Queen," and then they knew that her Majesty had arrived and gone into the building, and presently the royal party came out on the garden side, and got into the pony carriages that were waiting—they being, by the by, the only persons who are allowed to drive in the grounds.

As the Queen came in sight, she was greeted by cheers and waving hats and handkerchiefs, and now, as if her Majesty had carried a magic wand, just at the very instant when she passed each fountain, it burst through its waiting stillness and leaped forth in loyal welcome, its spire of snowy foam mounting joyously towards the blue summer sky.

Down poured the cascades as she passed them; the broad, short fountains spread out their swan-like plumage, as their royal mistress went by, and in less time than it takes me to write this, the whole ceremony was over, and the air full of the musical sound of falling waters.

The Queen looked very good-natured and pleased, as she bowed and smiled to everybody, and talked to Sir Joseph Paxton, who rode, hat in hand, beside her carriage. She wore a blue silk dress (the shadow of widow's mourning had not fallen upon her then) and the sunlight lit up her hair and touched it with gold. The Prince Consort sat beside her, looking good and noble as he always did, and the Princess Royal was there, with the Crown Prince of Prussia, to whom she was married very soon after, and there were also several other foreign princes with long German titles, which I shall not trouble you to pronounce. The great people only stayed a little while, and after they were gone, our party lingered an hour or two in the gardens, enjoying the music of the Coldstream Band, and then they went inside to get Dora's parcels, which had been left in charge of the woman at the confectionery stall. By this time it was getting late, and they made their way, at last, through the crowd at the entrance, and got into the carriage, and drove home through the slanting sunshine and lengthening shadows at the close of the long, bright, summer day.

OLD SIMON.

OLD Simon and his boys were glad
  To take the plainest fare;
They brightened everything they had,
  With gratitude and prayer.

"Give thanks," said Simon, "when ye rise,
  Give thanks when day is done."
And none than Simon were more wise,
  Or happy, under the sun.

Digitized by Google

MAKING A LIBRARY.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

LITTLE Charlotte determined to have a library all her own. She had some books,—nice little books, with big, fat letters, and the lines ever so far apart,—but these did not suit her. She wanted grown-up books, such as stood on the shelves of her uncle Harry's library.

Charlotte and her mother were on a visit to this uncle Harry, and the little girl, who was delighted with the great, fine house,—much handsomer than any she had ever seen before,—was particularly pleased with the library. She had a strong love for pictures, and when she found this large room with well-filled book shelves, from the floor to the ceiling, and seldom any one there to interfere with her, she thought she should live in a picture paradise.

But it was not long before she made a wonderful discovery. As the books on the lower shelves were mostly of a character uninteresting to her, she climbed to the upper shelves, and soon found that the books up there were not real ones. They were nothing but pasteboard boxes made like books, and with the names printed in gold letters on the backs.

Charlotte's uncle was an uneducated man, who had suddenly become rich. He wanted his house to have a fine library in it; but as he did not care for reading, or for spending a great deal of money on books that would be of no use to him, he had these mock books made, and they looked just as well on the upper shelves as real ones.

After a while, Charlotte became quite accustomed to these books; and, as some of them were open at the bottom, she used them for boxes in which to put her little treasures. She generally kept her second-best tea-set in a large volume on China and Japan, and her doll, Jane, who had lost her head and her right arm, was stowed away for a good long nap in Baxter's Saints' Rest.

So, one day, when Miss Charlotte was playing house down-stairs, and wanted a library of her own, there seemed no reason why she should not make

Digitized by Google

it of these fine, big books, which she could handle so easily. In fact, they were so light that she could take an armful of them that would have been too much for a man had the books been real.

There is no knowing how large this library of Charlotte's would have grown—for she could readily climb from shelf to shelf of the library and throw down the books—had not a little accident occurred. While passing, with a great pile of books in her arms, the cradle in which the baby was asleep, Charlotte let the books slip a little, and over they went, bang! upon the cradle. If they had been real books the baby would have been killed. But, as it was, some of the larger books fell on the sides of the cradle, and they were all so light that no injury was done, except that the baby woke up suddenly, and commenced to cry his very loudest.

Charlotte's mother and a lady visitor came running up-stairs, and a stop was soon put to the library-making. But the worst of all was it now became known what sort of a library Uncle Harry had.

It was well for Charlotte that it was only her uncle who had a library just for show. Of course, it is bad enough to have an uncle of that kind, but it would be ever so much worse to have a father who would do such things.

A CLOUD-PICTURE.

By H. H. C.

I HAD a vision one eve at sea,
In the clouds as they unrolled,
When the kingly sun was falling asleep
On his royal couch of gold.
Many shimmering pictures
I saw among the clouds,
And troops of laughing children
Came dancing along in crowds.

And just in the midst of the glory,
In the brightest, sunniest place,
I saw four cherub boatmen
Pulling a fairy race.
Dimpled and white and airy.
Pulling with baby glee,
Their little craft a fairy,
Afloat on a golden sea.

They rowed their boat with sturdy might
Into a cloud and out of sight,
And then I knew the race was won,
And their goal was the far-off setting sun.

FISH-HAWKS AND THEIR NESTS.

By M. D. Ruff.

I SPENT the summer at a little fishing hamlet, on the New Jersey coast, and of all the strange and interesting things I saw there, nothing was stranger or more interesting than these birds of which I want to tell you. In poetry and science they are always called "ospreys." That may be a prettier word—but fish-hawks is the better name; it is the one which has been given by all fishermen on our coast, and it is more descriptive of the birds and their habits.

A broad shallow river, which was only the sea pushing back into the land, ran just in the rear of our boarding-house, and there, all day long, we could watch the fish-hawks circling above or swooping down from great heights, or diving head-long into the water, or sitting solemn and grave upon their nests. As soon as you come within sound of the ocean, you may see these large pouch-shaped nests wedged between the bare forks of the pine, oak and other strong trees, sometimes ten, sometimes fifty feet above the ground. They are placed, without any attempt at concealment, in the open fields, or close to the fishers' houses, or along the river-banks perhaps a mile inland; and they form a wonderfully picturesque feature in the landscape. They are built of large sticks three and four feet long, mixed in with corn-stalks, sea-weed, and mullein stalks, piled up four or five feet in a solid mass, and lined with sea-weed. They are not hollow like a pouch, as you might judge from the outside, but are nearly flat on top, and about as deep as a dinner plate.

Digitized by Google

Of course they are very heavy, and the weight, together with the mass of wet stuff, saps the vitality from the tree in a few years, and it gets bare and ragged like the one you see in the picture.

This great weight is very necessary, however, for it enables the nests to resist the storms and high winds which sweep over our eastern shore. And strength is what is mainly needed, for the fish-hawk builds its nest as we do our houses, to last a great many years.

Ask any one of the old fishermen about them, and he will probably say first:

"Wall, they're a curus fowl. No matter what the weather may be, they come back on the 21st of March of each year, all at once; and the 21st of September you can't see one. They go over-night and no man from Maine to Georgia can tell where they go to."

They say, too, that the same birds come back to the same nest every year. If it has been injured by the winter's storms it is carefully repaired; sometimes even rebuilt entirely in the same place with the same material. One morning in the early spring I passed the ruins of a large nest which had been blown down by the wind of the night before. It was a great mass of stuff, scattered all around, and would have filled a good-sized cart. The homeless birds were flying about in great distress, flapping their wings, and uttering their peculiar, shrill note—a note that is in strange harmony with the melancholy sea. In a week I passed again and the ground was cleared of the wreck and the nest loomed up large as ever in the tree from which it had been blown. There is no doubt that many of the nests are very old. In the field through which we walked on our way to the beach, was a nest which I was assured was a hundred years old; "As old as them cedar rails on that fence, yonder," said the man; "my grandfather told me so." I believed it then, of course, for one's grandfather always speaks the truth.

You will suppose that a bird which builds such a large nest must lay large eggs and many of them, but this bird never lays more than three, and they are little larger than a hen's egg, of a reddish yellow, splotched with brown. They are laid about the first of May, and it takes a long and patient sitting till the last of June to hatch them. During this time and after the young birds come, the care of the parents is unceasing. The nest is never left unguarded. The male bird goes fishing and keeps his family well supplied with food, while the female rarely leaves her nest, but keeps over it a tireless watch. If any one approaches she cries shrilly and hovers over her brood, with her broad wings outspread and her piercing eyes flashing. Peaceable and gentle at other times, she will defend her nest with claws and beak against the enemy or too curious intruder.

The young fish-hawks are the funniest things you ever saw, awkward and misshapen, and yet with such a wise, dignified expression! I watched for several hours a couple learning to fly. They sat balanced uneasily on the edge of the nest, solemn and grave as judges, and looked as if they had come out of the shell knowing everything. The old birds were coaxing and going through various exercises which I suppose were the first principles of flying, and the young ones tilted about and rolled over and finally got fastened between the sharp branches of the tree. The mother and father fussed and scolded, "Bill-ee, Bill-ee, Stu-pid-i-ty." The young are very slow in learning to fly—and I have heard that they often linger in the nest long after they are well able to help themselves, to be fed and waited upon, till driven away by the parents, who beat them out with their wings, and peck them with their sharp beaks. I don't like to think this, but it may be so, for one day we found a young bird drooping on the fence. He allowed us to come very close to him, and we discovered that his wing was broken. It was not shot, so he must have fallen in his effort to fly. No birds were near him, he had evidently been deserted. He looked forlorn and pitiful, so we took him home and put him in the wagon-house. The children were very attentive to him; they cut up fish for him—pounds of it,—and tried to amuse him as if he were a lamed child. But it was of no use, he drooped still more, and then died and was buried with martial noise and pomp. He would not have been a successful pet, for these birds have a lonely, isolated nature. They seem to have bred in them the wild, untamable spirit of the wind and wave, and if deprived of their free, soaring flight, and their sportings in air and water, they will languish and die.

The largest fish-hawk I ever saw measured six feet across the wings. The average size is from four to five feet. The plumage is of greyish brown except on the breast and under part of the wings, where it is pure white. The beak is sharp and hooked, the claws long, and the legs very thick. The feet and legs are covered with close hard scales, the better to retain a hold upon the slippery fish. It used to be a common notion among the older naturalists that one foot of this bird was webbed and the other furnished with claws to serve the double purpose of swimming and seizing its prey.

Nothing can be finer than the sweep and directness of the fish-hawk's flight. You see one sailing, a mere speck in the sky; he stops suddenly, as if viewing some object in the water below; poised

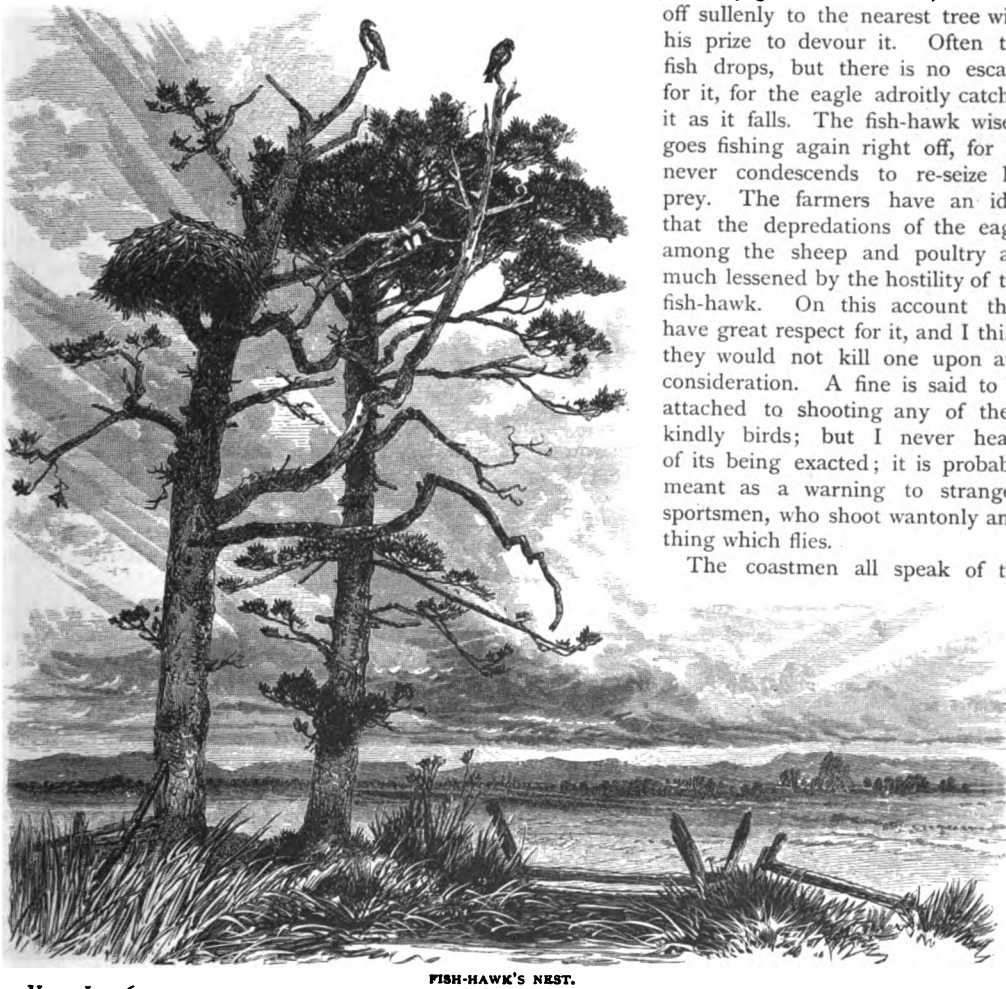
Digitized by Google

high in the air, without any visible motion of the wide-extended wings, he swoops down with the swiftness of lightning and plunges into the water head foremost. If he misses the fish he rises again, and circles round in short, abrupt curves, as if from mere listlessness. Again he pauses, darts into the water, and this time comes up with his prey in his talons. He shakes the water from his feathers and flies in the shortest line to his nest. Sometimes his fish weighs six or seven pounds. Add to this the struggles of the fish to free itself, and you may fancy the strength of the bird. I have heard, but I never saw an instance of it, that the fish is sometimes strong enough to drag the bird into the water, where he is drowned. The next tide carries him up on the beach with his claws buried deep in a sturgeon or halibut.

By some naturalists the fish-hawk has been classed with the eagle, from a similarity of appearance, but this is not just to our friend. He is much nobler in all his traits than any of the eagle species. His only prey is fish, so I can tell you no wonderful stories of children, or even of lambs, carried off by him to feed a ravenous brood. He never interferes with smaller birds, as the eagle does. On the contrary, a little timid bird called the crow black-bird builds its modest nest in the interstices of the hawk's nest. I have seen a half-dozen of these tiny homes built into the larger one. He is not a greedy robber, like the eagle, but fishes in an honest, straightforward manner, and, in short, has but one enemy, —the bald eagle.

Between them there are many desperate battles. The eagle, who is always hungry, and who seldom works when he can steal, waits till the fish-hawk catches a fish. As he comes from the water with the heavy burden, the eagle pounces upon the booty. They rise together, and in mid-air the contest goes on with beak and talon. I am sorry to say the eagle generally gets the best of it, and flies off sullenly to the nearest tree with his prize to devour it. Often the fish drops, but there is no escape for it, for the eagle adroitly catches it as it falls. The fish-hawk wisely goes fishing again right off, for he never condescends to re-seize his prey. The farmers have an idea that the depredations of the eagle among the sheep and poultry are much lessened by the hostility of the fish-hawk. On this account they have great respect for it, and I think they would not kill one upon any consideration. A fine is said to be attached to shooting any of these kindly birds; but I never heard of its being exacted; it is probably meant as a warning to stranger-sportsmen, who shoot wantonly anything which flies.

The coastmen all speak of the



FISH-HAWK'S NEST.

Digitized by Google

fish-hawk with a curious affection. He foretells a storm, they say, by a peculiar restlessness, and a repetition of his feeble whistle. When the storm breaks the birds are abroad in the face of it, however wild and fierce it may be. If one can see anything through the blinding mists and rain, it is the fish-hawk soaring aloft in the tumult, curving and sweeping on the wild wind, his white breast gleaming against the black trees and sky. These birds show great skill in flying against the wind, never fly directly into it, but tack backwards and forwards as intelligently as a sailor does upon the water.

The fishermen think that a nest built near their houses ensures them good luck and prosperous living. The return of the bird heralds the coming of spring, and the happy activity of the fishing season. The wintry storms are over, the warm sun shines again upon the white sand and breaking waves, and children are playing on the shore. The nets are brought out and mended, the boats are launched, and the men who have lounged all winter in the house, gather in groups of two and three, with seines and hooks and lines, to catch the fish which come in shoals up the river from the sea.

BOWWOW-CURLYCUR AND THE WOODEN LEG.

By Margaret Eytinge.

The boy and the girl—no, that's impolite, I meant to say the girl and the boy, stood at the garden gate, looking up the road.

Bowwow-Curlycur, with his hair done up in curl papers, was there too, and he also was looking up the road.

To think that the cook had taken every stick to boil the oatmeal porridge; and the hoe, and the shovel, and the spade, and the rake had all gone to a party given by the new mowing-machine.

Seven nice plants and one young tree, and nothing to dig little houses in the ground for the roots to live in!

What on earth were they to do? Bowwow-Curlycur would have been willing to have scooped out a few holes, but he had an appointment with the dog that stole the chickens and didn't want to get his nose dirty.

"What shall we do?" said the boy, "the sun is going down behind Troykachunk hill as fast as ever he can."

"Somebody is coming down the road," said the girl. "It's a man, and doesn't he walk funny?" said the boy.

"I'll go and see who it is," barked Bowwow-Curlycur, and he made himself so flat that he looked like some queer kind of a giant caterpillar, squeezed himself under the gate and ran off up the road.

Now, Bowwow-Curlycur was a most wonderful dog. He could bark so plainly that any one of common intelligence who heard him could understand every word he barked.

"Who are you?" he asked, as he danced round the stranger.

(Bowwow-Curlycur danced beautifully, much better than the girl or boy could, for you see he had four legs and they only had two.)

The man had common intelligence, so he answered, "All right, old fellow."

Then Bowwow-Curlycur stopped dancing, sniffed at him, growled at him, jumped at him, turned back, ran to the girl and boy and barked one word, but it was in two syllables, so that made it equal to two little words.

"Sailor," barked Bowwow-Curlycur, and sure enough as the man came near, the girl and the boy saw that he was dressed in a blue striped shirt with large turnover collar, blue trousers, a pea-jacket, a tarpaulin hat, and a wooden leg.

"Ship-a-hoy!" shouted the sailor, as soon as he spied the girl and boy. "What craft's that?"

This was his way of saying, "How do you do?" and "Who are you?"

"Oh! if you only would," said the girl. "Oh! yes," said the boy, "if you only would lend us your wooden leg for a few moments," said the girl.

"Shiver my timbers," said the sailor, and he laughed so loud that his hat tumbled off his head and fell on the ground where Bowwow-Curlycur seized it and bit a large piece out of the brim, "What do you want my wooden leg for, youngsters?"

"Well, you see," said the girl, who was smarter than the boy—girls always are smarter than boys—"we have some plants and a young tree to set out, and the shovel and spade and rake and hoe have all gone to the new mowing-machine's party, and

Digitized by Google

the cook has burned all the sticks, and Bowwow-Curlycur wants to keep his nose clean, and so we have nothing to make the root-houses with."

"*Won't* you lend us your leg for a little while?" said the boy.

"Blessed if I don't," said the sailor, "but you must take me with it, for it's so much attached to me, it can't leave me."

"Oh! no indeed," said the wooden leg, but so very softly that no one but Bowwow-Curlycur heard it, and he only put his head on one side, lolled out his tongue and barked nothing.

Then the sailor threw his leg that wasn't wooden up in the air, spun around three times on the one that was wooden, commenced whistling the sailor's hornpipe and came into the garden.

"Here's fun," barked Bowwow-Curlycur, and ran round after his own tail like mad.

So they formed a procession. The sailor went first and stamped in the ground with his wooden leg—the boy came next and put a plant in the hole thus made—the girl followed with the young tree in her arms. Bowwow-Curlycur carried his ears and curl papers. The cat that made faces with her tail came after, with her four youngest kittens.

At last all the plants were set out and only the young tree remained.

"Now," said the sailor, "I must make a deep hole for this," and he raised his wooden leg and brought it down with such force that he buried it in the ground up to the knee, and oh! mercy's sakes alive! it wouldn't come out again.

The sailor tugged and pulled, and pulled and tugged, and the girl and boy pulled and tugged, and tugged and pulled, and Bowwow-Curlycur scolded and bit the leg that wasn't wooden, but all was of no use.

At last the sailor threw up his arms in the air, gave a great jerk, and away he flew straight up towards the sky, like a rocket, leaving his wooden leg behind him.

"Jolly!" said the boy, "what larks!" and the girl said, "Oh, my!"

Bowwow-Curlycur, for once in his life, was too astonished to bark anything.

The cat made a dreadful face with her tail, and walked solemnly off, her kittens marching behind her.

So the moon came out and the girl and boy knew it was bed-time, and they went to bed.

But about twelve o'clock at night, when everything was still except the frogs, and the crickets, and the katy-dids, and a few other things of that kind that stay up all night so that they can see the sun rise in the morning, they heard a strange tramp, tramp, tramp, in the garden, and getting up and peeping out of the window they saw the wooden leg hopping down the walk, and as it passed them it said with a chuckle, "How cleverly I got rid of that sailor. Now I'll go and see the world by myself," and it went out of the gate and up the road and they never saw it again.

But looking up at the moon they beheld the face of the sailor wearing a broad grin.

As for Bowwow-Curlycur, after he had taken his hair out of paper and called on the dog that stole the chickens, he buried (in the hole left by the wooden leg he had saved), a few choice bones and then slept the sleep of the just dog.

THERE was a good boy who fell ill,
And begged them to give him a pill;
"For my kind parents' sake
The dose I will take,"
Said this dear little boy who fell ill.

WHAT was the moon a-spying
Out of her half-shut eye?
One of her stars went flying
Across the broad blue sky.

Digitized by Google

WOOD-CARVING.

BY GEORGE A. SAWYER.

A FEW years since, while recovering from an illness, I made my first attempt at wood-carving; and, as I gradually overcame its difficulties, I became very much interested, and began to make many pretty and useful things, such as boxes, brackets, shelves, picture-frames and clock-cases. As some of our boys and girls may take an interest in wood-carving, I will give them a few hints on the subject.

WHERE TO OBTAIN MATERIAL.

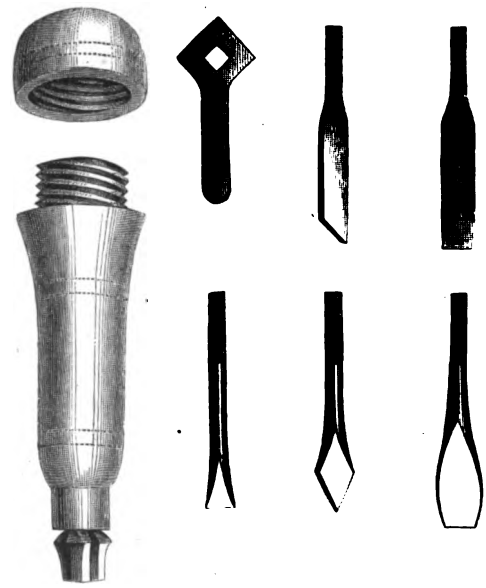
In all the larger cities there are mills where they saw veneers and thin boards for the use of cabinet or furniture-makers, and if you are so fortunate as to have access to them, you will find it very easy to supply yourself with materials; in fact, the greatest difficulty is not to get too much; a little goes a great way, you will find, if you do very nice work. There are, however, in almost all large towns, model-makers, cabinet-makers, etc., from whom you can obtain some of the commoner woods; or if there is a saw-mill where they have a circular saw, you can have some thick wood cut up to suit at trifling expense. Even when these fail, you can get a carpenter to saw and plane you a few small strips; and there is in every town, even the smallest, a tobacco store, where you can get empty cigar boxes. These generally are made of Spanish cedar, and by selecting some of the finest grained specimens, you sometimes can get extremely pretty pieces. Articles made from this wood, when polished and shellaced, would never be suspected of coming from a cigar box. You cannot, however, do much carving on it, because the grain is coarse and the wood wanting in strength.

KIND OF WOOD.

The best woods for our use are walnut and white holly, sawed in thin boards, not more than a fourth or a sixteenth of an inch in thickness, and planed on both sides. Walnut is, of course, known to every one as the dark wood most generally used in this country for the better kinds of furniture. Though white holly is very common also, or at least has been rapidly becoming so within the last few years, you may not know, that it is the "white-wood" generally used for small brackets, card photograph frames, etc., found in the shops. It possesses in the finer strains a beautifully fine texture, even color, and is so strong that it may be sawed, if carefully handled, in the thinnest lines across the grain with little danger of breaking. White holly is by far the best wood for a beginner; indeed, it is the best for any fine carved work, and designs done in it, and glued on to some dark wood like walnut or rosewood, make a very handsome contrast.

THE TOOLS REQUIRED.

Tools are, of course, an important item in every workman's calculations, and there are those particularly suited to the kind of work I am about to describe. I shall mention at present only those which I think most important for a beginner, that



BRAD-AWLS, ETC., WITH HOLLOW HANDLE.

you may not incur useless expenditure of money, and yet be sufficiently provided not to get discouraged for the want of the right tools to make a reasonably fair piece of work. As you gain in experience, you will be able to make additions for yourselves.

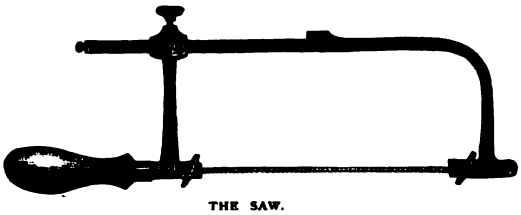
A pocket knife is of the first importance, and it is hardly to be presumed that any real boy is without that useful article. For our purpose, one having two blades, a large and a small one, such as can be purchased of sufficiently good quality for about seventy-five cents, more or less, will answer very well. Having a knife, every boy should possess the means of sharpening and keeping it in order. For this, and for sharpening other edged tools, the best instrument is an oil-stone, such as

Digitized by Google

you will always find on carpenters' benches, fitted into a wooden box with a detachable lid. A useful size is about three inches long by two wide, and half an inch thick. We should make the box ourselves (I will tell you how by and by), and it both protects the stone from the chance of breakage, and keeps the oil from soiling other things. A stone of this kind will cost ten or fifteen cents, and wear for ever: that is, so long as we use it properly, and are likely to want it.

Perhaps the next most generally useful article is a case of brad-awls. There are several kinds for sale at tool stores, some with larger tools than those in the illustration; but these are the handiest, as well as cheapest. The price is about a dollar and a quarter. As will be seen from the figure (in which, however, only a few of the tools are given) this set includes a number of brads of various sizes, for boring holes; a screw-driver, several chisels, and a gauge, a countersink, scratch-awl, etc., and a wrench with which to fasten them into the handle, which is hollow and holds them all when not in use. As these tools never come sharpened ready for use, it is a good plan to take them to some carpenter's shop, and watch the carpenter when he puts them on his oil-stone, and accomplishes the desired object of giving them an edge. You would learn more by seeing the sharpening once done than by reading pages of description. So watch the carpenter.

We next want some files: a flat one, half an inch wide; one flat on one side and round on the other, a fourth or three-eighths of an inch wide; a round one three-eighths, and five or six like the one figured, made of one-eighth inch steel wire; one round; one half round and half flat; one triangular; one square; one flat; one knife-edge. Some of these have two inches of the round wire left to serve as a handle, and are necessary in finishing fine work. The lot may cost a dollar or more.



THE SAW.

For a long time I used only these tools mentioned, but one day a friend gave me what I believe is known as a dentist's saw. I give a figure of it. The tool itself costs a dollar and a quarter, and the saws come in packages of a dozen, at twenty-five cents. They are extremely fine and delicate, but do most excellent work. With care, a dozen will last a year. Lastly we want some sheets of sand-paper, assorted, fine and coarse.

FILE.

Having provided ourselves with these tools and a few pieces of some kind of thin wood, we will see what we can produce. Suppose for a first effort we make a common ruler, such as we would be likely to find useful at school; say an inch wide, and twelve or fifteen inches long.

HOW TO MAKE A RULER.

Take one of our pieces of board, white holly if you have it, and cut the edges as true and straight as you can, then lay a whole sheet of rather fine sandpaper, No. 1, is the best, on a perfectly flat surface, like the top of an uncovered table or box, and rub the edge of the wood to and fro, length-wise, till the edge is entirely smooth and straight. If you will hold this stick nearly horizontally and turned towards the light, one end opposite one eye and five or six inches from it, and closing the other eye look along the edge, you can see very plainly whether the edge is true or not.

Having made one edge straight, carefully measure off from it, at two or three points, the width you design making the ruler. You can do this quite well enough with a card or piece of stiff paper; and laying down a ruler, use it as an edge to cut through the wood with the point of a sharp knife. In thin wood this is very easy to do, and it makes a much cleaner job than sawing. Then smooth the edge as you did the other, being careful to keep the two edges parallel that the ruler may be of the same width.

Cut off the ends square. If you have a carpenter's square, you will find it useful; but I think, for the present, we can do without it, and use a good-sized visiting card, which, being cut by machinery, we may assume, has edges at two right angles. If you are far enough along in your geometry to be able to construct mathematically a right angled triangle, you can verify the angles of your card, and you will find great pleasure in applying your knowledge to such every-day uses; but if not, we will use the card for the present, just as we find it. Set one corner of the card at the point where you are to cut; make one edge coincide with, or be exactly even with, the edge of the ruler, and cut across the end by the other edge.

In cutting thin wood with the grain, or length-wise, you will find that you can do it best by laying down a ruler and drawing along its edge, with the point of a sharp knife, just as you would rule a line with a pencil, only, of course, holding the knife so as to be able to bear on it and force it

Digitized by Google

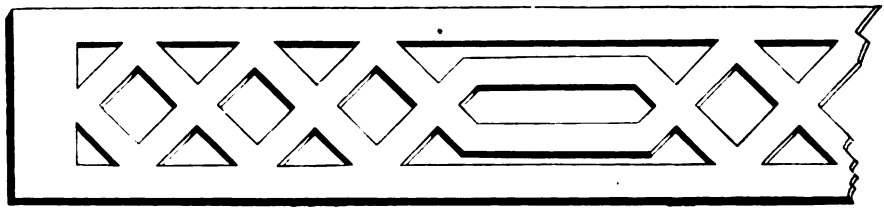
into the wood, taking care to hold it perpendicular so as to cut as straight through as possible. In cutting across the grain you can do it either in the same manner, or else mark a line with the point of the knife, and then use the saw; the back of the saw, however, will allow you to cut only narrow strips.

ORNAMENTATION.

Having now a long, narrow piece of wood, with straight even edges and square ends, we may venture upon a little ornamentation.

I select, as the most appropriate for a first effort, a geometrical design; that is, one with straight lines, which can be drawn with a ruler and compasses. Designs composed of flowers or natural objects, with ever-varying curves, which must be drawn by hand, are much more attractive, but are more difficult, and must be reserved till we have had a little practice.

I would recommend your taking a sheet of large writing or other paper, and drawing upon it a pattern just the size of the ruler you wish to make. Mark out within it the lines, as you intend cutting them in the wood. Mistakes with the pencil are easily corrected, and if you get the pattern exact, you can, by measuring the points, transfer it to the wood. You may cut out the design carefully with scissors and knife, and then laying it on the wood, mark its edges with a sharp-pointed pencil, or you may lay it over the wood and prick through with a pin or needle, and afterwards connect the pin points by pencil lines. Having the pattern nicely and accurately drawn, take one of your drills and carefully bore holes through all the spaces you intend cutting out,—one hole in each space. Take your saw and unfasten one end, and put that end through the first hole. Fasten it again. Lay the piece of wood on the edge of a table or large box, the part you are about to saw just over the edge, so that the saw will not cut the table, and hold the wood down firmly with one hand while with the other you use the saw, holding it so that the cut will be perpendicular. In this way saw around the piece to come out, following the pencil lines as nearly as possible. You will find, with a little practice, that you can cut almost exactly on the line; but for the present it is safest to keep a very little inside the line, and cut away the surplus afterwards with a file. In setting the end of the saw back again into the jaws, if you put the end of the saw-bow against a table and press on it slightly, and then fasten the end of the saw in, the saw will be strained tight and will work better than if put in loosely. Cut out all the spaces in succession in the same way, and then take your files and file up to the lines. In this design you will find use for your square, three-cornered, and flat files. After filing carefully up to the lines, take fine sandpaper and rub it all over smooth and white, and your ruler will be complete. I think you will take a satisfaction in using it yourself or in giving it to some friend, which you would not feel if you had bought it.



PATTERN FOR A RULER.

MIEUX VAUT AVOIR LA MOITIÉ D'UN PAIN QUE NE PAS AVOIR DE PAIN.

PAR M. M. D.

PEU de jeunes personnes connaissent l'origine de ce fameux proverbe.

En l'an onze cent onze, la grande duchesse Caroline van Swing et ses quatre charmants enfants s'étaient réunis dans la vaste cuisine du château pour prendre leur simple déjeuner. Dans ces premiers temps le lait condensé n'était pas connu, de sorte que les pauvres nobles enfants étaient obligés de prendre du lait ordinaire; mais ils avaient du pain condensé et c'était pour eux une grande satisfaction.

La grande duchesse elle-même se mit en devoir de préparer le repas, car, disait-elle avec des larmes d'attendrissement, "je suis une duchesse, mais ne

Digitized by Google

suis-je pas aussi une mère?" A ces paroles les voix de ses petits enfants, pressés par la faim, répondaient le plus éloquemment du monde.

La noble dame prit un pain et saisissant le grand couteau avec lequel son noble grand sire avait terrassé une centaine d'ennemis, elle le brandit un instant, puis, d'un coup ferme et résolu, elle coupa en deux le pain condensé à la manière de toutes les nobles duchesses. Aussitôt que le couteau eut fait son œuvre, une moitié du pain tomba sur le sol avec un bruit sec. Le chien de la famille, qui n'avait pas quitté des yeux les mouvements de la duchesse, bondit en avant de son coin du grand foyer. Saisissant le pain entre ses mâchoires, il s'enfuit de la salle emportant son butin au milieu des cris et des appels plaintifs des chers enfants.

La noble mère, craignant de perdre la moitié de son pain, s'élança aussitôt vers la porte et jeta la moitié du pain qui lui restait sur le méchant animal.

Atteint à la tête, le chien lâcha le morceau et se mit à pousser des aboiements plaintifs. Pendant ce temps un âne, étant venu à passer, avala en deux bouchées les deux moitiés du pain. Le chien revint à la maison humble et repentant. "Il ne dérobera plus rien," s'écria la grande duchesse, en regardant avec amour ses enfants qui pleuraient. "Pourquoi pleurez-vous, mes chéris? Mais si j'avais gardé dans mes mains la moitié du pain, je n'aurais pu châtier Athelponto. Consolez-vous. Ne voyez-vous pas qu'il vaut mieux avoir la moitié d'un pain que ne pas avoir de pain?"

LA MOITIÉ D'UN PAIN.

"Oh oui, mère!" répondirent ces nobles enfants, prêts à s'en aller sans prendre leur déjeuner, depuis qu'Athelponto avait été puni de sa mauvaise faute.

Hélas! quel garçon ou quelle fille de ce temps ferait ainsi le sacrifice du confort au principe?

Le dicton de la grande duchesse a été transmis de génération en génération, mais la signification en a changé. Quand les mères d'aujourd'hui veulent apprendre à leurs enfants à se contenter de peu, elles disent: "Mieux vaut avoir la moitié d'un pain que ne pas avoir de pain."

Le monde n'est pas aussi héroïque qu'il l'était du temps de la grande duchesse Caroline van Swing.

(Our readers who are studying French may find some amusement, as well as profit, in translating the above story. We shall be glad to have the boys and girls send in their translations.)

Digitized by Google

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER IV.

KATE, VERY NATURALLY, IS ANXIOUS.

KATE hurried through the woods, for she was afraid she would not reach home until after dark, and indeed it was then quite like twilight in the shade of the great trees around her. The road on which she was walking was, however, clear and open and she was certain she knew the way. As she hastened on, she could not help feeling that she was wasting this delightful walk through the woods. Her old friends were around her, and though she knew them all so well, she could not stop to spend any time with them. There were the oaks,—the black oak with its shining many-pointed leaves, the white oak with its lighter green though duller hued foliage, and the chestnut oak with its long and thickly clustered leaves. Then there were the sweet gums, fragrant and star-leaved, and the black-gum, tough, dark, and unpretending. No little girl in the county knew more about the trees of her native place than Kate; for she had made good use of her long rides through the country with her father. Here were the chinquepin bushes, like miniature chestnut trees, and here were the beautiful poplars. She knew them by their bright leaves which looked as though they had been snipped off at the top with a pair of scissors. And here, right in front of her, was Uncle Braddock. She knew him by his many-colored dressing-gown, without which he never appeared in public. It was one of the most curious dressing-gowns ever seen, as Uncle Braddock was one of the most curious old colored men ever seen. The gown was not really as old as its wearer, but it looked older. It was composed of about a hundred pieces of different colors and patterns—red, green, blue, yellow and brown; striped, spotted, plain, and figured with flowers and vines. These pieces, from year to year, had been put on as patches, and some of them were quilted on, and some were sewed, and some were pinned. The gown was very long and came down to Uncle Braddock's heels, which were also very long and bobbed out under the bottom of the gown as if they were trying to kick backwards. But Uncle Braddock never kicked. He was very old and he had all the different kinds of rheumatism, and walked bent over nearly at right angles, supporting himself by a long cane like a bean-pole, which he grasped in the middle. There was probably no particular reason why he should bend over so very much, but he seemed to like to walk in that way, and nobody objected. He was a good old soul and Kate was delighted to see him.

"Uncle Braddock!" she cried.

The old man stopped and turned around, almost standing up straight in his astonishment at seeing the young girl alone in the woods.

"Why, Miss Kate!" he exclaimed, as she came up with him, "what in the world is you doin' h'yar?"

"I've been gathering sumac," said Kate, as they walked on together, "and Harry's gone off and I couldn't wait any longer and I'm just as glad as I can be to see you, Uncle Braddock, for I was beginning to be afraid, because its getting dark so fast, and your dressing-gown looked prettier to me than all the trees when I first caught sight of it. But I think you ought to have it washed, Uncle Braddock."

"Wash him!" said Uncle Braddock, with a chuckle, as if the suggestion was a very funny joke; "dat wouldn't do, no how. He'd wash all to bits and the pins would stick 'em in the hands. Couldn't wash him, Miss Kate; it's too late for dat now. Might have washed him before de war, p'raps. We was stronger, den. But what you getherin sumac for, Miss Kate? If you white folks goes pickin' it all, there won't be none lef' soon fur de cull'ed people, dat's mighty certain."

"Why, I'm picking it for the colored people," said Kate, "at least for one colored person."

"Why don't you let 'em pick it the'rselves?" asked the old man.

"Because Aunt Matilda can't do it," said Kate.

"Is dat sumac fur Aunt Matilda?" said Uncle Braddock.

"Yes, it is," said Kate, "and Harry's been gathering some and we're going to pick enough to get her all she wants. Harry and I intend to take care of her now. You know they were going to send her to the almshouse."

"Well, I declar!" exclaimed the old man. "I neber did hear de like o' dat afore. Why, you all isn't done bein' tuk care of you'selves." Kate laughed, and explained their plans, getting quite enthusiastic about it.

"Lem me carry dat bag," said Uncle Braddock. "Oh no!" said Kate, "you're too old to be carrying bags."

"Jis lem me hab it," said he, "it's trouble enuf

Digitized by Google

fur me to get along, anyway, and a bag or two don't make no kind o' dif'rence."

Kate found herself obliged to consent, and as the bag was beginning to feel very heavy for her, and as it didn't seem to make the slightest difference, as he had said, to Uncle Braddock, she was very glad to be rid of it.

But when at last they reached the village, and Uncle Braddock went over the fields to his cabin, Kate ran into the house, carrying her bag with ease, for she was excited by the hope that Harry had come home by some shorter way, and that she should find him in the house.

But there was no Harry there. And soon it was night, and yet he did not come.

THE SUMAC GATHERERS.

Matters now looked serious, and about nine o'clock Mr. Loudon, with two of the neighbors, started out into the woods to look for Aunt Matilda's young guardian.

Kate's mother was away on a visit to her relations in another county, and so the little girl passed the night on the sofa in the parlor, with a colored woman asleep on the rug before the fire-place. Kate would not go to bed. She determined to stay awake until Harry should come home. But the sofa cushions became more and more pleasant, and very soon she was dreaming that Harry had shot a giraffe, and had skinned it, and had stuffed the skin full of sumac leaves, and that he and she were pulling it through the woods, and that the legs caught in the trees and they could not get it along, and then she woke up. It was bright day-light. But Harry had not come!

There was no news. Mr. Loudon and his friends were still absent. Poor Kate was in despair, and could not touch the breakfast, which was prepared at the usual hour.

About nine o'clock a company of negro sumac gatherers appeared on the road which passed Mr. Loudon's house. It was a curious party. On a rude cart, drawn by two little oxen, was a pile of bags filled with sumac leaves, which were supported by poles stuck around the cart and bound together by ropes. On the top of the pile sat a negro, plying a long whip, and shouting to the oxen. Behind the cart, and on each side of it, were negroes, men and women, carrying huge bales of sumac on their heads. Bags, pillow-cases, bed-ticks, sheets and coverlids had been called into requisition to hold the precious leaves. Here was a woman with a great bundle on her head, which sank down so as to almost entirely conceal her face; and near her was an old man who supported on his bare head a load that looked heavy enough for a horse. Even little children carried bundles considerably larger than themselves, and all were laughing and talking

Digitized by Google

merrily as they made their way to the village store at the cross-roads.

Kate ran eagerly out to question these people. They must certainly have seen Harry.

The good-natured negroes readily stopped to talk with Kate. The ox-driver halted his team, and every head-burdened man, woman and child clustered around her, until it seemed as if sumac clouds had spread between her and the sky, and had obscured the sun.

But no one had seen Harry. In fact, this company, with the accumulated proceeds of a week's sumac gathering, had come from a portion of the county many miles from Crooked Creek, and, of course, they could bring no news to Kate.

CHAPTER V.

THE TURKEY HUNTER.

WHEN Harry left Kate, he quietly walked by the side of Crooked Creek, keeping his eyes fixed on the tracks of the strange animal, and his thumb on the hammer of the right-hand barrel of his gun. Before long the tracks disappeared, and disappeared, too, directly in front of a hole in the bank; quite a large hole, big enough for a beaver or an otter. This was capital luck! Harry got down on his hands and knees and examined the tracks. Sure enough, the toes pointed towards the hole. It must be in there!

Harry cocked his gun and sat and waited. He was as still as a dead mouse. There was no earthly reason why the creature should not come out, except perhaps that it might not want to come out. At any rate, it could not know that Harry was outside waiting for it.

He waited a long time without ever thinking how the day was passing on; and it began to be a little darkish, just a little, before he thought that perhaps he had better go back to Kate.

But it might be just coming out, and what a shame to move. A skin that would bring five dollars was surely worth waiting for a little while longer, and he might never have such another chance. He certainly had never had such a one before.

And so he still sat and waited, and pretty soon he heard something. But it was not in the hole, —not near him at all. It was further along the creek, and sounded like the footsteps of some one walking stealthily.

Harry looked around quickly, and, about thirty yards from him, he saw a man with a gun. The man was now standing still, looking steadily at him. At least Harry thought he was, but there was so little light in the woods by this time that he could not be sure about it. What was that man after? Could he be watching him?

Harry was afraid to move. Perhaps the man mistook him for some kind of an animal. To be sure, he could not help thinking that boys were animals, but he did not suppose the man would want to shoot a boy, if he knew it. But how could any one tell that Harry was a boy at that distance, and in that light?

Poor Harry did not even dare to call out. He could not speak without moving something, his lips anyway, and the man might fire at the slightest motion. He was so quiet that the musk-rat—it was a musk-rat that lived in the hole—came out of his house, and seeing the boy so still, supposed he was nothing of any consequence, and so trotted noiselessly along to the water and slipped in for a swim. Harry never saw him. His eyes were fixed on the man.

For some minutes longer—they seemed like hours —he remained motionless. And then he could bear it no longer.

"Hel-low!" he cried.

"Hel-low!" said the man.

Then Harry got up trembling and pale, and the man came towards him.

"Why, I didn't know what you were," said the man.

"Tony Kirk!" exclaimed Harry. Yes, it was Tony Kirk, sure enough, a man who would never shoot a boy,—if he knew it.

"What are you doing here," asked Tony, "a-squattin' in the dirt at supper-time?"

Harry told him what he was doing and how he had been frightened, and then the remark about supper-time made him think of his sister. "My senses!" he cried, "there's Kate! she must think I'm lost."

"Kate!" exclaimed Tony. "What Kate? You don't mean your sister!"

"Yes, I do," said Harry; and away he ran down the shore of the creek. Tony followed, and when he reached the big pine tree, there was Harry gazing blankly around him.

"She's gone!" faltered the boy.

"I should think so," said Tony, "if she knew what was good for her. What's this?" His quick eyes had discovered the paper on the tree.

Tony pulled the paper from the pine trunk and tried to read it, but Harry was at his side in an instant, and saw it was Kate's writing. It was almost too dark to read it, but he managed, by holding it towards the west, to make it out.

"She's gone home," he said, "and I must be after her;" and he prepared to start.

"Hold up!" cried Tony, "I'm going that way. And so you've been getherin sumac." Harry had read the paper aloud. "There's no use o' leavin' yer bag. Git it out o' the bushes, and come along with me."

Digitized by Google

Harry soon found his bag, and then he and Tony set out along the road.

"What are you after?" asked Harry.

"Turkeys," said Tony.

Tony Kirk was always after turkeys. He was a wild-turkey hunter by profession. It is true there were seasons of the year when he did not shoot turkeys, but although at such times he worked a little at farming and fished a little, he nearly always found it necessary to do something that related to turkeys. He watched their haunts, he calculated their increase, he worked out problems which proved to him where he would find them most plentiful in the fall, and his mind was seldom free from the consideration of the turkey question.

"Isn't it rather early for turkeys?" asked Harry.

"Well, yes," said Tony, "but I'm tired o' waitin."

"I'm goin' to make a short cut," continued Tony, striking out of the road into a narrow path in the woods. "You can save half-a-mile by comin' this way."

So Harry followed him.

"I don't mind takin' you," said Tony, "fur I know you kin keep a secret. My turkey-blind is over yander;" and as he said this he put his hand into his coat pocket and pulled out a handful of shelled corn which he began to scatter along the path, a grain or two at a time. After ten or fifteen minutes' walking, Tony scattering corn all the way, they came to a mass of oak and chestnut boughs, piled up on one side of the path like a barrier. This was the turkey-blind. It was four or five feet high, and behind it Tony was accustomed to sit in the early gray of the morning, waiting for the turkeys which he hoped to entice that way by means of his long line of shelled corn.

"You see I build my blind," said he to Harry, "and then I don't come here till I've sprinkled my corn for about a week, and got the turkeys used to comin' this way after it. Then I get back o' that thar at night and wait till the airly mornin' when they're sartin to come gobblin' along till I can get a good crack at em." With this he sat down on a log, which Harry could scarcely see, so dark was it in the woods by this time.

"Are you tired?" said Harry.

"No," answered Tony, "I'm goin' to stop here. I want to be ready fur 'em before it begins to be light."

"But how am I to get home?" said Harry.

"Oh, jist keep straight on in that track. It'll take yer straight to the store, ef ye don't turn out uv it."

"Can't you come along and show me," said Harry, "I can't find the way through these dark woods."

"It's easy enough," said Tony, striking a match to light his pipe. "I could find my way with my eyes shut. And it would not do fur me to go. I'll make too much noise comin' back. There's no knowin' how soon the turkeys will begin to stir about."

"Then you oughtn't to have brought me here," said Harry, much provoked.

"I wanted to show you a short way home," said Tony, puffing away at his pipe.

Harry answered not a word, but set out along the path. In a minute or two he ran against a tree, then he turned to the right and stumbled over a root, dropping his bag and nearly losing his hold of his gun. He was soon convinced that it was all nonsense to try to get home by that path, and he slowly made his way back to Tony.

"I'll tell ye what it is," said the turkey hunter, "ef you think you'd hurt yerself findin' yer way home, and I thought you knew the woods better than that, you might as well stay here with me. I'll take you home bright an' airly. You needn't trouble yerself about yer sister. She's home long ago. It must have been bright daylight when she wrote on that paper, and she could keep the road easy enough."

Harry said nothing, but sat down on the other end of the log. Tony did not seem to notice his vexation, but talked to him, explaining the mysteries of turkey hunting and the delight of spending a night in the woods, where everything was so cool and dry and still. "There's no nonsense here," said Tony; "Ef there's any place where a feller kin have peace and comfert, it's in the woods, at night."

By degrees Harry became interested and forgot his annoyance. Kate was certainly safe at home, and as it was impossible for him to find his way out of the depths of the woods, he might as well be content. He could not even hope to regain the road by the way they came.

When Tony had finished his pipe he took Harry behind his blind. "All you have to do," said he, "is jist to peep over here and level your gun along that path, keepin yer eye fixed straight in front of you and after awhile you can begin to see things. Suppose that dark lump down yander was a turkey. Just look at it long enough and you kin make it out. You see what I mean, don't you?"

"Yes," said Harry, peeping over the blind; "I see it," and then, with a sudden jump, he whispered, "Tony! it's moving."

Tony did not answer for a moment, and then he hurriedly whispered back, "That's so! It *is* moving."

Digitized by Google

THE SACRED BEAN.

OUR picture certainly looks very much unlike a bean; in fact, some of our readers may suppose it

to be a wasp's nest. It is, however, the seed-vessel of a plant, and the loose little balls, which look as if they were ready to roll out of the holes, are the "beans" or seeds. In India it is known as the sacred bean, and in this country it is often called the water-chinquepin, because its seeds resemble the chinquepin or dwarf chestnut. It is found growing in deep water, both in the southern and western states. It grows in a few places in the eastern and middle states; for instance, in the Connecticut River near Lyme, and in Big Sodus Bay, Lake Ontario. The plant bears large circular leaves one to two feet in diameter, which grow out of the water, and do not float on the surface like the leaves of the common water-lily. The flowers are pale yellow, and from five to ten inches broad. After the flowers drop their leaves or petals, the seed-vessel gradually assumes the form shown in our picture. This seed-vessel is shaped somewhat like a top, and the "beans" look a little like acorns. The root resembles that of the sweet potato, and is said to be very nutritious when boiled; in fact, the Indians used to cook it in this way for food.

The seeds are also good to eat, and this makes its name of the water-chinquepin all the more appropriate, for although some of our Northern readers may not know it, the chinquepin bush of the South bears a nut that is very good eating.

HOW A TINKER WROTE A NOVEL.

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

ONCE upon a time—years and years ago—I wanted some good Sunday book to read; and when the want was made known, I was helped to a big, leather-bound, octavo book, which at first glance—notwithstanding one or two large splotches of gilt upon the back—did not look inviting. In the first place, what boy wants to grapple with a big octavo? Your precious old aunt will tell you what an octavo is—that it means a book with its paper folded so as to make eight leaves of every sheet, whereas a duodecimo is one of paper folded so as to make twelve leaves to a sheet; and this last is therefore much handier and every way better for boy use—at least, I think so. Then it was bound in full calf—very suspiciously like a dictionary, and like—well, I must say it—like the Bible. I don't mean, of course, to breathe one word against that venerable volume; but then you know, when a fellow

Digitized by Google

wants a good Sunday book and knows just where the Bible is kept, and has read it ever so often, he doesn't want what looks too much like it.

However, there I was with the big book on my knee: and there were pictures in it. These were stunning. There was a picture of a man with a great pack on his back, doing his best to get out of a huge bog; and there were some people standing by who didn't seem to help him much.

There was a picture of a prodigious giant—fully as large as that in Jack and the Bean-stalk story—who was leading off two little men—one of whom looked like the man that wore the big pack, and was near sinking in the bog. Then there was a splendid picture of this same little man walking up with all the pluck in the world, through a path, beside which were seated two old giants, which—by the bones which lay scattered around their seats—seemed to have been amusing themselves by eating up just such little men as the plucky one, who came marching up between them so bravely.

In short, the pictures carried the day; and though it seemed droll Sunday work, I wanted amazingly to find out how this plucky little man got through with his bogs and giants.

So I set to.

Christian was the man's name, and he had a family; but he became pretty well satisfied that he was living in a city that would certainly be destroyed; and was very much troubled about it, and couldn't sleep o' nights, nor let his family sleep.

So it happened that this Christian, after getting some directions from a man called Evangelist, "put out" one day, with his pack on his back, and left his wife and children.

I didn't quite like the manner in which the book makes him leave his family; his course was all very well; but why shouldn't he have taken them along with him, instead of leaving that fellow Great Hear—— but I mustn't tell the story in advance.

Well, this man Christian got into the bog I spoke of, and he got out again—no thanks to the two weak fellows who journeyed thus far with him, and who had no sooner got a foot in the mire than they set off—back for home. And Christian gets rid of his pack too after a time, and sees wonderful things at a house he comes to on his way, called the Interpreter's house; amongst the rest,—two boys named Patience and Passion whom I haven't forgotten to this day; and a man with a muck rake grubbing away desperately, who comes into my mind now every time I go to the city and walk down Wall street.

But Christian was not journeying in Wall street, no, no: though there was a Vanity Fair where he tarried; and it was a city not very unlike New York. Faithful, who went with him, got whipped and hung there—if I remember rightly. He would have escaped that in New York, you know.

There was an Apollyon in the book; and a prodigious monster with scales, equal to anything in the "Arabian Nights;" and he strode wide across the path by which Christian was going to the Celestial city, and gave fight to him. It was "nip and tuck" with them for a long time, and I wasn't sure how it would come out. But at last Christian gave Apollyon a good punch under the fifth rib, and the dragon flew away. He wasn't through with his troubles, though; in fact, all sorts of enemies came upon him. There was a Giant Despair—it was he who was figured in one of the pictures—who took him to his castle and thrust him into a dungeon; and this giant had a wife called Diffidence—which seemed a very funny name for a woman who advised the giant to give Christian and Faithful a good sound beating every day after breakfast. He did give them a beating, and a good many of them; and Christian would have been murdered outright, if he had not bethought himself of a key he had, which unlocked the door of the giant's dungeon; and so he stole out and escaped. It was very stupid of him not to think of that key before, but he didn't.

So he went on, this plucky, earnest Christian—meeting with hobgoblins—worrying terribly in a certain Valley of Humiliation—enjoying himself hugely in the Delectable mountains, where some hospitable shepherds lived and entertained him,—reaching the very worst, as would seem, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death; but coming out all right at last by the shores of the river of Life, and in the streets of the CELESTIAL CITY.

Don't forget that it was a Sunday on which I first read this book, and dreamed, after it—of Apollyon (who I imagined a monster bat, with wings ten feet long, and flopping them with a horrible, flesh-y sound)—also of Giant Despair and his deep dungeon, (*if* Christian had happened to forget the key!)

I don't think I dreamed of old Worldly Wiseman, or Pliable, or Legality, or Pick-thank. These are humble, riff-raff characters (to boys), compared with Apollyon. But the day will come when grown boys will reckon them worse monsters than even Apollyon—by a great deal. I know I do.

There was a second part to this story—though both parts were bound in one within the leather covers I told you of. It was too much together for one day's reading; but I came to it all afterward.

The second part tells the story of Christian's wife and children, and how they packed up, and journeyed by the same road through the Valley of Humiliation, and over the Delectable mountains to the Celestial City. And there was a splendid fellow called Great-Heart who traveled with them and

Digitized by Google

made much lighter of the dragons than Christian did, and who loved a good fight, and who—if the story is true, which you must judge of yourselves—absolutely went over into the grounds of Giant Despair, and slew him—as much as such a character can be slain.

I thought all the world of Great-Heart. I was glad when Mercy, who was a pretty, nice young woman that joined the travelers, refused Mr. Brisk (not much of a man); and I thought Great-Heart ought to have married her. But it didn't end so. Great-Heart never married. In fact the story is so rapid, there is no time for marrying.

Well, that story in the leathern covers, and as big as a Bible, has been printed by thousands and hundreds of thousands, and has been translated into all the languages of Europe, and it was written by a traveling tinker! Think of that.

John Bunyan was his name; and he was born in a house built of timber and clay (which was standing not many years ago) in the little village of Elstow, near to Bedford, England.

Bedfordshire is a beautiful county, there are fine farms and great houses, and beautiful parks in it; but this man, John Bunyan, was the son of a traveling tinker, and was born there only a few years after the pilgrims landed from the Mayflower, on Plymouth Rock. He says of himself that he was a wild lad, swearing dreadfully, going about with his father to tinker broken tea-pots, lying under hedges, having narrow escapes from death. Once, falling into the river Ouse, and another time handling an adder and pulling out his fangs with his fingers.

But he fell in with Puritan preachers, who "waked his conscience;" for he lived just in the heart of those times which are described in Walter Scott's novel "Woodstock;" and he didn't think much of Episcopacy or Bishops; and at last he took to preaching himself, having left off all his evil courses. He married too, and had four children—one of them, Mary Bunyan, blind from her birth.

He fought in the civil wars under Cromwell, and it is possible enough that he may have seen Charles the First go out to execution. May be he was one of those crazy fellows who came to Ditchley (in Scott's novel) to help capture the runaway, Charles the Second, who was gallivanting in that time in the household of old Sir Arthur Lee. He throve while the Commonwealth lasted, but when Charles the Second was called back to the throne in 1660 (John Bunyan being then thirty-two years old), it was a hard time for Puritans, and worst of all for such Puritan of Puritans as the Puritan preacher—Bunyan.

They tried him for holding disorderly religious meetings, and he put a brave face on it and contested his right; but this only made the matter worse for him, and they condemned him to perpetual banishment. Somehow, this judgment was changed in such a way, that Bunyan, in place of being shipped to Holland or Amercia (where he would have found a parish), was clapped into Bedford jail, where he lay (he tells us) "twelve entire years." He had no book there but the Bible and Fox's Book of Martyrs. He made tag-lace to support his family, the while he was in jail, and bemoaned very much the possible fate of his poor blind daughter Mary.

While he was living this long prison life, country people in England were reading the newly printed book, by Isaac Walton, called the Complete Angler, and during the same period of time, John Milton published his Paradise Lost; and in that Bedford jail, in those same years, John Bunyan wrote the story I have told you of, called "The Pilgrim's Progress."

He came out of jail afterwards—a good two hundred years ago to-day—and took to preaching again. But he preached no sermon that was heard so widely, or ever will be, as his preachments in "The Pilgrim's Progress."

He went on some errand of charity in his sixtieth year, and took a fever and died in 1688. It was the very year in which the orthodox people of England had set on foot the revolution which turned out the Papish King James the Second, and brought in the Protestant William and Mary. Poor John Bunyan would have seen better times if he had lived in their day, and better yet if he had lived in ours, and written in the magazines as well as he wrote about Great-Heart.

Live as long as you may, you can never outlive the people that he set up in his story.

Messrs. Legality, and Cheat, and Love-lust, and Carnal-mind, we meet every day in society. Every boy and girl of you all will go by and by—stump—into some slough of Despond; and God help you, if the pack you carry into it is big! Always, and all times, there must be thwacking at dragons in our own valleys of humiliation, and if the teeth of Giant Pope are pulled, Giant Despair, whatever Great-Heart may have done, will be sure to catch us some day in Doubting Castle. In fact, I don't much believe Great-Heart did kill him, and think, to that extent, the work is a fiction. Giant Despair lives; you may be sure of it; and he has a new wife; and her name is not Diffidence now, but Swagger; and you would do well to give her a wide berth. As for that Valley of the Shadow of Death, who that has lived since Bunyan died, or who that shall live henceforth, may escape its bewilderments and its terrors? The poor tinker and preacher—the zealous writer who made his words cleave like sharp knives, sleeps now quietly (to all seeming) in a grave

Digitized by Google

on Bun-hill Fields; and we shall have our resting places marked out too, before many more crops of autumn leaves shall fall to the ground; but evermore, the path to such resting-place, for such as he, and for such as we, must lie straight through the awful Valley of the Shadow of Death.

It would be a sad story if there were no Celestial City. Now, let us read "The Pilgrim's Progress."

TOMB OF JOHN BUNYAN.—(TAKEN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

SAM QUIMBY'S ART SUMMER.

By Fanny Barrow.

In the warm August days, with their golden sunshine, making wood and sky magnificent, an artist named May came to live with farmer Quimby. He set his easel up in the "spare room," spare and prim enough; for Mrs. Quimby—although she kept everything as neat as a pin, and cooked delightful doughnuts—knew as much about making a room beautiful to live in as a cat knows about playing the fiddle.

So the artist went into the woods, and brought back long trailing vines, and twined wreaths over the windows and door. He hung up a set of wooden shelves, ornamented with birch bark, upon which he arranged his books; and the room began to look comfortable.

But Mrs. Quimby, who was a fat, funny-looking old lady with no shape at all to speak of, lifted up her hands and eyes and exclaimed, "Wall now! It just beats me why he should want to litter up the room with them ar old weeds!"

Not so Sam, the farmer's son—a great, rough, healthy, country boy. He stood at the door, bashfully peeping in, and declared that it was "terrible pooty," and "dreadful nice," and when the artist looked up smiling at these compliments, he rushed off and hid himself in the barn.

Sam was out in the fields nearly all day, tossing hay, and riding home on top of great loads of it, full of grasshoppers; and whenever he could get a chance, darting into his mother's pantry, eating doughnuts and drinking milk. But now, he did something besides this. He forgot his work, to watch the artist. Great and greater grew his wonder, as the woods and mountains so familiar to him appeared upon the canvas. And when the lovely little stream, which sang all day long through the wood, and at last in a high frolic, tumbled heels over head over a boulder, came to light in the artist's work, Sam had almost spasms of delight.

Digitized by Google

"NOW, I'LL PUT A LITTLE COLOR ONTO YOU."

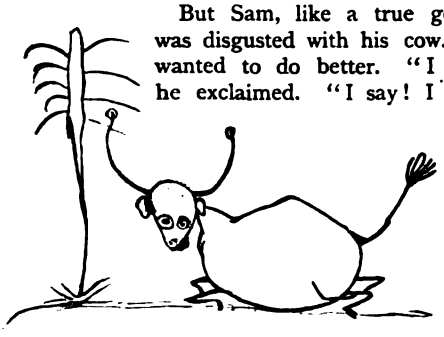
"Oh dear," he cried, "I wish I could make pictures. I must! I will!" and he rubbed his hair up hard with both hands, and looked quite crazy enough for a genius.

He begged his mother for paper and pencil, and rushing out, climbed up into the fork of a tree, and after many attempts, during which he chewed his pencil into bits, he drew

Digitized by Google

this beautiful picture of a cow reclining at her ease.

Here it is; quite nice, I think, for a beginning. At any rate, it looks more like a cow than it does like a crocodile.



But Sam, like a true genius, was disgusted with his cow. He wanted to do better. "I say!" he exclaimed. "I say! I know how to make a cow *here*,"—thumping his head with his fist, "why can't I get it right on paper?"

The next day he drew the cat washing her face by the kitchen fire. It looked very like the cow, with whiskers instead of horns, but never mind. Sam went on sketching everything he saw, on odd bits of paper, and all over the wall of his little room in the peaked roof of the cottage, until Mrs. Quimby, dreadfully worried about him, said to the farmer, "I'm clean tuckered out about Sam; I do believe he has gone cracked!"

"Gone cracked!" repeated the farmer. "Why, Molly, he's a'most as smart as the painter fellow! Why, now, just look at that there cat he took! Why, it's as likely a picture as ever I see."

"Oh," cried Sam, delighted at this praise, "I've got some paintin' fixin's that Mr. May gave me, and I'd like to take your portrait, Pop. Just you sit down and let me try."

The other artist had gone away trout-fishing for the day, and Sam, in his delight, proposed to borrow his easel and paint his father in fine style.

Down sat the good old farmer, grinning and chuckling, and Sam, staring his eyes nearly out of his head, made a lovely profile likeness of his father, with his old cloth cap stuck far back on his head, and one eye very flat and wide open, in the top of the forehead.

"Wall, I declare!" cried the old man, looking into the picture as though it were a mirror, "it beats all! but I must go now."

"All right," said Sam, as he leaned back in his chair to take an admiring gaze at his work; "you go and I'll stay and put a little more color onto you."

Meantime, the other artist had returned unexpectedly, and he was now standing at the door nearly bursting with suppressed laughter. At last a queer choking sound caused Sam to turn around. Up he jumped, dropped the palette, tried to pick it up, stepped on it, fell over it, and in his frantic struggles, upset the easel, with the tumbler of water, his father's portrait and all, and finally picked himself up with his hair straight on end with fright and confusion.

"Well, my young Titian," said the artist as soon as he could speak for laughing, "there's nothing to be ashamed of. Do you think you would like to be a painter? If you choose I will give you lessons."

This glorious offer made Sam turn crimson, and tingle from head to foot with delight. He had no fine long words in which to express his joy. He only answered, "Oh, yes, sir," and rushed out into the kitchen, to stand on his head, and dance a hornpipe, in order to relieve his feelings.

Then, all at once, he went up to his mother, who was rolling out paste for an apple-dumpling, and said in a strange, soft, new voice. "Oh mother! I am going to learn to be a painter, then I too will know how to paint the beautiful woods and mountains."

After this, Sam's thoughts by day were of painting, and he dreamed of nothing else at night.

But Mrs. Quimby went about turning up the whites of her eyes and moaning. "Who on earth will help your father with the farm? Who'll help him, I want to know?"

While the good old farmer, who was as sensible an old fellow as you will meet in a month of Sundays, said: "Never you mind, Molly; if it is in him to be a painter, he won't make a good farmer; so just you let the boy try."

Sam is hard at work now, learning his art—and for aught you and I know, or do not know—one of these days we may hear again of Samuel Quimby, Esq., the great painter.

Digitized by Google

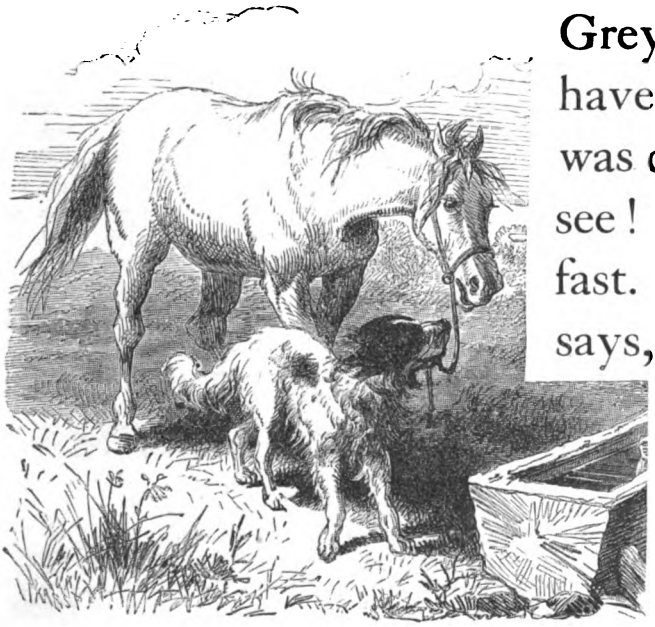
FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS.

"Oh, come, Bell," said Kate, with a hop, skip, and jump; "come take a walk with me."

"Oh yes," said Bell, "let us go," and she too had to hop, skip, and jump, she was so glad.

Down the lane they went, hand in hand, with a hop, skip, and jump, all in a lump, till they fell with a bump, just by a pump. But they were not hurt. Oh, dear no! not a bit!

"Oh, look!" said Bell, "look at Dash, and old Grey! Why, Grey must have told Dash that he was dry, oh so dry! and see! Dash has the rope fast. He looks up! he says, 'Come to the pump, old Grey, and take all you want.' I love Dash, don't you?"



Digitized by Google

THE WONDERFUL RIVER.

By Paul Fort.

[see frontispiece.]

The entrance to the cave was not imposing. It seemed like a hole in the ground—and that, in fact, was all it was. But those who had gone through this hole and had entered the grand "chamber of the Dome," through which the Wonderful River ran, knew what a magnificent place the cave was. The underground dwarfs used to sail on the river in their boats, and when their torches blazed up they could see the roof high above them sparkling as though it were set with diamonds, and wherever the light struck on the walls they shone and glittered like piles of polished crystal. Long pendants, hanging as if they were icicles of stone, gleamed with bright edges and points from the arches overhead, and under all this grandeur and brilliancy the river rolled, dark and silent. The underground dwarfs (and no one else had ever seen this cave) understood very little about this river. They knew it came out of the wall at one end of the cave and went into the wall at the other end, but that was all they knew. And considering how curious they were, and how anxious to find out things, it is a wonder that the river remained a complete mystery until young Akaran's day. Young Akaran made up his mind that he would find out all about the river, and one day he took a little boat and after fitting it up for an exploration, he rowed to the place where the river entered the wall of the cave. Then, as there was plenty of room for both the river and his little boat, he pulled into the great tunnel through which the water flowed. He was gone ever so many days, and all his friends thought he was lost, but one afternoon they heard his voice calling over the water under the great Dome, and they rowed out with torches to meet him. The Most Important dwarf sat in the prow of the first boat and everybody was full of joyful expectation. Akaran had wonderful things to tell.

"I rowed and I rowed for a day and a night," said he.

"And what did you discover?" asked the Most Important dwarf.

"Oh! I went on still further, and rowed, and rowed, and rowed."

"And what did you find out then?"

"I didn't stop," said Akaran, "but I rowed on and on, until at last the rocks were so many and so sharp, and the wind was so cold, that I thought I had gone far enough, and so I came back, rejoicing that I had rowed further along the Wonderful River than any one in the world."

"But what did you see?" the Most Important dwarf asked again.

"Oh, I couldn't see anything. It was as dark as pitch all the way. And the wind blew so that I could not light a torch."

"And so you really saw nothing at all?"

"Not a thing," said Akaran. "But no one ever went so far along the river before."

"And no one ever shall again," said the Most Important dwarf. "To risk life where nothing is to be gained by it, is all stuff and nonsense. Let us row home."

And so the Wonderful River has ever since flowed on as before, dark and mysterious beneath the great Dome and through the unknown tunnels. None know whence it comes or whither it goes.

But the dwarfs are just as happy as if they knew.

My little one came, and brought me a flower,
  Never a sweeter one grew;
But it faded and faded in one short hour,
  And lost all its pretty blue.

My little one stayed in the room, and played;
  And so my flower bloomed bright—
My beautiful blossom that did not fade,
  But slept in my arms all night.

Digitized by Google

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE I am again! Nothing very much to say, so I suppose we'll talk rather longer than usual.

LEAVE THE HOUSE.

SOME of you children look pale. That's because you don't exercise enough in the open air—you, little girls, I mean especially. Study your lessons if you must, for I wouldn't on any account interfere with the advice of other Jacks; but remember that there are out-of-door lessons to learn—music lessons to take from the birds in summer and the winds in winter, picture lessons from Master Nature, health lessons from Dr. Oxygen, and love lessons from the bright blue sky. Don't miss them, my dears, else some day you'll be "kept in" for non-attendance in a way you'll not fancy. What would you like to hear about this time? The birds have brought me word of all sorts of doings, and I hardly know where to begin.

INDIA RUBBER TREES.

ARE all of you provided with India rubber boots for the winter? A smart bird asked me the other day if I'd ever seen an overshoes tree. He thought he was having a good joke on poor Jack. But I stirred his feathers by telling him that I hadn't seen one, but that I knew more about them than he could chirp to the moon in a fortnight. You see, a South American bird had told a friend of mine all about it. He gave me some figures about the caoutchouc or India rubber tree that I can spare as well as not: The trees are very plentiful, 43,000 of them having been counted in a tract of land eight miles wide and less than four times as long. They are tapped for the sake of a milky juice, which is the India rubber used in manufacture. This juice or "gum" is whitish at first, but is blackened by smoke. Each tree yields about a tulipful a day, and can be tapped for twenty successive years; so you see, in case you haven't your boots yet, the chances are that they are oozing out of some tree for you at this very moment.

NIGHT SCHOOLS.

TALKING of lessons, I wonder if the ST. NICHOLAS children have any idea of how many girls and boys go to night schools. The poor little things have to work during the day, and so, rather than not have any schooling at all, they say their lessons at night. Not only young persons, but middle-aged men and women attend these schools. I know of one man past forty years of age who has learned to read at a night school within the last two years. All honor to him and the school too. Such schools abound now in the large cities. They have fine rooms, good teachers, and many thousand pupils in all. Capital thing; but (whisper) I'm glad I don't have to go.

A STRETCH OF GOLD.

TALKING of figures, a humming bird told me the other day on the very best authority that a piece of pure gold as big, or, I should say, as small as his own bright little eye, could be beaten out thinner and thinner until it would cover seventy square miles. Some of you school-boys may say "That's too thin," but you're mistaken; and besides, Jack doesn't approve of slang expressions.

A NEW CONUNDRUM.

HERE'S a conundrum. Very young folk needn't apply. What wild animal is the past tense of a verb which, spelled with two letters, means a negative?

It's a *gnu* conundrum, you observe.

TREES UPON STILTS.

DID ever you hear of trees upon stilts? A lady who had been reading a book called the "Desert World" told a little bird about it, and the little bird brought word direct to me. In Guiana and Brazil, the lady said, are found the immense forests which supply the whole world with nearly all the dye woods in use, and the most beautiful timbers for cabinet work. These trees love the sea air, so they grow as near to the shore as they can without having their roots and trunks washed by the salt water, which would kill most if not all of them. Between these great forests and the open ocean stretch vast swamps, which at low tide are only marshy, but at high tide are covered with several feet of water. In these swamps grow immense quantities of mangroves, their dense foliage seeming to float on the surface of the water when the tide is in, but when it is out the branches present the appearance of growing out of the sides of prostrate trunks of trees, which are supported upon immense crooked stilts. These

Digitized by Google

stilts are the bare roots, which are obliged to seek the deep rich mud for nourishment, at the same time that they must support the trunk and branches at a height that the tide cannot affect them. The mangrove swamps are the haunts of many curious creatures which are here almost perfectly safe from pursuit, for the tangled masses of roots are a more effectual defence than the strongest walls.

A VERY FUNNY BOOK.

I DON'T know when I've laughed inwardly more than I did at a book that a dear little girl had in our meadow yesterday. The pictures are enough to split the sides of the soberest Jack-in-the-Pulpit that ever lived; so funny, and so bright with color that, for a moment, it seemed to me as if the autumn landscape had suddenly turned into a great big illuminated joke. The book is English—I'd wager my stalk on that; but it is republished by Mr. Scribner's publishing house in New York. It is called "The Ten Little Niggers;" and I'll tell you the thrilling story it illustrates, if you'll allow me to change one little word throughout the poem, so as not to hurt anybody's feelings:

THE TEN LITTLE BLACK BOYS.

Ten little black boys went out to dine;
One choked his little self, and then there were nine.

Nine little black boys sat up very late;
One overslept himself, and then there were eight.

Eight little black boys, traveling in Devon;
One said he'd stay there, and then there were seven.

Seven little black boys, chopping up sticks;
One chopped himself in halves, and then there were six.

Six little black boys, playing with a hive;
A bumble-bee stung one, and then there were five.

Five little black boys, going in for law;
One got in chancery and then there were four.

Four little black boys, going out to sea;
A red herring swallowed one, and then there were three.

Three little black boys, walking in the "Zoo;"
The big bear hugged one, and then there were two.

Two little black boys, sitting in the sun;
One got frizzled up, and then there was one.

One little black boy, living all alone;
He got married, and then there were none.

THE BEST PATHFINDERS.

Do my young Americans know who are the best pathfinders on the American continent, the great original pathfinders of the West? I'll tell you. They are the buffaloes. Yes, sir, it's true. Hear what a correspondent of ST. NICHOLAS writes with the quill of a dear gray-goose friend of mine:

As the frosts of winter destroy their pastures in the north, so the heats of summer parch those in the south, and the buffaloes must, each spring and autumn, take long journeys in search of fresh feeding grounds. The large size and weight of these somewhat clumsy explorers make it rather difficult for them to cross the mountains, so they seek out for themselves the most practicable routes; and hunters and emigrants have found that a "buffalo-track" offers the surest and safest path for men and horses. The best passes in the Cumberland and Rocky mountains, and the regions of the Yellowstone, and the Colorado, have been discovered by following the trail of these sagacious animals.

I know this is so, for the great traveler, Humbolt, once wrote: "In this way the humble buffalo has filled a most important part in facilitating geographical discovery in mountainous regions otherwise as trackless as the Arctic wastes, as the sands of Sahara."

ORGAN MOUNTAINS.

I KNOW where there are some organ mountains! How did I hear? Why, the fact is, my new ST. NICHOLAS friends, without intending the slightest disrespect to the birds, already have begun to send me paragrams, as I suppose all messages over the paragraphic wires must be called. Here's the message about organ mountains: "I don't mean musical instruments, dear Jack, so big as to be called mountains—though there are some cathedral organs large enough to almost deserve the term,—but real mountains. Up to heights sometimes greater than that of Mount Washington, these organ mountains do not differ from other ranges in the same countries. But suddenly, from the midst of the trees and verdure with which the lower parts of the mountains are covered, there rise the vast and smoothly-rounded columns of sparkling porphyry whose resemblance to the pipes of gigantic organs gives a name to the mountains.

"Peaks and ranges of this kind are found in France and in Mexico, but the most celebrated are the *Sierra de los Organos* in Brazil, rising west and north of the beautiful bay of Rio Janeiro. To make the resemblance more complete these mountains emit a grand and wonderful harmony. The lightest breeze, even the cry of a jaguar, or the howling of a monkey, passing between these vast stone pipes produces a wild and solemn music. The great instruments are seldom quite silent, even in the calmest weather, but in a storm their mysterious tones rise and swell into harmonious thunder. Sometimes long before a storm breaks upon the country below, the inhabitants are warned by the notes of the mountains that a tempest is coming, and the Indians whisper, 'The Great Spirit makes thunder-music; by and by He will be angry.'"

Digitized by Google

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE most charming book for young readers published this season, is "*Bed-time Stories*," by Louise Chandler Moulton (Roberts Bros., Boston). The volume contains sixteen delightfully-told tales, just as full of lovable boys and girls as any book can be. We fear that if any of these stories were told at bed-time to some young folks we know, they would not have their natural rest, for it would be impossible to get them to go to sleep until every story was told. The illustrations are by Addie Ledyard, and altogether it is a book which our little folks—the girls especially—ought to have before the year is out.

AFTER you have read Mrs. Moulton's book you hardly can find anything new that will interest you more than *Northern Lights*, a collection of stories by Swedish and Finnish authors, translated by Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown. The publishers (Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia) have had the original Swedish pictures re-drawn by Mr. Bensell, and the book is one of the handsomest of the season. These "Lights" will lead you into the very brightest and richest nooks of story-land, and, what is of great importance, they will bring you back again, with its gleams still lingering about you. It is a good thing to feel, after we have read a delightful book, "Ah, now I can strive and study with a will!" But if it makes us sigh, "Ah, how can I take up my old humdrum life again!" we may be sure something is wrong.

Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, send us "*Lady Green Satin.*"

Lady Green Satin was only a little white mouse, living in a cattle-shed on the Pyrenees mountains, until Jean Paul found her.

Jean Paul was nine years old. His father was dead, his mother and sisters very poor, so poor, that the dear little fellow ran five miles to carry a letter and fetch its answer, in order to earn a little less than ten of our cents, that he might buy black-bread to give them to eat.

The way was so long that on his way back it grew quite dark. The rain began to fall, and he went into the cattle-shed where Lady Green Satin and her maid Rosetti lived.

In the night when the white mice began to nibble at the little boy's supper of white bread, Jean Paul caught them, put them on his head underneath his leather cap, fastened it, and went home before daylight.

This delightful new fairy story tells us how the little white mice came to be Lady Green Satin and her maid Rosetti; how Jean Paul taught them to perform wonderful tricks on a small white board, which he called his theatre; how, when times were bad and he could get no more money by exhibiting Lady Green Satin among the Pyrenees, he left his home one day, with the consent of his mother, and made his way to Paris. The story tells us how, after many days the little fellow came to the great city; how he thought he could sleep in the streets and found that he could not; how he gained his lodgings for two sous a night, and then went and came, cold, wet, hungry, and sometimes very happy because Lady Green Satin and her maid Rosetti had performed so well, that he had gained good friends, and best of all, had gathered many sous to send to his dear mother and sisters.

The story is charmingly told. The sweet, *every-minute* trust in the good God that led Jean Paul safely through so many hard places and at last back to his home, is just the trust that children, and grown folks, too, need everywhere in order to make life bright all the way through. The book is written by the Baroness E. Martineau des Chesnez, and will, we hope, be read by every reader of ST. NICHOLAS.

"*Romain Kalbris.* His Adventures by Sea and Shore," is a book that is certain to be read—devoured, we will say—by every boy into whose hands it may fall, and upon the whole, we recommend it. The adventures are possible, the escapes thrilling; and Romain's honesty is so true in great or small emergencies, and his return to his duties at last is so satisfactory that we are inclined to do as others did and forgive him. Romain Kalbris is translated from the French of Hector Malot, by Mrs. Julia McNair Wright. Published by Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia.

"*Try and Trust; or, The Story of a Bound Boy.*" By Horatio Alger, Jr. Loring, publisher, Boston. Here is a book for the boys, by a capital writer. It is the story of an orphan boy who had been well trained, and fairly educated, but who on the death of his mother was left without means. His uncle in a distant city, influenced by the pride of his family, failed to assist him. He was then obliged to take a situation as bound-boy by the select-men of the town in which he lived. His upright conduct and fearlessness carry him safely through many perils. The master to whom he is bound is very cruel, but his unreasonable treatment only serves to show the heroism of the boy, who

Digitized by Google

bravely carries out the last advice of his loved mother, to "try and trust." After leaving his inhuman master, he meets with many adventures, and finally ——. But you must read the book for yourselves, young friends. Its fresh incidents will delight you and you'll take in good lessons without knowing it.

"*Brightside*," by Mrs. E. Bedell Benjamin. Published by Robert Carter & Bros.

This story of little Sorella, an English child, left in charge of a careless nurse in Italy while her parents went to Russia, and afterwards stolen in Naples and brought to America, is told in a simple and very interesting manner. All our children will be delighted to be told how this little stolen girl came to be known by the pleasant family at Brightside, and what came of that knowledge.

"*Aunt Sadie's Cow*," by Sarah J. Prichard. Published by Robert Carter & Bros.

A beautiful story well told by one who knows the ins and outs of young hearts.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Matt's Follies, and other Stories, by Mary N. Prescott, with illustrations. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

Children of The Olden Time, by the author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam." Scribner, Welford & Armstrong, New York.

Leaves from the Tree of Life, by Rev. Richard Newton, D.D.; *Truffle Nephews*, by Rev. P. L. Power; *Fanny's Birthday Gift*, by Joanna H. Matthews; *Kitty and Lulu* books; *Not Bread Alone*. Robert Carter & Bros., New York.

THE RIDDLE BOX.

CLASSICAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT.
2. God of the Shepherds.
3. Inferior Roman gods.
4. A Myrmidon hero; father of Epigeus.
5. A beautiful youth punished by Nemesis.
6. A legendary hero of Attica: who, emulating Hercules, undertook to destroy the robbers and monsters that infested the country.
7. A fierce and powerful Thracian people, subdued by the Romans.
8. The clothing of the Satyrs.
9. A consonant.

The centre letters, horizontal and perpendicular, name a god and a flower.

CHARADE.

MY *second* went to the side of my *first*,
And stayed through the *whole*, for the air;
There were croquet and swinging,
And bathing and singing
And chatting with maidens fair.

HIDDEN SQUARE WORDS.

FOUR words concealed in the following sentence will form a perfect word-square:

He gazes toward the lone beech on the far distant hillside, and thinks how happy he should be could he but own all those broad and fertile fields.

SQUARE REMAINDERS.

BEHEAD three words having the following significations, and the remaining letters will form a word-square:

1. Genuine; 2. To change; 3. To crook.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

I SHINE like the dew-drop when beauty adorning,
I reflect the *green* leaves sun-kissed in the morning.

1. A river famed in story.
2. This the reporter's glory.
3. A name for anything.
4. This man will have to swing.
5. And now I really wish
   To taste this Spanish dish.
6. This number's anything.
7. He played before the king.

REBUS.

[WHAT GREAT MAN IS THIS?]

Digitized by Google

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

POSITIVES AND COMPARATIVES.

(EXAMPLES.—Stream—streamer, past—pastor.)

1. He brings his bill for service done,
   And straightway mounts his steed.
2. The little rascal plays his pranks,
   Then runs away with speed
3. Now see the youth with nimble tread
   As step by step he mounts.
4. How well the story he'll relate,
   How rapidly he counts.
5. Then give me but my Arab steed,
   And well I'll shave his head.
6. Oh! what a horrid, noisy bell,
   The noontide meal is spread.

PUZZLE.

CUR
IOU sepit apht HEM
ilk ofhum AN
KIN
DN essw ASM yow N dearc
HE rubwi FEI'
LLN Eve RFI nda no
the rone asgo O dinal
LM yli FES heblo
O Me
DS he B loss
O Me
DS He Dec aye Dan
Dun Dert Hist Reeh
erbo
DYISLA ID.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES AND PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.—Hesperus, the Evening Star. (Hesperia, Granius, Vesta, Teuta, Hera, Nereis).

RIDDLE.—A drum.

ELLIPSES.—2.—Abby, baby. 3.—Levi, veil. 4.—Ruth, hurt. 5.—Sway, ways. 6.—Pass, asps. 7.—Kale, lake.

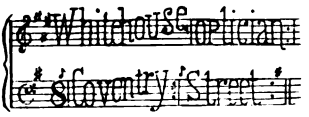
ANAGRAMS.—1.—Earliest. 2.—Immediate. 3.—Proselytes. 4.—Rapacity. 5.—Abdicates. 6.—Beardless. 7.—Journalist. 8.—Enlargement. 9.—Sectarian. 10.—Incarceration.

REBUS.—In at one ear, and out at the other.

LOGOGRIPH.—Carpet—out of which may be made: ace, acre, act, ape, arc, art, car, care, carp, cart, cap, cape, cat, crape, crate, ear, pace, part, pat, pea, pear, peat, pet, race, rap, rat, rate, tap, tape, tar, tare, tea, tear.

PARAPHRASED PROVERB.—A care-less watch inn-vi(e)-tes a vigilant foe.

THE VISION.—



DIAMOND WORD.—

```
      b
    r a g
  n e g r o
b a g p i p e
  b r i a r
    a p e
      e
```

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.—Next month we shall give the names of those boys and girls who sent to the "Riddle Box" the best list of answers to this rebus. Here are the names of sixty towns and places that can be found in the picture:

Lone Pine. Archangel. Bridgeport. Krossen. Buffalo. Rockland. Portland. Rockport. Watertown. Cape Fear. Homestead. Pigeon Roost. Hillsdale. Black Rock. Enfield. Waterford. Horse Creek. Horsford. Columbia. Domaize. Hall. Carr Rock. Log Cabin. Houston. Katonah. China. Table Rock. Genoa. Salem. Manchac. Waterloo. Cape Henlopen. Pine Hill. Boardman. Mendota. Logie. Stockton. Leghorn. Rameses. Ramsgate. Wellow. Lowell. Manchester. Bootan. Manaccan. Stone. Kane. Loggun. Canaan. Kasey's. Manatee. Crestline. Painted Post Turkey. Cape Horn. Skowhegan. Chickasaw. Washington. Bull Run. Plainfield.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

FROM A PAINTING BY DELAROCHE.

Digitized by Google

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. I. JANUARY, 1874. NO. 3.

CHRISTMAS ANGELS.

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

I FEEL like a savage—indeed I do; like Captain Kidd with his knife whetted sharp, "as he sailed, as he sailed," and the Christmas duns are coming in (you 'll know what duns are soon enough without looking in your dictionaries).

And A—— has promised to pay, and does n't pay; and B—— has promised to pay, and does n't pay. And Sligo & Co., who had a few hundred dollars of ours—laid up for a wet day—have suspended: (you 'll know what that word means too, if you live long enough).

Yet all the while, just beside me, where I am writing, I can see a white winged Christmas angel, with a star upon her forehead and hand uplifted, is warbling a Christmas carol:—

"And all the angels in heaven do sing,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the angels in heaven do sing,
On Christmas day in the morning."

"Rat—tat—tat." Somebody has come up to the door with his small bill; and would Mr. —— "be so kind as to give a cheque?"

—"And all the souls on earth do sing,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the souls on earth do sing,
On Christmas day in the morning."

Shall the angels carry the day? or, shall Captain Kidd?

There is a little gush of song from below, where piping voices are putting themselves in trim for a Christmas anthem, and it floats up the stairs and fills the upper hall, and blends softly and gently with other voices that I seem to hear above the house-tops, carrying along through the wintry

Digitized by Google

skies the first great Christmas carol of "Peace and good-will to men."

That was what the shepherds heard, you know, as they lay out of doors at night on the hillside somewhere in Judea. And I suppose the angels that sang it have been singing it ever since, on every Christmas night (eighteen hundred and seventy-three of them)—if we could only hear it. The singing master's rules can't make you hear it; nor what he calls an ear for music. There are hard-handed men and tender-hearted women whom I know, who could n't tell Old Hundred from the last new opera tune—and yet they have so taken up the burden of that old, first carol of the Christmas angels into their ears and heads and hearts, that they go echoing it in every step of their march through life.

The angels may talk in songs, perhaps; who knows? But *we* don't. There's a great deal of Christmas music that does n't get sung, nor yet tripped off from the keys of Miss Gertrude's piano.

"What sort of music, then?" says Miss Gertrude, in a maze.

Well, there is the click of needles that goes to the knitting of some warm worsted muffler for grandmamma; there is the earnest "Thank ye ma'am" from the old crone in the edge of the wood, who gets a fat fowl for her dinner that one day in the year; there is the stifled whispering of a crew of little voices, which covers—or tries to cover—some grand scheme of a gift that is to lie all revealed and dazzling on mamma's plate on Christmas morning; there are the thousand kind words of greeting and cheer drifting about in all the mail-bags of Christmas time, making the leathern pouches fuller of music than even the Scotch bag-pipes. For once, too, there is music in the school-master's voice as he says, "The boys and girls may have a holiday!"

Then there are the stealthy footfalls of that dear, tender-hearted mistress of the household as she gropes her way, past midnight, from chamber to chamber, bearing gifts heaped up and running over for the little slumberers—not waking these; but surely those quiet, stealthy, kindly footfalls of hers shall waken echoes for the blithest carols that any of the angels can sing.

For one, I don't believe that all the angels who hover near the earth at Christmas time are grown-up angels, though the painters may make them so. I think there are little half-formed, piping voices that make themselves heard from out all the Christmas carolings, more clearly and distinctly, for many a listening ear, than if they were full-grown voices.

I dare say you do not know why I should say this, or what I mean by it. I can fancy that Miss Gertrude or Miss Alice are all agape with wonderment.

But listen for a moment.

Do you know of any little private drawer, where you young people may not venture; and have you ever caught sight in it of a tiny pair of half-worn morocco shoes, which you know can fit no one—no one of the living—and have you ever caught chance sight of a certain loved figure bowed down over that private drawer; and hurrying away, as if you had no right there, have you glanced furtively afterward at your mother's face to see if there were signs of tears?

Yes, there are Christmas angels, who are not half grown; and their childish voices in the sweet Christmas tunes, change the plaint of a mother into carols of joy.

I think there are *old* Christmas angels too, whatever the painters may say.

At this, Miss Gertrude rolls her eyes in wonderment again.

Have n't you or I had, some day, a darling old grandmother, who wore spectacles, perhaps, but who had a peach bloom upon her cheek, that told of great beauty in her younger days; not over tall, but with a walk that was almost stately for its dignity? Then, she had such far-seeing, kindly eyes, we could never escape them; we never wanted to escape them; they had such a sweet, inviting fondness in them. She did not make her home with us; otherwise, I think we should have outgrown a little awe that always came over us in her presence. Yet it was an awe that was full of tenderness.

Jeanette, who was the clever one among us, said she did n't quite know whether she felt most fear or love of grandmamma: but she could never be in the room with her a half hour, and hear her talk as she was used to talk, without running up and throwing her arms around her neck in such a headlong way as put all the old lady's ruffles (for which she had a vanity) in danger.

I think Jeanette was the grandmother's favorite.

But when the Christmas box came—as it was sure to come—bless me, there was no favoritism there.

Dick had his ball—we knew what fingers had sewed up its morocco cover; Fred has his top, and a host of nick-nacks besides; and there were tid-bits of all sorts, and candies running over; but for each child, whatever that child's fancy would most have coveted, and with every gift a line of writing in that dear hand—overlooked then, in that Christmas gale of frolic, but dearly remembered now.

Does anybody who ever had such a grandmamma doubt that she is among the Christmas angels?

(I must own to you, my youngsters, that I had

Digitized by Google

quite forgotten the Captain and his sharp knife, but will tell you more of him some day.)

Meantime, I am sure that on these—of whom we have been talking—and such as these, brightening their lives with kindly deeds of cheer and of good-will—whether young or old, living or dying—in Christmas times, and in all times, a great light shall shine forever more.

THE LAST FLOWER OF THE YEAR.

By Lucy Larcom.

The gentian was the year's last child,
Born when the winds were hoarse and wild
With wailing over buried flowers,
The playmates of their sunnier hours.

The gentian hid a thoughtful eye
Beneath deep fringes, blue and shy;
Only by warmest noon-beams won,
To meet the welcome of the sun.

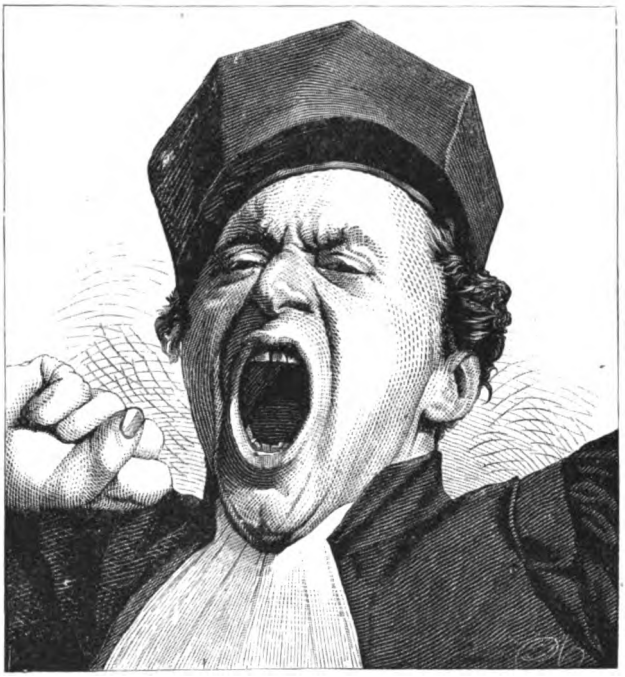
The gentian, her long lashes through,
Looked up into the sky so blue,
And felt at home—the color, there,
The good God gave herself to wear.

The gentian searched the fields around;
No flower-companion there she found.
Upward, from all the woodland ways,
Floated the aster's silvery rays.

The gentian shut her eyelids tight
On falling leaf and frosty night;
And close her azure mantle drew,
While dreary winds around her blew.

The gentian said, "The world is cold;
Yet one clear glimpse of heaven I hold.
The sun's last thought is mine to keep;
Enough—now let me go to sleep."

Digitized by Google



THE MAN WHO SAT THE OLD YEAR OUT.

THE ELVES' GIFT.

The Veritable Narrative of Thomas Graspen.

BY ARTHUR CROSBY.

IT was very cold, so cold that all about the old farm house that day—though the sun had been shining his brightest—the icicles had hung motionless, except, perhaps, in one snug little corner, where the leafless wistaria trails over the dining-room window, and the rose-bushes in their overcoats of straw looked so comfortable and warm. Into that cozy nook the sun always rushed with such an earnest good will, and lingered there so cheerily, that the coldest-hearted icicle in the world could hardly hold out against him. But on that day, before Christmas, I am not sure but even there the icicles were unyielding, it was so bitter cold. There had been a thaw the previous day, but now the deep snow was crusted over so firmly that the children could play on the top of it, without any chance of breaking through. Of course, this was grand fun. They were muffled up in scarfs, and tippets, and leggins, until they looked like so many laughing worsted balls. How their red cheeks shone, and their bright eyes sparkled! How they rolled, and tumbled, and screamed! and little Peter (he was just six) actually had to lie on his back and kick his fat legs in the air, he felt *so* good.

But for Tom Graspen, this was all too childish. Why? Tom was a big boy. He was eleven last August, and he was not going to play on the snow with the children, while "the boys" were all going skating on the mill-pond—not he.

Digitized by Google

The plan that afternoon, was to stay late, for there would be a splendid moon.

What sport they had as they made the hard ice ring beneath their steel-clad feet! To be sure, Tom was n't quite satisfied; he liked the fine skating well enough, but he seemed to want summer weather with it, and that, of course, was quite out of the question; then his skates, excellent as they were, were not of the tip-top, very best and latest make, and that troubled him. However, all the other boys were in such glee it did n't make much matter. They raced, they played "Cross the Line," and "Fox and Geese" until the blood fairly leaped through their young veins. And then when the sun had set and the moonlight came, it was like a dream of fairy-land to glide over the smooth, gleaming ice.

It was glorious! The very air was full of Christmas gladness. But all things must end; and at last the skaters knew their time was up; and so, reluctantly taking off their skates, they set out for home.

For a little way up the lane they all kept together, but when they reached the main road, Will, and Harry and Bob, and the rest, went in one direction, while our friend Tom had about a mile of lonely road, right through the woods, to walk, all by himself. To tell the truth, he did n't like it much. He was not a bit afraid! Oh, no, indeed—but then, you know, he would just a little rather have had hold of his father's hand. However, he slung his skates over his shoulder, and shoved his hands very deep into his overcoat pockets, and began to whistle very loud, and walk just as fast as his tired legs would let him.

He had gone perhaps half of the way home, when suddenly he thought he heard some one calling, "Tom, Tom!"

I tell you he stopped short, and his heart was right up in his throat, as he looked about him in every direction. But as he could not see any one, he made up his mind that it must have been the ice cracking in the brook, or some belated squirrel taking a lonely supper in the trees. So he started off again, whistling louder than ever.

"Tom, Tom," called the same voice. And this time it was so distinct and so near that he thought some one must be speaking to him from the ground. He looked down, and there on the white snow, at his feet, clearly seen in the soft moonlight, was a little man not more than six inches high, with a long white beard that reached to his knees.

He was dressed in a beautiful flowing robe, made all of Autumn leaves, and he had on his feet the cunningest little boots, cut out of hickory nuts, and a jaunty cap of snow-bird's feathers, and on the cap a tiny crown that glistened and sparkled with frozen dew-drops; while in his hand he carried for a sceptre a sweet-briar thorn.

Tom gazed at him in utter bewilderment, and rubbed his eyes and thought it must be a dream; but there the little fellow stood, with a merry twinkle in his eye, and a right cheery ring in his clear, shrill voice, as he beckoned to Tom and sang:

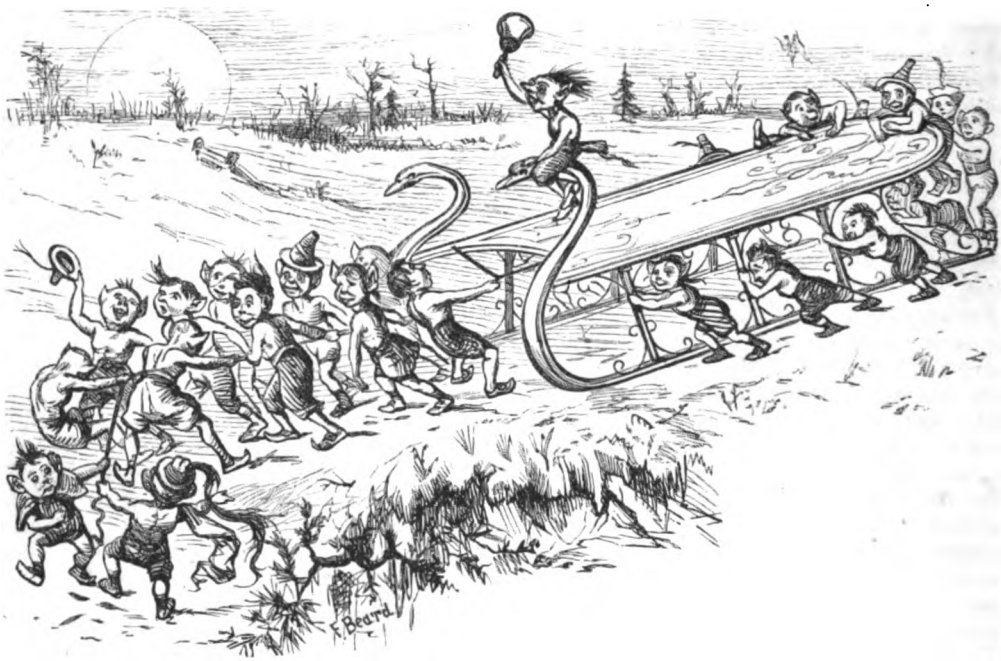
"O Tommy! O Tommy! don't stand there and shake;
But follow me quick and your fortune you 'll make;
Of all Christmas fairies I 'm chief and I 'm king,
And 't is I and my elfins the church bells who ring.
We climb the steep steeple with laughter and song,
And merrily spring on the ponderous gong;
Then with a 'heave-ho' the huge clapper we raise,
And thus gleefully hail the gladdest of days.
But my moonbeam is waiting; for, Tom, you must know,
That when king-fairies ride, on moonbeams they go.
So Tom, you young rascal, don't stand there and shake,
But follow me quick and your fortune you 'll make."

Beckoning again, the elfin king started off through the woods, and Tom, who by this time had almost recovered from his fright, followed after as fast as he could. Several times he lost sight of his little majesty, and was about to turn back, but each time he would hear the shrill voice just ahead of him calling, "Tom, Tom," and then his royal highness would come shimmering back, and tell him to hurry along. At length they reached a little hollow under a couple of old oak trees, where the snow had drifted two or three feet deep. "Wait a minute," said the elf, and disappeared. Our hero waited and waited, when, just as he was about to give it all up and go home, he saw king fairy's dew-drop crown appear out of a hole in the snow-crust that he had not before noticed. "Come now," said the tiny monarch, "and see the fairies' Christmas tree." So Tom got down on his hands and knees and looked into the hole, and oh! what a magnificent sight was before his eyes! A broad flight of stairs, cut in the soft snow, led down into a large square hall with arched corridors on every side. At the side opposite the stairway the king sat on his throne, which was beautifully carved, in fantastic shapes, from a single huge icicle; while a hundred little fellows, even smaller than their lord, danced gaily on the moss-covered floor, while, with shrill piping voices they sang a weird melody. Right in the centre stood a miniature hemlock tree, lighted, Tom knew not how, but so brilliantly that the diamonds, and rubies, and precious stones of all sorts with which the tree was loaded, glistened till Tom's eyes were fairly dazzled. Presently the king waived his briar-thorn sceptre, and as soon as silence was restored, addressed his subjects:—"Most mighty and magnanimous people," he said, "children of the moonlight, offspring of the snow-flake! On this our Christmas eve, I have, accord-

Digitized by Google

ing to our time-honored custom, brought here one little boy to share our sports and to receive a token of the fairies' kindness. Make haste and bear aloft the appointed gift."

Upon this about twenty of them, after bowing low before the throne, skipped off down one of the side corridors, but immediately returned, drawing after them a most beautiful hand sled—all carved and painted with exquisite taste, but no larger than an oyster shell; and as they came merrily on, with many a jest and laugh, the others clapped their hands and shouted joyously from very gladness and kindness of heart.



"NOW THE LITTLE FELLOWS HAD TO TUG AND PULL."

When they had climbed the stairs and passed through the entrance out to where Tom was now standing, the sled began suddenly to grow, and grow, until in a few moments, it was quite large enough for any boy to use. And now the little fellows had to tug and pull until they were red in the face, but they only seemed to enjoy it the more; and struggling manfully on, placed the golden cord in Tom's hand with a right cheery "Merry Christmas."

Now, Tom was, in most respects, an unusually good boy; but, as you have seen, he had one very serious fault: he was never satisfied with any thing that was given to him, but always wanted "something more." And so, now, instead of being grateful to the kind little elves, who had taken such pains to please him, he began to look sour and grumble, "Is that all?" The words had hardly passed his lips when the cord of his new sled slipped from his hands; the sled grew small in a twinkling, and he had barely time to see the fairies hurrying back with it into the palace of snow, when a great thick cloud came over the moon, and in the darkness he began to feel a multitude of little pinches and pricks in feet and legs, as if a whole bee-hive had broken loose, and a wasp or two besides, while a chorus of angry voices sang:

"Pinch him, and twitch him, and prick him with pins,
And jump on his toes and hammer his shins.
Send him home to his mother all tired and sore,
For Tom Graspen to-night has been asking for more.
These punishing pinches he 'll never forget,
But be thankful hereafter for what he can get."

How Tom reached home and got into his warm bed he hardly knew himself, but he woke up almost another boy on the bright Christmas morning. Everything charmed him. His presents were "just the thing," and his best friends were astonished to see him so thoroughly satisfied. In short, ever afterwards, when he felt inclined to grumble, the thought of the fairy sled and those pricks and pinches would change his sour looks into a smile of thankfulness.

As for the elves, when their king saw how disap-

Digitized by Google

pointed they were at Tom's bad behavior, he gave them permission to disguise themselves as little boys, and take their pockets full of gold to a poor cottager and his wife who lived on the edge of the great forest.

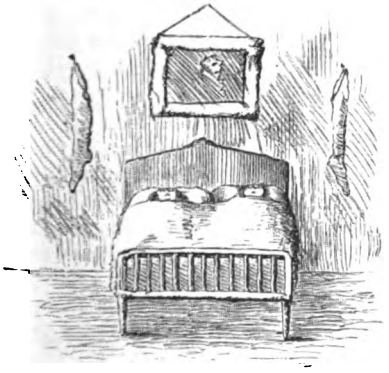
"Great Land!" cried the delighted wife, as the elves skipped away from the house. "Them children, wherever they come from, was all lighted up with Christmas!" And her goodman thought he heard far-away voices singing:

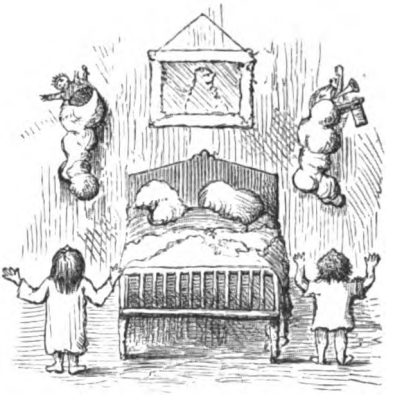
"Tom, Tom was not content,
So to a better man we went.
Hi and a-ho, it is well to go
With welcome gifts
To the poor and low-
Ly—ah—ly—ah!"

THE TRANSFORMED STOCKINGS.

(A Poem in two parts, with Illustrations by the poet.)

BY MASTER SAM QUIMBY.





PART I.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

LITTLE children in their bed,
Both their stockings on the wall;
Not a thought disturbs their dreams—
That is, if they dream at all.

PART II.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

WHEN the Christmas morning comes,
Both the children bounce from bed:
"Wh————ee, ————ew!"
That was all the children said.

Digitized by Google

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER VI.

TONY STRIKES OUT.

THERE was no doubt about it; something *was* moving. There was a rise in the ground a short distance in front of the turkey-blind, and a little patch of dark sky was visible between the trees. Across this bit of sky something dark was slowly passing.

"Ye kin see 'most anything in the darkest night," whispered Tony, "ef ye kin only git the sky behind it. But that's no turkey."

"What do you think it is?" said Harry, softly. "It's big enough for a turkey."

"Too big," said Tony. "Let's git after it. You slip along the path, and I'll go round ahead of it. Feel yer way, and don't make no noise if ye run agin anything. And mind this"—and here Tony spoke in one of the most impressive of whispers—"don't you fire till yer *dead certain* what it is."

With this Tony slipped away into the darkness, and Harry, grasping his gun, set out to feel his way. He felt his way along the path for a short time, and then he felt his way out of it. Then he crept into a low, soft place, full of ferns, and out of that he carefully felt his way into a big bush, where he knocked off his hat. When he found his hat, which took him some time, he gradually worked himself out into a place where the woods were a little more open, and there he caught another glimpse of the sky just at the top of the ridge. There was something dark against the sky, and Harry watched it for a long time. At last, as it did not move at all, he came to the conclusion that it must be a bush, and he was entirely correct. For an hour or two he quietly crept among the trees, hoping he would either find the thing that was moving or get back to the turkey-blind. Several times something that he was sure was an "old har," as hares are often called in Virginia, rushed out of the bushes near him; and once he heard a quick rustling among the dead leaves that sounded as if it were made by a black snake, but it might as well have been a Chinese pagoda on wheels, for all he could see of it. At last he became very tired, and sat down to rest with his back against a big tree. There he soon began to nod, and, without the slightest intention of doing anything of the kind, he went to sleep, and slept just as soundly as if he had been in his bed at home. And this was not at all surprising, considering the amount of walking and creeping that he had done that day and night.

When he awoke it was daylight. He sprang to his feet and found he was very stiff in the legs, but that did not prevent him from running this way and that to try and find some place in the woods with which he was familiar. Before long he heard what he thought was something splashing in water, and, making his way towards the sound, he pushed out on the bank of Crooked Creek.

The creek was quite wide at this point, and, out near the middle of it, he saw Tony's head. The turkey-hunter was swimming hand-over-hand, "dog-fashion," for the shore. Behind him was a boat, upside down, which seemed just on the point of sinking out of sight.

"Hel-low, there!" cried Harry; "what's the matter, Tony?"

Tony never answered a word, but spluttered and puffed, and struck out slowly but vigorously for the bank.

"Wait a minute," cried Harry, wildly excited, "I'll reach you a pole."

But Tony did not wait, and Harry could find no pole. When he turned around from his hurried search among the bushes, the turkey-hunter had found bottom, and was standing with his head out of water. But the bottom was soft and muddy, and he flopped about dolefully when he attempted to walk to the bank. Harry reached his gun out towards him, but Tony, with a quick jerk of his arm, motioned it away.

"I'd rather be drownded than shot," he spluttered. "I don't want no gun-muzzles pinted at me. Take a hold of that little tree, and then reach me your other hand."

Harry seized a young tree that grew on the very edge of the bank, and as soon as Tony managed to flop himself near enough, Harry leaned over and took hold of his outstretched hand and gave him a jerk forward with all his strength. Over went Tony, splash on his face in the water, and Harry came very near going in head-foremost on top of him. But he recovered himself, and, not having loosed his grip of Tony's hand, he succeeded, with a mighty effort, in dragging the turkey-hunter's head out of the water; and, after a desperate struggle with the mud, Tony managed to get on his feet again.

"I don't know," said he, blowing the water out of his mouth and shaking his dripping head, "but

Digitized by Google

what I 'd 'most as lieve be shot as ducked that way. Don't you jerk so hard again. Hold steady and let me pull."

Harry took a still firmer grasp of the tree and "held steady," while Tony gradually worked his feet through the sticky mud until he reached the bank, and then he laboriously clambered on shore.

"How did it happen?" said Harry: "How did you get in the water?"

"Boat upsot," said Tony, seating himself, all dripping with water and mud, upon the bank.

"Why, you came near being drowned," said Harry, anxiously.

"No I did n't," answered Tony, pulling a big bunch of weeds and rubbing his legs with them. "I kin swim well enough, but a fellar has a rough time in the water with big boots on and his pockets full o' buck-shot."

"Could n't you empty the shot out?" asked Harry.

"And lose it all?" asked Tony, with an aggrieved expression upon his watery face.

"But how did it happen?" Harry earnestly inquired: "What were you doing in the boat?"

Tony did not immediately answer. He rubbed at his legs, and then he tried to wipe his face with his wet coat-sleeve, but finding that only made matters worse, he accepted Harry's offer of his handkerchief, and soon got his countenance into talking order.

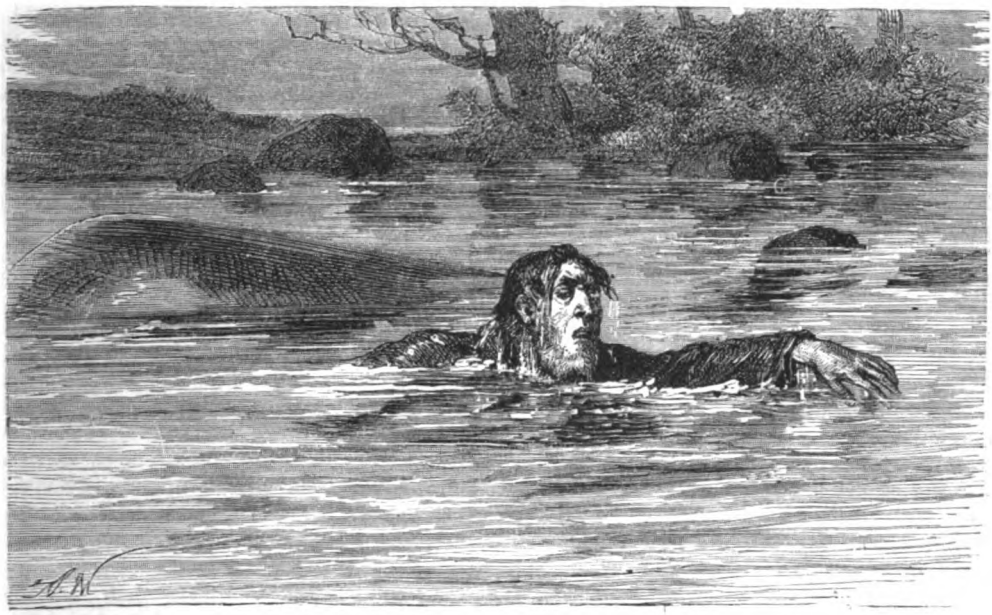
"Why, you see," said he, "I kept on up the creek till I got opposite John Walker's cabin, where it 's narrow, and there 's a big tree a-lyin' across—"

"Still following that thing?" interrupted Harry.

"Yes," said Tony; "an' then I got over on the tree and kep' down the creek—"

"Still following?" asked Harry.

"Yes; and I got a long ways down, and had one bad tumble, too, in a dirty little gulley; and it was pretty nigh day when I turned to come back. An' then when I got up here I thought I would look fur John Walker's boat—fur I knew he kept it tied up somewhere down this way—and save myself all that walk. I found the ole boat—"



THE TURKEY-HUNTER IN TROUBLE.

"And how did it upset?" said Harry.

"Humph!" said Tony; "easy enough. I had n't nuthin to row with but a bit o' pole, and I got a sorter cross a-gettin' along so slow, and so I stood up and gin a big push, and one foot slipped an' over she went."

"And in you went!" said Harry.

"Yes—in I went. I don't see what ever put John Walker up to makin' sich a boat as that. It 's jist the meanest, lopsidedest, low-borndedst boat I ever did see."

"I don't wonder you think so," said Harry, laughing; "but if I were you, I 'd go home as soon as I could, and get some dry clothes."

"That 's so," said Tony, rising; "these feel like the inside of an eel-skin."

"Oh, Tony!" said Harry, as they walked along

Digitized by Google

up the creek, "did you find out what that thing was?"

"Yes, I did," answered Tony.

"And what was it?"

"It was Captain Caseby."

"Captain Caseby?" cried Harry.

"Yes; jist him, and nuthin else. It was his head we seen agin the sky, as he was a-walkin' on the other side of that little ridge."

"Captain Caseby!" again ejaculated Harry in his amazement.

"Yes, sir!" said Tony; "an' I 'm glad I found it out before I crossed the creek, for my gun was n't no further use, an' it was only in my way, so I left it in the bushes up here. Ef it had n't been for that, the ole rifle would ha' been at the bottom of the creek."

"But what was Captain Caseby doing here in the woods at night?" asked Harry.

"Dunno," said Tony; "I jist follered him till I made sure he was n't a-huntin' for my turkey-blind, and then I let him go 'long. His business was n't no consarn o' mine."

When Tony and Harry had nearly reached the village, who should they meet, at a cross-road in the woods, but Mr. Loudon and Captain Caseby!

"Ho, ho!" cried the Captain, "where on earth have you been? Here I've been a-hunting you all night."

"You have, have you?" said Tony, with a chuckle; "and Harry and I 've been a-huntin' you all night, too."

Everybody now began to talk at once. Harry's father was so delighted to find his boy again that he did not care to explain anything, and he and Harry walked off together.

But Captain Caseby told Tony all about it. How he, Mr. Loudon and old Mr. Wagner had set out to look for Harry; how Mr. Wagner soon became so tired that he had to give up, and go home, and how Mr. Loudon had gone through the woods to the north, while he kept down by the creek, searching on both sides of the stream, and how they had both walked, and walked, and walked all night, and had met at last down by the river.

"How did you manage to meet Mr. Loudon?" asked Tony.

"I heard him hollerin," said the Captain. "He hollered pretty near all night, he told me."

"Why did n't you holler?" Tony asked.

"Oh, I never exercise my voice in the night air," said the Captain. "It 's against my rules."

"Well, you 'd better break your rules next time you go out in the woods where Harry is," said the turkey-hunter, "or he 'll pop you over for a turkey or a musk-rat. He 's a sharp shot, I kin tell ye."

"You don't really mean he was after me last night with a gun!" exclaimed Captain Caseby.

"He truly was," said Tony; "he was a-trackin' you his Sunday best. It was bad for you that it was so dark that he could n't see what you was, but it might have been worse for ye if it had n't been so dark that he could n't find ye at all."

"I 'm glad I did n't know it," said the Captain, earnestly; "thoroughly and completely glad I did n't know it. I should have yelled all the skin off my throat, if I 'd have known he was after me with a gun."

After Harry had been home an hour or two, and Kate had somewhat recovered from her transports of joy, and everybody in the village had heard all about everything that had happened, and Captain Caseby had declared, in the bosom of his family, that he 'd never go out into the woods again at night without keeping up a steady "holler," Harry remembered that he had left his sumac bag somewhere in the woods. Hard work for a whole day and a night, and nothing to show for it! Rather a poor prospect for Aunt Matilda.

CHAPTER VII.

AUNT MATILDA'S CHRISTMAS.

WHEN Harry and Kate held council that afternoon, their affairs looked a little discouraging. Kate's sumac was weighed and it was only seven pounds! Seven whole cents, if they took it out in trade, or five and a quarter cents, as Kate calculated, if they took cash. A woman as large as Aunt Matilda could not be supported on that kind of an income, it was plain enough.

But our brave boy and girl were not discouraged. Harry went after his bag the next day, and found it with about ten pounds of leaves in it. Then, for a week or two, he and his sister worked hard and sometimes gathered as much as twenty-five pounds of leaves in a day. But they had their bad days, when there was a great deal of walking and very little picking.

And then, in due course of time, school began and the sumac season was at an end, for the leaves are not merchantable after they begin to turn red, although they are then a great deal prettier to look at.

But when Harry went out early in the morning, and on Saturdays, and shot hares and partridges, and Kate began to sell her chickens, of which she had twenty-seven (eighteen died natural deaths, or were killed by weasels during the summer), they found that they made more money than they could have made by sumac gathering.

"It's a good deal for you two to do for that old woman," said Captain Caseby, one day.

Digitized by Google

"But, didn't we promise to do it?" said Miss Kate, bravely. "We'd do twice as much, if there were two of her."

It was very fortunate, however, that there were not two of her.

Sometimes they had extraordinary luck. Early one November morning Harry was out in the woods and caught sight of a fat wild turkey.

Bang!—one dollar.

That was enough to keep Aunt Matilda for a week.

At least it ought to have kept her. But there was something wrong somewhere. Every week it cost more and more to keep the old colored woman in what Harry called "eating material."

"Her appetite must be increasing," said Harry; "she's eaten two pecks of meal this week."

"I don't believe it;" said Kate; "she could n't do it. I believe she has company."

And this turned out to be true.

On inquiry they found that Uncle Braddock was in the habit of taking his meals with Aunt Matilda, sometimes three times a day. Now, Uncle Braddock had a home of his own where he could get his meals if he chose to go after them, and Harry remonstrated with him on his conduct.

"Why, ye see, Mah'sr Harry," said the old man, "she's so drefful lonesome down dar all by sheself, and sometimes it's a-rainin' an' a long way fur me to go home and git me wrapper all wet jist fur one little meal o' wittles. And when I see what you all is a-doin' fur her, I feels dat I oughter try and do somethin' fur her, too, as long as I kin; an' I can't expect to go about much longer, Mah'sr Harry, de ole wrapper's pretty nigh gin out."

"I don't mind your taking your meals there, now and then," said Harry; "but I don't want you to live there. We can't afford it."

"All right, Mah'sr Harry," said Uncle Braddock, and after that he never came to Aunt Matilda's to meals more than five or six times a week.

And now Christmas, always a great holiday with the negroes of the South, was approaching, and Harry and Kate determined to try and give Aunt Matilda extra good living during Christmas week, and to let her have company every day if she wanted it.

Harry had a pig. He got it in the Spring when it was very small, and when its little tail was scarcely long enough to curl. There was a story about his getting this pig.

He and some other boys had been out walking, and several dogs went along with them. The dogs chased a cat—a beautiful, smooth cat, that belonged to old Mr. Truly Matthews. The cat put off at the top of her speed, which was a good deal better than any speed the dogs could show, and darted up a tree right in front of her master's house. The dogs surrounded the tree and barked as if they expected to bark the tree down. One little fuzzy dog, with short legs and hair all over his eyes, actually jumped into a low crotch and the boys thought he was going to try to climb the tree. If he had ever reached the cat he would have been very sorry he had n't stayed at home, for she was a good deal bigger than he was. Harry and his friends endeavored to drive the dogs away from the tree, but it was of no use. Even kicks and blows only made them bark the more. Directly out rushed Mr. Truly Matthews, as angry as he could be. He shouted and scolded at the boys for setting their dogs on his cat, and then he kicked the dogs out of his yard in less time than you could count seventy-two. He was very angry, indeed, and talked about the shocking conduct of the boys to everybody in the village. He would listen to no explanations or excuses.

Harry was extremely sorry that Mr. Matthews was so incensed against him, especially as he knew there was no cause for it, and he was talking about it to Kate one day when she exclaimed:

"I'll tell you what will be sure to pacifiy Mr. Matthews, Harry. He has a lot of little pigs that he wants to sell. Just you go and buy one of them and see if he is n't as good-natured as ever, when he sees your money."

Harry took the advice. He had a couple of dollars, and with them he bought a little pig, the smallest of the lot; and Mr. Matthews, who was very much afraid he could not find purchasers for all his pigs, was as completely pacified as Kate thought he would be.

Harry took his property home, and all through the Summer and Fall the little pig ran about the yard and the fields and the woods, and ate acorns, —and sweet potatoes, and turnips when he could get a chance to root them up with his funny little twitchy nose,—and grunted and slept in the sun; and about the middle of December he had grown so big that Harry sold him for eleven dollars. Here was quite a capital for Christmas.

"I can't afford to spend it all on Aunt Matilda," said Harry to his mother and Kate, "for I have other things to do with my money. But she's bound to have a good Christmas, and we'll make her a present besides."

Kate was delighted with this idea and immediately began to suggest all sorts of things for the present. If Harry chose to buy anything that she could "make up," she would go right to work at it. But Harry could not think of anything that would suit exactly, and neither could Kate, nor their mother; and when Mr. Loudon was taken into council, at dinner time, he could suggest nothing but an army blanket—which suggestion met with no favor at all.

Digitized by Google

At last Mr. Loudon advised that they should ask Aunt Matilda what she would like to have for a present.

"There's no better way of suiting her than that," said he.

So Harry and Kate went down to the old woman's cabin that afternoon, after school, and asked her.

Aunt Matilda didn't hesitate an instant.

"Ef you chill'en is really a-goin' to give me a present, there ain't nothin' I'd rather have than a Chrismis tree."

"A Christmas tree!" cried Harry and Kate, both bursting out laughing.

"Yes, indeed, chill'en. Ef ye give me anything, give me a good big fiery Chrismis tree, like you all had, year 'fore las'."

Two years before, Harry and Kate had had their last Christmas tree. There were no younger children, and these two were now considered to have outgrown that method of celebrating Christmas. But they had missed their tree last year—missed it very much.

And now Aunt Matilda wanted one. It was the very thing!

"Hurrah!" cried Harry; "you shall have it. Hurrah for Aunt Matilda's Christmas tree!"

"Hurrah!" cried Kate; "won't it be splendid? Hurrah!"

"Hurrah!" said Uncle Braddock, who was just coming up to the cabin door, but he did not shout very loud, and nobody heard him.

"Hurrah! I wonder what dey's all hurrahin' about?" he said to himself.

Harry and Kate had started off to run home with the news, but Aunt Matilda told the old man all about it, and when he heard there was to be a Christmas tree, he was just as glad as anybody.

When it became generally known that Aunt Matilda was to have a Christmas tree, the people of the neighborhood took a great interest in the matter. John Walker and Dick Ford, two colored men of the vicinity, volunteered to get the tree. But when they went out into the woods to cut it, eighteen other colored people, big and little, followed them, some to help and some to give advice.

A very fine tree was selected. It was a pine, ten feet high, and when they brought it into Aunt Matilda's cabin, they could not stand it upright, for her ceiling was rather low.

When Harry and Kate came home from school they were rather surprised to see so big a tree, but it was such a fine one that they thought they must have it. After some consideration it was determined to erect it in a deserted cabin, near by, which had no upper floor, and was high enough to allow the tree to stand up satisfactorily. This was, indeed, an excellent arrangement, for it was better to keep the decoration of the Christmas tree a secret from Aunt Matilda until all was completed.

The next day was a holiday, and Harry and Kate went earnestly to work. A hole was dug in the clay floor of the old cabin, and the tree planted firmly therein. It was very firm, indeed, for a little colored boy named Josephine's Bobby climbed nearly to the topmost branch, without shaking it very much. For four or five days the work of decorating the tree went on. Everybody talked about it, a great many laughed at it, and nearly everybody seemed inclined to give something to hang upon its branches. Kate brought a large box containing the decorations of her last Christmas tree, and she and Harry hung sparkling balls, and golden stars, and silver fishes, and red and blue paper angels, and candy swans, and sugar pears, and glittering things of all sorts, shapes, and sizes upon the boughs. Harry had a step-ladder, and Dick Ford and five colored boys held it firmly while he stood on it and tied on the ornaments. Very soon the neighbors began to send in their contributions. Mrs. Loudon gave a stout woolen dress, which was draped over a lower branch; while Mr. Loudon, who was not to be diverted from his original idea, sent an army blanket, which Kate arranged around the root of the tree, so as to look as much as possible like gray moss. Mr. Darby, who kept the store, sent a large paper bag of sugar and a small bag of tea, which were carefully hung on lower branches. Miss Jane Davis thought she ought to do something, and she contributed a peck of sweet potatoes, which, each tied to a string, were soon dangling from the branches. Then Mr. Truly Matthews, who did not wish to be behind his neighbors in generosity, sent a shoulder of bacon, which looked quite magnificent as it hung about the middle of the tree. Other people sent bars of soap, bags of meal, packages of smoking tobacco, and flannel petticoats. A pair of shoes was contributed, and several pairs of stockings, which latter were filled with apples and hickory nuts by the considerate Kate. Several of the school children gave sticks of candy; and old Mrs. Sarah Page, who had nothing else to spare. brought a jug of molasses, which was suspended near the top of the tree. Kate did not fancy the appearance of the jug, and she wreathed it with strings of glittering glass balls; and the shoulder of bacon she stuck full of red berries and holly leaves. Harry contributed a bright red handkerchief for Aunt Matilda's head, and Kate gave a shawl which was yellower than a sunflower, if such a thing could be. And Harry bore the general expenses of the "extras," which were not trifling.

Digitized by Google

When Christmas eve arrived everybody came to see Aunt Matilda's Christmas tree. Kate and Harry were inside superintending the final arrangements, and about fifty or sixty persons, colored and white, were gathered around the closed door of the old cabin. When all was ready Aunt Matilda made her appearance, supported on either side by Dick Ford and John Walker, while Uncle Braddock, in his many-colored dressing-gown, followed close behind. Then the door was opened, and Aunt Matilda entered, followed by as many of the crowd as could get in. It was certainly a scene of splendor. A wood fire blazed in the fire-place at one end of the cabin, while dozens of tallow candles lighted up the tree. The gold and silver stars glistened, the many-colored glass balls shone among the green pine boughs; the shoulder of bacon glowed like a bed of flowers, while the jug of molasses hung calm and serene surrounded by its glittering beads. A universal buzz of approbation and delight arose. No one had ever seen such a Christmas tree before. Every bough and every branch bore something useful as well as ornamental.

As for Aunt Matilda, for several moments she remained speechless with delight. At last she exclaimed:

"Laws-a-massey! It's wuth while being good for ninety-five years to git such a tree at las'."

(To be continued.)

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WOULD N'T EAT CRUSTS.

THE awfulest times that ever could be
They had with a bad little girl of Dundee,
Who never would finish her crust.
In vain they besought her,
And patiently taught her,
And told her she must.

Her grandma would coax,
And so would the folks,
And tell her the sinning
Of such a beginning.
But no, she would n't,
She could n't, she should n't,
She 'd have them to know—
So they might as well go.

Now what do you think soon came to pass?
This little girl of Dundee, alas!
Who would n't take crusts in the regular way,
Sat down to a feast one summer's day;
And what did the people that little girl give,
But a dish of *bread pudding*—as sure as I live!

PETE.

BY L. G. M.

"I 'M Pete. An' I 'm a newsboy. This story ain't writ by me, coz I can't write. Nor I can't read, so if anything 's took down wrong, it won't be my fault.

"A gentlemun in one of our offices says to me: 'You tell me the story of your young un, an' I 'll take it down, and git it printed in ST. NICHOLAS.' An' he says to begin at the werry beginnin', w'en I fust seed my young un—a little chap wot I foun' arter his father died, an' he had n't nothin' but a fiddle in the world. When I fust goes up to him in the Park, down to City Hall, and asks him to

Digitized by Google

play, he takes his stick an' pulls it acrost an' acrost the strings, an' makes the wust n'ise ye ever heerd in yer life. He felt so took down when I laughed that I asked him, serious, to keep at it, till he he says, lookin' up inter my face, dreffuil disappinted, 'They 's awful n'ises, ain't they?' I says, 'Wal, no; I've heerd the cats make ten times wuss ones nor that. I guess it 'll come some time if ye keep a tryin',' an' it cheered him heaps.

"So he hugged up his fiddle an' we started down to the corner. An' I says, 'W'ere air ye goin'?' An' he says, 'Now'eres.' An' I says, 'Don't ye live now'eres?' An' he says, 'No.' An' I says they was n't no use in it, fur he could n't no more take keer of hisself than a baby ken, an' he 'd have to live with me. An' he says, 'Will *you* take care o' me?' An' I says, 'Yes, I will.' An' that 's the way he come to be my young un.

"I axed him wot was his name, an' I can 't tell yer it, fur it was one o' them blamed furrin names, an' I could n't never get it right, so I allus called him jes 'Young Un.' An' he axed me wot was my name, an' I telled him, 'Pete,' an' then we knowed each other.

"'W'ere do ye live, Pete?' he says; an' I sez, 'Wal, I live roun'—jes about roun'—here, I guess. Ye see, I moved this mornin'.' An' he says, 'W'ere did ye move to?' An' that was a stunner. I war n't a newsboy then, ye know; I was on'y a loafer. But I seed a airy; so I says, 'Wal, we'll wait till all the lights is put out down stairs in this house, an' then we 'll live here ternight. But we mus' go fust an' git our bed afore it 's dark,' I says. So we walks roun' to a lot w'ere they was buildin', an' he waits wile I digs out the bed from under a pile o' stones. Yer see, I had to bury it in the mornin's fur fear o' rag-pickers, 'cause it was a werry good bed an' comf'table, 'specially in airies. 'Wot was it?' It was a ole piece o' carpet wot I foun' in front uv a house wunst arter some people moved away from it, an' it was ez long ez—ez long ez *you* air, sir, an' longer, too. I takes it under my arm, an' the young un hol's on to my other han' an' we finds the airy agin. But we has to loaf roun' a good wile 'fore the lights is put out. W'en it 's all dark we goes down under the steps, an' I rolls up the carpet kind o'loose an' tells him ter crawl inside it. 'Will ther' be room fur the fiddle, too?' he says; 'coz, if ther' won't I don't mind, I ken sleep outside, Pete.' An he looks so worrited that I sings out, 'Of *course*, ther' will! Do yer think I 'd leave the fiddle out ter cotch his death o' cold an' be laid up an' tooken to the orspital?' An' that makes him laugh, an' then he crawls in fust, an' I crawls in last, an' then, theer we was, all three of us, squeedged up comf'table together.

"This was a long time ago, afore I was a newsboy, w'en I was tryin' to sot up a broom at the crossin's; but brooms was hard to git. We tried all next day beggin', an' on'y got two cents, an' we was so cold an' hungry that I says to young un, 'Let 's begin again in the mornin', an' let's have a treat to-night. So we did; an' we had reg'lar good fun goin' to a shop to *buy* our supper, 'stead o' beggin' it. I makes him an' the baker woman laugh axin' her to guv me 'the most she can of anything for two cents.' An', I tell ye wot, she was a jolly woman, too, for she guv us a lot o' bread, an' then she told us to hold on a bit, an' she went into another room an' bringed us out in her apron a lot o' splendid stale goodies an' some ellegant bits o' sugar wot was broke off a real weddin' cake. She did somethin' else, too. W'en the young un looked up at her an' says, 'You 's good!' an' tuk hold of her gownd, she stooped down suddent, an' *she put her two arms roun' him an' kissed him!* An' he dropped his fiddle—think o' that! He *dropped his fiddle*, wot he never let go of night or day afore. An' he put his arms roun' her neck an' hid his face agin her. An' she says to me, 'Be good to him, for he 's littler nor you.' An' he sings out, 'He *is* good to me! They ain't nobody so good as Pete in the whole world!' Then he cotches hold o' me an' we picks up the fiddle, an' the woman opens the door for us, an' tells us not to forgit weer the shop is, but to come to her w'en we 's stuck an' can 't git no supper. But I don't know wot made her stan' at the door an' cry whilst she was lookin' arter us. *We* did n't do nothin' to make her cry. An' I don't know wot made the young un cry nuther. An'—bust me! I don't know wot made *me* 'most up an' cry, too. I wonder wot it was?

"But that ain't wot I was goin' to tell yer about Santy Klaus, on'y it was just that time we used to have lots o' fun lookin' in the shop windies seein' the Chrismus trees an' things. An' wot tickled him more nor anything else was the Santy Klauses with the bags o' toys an' things piled on their backs. He axed me wunst 'Did I b'lieve they was *reely* a Santy Klaus?' B'lieve it! Do I ever in my life see one o' them images in the windies now 'thout shakin' my fist at him? The ole cheat! Ye better b'lieve I don't! Wal, the night afore Chrismus we was sleepin' down to B. F. Harriman & Co's in a big packin' box full o' straw, wot they 'd left on the pavement, an' he says to me, 'Pete, ain't this the night Santy Klaus comes an' puts things in children's stockin's wot 's hung up in the chimbley?' An' I says, 'I've heerd somethin' 'bout it, but I don't much b'lieve it, an' I never tried it.' An' he says, 'Pete, do ye think he'd come to this box ef we hanged up stockin's to the top of it? Will ye let's try, Pete?' An' I says,

Digitized by Google

'Weer's the stockin's?' An' that was a stunner. An' he says, 'O, yes; we ain't got none. An' you ain't got no shoes, nuther, Pete. Ain't yer feet cold?' he says. 'Ain't my feet cold?' Did n't I kick a shindy in a place in the gutter weer it was frozed, to let him see if my feet was cold. I got him laughin' so he 'mos' choked hisself. Then he

says, 'I tell ye, Pete—let's hang up my shoes—one for you an' one for me—an' let's *see* if he'll come.' So, I says there was n't no harm in tryin', an' I hung 'em up by the strings fas' to two nails wot stuck out. 'Cause, I thought, if Santy had a *mind* to come, theer they was. An' I stuffed the young un's feet inter my cap an' fixed the straw roun' him an' told him for to go to sleep fast; an' he did, for we'd walked a lot that day, an' his legs was werry small. But I kep' a watch to see if the ole feller'd come or not.

"Nights is awful long w'en ye try to keep awake. But, I was boun' to do it, an' I did till 'mos' mornin', when I knowed it was n't no use. Fust I counted all the lamps I could, then I counted all the windies, an' then I fixed my eye on a big star, an' every time he winked at me I winked back agin' to him. Then I beat chunes on the box to the young un's breathin'—for they was somethin' that creaked kinder in his chist, an' I could beat the chunes real easy, on'y I had to do it soft, for fear wakin' him. An' I kep' a watch on them two shoes, an' I thought of all the things I'd ever wished for in my life, an' I wondered if Ole Santy'd leave on top o' the box wot he could n't git into the shoes. Twicte I heerd a noise an', I thought, sure 'nuff, theer he was, an' I laid myself down quick, an' commenced a-snorin'. But it was n't him, an' he never come nigh the box; an' I knowed afore mornin' that he'd never come if we'd waited a hundred nights for him, an' that he was a sell! Wunst I thought mebby it was true wot I'd heerd 'bout his leavin' empty the stockin's of bad children; but he might a left *my* shoe empty an' I'd b'lieved on him; but if he thought my young un was bad anyways, jes' let him or any one else say a word agin that young un an' I'll—I'll—wal, just you *let 'em try it*—that's all!

"I never thought of his bein' so awful sorry next mornin', or I'd a done *somethin'*—but w'en he waked up an' seen the shoes a-swingin' there with nuthin in 'em, an' I says, a-kickin' up my heels an' laughin': 'It's all a sell, young un!' his face kinder shook itself all over, an', as hard as he tried, he could n't help his eyes a-cryin', an' he says, with the creakin' in his wice: '*Then, we's forgot!* Then they ain't nobody to look arter us! They would n't be nobody to take keer of me, Pete, if you got lost!' An' then he bust. I tell ye, I never in all my life had to kick up so many shindies, an' laugh so hard, as I had to that time, to make that young un stop a-bustin; an' he did n't stop a-shakin' his face an' squeedgin the tears back inter his eyes, not till I thought o' somethin'. I jumps up an' says: 'Look 'e here! We did n't do it fair!' 'Do ye s'pose, Pete,' he says, 'it't bein' shoes an' not stockin's 'd make a difference?' 'No,' I says, 'but I guess Ole Santy has too much to do to git it all done in one night, an' mebby, if we hang the shoes out agin to-night, he'll come!' Ye'd ought to seen his face shine up w'en I says that. '*Do* ye think so, Pete?' he says; an' I says, square out, 'Yes, I *do!*' an' I never lied sech a lie since I was borned. But I did n't keer for anything but to comfort him, an' I made up my mind that I was goin' to have *somethin'* in that theer shoe of his that night, if I had to tell a whopper.

"So I tuk him to a ole musicianger wot lived up

Digitized by Google

in a attic, an' wot got to teachin' him a little sometimes how to play a chune on the fiddle, an' I left him theer w'ile I went out by myself to look for somethin'. I tell ye, I stud at the crossin's an' watched the people with bundles to see if they'd drop somethin', an' I kep' my eye on people to see if I could n't git a cent somehow. I picked up a ole lady's muff fur her, an' a swell's cane, an' I cotched a dorg between my legs an' held on to him to keep him from skeerin' a little gal, an' I held open a 'bus door for a woman, an' I ran arter a gent's hat w'en the wind tuk it. An' wunst a lady dropped a ball an' a w'istle, an' w'en she did n't know it, an' I picked 'em up, it seemed as if I *could n't* give em back. I follered her a good ways, feelin' an' feelin' 'em, an' lookin' an' lookin' at 'em, roun' an' roun', an' thinkin' how tickled the young un 'd be with 'em. But I jest happened to think wot if he foun' out that *I* put 'em in his shoe, an' axed me weer did I git 'em. W'en I thought of that, I walked as fast as I could, an' guv 'em back to the lady. I looked at her *werry* sharp, but she never guv me nothin'. An' nobody never guv me nothin', an' I had to take home the young un's supper, wot I begged at last, an' nothin' else. There he was a-waitin' for me. 'It's 'mos' night, Pete,' he says, 'an' it'll soon be time to hang up the shoes agin, won't it?' An' he was feelin' so glad that he could n't stop a-talkin'. 'You's walked a long ways to-day, Pete,' he says; 'have ye had a good time 'thout me?' An' I says I'd had a jolly good time, but it was a lie. An' I had ter lie agin w'en he was n't goin' to eat anythin' till I did, an' I said I'd had my supper.

"Arter supper, I piled him into the box agin an' hung up the shoes. I waited till he was to sleep, an' then I went off agin to hunt. But I watched and watched, an' I waited an' waited, an' I could n't find nothin' at all but a leetle piece of a branch wot was broke off from a Chrismus tree. It war n't no bigger nor my hat, but I tuk it home, an' w'en I got theer an' seen the young un sleepin' soun' an' kinder laughin' in his sleep, as if he seen Ole Santy Klaus with a whole bundle o' toys for him; an' w'en I looked at on'y the leetle green thing in my hand, I come nigh bustin myself. But he moved, so I jest stuck the branch into his shoe an' crept into the straw alongside o' him.

"I did n't sleep werry much, an' I woke up fust in the mornin', an' I waited for him to wake, 'spectin' he'd bust agin w'en he seed his shoe an' nothin' but the green thing in it. But wot do ye think he did? He waked up, an' he seed it, an' —he jumped right up an' sung out, a-shiverin' an' laughin', 'O Pete! Look! It *is* true! They *is* a Santy Klaus! See! He had to go all roun' everywheer, an' w'en he got to you an' me, he had n't only this left. He put it into my shoe, but he meant it for you too. It's a sign, Pete; it's a *sign*. We *ain't* forgot. They *is somebody someweers* to take keer of us!'

"That's wot he b'lieved, an' he allers stuck to it, an' kep' the green thing buttoned up in his jacket. An' he kep' it till we got stuck on account of his bein' took sick, an' went to the baker-woman's, an' she kep' us an' put him into a bed, an' would n't let us go, but she an' me took care of him. An' the musicianger come werry often to see him, an' learn him the chunes. An' he makes me sit on the bed aside of him. 'For,' he says, 'I wants you, Pete; an' I wants you to put yer head down here, on the pillow, close to mine.' So I does it an' I hears him say: 'You's werry tired, Pete. I guess you's walked a hundred miles for me. An' oh, ain't it good, Pete, to be on a *bed?*—a *real bed!*' An' then he says, werry soft, 'Pete! *I feels somebody a-takin' keer of us!* Do *you* feel 'em?' An' I axes him, 'Is it the woman, young un?' An' he says, 'No.' An' I axes, 'Is it the musicianger?' An' he says. 'No, Pete. They's werry good, but I feels *Somebody else*, too. I don't know who it is, but I thinks I'm finding 'em out, an' I'll know werry soon, Pete—werry soon, indeed.'

"An' they is one thing wot is queer: he says that so often that *I* kinder gets to b'lieve somethin' too. I don't know wot it is, 'cept that *it ain't* anything 'bout Santy Klaus; but I believes *somethin'*. An' I's sure of it, one mornin', w'en he's sittin' up in bed, an' the woman's there, an' the musicianger's helpin' him to hold the fiddle, for he's learned a chune at last, an' he wants to play it to me. He plays it werry soft, an' feeble, an' shaky, an' he has to stop sometimes to rest, but he plays it an' he won't guv it up till he comes to the end of it. Then he says: 'Pete, that's my chune, an' its name is Home, Sweet Home. I used to think it meant home weer me an' fader an' this fiddle lived, an' here weer the woman lives, but it ain't—it's someweers else. An', Pete,' he says, huggin' of his fiddle, 'you must keep my Chrismus tree till——till——.'

"You see, sir, the little chap was set on it that he was a-goin'—but he did n't go. A week from that day he took a turn, and mended faster 'n he 'd gone down. But he was allus kind o' saint-wise arter that, and kind o' got me to bein' so blamed putikular agin doin' wrong things that—that—well, you see, sir, it's led me inter good, honest, steady bizness, and I don't look upon lyin' same as I used to, no how. As fur the young un hisself, sir, he was coaxed away agin his will an' my own, by the musicianger who's been a-teachin' an' doin' so well by him, that, if you 'll believe me, sir, he's soon goin' into a orkistry, my young un is."

Digitized by Google

HOW MEG CHANGED HER MIND.

By Elizabeth Lawrence.

Little Meg lay on the sofa in her mother's pleasant sitting-room, with a very discontented expression on her plump round face.

Everybody knows that a sprained ankle cannot be cured without perfect rest. Meg had not been allowed to put her foot to the ground for a week. Her father carried her into the sitting-room every morning, and Mamma read aloud, and played games, and devoted herself to Meg's pleasure; but on this afternoon, Mamma was obliged to go out for an hour or two, and it had just occurred to Meg that she was very tired of lying still, and, moreover, that this was the day her friend, Edith Perkins, was having a party; and she imagined what fun they must be enjoying while she was left at home with Jane, the maid. She had plenty of books to read, and a large family of dolls of all kinds, from wax to paper, besides Snow-ball, the fat white kitten, who was always ready to play, but she was out of humor, and did not wish to amuse herself with any of these things; besides, her ankle ached.

And so it happened that when Aunt Mary arrived to spend the afternoon with her pet, she was greeted with a burst of tears and sobs, mingled with oft-repeated lamentations of "Oh! how horrid everything is! I want to go to Edith's party! There never was anybody in the world so unfortunate as I am!"

Poor Aunt Mary tried soothing and petting in vain, till at last she said, "Meg, dear, I want to tell you about some little sick children I saw in London. Wouldn't you like to hear? I can't begin till you stop crying."

CHILDREN IN THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

One of Aunt Mary's London stories was not to be despised, and presently Meg said, in quite an altered tone, "Do tell me, Aunty; I won't cry now."

"Well, then, in the mighty city of London there are many people so dreadfully poor that they suffer from hunger and cold and dirt every day of their lives. Now, this is fearful enough for the strong ones, but fancy what illness must be in a crowded room, on a hard bed, with no clean linen, no cooling things to drink, or nice, nourishing food to give strength; without any doctor, very likely, and, in short, with more misery of every kind than you and I could even imagine.

Digitized by Google

"Knowing all this, good people have built hospitals, where these unfortunate ones can have everything done for them to soothe their sufferings and help them to get well. Some of these are especially for children, because it is thought they can be better taken care of in an hospital suited exactly to their wants than where there are sick people of all ages. In one that I went to see there were about fifty little patients, divided among four large, airy, cheerful rooms, with pictures on the walls and flowering plants in the windows. Each child had a neat little iron bedstead, with a white counterpane, and across each bed a sort of shelf-table was fixed on which their play-things were arranged. Very queer play-things they were, generally old shabby toys that had been discarded by more fortunate children; but although most of the dolls were more or less forlorn, and the horses didn't look as if they could run very fast, they were evidently highly valued by those little people, some of whom probably had never had a toy of any kind before. In one of the rooms the little patients were too ill to play, but as they lay back on their pillows they gazed fondly at their small possessions; and the dolls who sat on the little tables, with their legs hanging over the edge, vacantly staring at their poor little owners, I dare say did them as much good as some of the doctors' medicines.

"In the other rooms the children were able to have a good deal of fun, if one could judge from the merry laughter one heard at the little jokes that went about from one bed to another, and yet, do you know, Meg, it often was saddest of all to see the children who seemed most comfortable, because one knew that while some of the few who were violently ill might get quite well again with the good care they were having, many of these would never walk or run, or be rosy, healthy boys and girls any more in this world.

"One little boy named Arthur, I was told, was a great favorite with all the rest, and I did not wonder at it when I spoke to him, and heard his sweet voice and saw the bright smile that lit up his pale little face. He told me with delight that his father and mother and the baby came to see him every Sunday, upon which a little girl in the next bed said sadly, 'I've no mother to come and see me, for she is dead,' but she added, brightening, 'Father comes, though, once a month.'

"I turned away to hide the tears that would get into my eyes. Of course, I knew the kind doctors and nurses at the hospital did all they possibly could for the happiness of the poor little things, but it seemed to me so very, very hard, that they could not have their mothers just when they were ill and needed them so much!

"One thing that brightened all, was their sweet behavior to each other. Not one bit of jealousy or selfishness did I see, and there was a real courtesy in the way that each one seemed to care that the others should be noticed too. I could not help contrasting it with the rude self-seeking of many children I have known, who ought to behave better, not worse, than they.

"And how shall I tell you how patient they were! There was no crying or complaining, though some were suffering dreadful pain; and the only noise I heard was a slight moan wrung from the white lips of a little hero, who had been brought in the day before, dreadfully injured by a fall. There was a kind, strong angel in that hospital, whose sweet presence, though unseen, was felt." "Yes," whispered Aunt Mary, as she bent to kiss Meg's upturned questioning face, "it was the angel of patience, darling, and he will always come to anybody who longs for him, and tries faithfully to keep him when he is here."

The story was finished and Meg lay quite still for some minutes, thinking, with her hand fast clasped in Aunt Mary's. Then she said softly, "I'm very sorry I was so naughty, I don't really think I am more unfortunate than anybody else, and I'll never say so again."

Meg did not forget her promise, and all through the remaining weeks of her confinement to the sofa, the angel of the hospital staid close by her side.

CHRISTMAS IN SPAIN.

BY JOHN HAY.

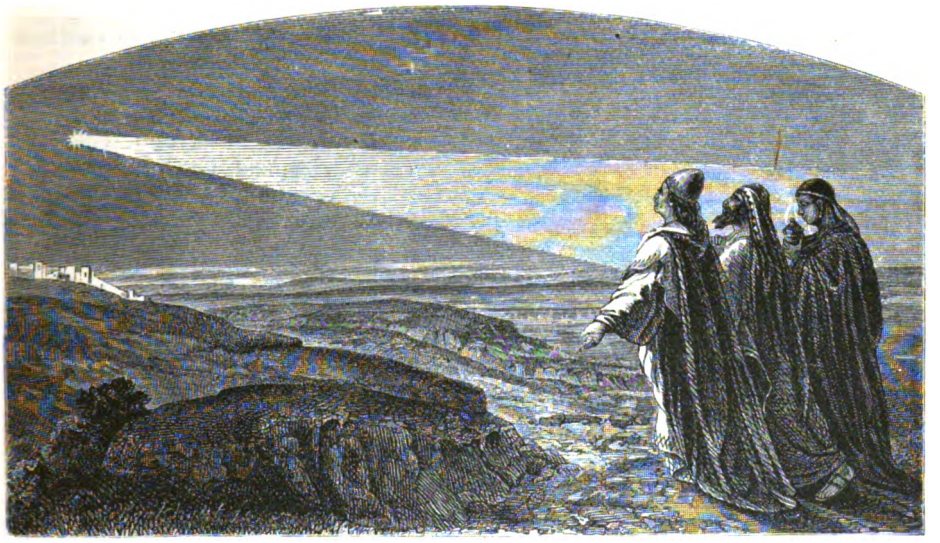
THERE is no civilized country on earth in which children are not made happy by the promise of the coming Christmas. But in every country the festival is called by a different name, and its presiding genius is painted with a different costume and manner. You know all about our jolly Dutch Santa Claus, with his shrewd, twinkling eyes, his frosty beard, his ruddy face and the bag of treasures with which he comes tumbling down the chimney, while his team of reindeer snort and stamp on the icy roof. The English Christmas is equally well-known, and the wonders of the German miracle-tree, the

Digitized by Google

first sight of which no child ever forgets. But you are, perhaps, not so familiar with the spirit of the blessed season of advent in Southern Europe, and so I will tell you some of the pleasures and fancies of the Spanish Christmas.

The good cheer which it brings everywhere is especially evident in Spain. They are a frugal people; and many a good Spanish family is supported by less than the waste of a household on Murray Hill. But there is no sparing at Christmas. This is a season as fatal to turkeys as Thanksgiving in New England. The Castilian farmers drive them into Madrid in great droves, which they conduct from door to door, making the dim old streets gay with their scarlet wattles, and noisy with obstreperous gabbling. But the headquarters of the marketing during those days are in the Plaza Mayor, where every variety of fruit and provision is sold. There is nothing more striking than those vast heaps of fresh golden oranges, plucked the day before in the groves of Andalusia; nuts from Granada, and dates from Africa; every flavor and color of tropical fruitage; and in the stalls beneath the gloomy arches, the butchers drive their flourishing trade. All is gay and joyous—chaffering and jesting, greeting of friends and filling of baskets. The sky is wintry but the ground is ruddy and rich with the fruits of summer.

At night the whole city turns out into the streets. The youths and maidens of the poorer class go trooping through the town with tamborines, castanets and guitars, singing and dancing. Everyone has a different song to suit his own state of mind. The women sing of love and religion, and many of the men can sing of nothing better than politics. But the part which the children take in the festival bears a curious resemblance to those time-honored ceremonies we all remember. The associations of Christmas in Spain are all of the Gospel. There is no northern St. Nick there to stuff the stockings of good children with rewards of merit. Why, then, on Christmas eve do you see the little shoes exposed by the windows and doors? The wise kings of the East are supposed to be journeying by night to Bethlehem, bearing gifts and homage to the heavenly Child, and out of their abundance, when they pass by the houses where good children sleep, they will drop into their shoes some of the treasures they are bearing to the Baby Prince in Judea. This



thought is never absent from the rejoicings of Christmas-tide in Spain. Every hour of the time is sacred to Him who came to bring peace and good-will to the world. The favorite toy of the season is called "The Nativity." It is sometimes very elaborate and costly, representing a landscape under a starry night; the shepherds watching their flocks; the magi coming in with wonder and awe, and the Child in the stable, shedding upon the darkness that living light which was to overspread the world.

Before the holidays are ended the three kings make their appearance again. On the eve of the Epiphany, the porters and water-carriers of Madrid, wherever they can find one young and simple enough to believe it, tell him that those royal and sacred personages are coming to the city that night, and that they must go to the gates to receive them. They make the poor fellow carry a long ladder, which, on arriving at each gate, is mounted by one

Digitized by Google

of the party, who announces that the visitors are not yet in sight. The ladder is then put again upon the shoulders of the victim, and the sorry joke is repeated as long as he can endure it.

Before leaving Spain I will give you a little story in rhyme, which came to be written in this way: One Christmas time we went to visit a beautiful Moorish ruin, and one of the party, an American boy, who was too lively to be very thoughtful, picked up a curiously carved nail, used for studding a door in old times, and, I regret to say, put it on his head under his hat. He had great trouble in carrying it home, and was very much laughed at in consequence. He wrote these verses as a penance for his fault, and I give them to you to see if you can find the moral of them:

THE CONTRABAND NAIL.

As I walked in pleasant company,
  From the tables of the Moor,
I spied a large, seductive nail
  That lay on the marble floor.
A thievish suggestion came to me,—
  Fiends' whispers are so pat—
The antiquarian flesh was weak—
  I put the nail in my hat.

Through the court I walked with rigid eyes;
  The breeze was heavy with dread—
I spoke to the passers like a boor
  With sulky, covered head.
The host passed by—the friars scowled,
  And fain would have struck me flat;
How could I bow when the host passed by?
  I carried a nail in my hat.

It weighed a ton when, at last, I closed
  My purgatorial course;
I felt that my head was growing bald
  With friction and remorse.
I dropped my nail in the Tagus' stream,
  And tried to atone by that,
For the crime I had done, and the woe I had known,
  When I carried a nail in my hat.

And I could but think as I homeward rode
  Across the moonlit miles,
How we would stare, could we see the care
  Beneath our neighbors' tiles;
The stiffened neck, the devious walk,
  The dodging, and all that
Grow plain as the sun in a Spanish noon—
  When you've carried a nail in your hat.

ACTING CHARADE.—"SILENT."

By MARY L. RITTER.

[This charade requires no special costumes, and can be acted well in any drawing-room, without scenery.]

Dramatis Personæ.—MR. CORWIN. MR. CARELESS. MARGERY. *(Servant to Mr. Corwin.)*

ACT I.—SIGH.

SCENE I.—*Room in the house of Mr. Corwin. Mr. C. at a table covered with books, law-papers, &c. Valise on the floor. Preparation for a journey.*

Mr. Corwin (heaving a long sigh).

Well, well, troubles and pains that can't be cured,
Whether with grace or not must be endured—
I hate most awfully to go away.
And yet, how can I reasonably stay?
The weather's cold, and travel insecure;
But, yet, those evils I could well endure,
Did not these papers so perplex the case.
(Takes a paper from the table, unfolds, and looks it over with a long sigh.)
I found them, too, in such a curious place,—
Concealed within the book I got to-day
From Mr. Careless, deftly laid away
Between the outside cover and the back.
These papers we have vainly tried to track,
For want of which a legal war we wage
To prove our title to the heritage

Digitized by Google

Of certain lands grown valuable of late,
For half the town belongs to the estate.
If Careless should suspect, he wouldn't dare
To come and ask me for them "on the square,"
And if I leave them, he will surely plan
Some tricky way to get them, if he can;
And if I take them, then farewell to rest.
Who would believe such things could be a pest?
They ought to be of most prodigious size,
They are so precious to my doting eyes. *(Sighs.)*
There's Margery, my good, hard-working maid,
She's kind and faithful. Still, I am afraid
Some curious gossip, over toast and tea,
And under pledge of strictest secrecy
Might worm the matter from her; for her tongue,
To tell the truth, is in the middle hung.
If I could only tie it I'd be sure;
But, nothing else would make the thing secure.
She's good as gold. Gold! that's the word for me.
Silence is golden; it remains to see
Whether with gold I can so lock her lips
That not a word from out the portal slips. *(Rings the bell. Enter Margery.)*
Well, Margery, my girl, before I go
We'll have a bit of talk. I'm sure you know
How much I prize your services. You've been
Steady, industrious, respectful, clean,
Ready to do even more than I desired.

Margery. Wal, sir, to tell the truth, when first I hired
To do your work, I thought I moughtn't stay
Without no mistress here to pint the way;
But you've been just that kind, that I could work
And not feel hurried or a mind to shirk;
And while you're gone you needn't have no fear
But what I'll do the same as when you're here,
Although I'll make so bold as just to say,
I wish you hadn't got to go away.

Mr. Corwin. I thank you, Margery. I'm glad to know
You like your home. I hope you'll stay. And so
To prove how much I trust you, and how well,
I've got a secret for you.

Margery. L-a! du tell!

Mr. Corwin. Yes; one of great importance. If you say
That you will keep it while I am away,
I'll tell you now. If it should get about— *(Sighs.)*

Margery. I moughtn't keep it, then again, I mought.
I always did tell everything I know'd.
'Tis like a flower,—the fust you know, it's blowed!

Mr. Corwin. Yes, so I thought; let me my plan explain,
If you don't speak at all, why then 'tis plain
You can't be made to tell, so you may earn
Five dollars every day till I return,
By never speaking to a single soul.

Digitized by Google

Margery. *(In great surprise.)* Five dollars every day?
Mr. Corwin. Yes; to control
That wagging member that I can't quite trust.
Margery. Sir, 'tis a bargain. If I must, I must.
Five dollars and my wages is a heap,
And I won't talk unless it's in my sleep.
'Twill be hard work; but I don't care a straw,
I'll put a sticking-plaster on my jaw.
Mr. Corwin. That's right, my girl! you never will regret it,
And for my bargain, I will not forget it.
Now for my wondrous secret: Hid away
In the big book I borrowed yesterday
From Mr. Careless, I, by fate directed,
Found in a place that no one had suspected
Some papers of great value in the case
That Careless has against me. Should he trace
The deeds to me, he'll come here to find out,
And then, I reckon, he'll find *you* about.
Here are the papers; keep them safely hid,
They're worth their weight in gold. Do as I bid—
No matter what they say or what they do,
Don't let them get a syllable from you. *(Exit Mr. Corwin.)*
Margery. So that old sarpent, Careless, is the man,
I hate him so I'll plague him all I can.
But, law! here I am gabbling away
As if I wasn't paid so much a day.
If Careless comes, won't he be in a tease? *(Trying to sneeze.)*
I wonder if it's talking when you sneeze?
(Claps her hands over her mouth in horror, and runs off the stage.)

ACT II.—LENT.

SCENE I.—*Office of Mr. Careless. Mr. C. with a box before him containing old books and papers. Books piled on the floor. Papers thrown about. Mr. C., wearing green spectacles, seated, examining papers.*

Mr. Careless. Here, let me see now; here, now, let me see,
I know just where those papers ought to be;
But if I've bought this trash of neighbor Jones,—
Just dead, poor fellow, Heaven rest his bones,—
And after all my trouble find too late
No trace of any deeds of the estate
I think I shall go mad. Why was I late?
He strove so vainly to articulate
Just at the last; but I could not make out,
Although I tried, what it was all about. *(Enter servant with letter.)*
Servant. A letter, sir.
Mr. Careless. A letter? Let me see. *(Opens, and looks at signature.)*
From Mrs. Jones; what can she want with me?
(Reads). "Dear Sir:—You were so kind in my distress,
Buying my husband's books, I can't do less
Than tell you that you 've been so fortunate
As now to hold the deeds to that estate."
(Zounds! here is luck! I hope she isn't mad—

Digitized by Google

Or parted with the little sense she had.)
(Reads.) "My husband hid them, thinking that some day
Old Mr. Corwin or yourself would pay
To get them back; but when our funds were low,
And I entreated him to let you know,
And give me half the money for a shawl,
He said he'd found they were no good at all,
Only as curious things that people buy
When their great hobby is antiquity;
That he should tell you of it the next day,
When, lo! paralysis took him away,
And I am left my mourning to begin,
Without a yard of crape to do it in."

Mr. Careless. Well, this *is* good, when here she gives away
Enough to make her rich for many a day.
But let us see where I shall find the goods;
Don't crow too loud, till you get through the woods.
(Reads.) "The volume where the papers lie concealed
Is Locke, and with the key I give 'twill yield
The treasure, which, although now valueless,
I think you will be happy to possess,
And, thanking you for various friendly loans,
Gratefully yours, Matilda Mary Jones."
Locke! gracious powers! that was the one I *lent*
To Corwin, of all men! and he has spent
At least one night with it, and has no doubt,
Scrutinized, probed, and found the whole thing out!
Lent! I shall burst with rage. Lent! lost and gone!
And no one here to vent my rage upon.
Corwin, they say, is off on some goose chase,
And no one knows when I shall see his face.
And Margery is dumb; at least I've heard
That for some reason she won't say a word.
I'll go there, anyway, on some pretence,
And end as best I can this great suspense. *(Exit.)*

ACT III.—SILENT.

SCENE I.—*Mr. Corwin's house. Margery dusting and arranging the room. Enter Mr. Careless in out-door dress, with an umbrella.*

Mr. Careless. Well, Margery, my girl, how do you do?
(Margery looks at him, and gives her duster a great shake.)

Mr. Careless. Why, what the mischief 's entered into you?
A devil, mayhap, such as used to be
About the shores of the Galilean Sea.
I'd cast him out by means of a stout stick,
Were I in Corwin's place. Where is he? Sick? *(M. shakes her head.)*
Then gone? *(She nods.)*
Why, zounds, you jade! Stop nodding so,
Or I shall shake your head, myself! But, no!
I'm wrong. I ask your pardon. I am quick,
And apt to be a little choleric.

Digitized by Google

You say that Mr. Corwin is away? *(She nods.)*
And do you know how long he's going to stay?
(Margery takes an empty purse from her pocket, and looks at it.)
Ah, ho! I see! 'Tis bad about your cold. (*Takes out his purse.*)
I wish you'd please accept this piece of gold,
And get some honey-dew, or coal-tar gum.
It's very nice to take. Now, Margery, come!
Did Corwin speak of papers, deeds, or such? *(She nods.)*
Ah, yes; he did! All right, I thought as much.
Perhaps he left them. Just step in and see.
(Margery again takes out her purse, and the key of the next room.)
Yes, yes; I understand, and I agree
To pay you well. And while you're there, just look
And bring me out my Locke. *(Aside)* I'll take the book;
Perhaps it's still within it, and this fool
Will be for once a most convenient tool.
(Margery puts the key in the door, and looks wistfully at Mr. C's money.)
Well, I will trust you. Take it now, and go.
(She goes out and returns with a bundle of brown paper and an old door-lock.)

Mr. Careless. You wretch! you thief! you cheat! Oh, heavens! Oh!
Give me my money, or I'll break your skull.
(He threatens her with the umbrella. She snatches it away and beats him with it.)
Oh, what a goose I've been! oh, what a gull!
This is the worst drop in my cup of gall,
I'll hide myself lest it should not be all;
But I would gladly suffer other ways,
If this wretch could be *silent* all her days.
(Margery drives him out at the point of the umbrella and dances wildly about the stage.

A NEW REGULATION.

If the police were elephants,
Perhaps we'd have less noise;
'Twould be so easy for them then
To "take up" little boys.

The little truants all about
Would quickly know their rule;
They'd pack each fellow in their trunks,
And take him back to school.

Digitized by Google

A GARRET ADVENTURE.

By M. M. D.

"SNOW! snow! snow!"

So it did. But Ned Brant need not have been so cross about it. He seemed to think, as he said the words, that of all unfortunate, ill-used fellows he was the most to be pitied; and of all hateful, malignant things, those soft, white, downy specks, flitting past the window, were hatefulest and most malignant.

"Christmas week, too!" said Ned, bitterly.

So it was; and perhaps it ought to have been ashamed of itself; but it didn't seem to be.

At this moment a great clattering was heard at the back door.

"They've come! after all," cried Ned, rushing out of the room and down the stair, all his wretchedness gone in an instant.

His two sisters were at the door before him, and the three opened it together.

"O, O, howdy-do? we were afraid you wouldn't come!" said some voices, and "Hello! where's your scraper?" "Pooh! we weren't going to mind such a little snow as this," cried others, all in a chorus.

Six visitors! Think of that. Two lived next door on one side, two lived next door on the other side, and two lived across the way. The first pair were named Wilbur and Rob; the second pair were Herbert and Dickie; the third pair were Jamie and Tommy. Wilbur had on an overcoat and a muffler, for he had a weak chest. Rob had a tippet tied over his cap, for he was subject to ear-ache. Herbert had a cap and a grey overcoat; Dickie had a cap and no overcoat; Jamie wore a Scotch suit; and Tommy wore a short bob-jacket and long trowsers. I tell you this so that you may know how they appeared. As for their faces, they were so rosy and bright that they all looked alike when the door opened. All the visitors were boys, as any one would have known who heard the tramping as the party went up-stairs.

Yes, up stairs they went, nine of them, talking every step of the way. The home children, Ned, Ruth, and Dot, almost always took any visitor that came, right to their mother's room to introduce them, out of respect to her, or at any rate, to give them the benefit of her hearty "How do you do, my dears?" But this time they went straight past her door, up, up, to the very garret.

"Ned," his mother had said in the morning, "if the children come this afternoon to help you keep the holidays, either play in the yard or up in the garret, for I shall be quite busy. Have all the fun you can, but be sure not to break anything and not to take cold."

You may wonder why Mrs. Brant did not say: "Be sure not to be naughty." But she would almost as soon have said: "Be sure not to cut off your heads," as to have said *that*. She knew her children too well to think they did not wish to be good. As for telling them "not to take cold," that only meant they must be sure to dress warmly if they played out of doors. The garret was never very chilly, because the heat from the furnace always crept up there whenever it had a chance.

It was a lovely old garret, light, yet mysterious, with plenty of stored-away things in it to make it interesting, and a great cleared space to play in. Just now it was even more delightful than usual, for in one corner of it was a very big heap of "potter-baker's" clay.

"O, what's that?" cried the visitors, the moment they reached the garret door.

"That's potter-baker's clay," said Ruth. "It's splendid for lots of things. Father's going to make some kind of what-you-call-'ems out of it."

Thereupon the six visitors all stood in a row and gazed at the heap. It was grey, dusty and lumpy, and looked something like faded-out garden soil.

"*What's* he going to make?" said Tommy.

"I don't know, exactly," said Ruth, "it only came yesterday."

"Was it a Christmas present to your papa?" asked little Dickie, innocently.

"I bet it wasn't," replied Ned, with lofty scorn. "He had slippers. What'd your father get?"

"Slippers, too," said Dickie.

"So did my papa," laughed Wilbur.

"I guess all gentlemens gets 'em," said Dickie, thoughtfully, "but I'd rather have 'most anything 'sides them."

Still the children stood staring at the heap of clay.

"Let's sit on it," said Jamie, with great daring. "I guess it 'll dust off."

A hint was enough. The heap was soon covered with children, and when they jumped up they found that Jamie was right. It "dusted off" admirably.

"Let's make a road," cried one of the others.

"All right!" said Ned, in great glee; but he looked at Ruth, and she answered his look with "yes; we'd best ask Mamma."

Ned was down-stairs in a twinkling. Mrs. Brant was very busily fitting a dress on her mother.

Digitized by Google

"Don't come in, Ned!" she called, as Ned opened the door. "I'm busy with Grandma; what do you want?"

"Can we play with the clay, mother?"

"O, yes, I suppose so," said the mother, pinning a plait on Grandma's shoulder; "do what you please with it, only don't throw it about and get it into each other's eyes."

"O no, ma'am," answered Ned, as he rushed toward the garret stairs again, quite delighted.

But when he reached the top, he found all the children with tears in their eyes.

They had already forgotten the clay; for Ruth had taken a big onion from a bunch that hung on one of the rafters. Wilbur had cut it in slices, and now every one was holding a piece to see "which could smell the onion longest without crying."

"What a pack of ninnies!" cried Ned, laughing, and all the ninnies laughed with him, except little Dot, who whined a little and wished she hadn't tried it.

"Have you given up the road?" ask Ned, but nobody answered him, for that old garret had so much in it to look at, so many odd nooks and corners, that before the eight pairs of eyes were dry their owners were all scudding and burrowing about like so many rabbits. What a delightful time they had! I cannot begin to tell you all the games they played, and the comical talks they had, nor how they "dressed up" in the old hats and garments they found hanging on the nails, nor how the boys made the girls scream by crying "Here's a rat, kill him! kill him!" and then flinging their victim across the floor in the shape of an old boot or a bit of torn fur. At last Tommy looked out of one of the little square windows, which was half covered with cobwebs. "I say, its snowing harder than ever—there'd have been good skating by to-morrow if it hadn't snowed!"

This seemed to make all the party serious for a moment.

"It isn't so very bad," said Ruth, who always looked on the bright side of things. "There'll be splendid snow-balling."

"Who cares for snow-balling!" cried little Dickie, "skatin's the best."

Everybody laughed at this, for Dickie was only six years old, and couldn't skate a stroke, not even on roller skates.

Suddenly, Wilbur cried "Oh!" and stood motionless, looking steadily at the floor. Rob flew to him like a good brother, as he was, and gave him a poke.

"What on earth's the matter, Wilbur?"

"Nothing. Only I bet we could! Sure as I live we could!"

"Could *what?*" cried Tommy.

"Why, make a skating pond *here*, right here, in this very garret!"

"Yes, you could," sneered Tommy, who, by the way, was the only fellow who had taken off his hat; Ruth had excused them because the garret was not very warm.

"I tell you, I could, man. I say Ned, let's do it! We can have a pond here before night. Your bath-room is right on the next floor, isn't it? Here are pots and pans enough for all of us."

All the eight stared at Wilbur, as if they thought his wits were leaving him, but he added eagerly,

"I tell you, it will be grand. We'll have as big a circle as we can get here in the middle of the garret, and make a bank out of that clay—clay holds water perfectly. Then we'll fill up the circle with water."

Their eyes danced at this, but Tommy chilled their ardor with a sarcastic

"Ho! skate on water! ho!"

"We'll open the scuttle and the windows, and let the pond freeze over-night," said Wilbur.

"Jiminy!" screamed Ned; "so we can! Come on here; we'll have the bank in a jiffy!"

"Hurrah!" cried the rest.

In an instant all hands were at work—all but Ruth, who looked troubled, and begged Dot to "go down and ask Mamma." She should have gone herself, for Dot was only six years old, and a very uncertain young woman at carrying messages.

Soon Dot, clambering down two sets of stairs, rushed into her mother's room with—"Mamma, Ruth wants to know if we can do it?"

"Do what, Dot? (Mother, do look at that child's cheeks—they're just like roses.) Do what, my pet?"

"Why, play bank with the clay," panted Dot.

"O, I suppose I must," laughed the mother. "Tell her yes, Dot." As the little girl ran out of the room and up the stairs, screaming, "Yes, yes, Mamma says you can do it," Mrs. Brant said to Grandma, "I ought to go up, I suppose. But they can't do more than make a muss with it, and they can clear it all up to-morrow."

"You're too easy with those children, Eliza," said Grandma, quietly, adding, as Mrs. Brant hurriedly took up her sewing again, "but they're such dear little things, I don't wonder you like to make 'em happy."

"Good!" cried Ned when Dot's happy message was delivered. "Mother's splendid. I say, we must fill up all these cracks with the clay, boys."

"You're sure Mother said we could, Dot?"

"Course she did," said Dot, decidedly. "She laughed, too."

Poor little Dot had no idea that she had told her mother only half of their plan. Her own head was

Digitized by Google

so full of it that she thought everyone else must know all about it, too. As for Ruth, she being three years older, couldn't help being surprised at their mother's consent to such wild fun, but she never dreamed but that her mother *had* consented. It was a time of deep delight to her, for she could work as hard as any of the boys.

In a little while the bank was made. "Many hands make light work." It was a fine affair, well packed and quite regular in shape, for Wilbur had chalked a circle on the floor for them "to work by."

So Ned and Tommy took two pails that were in a corner of the garret, and ran to the bath-room for water. Ruth gave a pitcher to Jamie, a basin to Herbert, a tub to Wilbur, and, seizing a big earthen jar for herself, gave the word for all to follow.

It was hard work, but it passed for play, and they all played with a will. They let the water run from both of the faucets into the bath tub, so that after a while some could fill at the faucets, and some could dip out of the tub.

Up and down, down and up, the laughing children went, panting and puffing, filling and pouring, bucketful, pailful, pitcherful, basinful, crockful, over and over again, till at last the pond began to show in earnest. Wilbur seized an old spade out of a broken cradle, and had as much as he could do to watch the clay bank, and mend breaks, and beat it solid with the back of the spade.

"Keep on! keep on!" shouted Ned, still leading the way, while the rest followed. "We'll have her full in less than no time."

* * * * *

"Eliza!" said Grandma, "do hear the trampin'. What on earth can those children be doing?"

"O," laughed Mrs. Brant, "they're playing some game or other. Betsey'll look after them. She's busy up-stairs, for I hear the water running."

* * * * *

"It's mighty queer," said Ned, dashing in a pailful, as Ruth emptied her crock for the twentieth time—"mighty queer how long it takes the thing to fill—but keep on, fellows. Don't stop."

In a few moments the street door opened, and up went Mr. Brant to the sewing-room.

"How dy'e do, how dy'e do?" said he, kissing Mrs. Brant and his mother. "Well, this *is* a busy party—put up your work, my dear, and come up to the library—I've something to tell you and Mother. Ho! ho! here's baby awake. Well, we must take him up, too."

Baby shouted with delight to find himself in Papa's arms. Mrs. Brant put down her work, Grandma took her crochet-basket in her hand, and they all went up to Papa's light, pleasant library on the floor above.

"Well, my dear, what is it? Some good news,

Digitized by Google

I'm sure," said Mrs. Brant, as Grandma nestled in her easy chair, and Papa putting baby on the floor with a kiss, proceeded to place a chair for himself between his wife and mother.

"Yes it *is* good news, dear, I'm happy to say," he answered, with a bright smile. "I don't know when I've had anything so pleasant to——Holloa, what the mischief's the matter?"

They started up. Surely enough, something was the matter. It was raining! A shower was coming down on their heads, the ceiling was cracking, the baby screaming. Patter, patter came the water, faster and faster. What *could* it be? Perhaps the house was on fire and the firemen were up-stairs already with their hose! The thought made Grandmother scream as she rushed to the baby's rescue. Mr. Brant dashed up the stairs, almost knocking down Dot and Rob on the way.

"What's going on up here? Quick! where does the water come from?"

No need of asking the question. There were the pond, the startled faces of the children, the pitchers, basins, and pails.

"What in the world!" cried the father, seizing a pail and scooping up as much as he could from the pond. "Here, lend a hand all of you! Call Betsy! we must empty this as quickly as possible."

He was at the little window by this time emptying the pail. The children took the hint and opening the other window, went to work as hard as they could, and with beating hearts emptied the pond in a quarter of the time it had taken to fill it. Mrs. Brant, Grandma, and Betsy came up, too, and did wonders with towels, sheets and every thing they could lay their hands on. In her excitement Mrs. Brant came near wiping the floor with the baby.

The worst was soon over, but it seemed the library ceiling couldn't get over it in a hurry. It dripped, and dripped, and broke out in great damp blotches and cracked and whimpered as if it were alive. Fortunately, the book-cases escaped wetting, and the carpet didn't "run," as Grandma said; so it might have been worse.

But those six visitors—who shall describe their emotions! As one of them afterwards said, they were frightened to death and bursting with laughter. They all tried to hide behind each other when Mr. Brant, half angry, half amused, asked them what they would like to do next.

"Go home, sir, I guess," said Tommy.

Digitized by Google

IS THE WORLD ROUND?

By John W. Preston.

"Mamma," said Johnny, one day, as he stood by the sea-side with his mother, and was looking over the broad surface of the ocean, "mamma, do you see that place, away over yonder, where the ocean stops and the sky begins?"

"Yes," replied his mother; "that is called the horizon."

"Well, mamma, why don't the water all run off, in that place, I don't see any land to stop it?"

"Why, Johnny, there is no place there for it to run off. If you were there you would find it quite as flat and level as it is here, and the horizon just as far away as it seems to be now."

"I don't see how that can be, mamma, isn't there any place where the world comes to an end, and everything stops?"

"Take this orange, my son, and tell me where it comes to an end, as you say," said Mrs. Watson, taking a fine specimen of that fruit from her pocket.

Johnny took the orange in his hand, looked it carefully all over, casting his eyes, every now and then, out upon the ocean, and along the horizon, as if in deep thought, which was, indeed, pretty deep thought for a little boy seven years old, and at length, said:

"I remember, mamma, the geography says that the earth is round; but I did not know for certain that the earth means just the land and water that we live on. But is it round like this orange?"

"Yes, my little boy; all this land and water is the earth, and it is round like that orange; and if you were to get into a ship and sail right straight out there, to the east,—about where the sun comes up in the morning,—you would have to go three or four thousand miles on the ocean, just as a fly would crawl on that orange, before you came to land again. All that water would be the Atlantic Ocean, and the land you would come to would be the continent of Europe. And then, if you kept on going directly east,—traveling over Europe and the continent next to it, Asia,—several thousand miles, you would come to another ocean, much larger than the Atlantic, called the Pacific Ocean. After crossing the Pacific, you would come to the western side of the American continent, where Oregon and California are, you know,—where Uncle John went last year; and if you continued on traveling east, you would come, at last, to this very same spot, where we are now standing, only you would come up behind us; and if I were standing here alone, looking for you, I should have my face turned away towards the woods; for you would have gone all around the earth, just as the fly would have walked all around the orange, and come back to the place he started from. Do you understand that?"

"Oh, yes, mamma, I understand that; but when I got on the other side, I should fall off, I know I should."

"Fall off from *what?*"

"Why, from the earth, mamma," said Johnny.

"You forget that I told you that if you were to go out to the place where the ocean and sky seem to meet, it would seem all level and flat, just as it does here,—the earth under your feet and the sky overhead, and so it would be wherever you went; if you fell off, you would have to fall up into the sky, and that, you know, is impossible."

"Well, but mamma, when I got just half around the earth, wouldn't I be walking with my head down and my feet up, and what could keep me from falling off? I couldn't stick on with my feet. could I?"

"Which way is *up*, Johnny?"

"Why, *up* is right up here, overhead, up in the sky!"

"Well, which way is *down?*"

"Down is right here, under my feet."

"Towards the earth, is it not?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Well, now, suppose you are going around the earth, wherever you go and wherever you are, *up* is overhead, or towards the sky; and down is always under foot, or towards the earth; is not that so?"

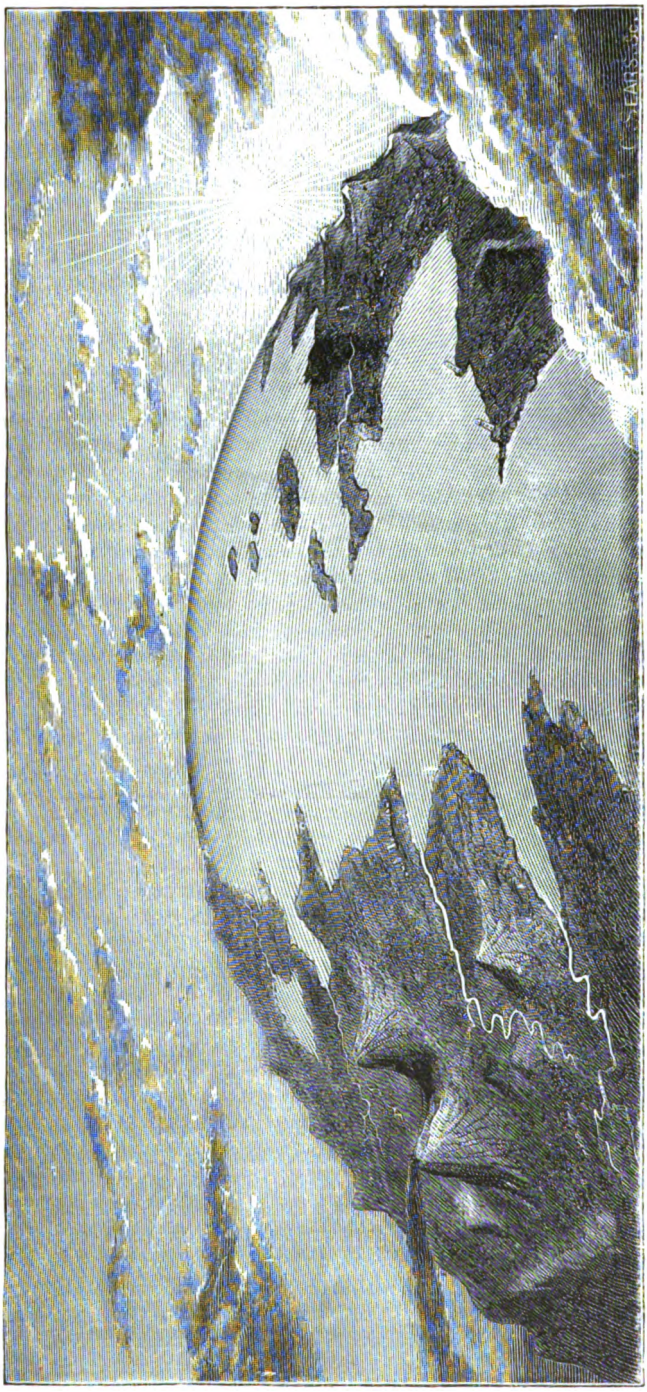
"Yes, mamma."

"Now, suppose again, you had got half around the earth, and were in China, and I was standing right here, your feet and my feet would be pointing towards each other, and our heads *away* from each other. Both of our heads would be pointing towards the sky. If you fell, you would fall towards the ground; and if I fell, I should fall towards the ground; so that we neither of us should fall *off*, as you fear. *Now*, do you understand it?"

Johnny hesitated a little, and then said, very slowly: "I think it must be just as you say, mamma; I understand it a little. I shall understand it better when I get older, I guess."

The truth is, that the little boy was puzzled, as most little boys and girls are on this very subject. He saw that his mother's reasoning was correct, and felt the justness of the conclusion; but could

Digitized by Google



mation, and with an air of triumph. "you said the earth was round, just like this orange; now, that *can't* be. because, look at those high hills over there, and then there are great big mountains on the earth, and how can it be round, then?"

"Well, and why can it not be round, even if there are hills and mountains on it?"

"Why, look here, mamma; this orange is round and smooth, and even."

"Is it really *quite* smooth, Johnny?"

"All but these little bits of bumps and pimples on its skin," said Johnny, turning the orange over in his hand.

"Oh, ho! little bits of bumps and pimples, are they, Master Johnny? what should you think, if I were to tell you that those little elevations were really very large and lofty mountains on the surface of the orange?"

"Oh! but mamma, you are funning now," said Johnny, with a little bit of a sneer.

"What mountain do you remember to have seen, my little man?" said his mother.

"Why, didn't we go up Mt. Holyoke, last summer, with papa and Aunt Jane! That is a pretty high mountain, I guess, mamma."

"It seemed so to you, my son, I have no doubt; but compared with other mountains in our own country, it is a very small affair,—quite a baby mountain, though a very beautiful one."

"Oh, yes, mamma, my geography lesson said that the highest mountains are in Asia, and that they are five miles high."

"Yes; nearer five and a-half miles than five miles," said his mother. "The highest peak of the Himalaya Mountains, in the central part of Asia, is more than 29,000 feet high, while little Holyoke is only 1,000 feet high; so that the great Asiatic mountain would be higher than twenty-nine Mount Holyokes piled on the top of each other."

not at once free his mind from old ideas about *up* and *down*.

"But, mamma," said Johnny, with renewed ani-

"Whew!" said Johnny. "Well, then, mamma, of course the earth can't be round like this orange, if it has such great big mountains on it?"

Digitized by Google

"You remind me, Johnny, of a little Swiss boy, who lived in the valley among the lofty mountains called the Alps, the highest in Europe. He was puzzled, just as you are. He had never seen anything beyond his little valley between the high ridges of the mountain ranges, and he could not conceive how the earth could be round like a ball. I think there was some excuse for a little boy in his situation, much more than if he had traveled many hundred miles over hills and plains, and had seen the broad ocean's expanse; don't you think so, Johnny?"

"I suppose so, mamma," said he, hanging his head, as though he felt that he was the little boy who had traveled and ought to know better. "But I pity the little mountain boy, who never saw the ocean," he added.

Johnny's eyes were fixed upon the distant horizon, where the dark clouds were already gathering and seeming to shut down upon the rolling sea. It would not be wonderful if the little boy were making a tour around the world in his imagination.

"And now," said his mother, "let us see what a little sober arithmetic can do for us. Let us see how the earth can be round as an orange, and yet have the great big mountains that you speak of upon it. Do you know how long an inch is?"

"Twelve inches make one foot," replied Johnny, promptly.

"Yes, but how long is an inch?"

He did not exactly know, but thought they could guess pretty near it.

"Well, we'll try," said his mother, "it is about an inch from the end of my thumb nail to the nearest joint of my thumb, where it bends,—that is near enough for our present purpose. Now let us see how many inches this orange is through, in the widest part. I should say it was about three inches in diameter, what should you say?"

"I guess that is pretty near it."

"That is not *guessing*, Johnny, that is *calculating* or *reckoning*. We will call it three inches, then. Now let us fix our eyes on one of those little bumps or pimples on the orange, and make an estimate of its height. How high should you think it was?"

"Why, mamma, how can I tell that? I should think it would take a hundred of them, piled on top of each other, to make an inch high."

"Well, my little boy, I think you have made a very good *guess* this time; for I am quite sure you would find, if you tried it, that the height of one of those little pimples would not vary much from a hundredth part of an inch above the level of the orange. Now, suppose, as we have said, that the diameter of the orange is three inches, and the height of the little bump is one hundredth of an inch, then the diameter of the orange is three hundred times the height of the pimple. Is not that so?"

"Of course, mamma, if it takes one hundred of those little bumps to make a bump one inch high, it will take three hundred of them to go through the orange."

"That is exactly the *idea*, Johnny, though I do not think you use the most accurate language in expressing it. And now let us take the case of the mountain and the earth. We will say that the earth is pretty nearly 8,000 miles in diameter, that is, *through* it, and that the mountain in Asia, that we spoke of, is five and a-half miles high. Now, how many times greater is the earth's diameter than the mountain's height?"

"How many, mamma?"

"Well, not to be exact, Johnny, it is more than 1,400 times as large."

"Why, mamma! — would it take more than 1,400 of these big mountains to reach through the earth?"

"It would take the height of more than 1,400 such mountains, all added together, to equal the diameter of the earth."

"And it took only 300 of the little bumps on the orange skin to make the diameter of the orange," said Johnny, after a moment's pause.

"You are correct, my son; and now which is the higher in proportion, the pimple on the orange or the mountain on the earth?"

"Why, the pimple on the orange."

"Yes, almost five times as high; so that if this orange should suddenly become as large as the earth, those little bumps would be as high as five of these Himalaya mountains piled on the top of each other. What a prodigiously high mountain must that little bump be to some speck of a being that may be looking up at its dim and distant summit from the valley at its foot. And now do you see how the earth may be round, like the orange, even if it has high mountains on it?"

"Oh! yes, mamma, I can understand that," he replied, with a sigh of relief, "and now can't we eat the orange?"

[The illustration to this article is taken from Guyot's admirable "Intermediate Geography," published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., N. Y.]

Digitized by Google

THE HIDDEN RILL.

(Translated from the Spanish.)

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

ACROSS a pleasant field, a rill unseen
  Steals from a fountain, nor does aught betray
Its presence, save a tint of livelier green,
  And flowers that scent the air along its way.
Thus secretly should charity attend
  Those who in want's dim chambers pine and grieve;
And nought should e'er reveal the aid we lend,
  Save the glad looks our kindly visits leave.

THE STORY OF THE JOLLY HARPER MAN AND HIS GOOD FORTUNE.

BY H. BUTTERWORTH.

"There was a jolly harper man,
That harpit aye frae toun tae toun."
—*Old Ballad.*

MANY, many years ago—as long ago as the days of Fair Rosamond—when Henry Plantagenet and his unruly family governed England, there lived in Scotland, a jolly harper man, who was accounted the most charming player in all the world. The children followed him in crowds through the streets, nor could they be stopped while he continued playing; even the animals in the woods stood on their haunches to listen, when he wandered harping through the country; and the fair daughters of the nobles immediately fell in love as often as he approached their castles.

All the players and singers in the known world never accomplished anything equal to the music of the jolly harper man.

King Henry had a wonderful horse—a very wonderful horse—named Brownie. He did not quite equal in dexterity and intelligence the high-flying animal of whom you have read in the "Arabian Night's," but he knew a great deal, and was a sort of philosopher among horses—just as Newton was a philosopher among men. King Henry said he would not part with him for a province,—he would rather lose his crown. In this he was wise, for a new crown could have been as easily made as a stewpan; but all the world could not produce such another intelligent horse.

King Henry had fine stables built for the animal—a sort of horse palace. They were very strong, and were fastened by locks, and bars and bolts, and

Digitized by Google

were kept by gay grooms, and guarded day and night by soldiers, who never had been known to falter in their devotion to the interests of the king.

So strongly was the animal guarded, that it came to be a proverb among the English yeomanry, that a person could no more do this or that hard thing, than "they could steal Brownie from the stables of the king."

The king liked the proverb; it was a compliment to his wisdom and sagacity. It made him feel good, —so good, in fact, that it led him one day to quite overshoot the mark in an effort that he made to increase the people's high opinion.

"If any one," said he, after a good dinner,—"if any one were smart enough to get Brownie out of his stables without my knowledge, I would, for his cleverness, forgive him, and give him an estate to return the animal." Then he looked very wise, and felt very comfortable and very secure. "But," he added, "evil overtake the man who gets caught in an attempt to steal my horse. Lucky will it be for him if his eyes ever see the light of the English sun again."

Then the report went abroad that the man who would be so shrewd as to get possession of the king's horse, should have an estate, but that he who failed in the attempt should lose his head.

The English court, at this time, was at Carlisle, near the Scottish border. The jolly harper man lived in the old town of Striveling, since called Stirling, at some distance from the border.

The jolly harper man, like most people of genius, was very poor. He often played in the castles of

THE PROPHECY TO SIR ROGER AND SIR CHARLES.

"SO THE OLD HERMIT CAME DOWN THE HILL.

the nobles, especially on festive occasions; and as he contrasted the luxurious living of these fat lords with his own poverty, he became suddenly seized with a desire for wealth, and he remembered the proverb, which was old, even then, that "Where there is a will there is a way."

One autumn day, as he was traveling along the borders of Loch Lomond, a famous lake in the middle of Scotland, he remembered that there was a cave overlooking the lake from a thickly wooded hill, in which dwelt a hermit, who often was consulted by people in perplexity, and who bore the name of the Man of Wisdom.

He was not a wicked magician, nor did he pretend to have any dealings with the dead. He was gifted only with what was called clearness of vision; he could see into the secret of things, just as Zerah Colburn could see into difficult problems of mathematics, without study. Things that were darkness to others were as clear as sunlight to him. He lived on roots and herbs, and flourished so wonderfully on the diet, that what he didn't know was considered not worth knowing.

It was near nightfall when the jolly harper man came to the famous hill. The sun was going down in splendor, and the moon was coming up, faint and shadowy, and turning into gold as the shadows deepened. Showers of silver began to fall on Loch Lomond, and to quiver over the valleys. It was an hour to fill a minstrel's heart with romantic feeling, and it lent its witchery to the heart of the jolly harper man.

He wandered up the hill, overlooking the lake,

Digitized by Google

where dwelt the Man of Wisdom, to whose mind all things were clear. He sat down near the mouth of the cave, partook of his evening meal, then, seizing his harp, began to play.

He played a tune of wonderful sweetness and sadness, so soft and airy that the notes seemed to glide down the moonbeams, like the tinkling of fairy bells in the air. The wicked owl pricked up his ears to listen, and was so overcome that he wished he was a more respectable bird. The little animals came out of the bushes, and formed a circle around the jolly harper man, as though enchanted.

The old hermit heard the strain, and came out to listen, and, because he had clearness of vision, he knew that music of such wonderful tenderness could be produced only by one who had great gifts of nature, and who also had some secret longing in his heart.

So he came down the hill to the jolly harper man, walking with his cane, his gray beard falling over his bosom, and his long white hair silvered in the moonlight.

The jolly harper man secretly expected him, or at least he hoped that he would come out. Like the Queen of Sheba, he wished to test the wisdom of this new Solomon, and to enquire of him if there were no way of turning his wonderful musical genius into bags of gold.

THE JOLLY HARPER MAN RIDES FORTH.

"Why do you wander here, my good harper?" asked the hermit, when the last strain melted away in low, airy echoes over the lake. "There are neither lads to dance nor lassies to sing. This hill is my dominion, and the dominion of a hermit is solitude."

"See you not Loch Lomond silvered in the moon?" said the jolly harper man. "Nature inspired me to touch my harp, and I love to play when the inspiration of nature comes upon me."

The answer pleased the hermit as much as the music.

"But why is your music so sad, my good harper man; what is there that you would have that fortune denies?"

"Alas!" said the jolly harper man, "I am very poor. My harpings all die in the air, and leave me but a scanty purse, poor clothing, and no roof over my head. You are a man of wisdom, to whom all things are clear. Point out to me the way to fortune, my wise hermit. I have a good liberal heart; you could not do a service to a more deserving man."

The old hermit sat down on a stone in silence, resting his chin on his staff. He seemed lost in profound thought. At last he looked up, and said slowly, pausing between each sentence—

"Beyond the border there is a famous country; in that country there is a palace; near the palace there is a stable, and in that stable there is a stately horse. That horse is the pride of the kingdom; the man who would get possession of that horse, without the king's knowledge, might exchange him for a province."

"Wonderful! wonderful! But—"

"Near Striveling town there is a hill; on the hillside is a lot; in the lot is a fine gray mare, and beside the gray mare is a foal."

"Yes, yes! wonderful! but—"

"I must now reveal to you one of the secrets of nature. Separate that mare from the foal, though it be for hundreds of miles, and, as soon as she is free, she will return to her foal again. Nature has taught her how, just as she teaches the birds of passage the way to sunny islands; or the dog to find the lost hunter; or—"

"Yes, yes; all very wonderful, but—"

"In your hand you carry a harp; in the harp lies the power to make merry; a merry king makes a festive board, and festivity produces deep sleep in the morning hours."

The jolly harper man saw it all in a twinkling; the way to fortune lay before him clear as sunlight. Perhaps you, my young reader, do not get the idea so suddenly. If not, I fear you are not gifted like the good hermit, with Clearness of Vision.

The jolly harper man returned to Striveling the next day, after spending the night with the hermit, on the borders of Loch Lomond.

The following night he was summoned to play

Digitized by Google

before two famous Scottish knights, Sir Charles and Sir Roger. They were very valiant, very rich and, when put into good humor, were very liberal.

The jolly harper man played merrily. The great hall of the castle seemed full of larks, nightingales, elves and fairies.

"Why, man," said Sir Roger to Sir Charles, in a mellow mood, "you and I could no more harp like that than we could gallop out of Carlisle on the horse of the king."

"Let me make a prophecy," said the jolly harper man at this. "I will one day ride *into* Carlisle on the horse of the king, and will exchange the horse for an estate."

"And I will add to the estate five ploughs of land," said Sir Roger; "so you never shall lack for a home in old Scotland."

"And I will add to the five ploughs of land, five thousand pounds," said Sir Charles; "so that you shall never lack for good cheer."

The next morning the jolly harper man was seen riding out of Striveling town on a fine gray mare; but a little colt was heard whinnying alone in the high fenced lot on the side of the hill.

It had been a day of high festival at Carlisle; it was now the cool of the summer eve; the horn of the returning hunter was heard in the forest, and gaily plumed knights and courtiers were seen approaching the illuminated palace, urging their steeds along the banks of the river Eden, that wound through the moonlit landscape like a ribbon of silver.

The feast was at its height. The king's heart was merry. There only needed some novelty, now that the old diversions had come to an end, to complete the delights of the festive hours.

Suddenly sweet sounds, as of a tuning harp, were heard without the palace. Then music of marvelous sweetness seemed to fill the air. The windows and doors of the palace were thrown open. The king himself left the table, and stood listening on the balcony.

A merry tune followed the airy prelude; it made the nerves of the old nobles tingle as though they were young again; and, as for the king, his heart began to dance within him.

"Come in! come in, my harper man," shouted the king, shaking his sides with laughter, and patting a fat noble on the shoulder with delight. "Come in, and let us hear some more of your harping."

The jolly harper man bowed very low. "I shall be glad to serve your grace, but first, give me stabling for my good gray mare."

"Take the animal to my best stables," said the king. "'Tis there I keep my Brownie, the finest horse in all the land."

The jolly harper man, accompanied by a gay groom, then took his horse to the stables, and as soon as he came out of the stable-door, struck up his most lively and bewitching tune.

"COME IN! COME IN, MY HARPER MAN."

The grooms all followed him, and the guards followed the grooms. The servants all came flocking into the hall as the jolly harper man entered, and the king's heart grew so merry, that all who came were made welcome, and given good cheer.

The small hours of night came at last, and the grand people in the hall began to yawn one after another. The jolly harper man now played a very soothing melody. The king began to yawn, opening his mouth each time a little wider than before, and finally he dozed off in his chair, his head tilted back, and his mouth stretched almost from ear to ear. The fat nobles, too, began to snore. First the king snored, and then the nobles, which was a very proper way of doing the thing, the blissful sound passing from nose to nose, and making a circuit of the tables.

The guards, grooms and servants began to feel very comfortable, indeed, and though it was their business to keep awake, their eyelids grew very heavy, and they began to reason that it would be perfectly safe to doze while their masters were sleeping. Who ever knew any mischief to happen when everybody was asleep?

The jolly harper man now played his dreamiest music, and just as the cock crew for the first time in the morning, he had the satisfaction of seeing the last lackey fall asleep. He then blew out the lights, and crept nimbly forth to the stables. He

Digitized by Google

found the stable door unlocked, and the gray mare kicking impatiently about, and whinnying for her foal.

Now, what do you suppose the jolly harper man did? Guess, if you have Clearness of Vision. He took from his pocket a stout string, and tied the halter of the king's horse, the finest in all the land, to the halter of his own animal, and patting the fine gray mare on her side said: "And now go home to your foal."

The next morning all was consternation in the palace. The king's horse was gone. The king sent for the jolly harper man, and said—

"My horse has escaped out of the stables, the finest animal in all the land!"

"And where is my fine gray mare?" asked the jolly harper man.

"Gone, too," said the king.

"I will tell you what I think," said the jolly harper man, with wonderful confidence. "I think that there has been a rogue in the town."

The king, with equal wisdom, favored the idea, and the jolly harper man made an early escape that morning from the palace.

Then the jolly harper man went as fast as he could to Striveling; of course, he found his fine gray mare in the lot with her foal, and the king's horse tied to her halter; and, of course, he rode the noble animal into Carlisle; and he, presenting himself before the two knights, Sir Roger and Sir Charles, claimed his five ploughs of land and five thousand pounds.

"Go to! go to!" cried Sir Roger, pointing at him in derision; and Sir Charles laughed a mighty laugh of scorn. "The man does not live who could ride away the king's Brownie! Go to!"

"The king's Brownie stands in your own court!" cried the jolly harper man, and Sir Roger and

"GO TO! GO TO!" SIR ROGER CRIED.

Sir Charles paid their forfeits without another word.

Then the jolly harper man returned the king's horse to the royal owner—and who ever heard of such a thing as a king breaking his promise? Not the jolly harper man, you may be sure.

IS N'T IT SO?

HARK! hark! O my children, hark!
When the sky has lost its blue
What do the stars sing, in the dark?
"We must sparkle, sparkle, through."

What do leaves say in the storm,
Tossed, in whispering heaps, together?
"We can keep the violets warm
'Till they wake in fairer weather."

What do happy birdies say,
Flitting through the gloomy wood?
"We must sing the gloom away—
Sun or shadow, God is good."

Digitized by Google

WHAT THE CHRIST-CHILD BROUGHT.

A Christmas Story.

BY M. LOCKWOOD.

IF any of you, my little readers, could have peeped, in fairy-tale fashion, into the third floor windows of No. 70 Oppenheimer Strasse, in Berlin, very early on the morning of December 24th, 1870, you would have been astonished at the stir and excitement of the orderly little household. Notwithstanding the bitter cold, the children were dressed and stirring before the sun was fairly risen. Soon, Frau Hoffmann, the gentle housemother, quieting the laughing children, gathered her flock around the breakfast table, and after Fritzel, the youngest, had said grace, the children began to eat, more from a sense of duty than from any desire for breakfast, on this particular morning.

"I have so much on my mind," said twelve-year-old Paul, and with an air of importance, "that I have hardly time to eat. With your permission, good little mother, I will slip a bit in my pocket to satisfy myself in case I feel hungry. Let me see: I have several purchases to make, an engagement to go skating, then the poem I am to recite to papa, and—"

"Gently, my Paul," said the mother. "There is abundance of time for all, and while you are eating—for a good breakfast is needed with such a long day's work before you—I will explain what I would have you do for me."

"Ah," said a fair-haired maiden of fourteen years, the eldest daughter of the house, "how little we thought our Christmas would be so happy, when dear papa went to the war last summer. How thankful we should feel that he is coming home, since so many poor children in Berlin are without any father to-day," and tears of pity came into her innocent blue eyes, as she thought of the thousands of orphans made by the cruel war then raging beyond the Rhine.

"Children," said the mother, "we have, indeed, cause to be thankful, and we ought to show our thankfulness by deeds, not by words only; so I think, if you all agree, we will take a portion of our Christmas money, instead of spending it on our bon-bons and cakes, and buy a little tree, with nuts, and apples, and tapers, for the poor Heyses, in the next street. Paul shall go now for it, and carry it to their mother's, if you consent. Then each of my little girls and Fritzel may choose a child to whom you would like to send something, and Olga and I will carry it, in your names."

"Yes, yes! mother," cried Paul, "and I am all ready to go."

"The Heyses will be so pleased," cried little Olga, and all the children expressed delight at their mother's suggestion, but it was some time before the plan was fully laid out, made, and each one had handed to the mother, out of his or her little store, the money for the purchase of the gifts. In the meantime, Paul darted off for his fur cap and gloves, and after whispering a little plan of his own into his mother's ear, and getting her nod of approval, started on his way to the Jahrmarkt. This Christmas Jahrmarkt was a familiar place to the young Hoffmanns, and would, I am sure, be greatly enjoyed by American children, with holiday money in their pockets. What a splendid place! A great city square, or "markt," as it is called, is filled with streets and streets of temporary booths; here every imaginable Christmas ware is sold, from the small forests of Christmas trees in the corners of the square—great, stately cedars and spruces, as well as the twig boughs fastened to cross bits of wood hardly big enough to bear the weight of half a dozen gilt nuts and apples—down to the glass balls and gay tapers, and funny little "Knecht Ruprechts," made of dried prunes, stuck on cross sticks, in rude representation of a man. One of these is always placed on the Christmas tree—on the gayest as well as on the humblest. There are little shows in some of the booths, where for a few groschen one can see wonderful and delightful things—puppets and dioramas, or even dwarfs and giants.

One can hardly imagine a German child's Christmas complete without this charming Jahrmarkt. It is like fairy-land for two weeks, in the brown old square, so dull for the rest of the year, so bewildering now with its lines of glittering booths, tempting in their display of treasures, all soon to vanish back to Knecht Ruprecht's kingdom, to be kept safe there for another year.

One might easily mistake those comical, weazened little men, who keep the booths, in their shaggy coats and old fur caps, for servants of the jolly Christmas elf—the Christ-child's messenger; and, as the legends say, dispenser of his bounty. Knecht Ruprecht is none other than our Kriss Kringle or Santa Claus, not much changed for the worst, as he crosses the Western seas, nor much less in favor

Digitized by Google

with our young folks at home than with the little fair-haired Germans.

Paul knew just where to buy his modest little tree, with its ornaments, and added, with his own money, a generous package of the biggest and sweetest bon-bons he could find in the "markt."

Finally, laden with his bounty, the little messenger of the Christ-child—for such, on these occasions, he had been taught to consider himself—started for the Heyses' humble dwelling, to be gladly welcomed by little ones whom the bountiful Christ-child visited in no other open, visible way.

Meanwhile, at home, the children had retreated into private corners, each busy and mysterious over Christmas preparations. Eight-years-old Olga, behind the big porcelain stove in the dwelling room, was straining her pretty brown eyes over a beautiful smoking cap, which must be finished before dinner, and ready to go on Papa's gift table. These little German maidens are wonderfully skillful with the needle. Carlotta was knitting away in another corner—her tiny fingers plying with astonishing deftness, as the bright needles glittered through the scarlet worsted.

Her present was for Mamma, who must not see it on any account. Even Fritzel was desperately busy with something, which nobody in the world must guess anything about, while the mother and Gretchen, the fair-haired speaker at breakfast, had retired into the *salon*, where they were, oh! so busy with a wonderful Christmas tree, which everyone knew was locked up in the silent, dark room, though nobody mentioned the fact, except in whispers.

The father of this happy little band, a professor at the Polytechnic School, had gone with the army in July, on its march to the Rhine. He was a private in the gallant *Kônigin Elizabeth* Regiment, of the army corps in which he had served out his time in his youth, and in which he had now enlisted. With a heavy heart, but with a brave, cheerful face, the gentle little wife bade him God-speed, while she remained behind with their helpless flock, dependent on her care alone. It was very hard; but she was a true-hearted little patriot, so did not falter, but bore up nobly, even when, with her own fingers, she sewed the little label to the lining of his uniform coat, on which she had carefully written his name and address, so that he might be known in any case of fatal accident.

All through the summer, however, the news was so bright, so glorious, that the loving little household of Fritz Hoffmann forgot the danger, and only exulted that their dear one was destined to share the laurels of the conquering hosts, until the news came of the victory at Sedan, and with it the father's name on the list of wounded. Then followed long days of suspense, and the fear of something worse, the impossibility of going to him in a hostile country, and the dread of his exposure to greater dangers, and, at last, the intense sense of relief when a letter came from himself, written in the hospital at Versailles, to which he had been removed, telling them that he had obtained a furlough for Christmas, and leave to remain at home until fully restored and capable of taking his place in the ranks again. Hence the joy to-day, and the glad preparations.

At ten o'clock, the mother, having set everything in readiness for the happy evening, even to the trays of supper refreshments in the store-room, and the torch laid ready by the tree to light the tapers withal, came into the dwelling-room cloaked and wrapped in furs. "I must go out for an hour or so, dear children," she said; "be good, and obey sister Gretel, while I am gone."

"Thou goest to bring the dear father,—is it not so, Mütterchen?" And Fritzel hung to her skirts, and pulled the tassels of her muff.

Wise little Carlotta, who had jumped up hastily, and held her hands behind her, full of knitting work, tossed back her mass of flaxen hair, and broke in with "*Ach nein*, thou foolish Fritzel, the father comes only *after* dinner." Mother kissed the little boy's earnest, dimpled face, and went out, laughing softly to herself in the happiness of her heart, while Olga, who had hardly got through with her work in time, hurried after her, drawing on warm mittens as she went half a flight behind Frau Hoffmann all the way down stairs. They were much alike, this mother and little daughter, and the mother was little and young looking too, seeing that she had the responsibility of so many children on her shoulders; right motherly, though, dear little soul, with a firm way about her, in spite of her lovely brown eyes and gentle looks.

"Bless the dear heaven who is bringing my Fritz back to me!" she thought. "I do wonder if he will think the children much improved!" she mused for, at least, the hundredth time in her fond mother's heart. "Our Gretchen is such a woman, and a real comfort, and Paul has been truly a good boy while the dear father has been away. Then Fritzel, and Carlotta and my Olga,"—smiling, and holding out her hand to the little girl, who, laden with a basket, now joined her, and the sweet motherly eyes filled with happy tears as she named over her treasures.

They presently entered a mean-looking door, and went up flight after flight of stairs to the rooms of some of their pensioners. To one poor soldier's family after another the two went like Christmas angels, leaving gifts for the little ones who had no father on earth, this Christmas-day, and comforting more than one mother's heart with reminders of

Digitized by Google

the dear Father in heaven, who cares for the widow and orphans, raising up for them friends in the bitter hour of need. The round of visits was completed, and near noon, Olga was despatched home with an important message to old Christel, the cook, and Frau Hoffmann, wrapping her fur cape more closely about her—for the wind was keen and bitter—set off at a quick pace for "Unter den Linden," where she had an errand at a tempting bookseller's shop. Here, carefully, she selected the beautiful book, Rückert's poems, illustrated,—it happened to be a favorite of her own and her husband's,—in which she inscribed, then and there, the beloved name, for fear she would be too much hurried at home to do it properly. Her pleasant task accomplished, she set her face homeward; but a few steps from the book store, was a telegraph office, round which a crowd had collected—so customary an occurrence, however, in these war times, that she did not pause to wonder at it, besides (she thought of this afterwards with a passion of remorse at her selfishness), was not all she cared for in the war on its way to her at this moment? What to her, in comparison, was prince or king, beleagured city or hostile camp, or even fatherland itself? At this moment a familiar face confronted hers, the owner thereof pushing through the crowd; but it was such a pale, haggard face, with such startled eyes, that the sight of it thrilled her with a vague dread. It was old Herr Scharlach, a friend and colleague of her husband, at the Polytechnic. He saw her; and growing a shade paler, half turned aside, as though he wished to avoid her; but she had noticed something—a white paper—in his hand, partly thrust behind him; and scarce knowing what she expected or thought, she seized his arm with an imploring "What is it, my friend; what have you heard?" All her light-hearted confidence had vanished. A great blank dread stared her in the face. She seemed to read her doom in Herr Scharlach's averted glance, as mechanically she held out her hand for the paper. Then he roused himself. "Only a skirmish, dear madam," he managed to say in a constrained voice.

"Let me see."

She spoke coldly and clearly,—all the feeling gone out of her tones. She took the paper—a bulletin. At one glance she saw it amid an hundred names, the one—the only one for her—"Killed, Private F. Hoffmann, Queen Elizabeth Regiment, —— Company." That was all. It happened in a skirmish, near Mont Aaron, against Le Bourget, two days before, when that company had lost heavily. She took it all in somehow; and when she looked up from the paper it was as though she had been reading it for hours, and she seemed to have known it all a hundred years before. It was an old, old sorrow, but a sorrow that would always endure, the bitterness of death, which should never be overpast. She raised her pitiful, sad eyes to the good old professor's face, and only said in a dreamy, far-away voice, "Oh, the poor children!" and would have fallen to the ground had not he supported her, while the pitying bystanders, who saw with the keen sight that came of daily sad experience, flocked to her help. A near droschke was summoned, and she was lifted into it and driven to her now stricken home, desolate of its dearest hope. Paul, rosy and merry, muffled against the cold, with his skates slung over his shoulder, fresh from a skating frolic on the pond in the public garden, near by, came bounding up to the door as the horse stopped, and sprang forward to assist his mother and their friend; but when he saw her pale, lifeless face he was terrified, and began to cry, "My dear little mother,—what ails her? Mein Herr, ach, tell me!" he entreated. The poor old professor, trembling and agonized himself, could not answer him. When poor Frau Hoffmann had been carried up the long flight of stairs to her bright little home, which she had left so blithely not three hours before, and laid on the sofa in the dwelling-room, she opened her eyes at last, and they rested on the children, who, pale and weeping, had gathered closely around her. The kind old Herr had told the little orphans, in broken tones, of their bereavement by this time, and they, overwhelmed as they were, still hardly realized their terrible loss; but, so much the more, the stricken condition of the dear mother before them, for whose sake they now strove to be quiet and calm. But she opened her arms and they crowded close to her, their sobs now breaking out as though the little hearts would burst with grief. "Gone, gone, Fritz," was all she said, very low; but Gretchen heard her and nestled closer.

The slow, wretched hours had dragged along towards night,—the eagerly expected, happy night, which had turned to such misery and despair; it was growing dusk. Four little lonely figures were huddled closely together behind the great stove—the friendly German stove, with its red velvet fringed mantle shelf against the gleaming white tiles,—the only prominent white object in the darkening room. The door leading into the mother's room was a little ajar; for Gretchen had just crept in softly to see if the dear, patient little mother was asleep. Fritzel was leaning against his brother, who had thrown his arm around the little fellow, and said presently, in a half whisper, "*Won't* Papa come for our Christmas tree *at all?*" with a grieving voice; "will the Christ-child know it, and not come either?" "The Christ-kindlem *will* come, I think!" said Olga; "because he will want to comfort us, and tell us what Papa will do on Christ-

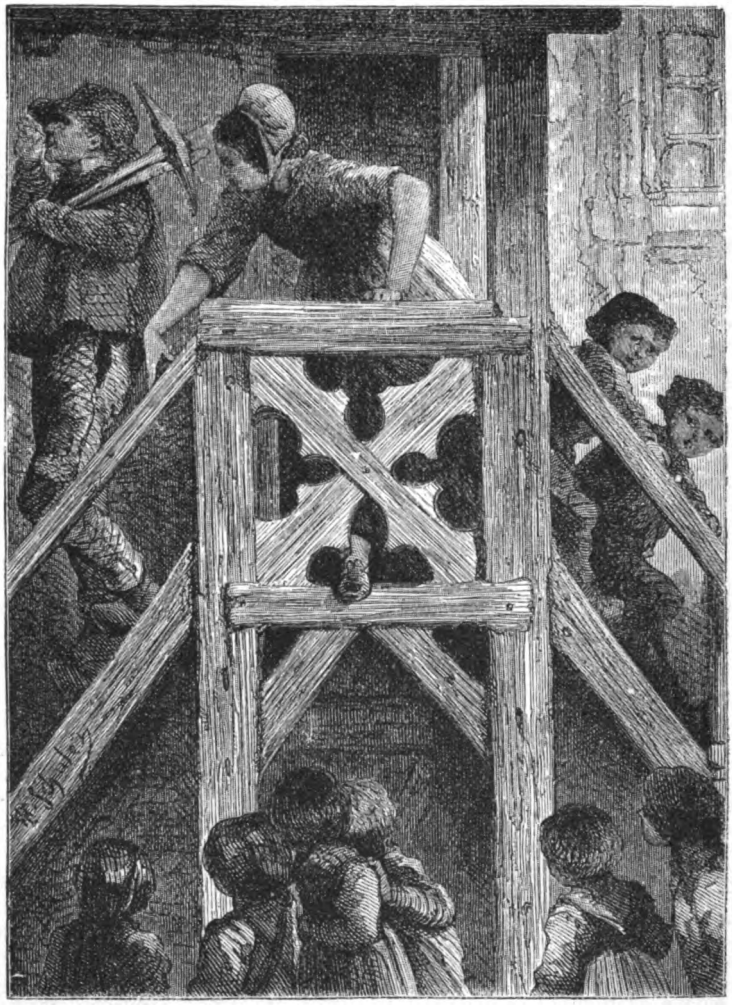
Digitized by Google

mas in heaven. Papa told me last year that there was Christmas in heaven."

Fritzel and Carlotta, to whom Olga's word was gospel, turned their eyes toward the door of the *salon*, at the opposite end of the room. "Will he come soon Olga?" whispered poor little Carlotta. "I am so tired and sorry here, in the dark," with a little sob in her voice, which she tried to suppress for fear the mother would hear it. "Will we see the light when he does come? for if Mamma is n't in the room he might go away, and we not know it."

"O, Carlotta," said Paul, sadly, "how can you care for Christmas trees when dear Papa is gone, and the Mother so ill!"

But little Carlotta and Fritzel, hand in hand, had slipped away from the others, and groped their way up to the closed door for the purpose of peeping through the keyhole; and seeing only blackness, however eagerly the little eyes might peer, they gave up, and stole back disappointed to the stove. "I *know* the dear Christ-child won't forget us," said Olga; "I don't want the gifts; but I do want to know about our Papa, and that would comfort Mother. I learned a little text last Sunday—'Blessed are ye that mourn, for ye shall be comforted;' and Mamma told me that Jesus said that himself; so I 'm sure it 's true." Just then, Gretchen came out—"Mamma sends me to tell you all that she wants to hear our Christmas hymn." There was a little settling down and whispering, and a sob from Paul; for this was to have been their greeting to the dear father, who would never come to hear it now. Then, led by Gretchen's sweet, clear voice, the beautiful Christmas music rose and filled the room, filling



LINA SENDING THE CHILDREN AND WORK-PEOPLE AWAY.

Digitized by Google

the heart of the poor mother with comfort too, and bringing the first tears of relief to her dry, despairing eyes, as she lay crushed by her sorrow, in the dark room near by.

Thou dear and holy Christ! what bliss
Thy coming to thy children is;
For thou can'st make us pure and white,
God's children, pleasing in His sight.

Oh, bless us! we are young and small;
Oh, free our hearts from sinful thrall!
Oh, make our spirits free from sin,—
Thy fount of heavenly love within.

As the last echoes of the sweet carol died on the ear, a bright ray of light streamed through the keyhole of the *salon* door, and flooded the threshold. Fritzel saw it first, and sprang towards the door, clapping his hands. "The Christ-child! he is come! Oh, open! open!" he shouted. Carried away by excitement and the delightful remembrance of last year, when they all waited thus in the dark for the lighting up in the *salon* and the opening of the door, he wholly forgot, for an instant, the sorrowful reality.

But, at that moment, the door flew open. The beautiful, brilliant tree stood in the centre of the great room, towering from polished floor nearly to the frescoed ceiling, and little white tables, laden with treasures, were grouped around it in a semicircle.

A lovely fair-haired image of the Christ-child flashed high above the lights and evergreens with a shining star on his head; and on the threshold stood a very different figure—a tall figure in gray, with a soldier's cap, which opened its arms as little Fritzel sprang forward with the cry, "Papa! Papa!"

She never knew how she got there; but almost before Fritzel's joyous cry, the mother was out in the dwelling-room in her white wrapper, and safe in his own strong, living arms, close to his warm, true heart.

"My Marga," he had whispered; "my best little wife."

She knew nothing else; desired to comprehend nothing. She had him, and was satisfied.

But the children were not. When the elder ones fully realized that it was indeed himself—his living self, and no other—returned to their midst again, they clamored to know what it all meant, and the little ones, half afraid to approach now, whispered together as if they thought he must be an angel, after all.

Attracted and alarmed by the commotion, old Christel and the maid, Lina, came running in, and their wondering exclamations, coupled with the children's excitement, made the father realize that something unusual had occurred before his return.

The wife led him to his seat near the fire, and they all crowded about him, talking so fast and eagerly that he finally was obliged to hush them all, and tell Gretchen to be spokeswoman. Then he told his tale:

"I left Versailles five days ago," he told them, "and was not even present at the attack on Le Bourget, which began December 21st, as the telegrams state; but there was another Private Hoffmann in my company—Franz Hoffmann, from Potsdam—which accounts for the mistake, and he must have fallen, poor fellow. I have not seen the list. He had been with us only a few days; and though I knew him but little, he was counted a good comrade and a genial man. I trust he does not leave many to mourn him." And looking around on the little household band he bowed his head in silence for a moment.

"I wanted to surprise you all," he continued, "as I reached the house. I knew your mother's arrangements were to be just like those of last year, from her letters. The doors were open, so I just stole in, and finding everything ready to my hand, was there to receive the Christ-child, little thinking what a strange surprise I would give you; little dreaming that I was to appear as one risen from the dead. I waited while you sung your Christmas hymn, dear children, hardly able to restrain my impatience, wondering all the time why the dear little mother did n't steal in to see if the Christ-child had come."

Paul sprang up then with a sudden thought of the neglected Christmas tree: "Oh, the tree! we're all forgetting it, and our splendid tapers are fast burning away." So, followed speedily by all, he ran into the next room, into the midst of the Christmas warmth and beauty.

The children were soon wild with delight over the wonderful gifts on their separate little tables, and Fritzel and Carlotta were shouting and clapping their hands under the tall sparkling tree, down from the height of which the fair, waxen face of the Christ-child image seemed to smile on the happy little ones.

Loving little Olga, who fully realized by this time that her papa was not an angel, but living and real, the best gift the dear Christ-child could have brought her, nestled up to his side and pulled him gently by the hand over to his special little table.

Gretchen, the good, careful little maiden, had slipped out during the confusion and brought in the gifts, which, just completed, had not been placed there after the dreadful news came.

Digitized by Google

All the children crowded up to watch and comment on Papa's pleasure, as he examined his gifts, praising the skill of this and the thoughtfulness of that donor, as he did so.

Just then, there was a violent ring at the entrance bell, and in another second the old professor burst into the room, looking like Knecht Ruprecht himself, in his enormous shaggy overcoat and fur cap, carrying a big basket, and fairly beaming and overflowing with true German glee.

Good news travels fast.

Almost before the family were sure of the fact themselves, the happy tidings seemed to have spread in some mysterious way, and other friends soon filled the room; coming in, they said, for just a look at the dead returned to life again.

The children and work-people of the neighborhood ran up and down the steps, calling out to Lina and asking questions, till she was forced to drive them away.

"The street's fairly alive with our good news," she whispered to Gretchen, as she ran in, panting, to see the beautiful tree and receive her gifts with a pretty show of surprise.

Frau Hoffmann, who had disappeared for a few moments, returned presently in her pretty blue dress, which had been especially prepared for this happy occasion, followed by Christel and Lina with the refreshment trays. Then there was jubilee, indeed.

The Christmas greeting passed around, and the Children's Christmas hymn was called for. What a joyous strain the music took this time! How out of each heart in that now blessed little family rose the song of thanksgiving!

Gretchen and Paul, Olga, Carlotta and Fritzel laid happy little heads on their pillows that memorable night; and, I think, the dear Christ-child sent them beautiful dreams to herald in the holy Christmas-day?

THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

See Frontispiece.

BY M. M. D.

JUST three hundred and ninety years ago, two noble boys were traveling in state from Ludlow Castle to London. An escort of two thousand horsemen rode with them; and although the boys had just lost their father, King Edward IV, and were dressed in sober black, I have no doubt that hundreds of happy children who saw them pass, looked with delight at the grand cavalcade, and thought it a fine thing to be a prince. Their mother called the boys Edward and Richard; but Edward being the eldest,—though only thirteen years of age,—was His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, rightful heir to the English throne; and Richard, his brother, a boy of eleven, was known as the Duke of York.

Yes, many a boy and girl looked almost with envy that day upon the two royal children, and wondered how it felt to be the son of a king and lord of a nation.

But the men and women who looked on thought of something very different. They shook their heads and whispered their misgivings to each other.

It was dreadful, they said; such brave, beautiful, noble lads, too; and their father hardly cold in his grave—poor, dear things! But then they would be in the power of their uncle Richard, Duke of Gloucester, the wickedest, cruelest and most powerful nobleman in all England. But for these boys, in all their pride of youth, my lord of Gloucester might be king of England.

Ah, who could say what might happen!

English history tells us what happened: how the wicked Duke of Gloucester pretended at first to be all loyalty and kindness; how he wrote a letter of condolence to the queen mother, and set off from Scotland, where he was commanding an army, to be present, he said, at his dear nephew's coronation; and how, with fair words and treachery, he first placed the Prince in the Tower of London, where "he would be safer than anywhere else, until the grand ceremony should take place;" how he afterwards took the little Duke of York from his sobbing mother and put him, too, in the dreary Tower; and how ——.

But you see them in the picture. They are together; that is some comfort. Their chamber is grandly furnished, but it is in a prison. Not the Prince of Wales, nor the Duke of York, now, but two heart-sick, terrified boys, who every moment dread—they hardly know what. If they only could feel their mother's arm about them once again! They have prayed and prayed, and they have cried till they can cry no more, and, with breaking hearts, they have straightened themselves proudly with the thought that they are the sons of a king, when suddenly they hear a footstep outside.

* * * * *

To this day, visitors at the Tower are shown the very spot at the foot of the gloomy stone stairs where the bodies of the murdered Princes were buried.

Digitized by Google

Delaroche, a Frenchman, painted the large picture from which our engraving is made. He had the story of the princes in his heart; and though he may or may not have loved England, he certainly loved these two English boys; else how could he have so painted them, that stout men feel like sobbing when they look at the wonderful picture? It hangs, to-day, in the gallery of the Luxembourg, in Paris; and every day children stand before it, feeling not at all as the children did who saw the princes ride by in state, nearly four hundred years ago.

I have not told you all about Edward and Richard, after all. Those of you who know what happened will hardly wish to hear the sad story again, and those who do not, may read it whenever they will; for it stands recorded on earth and in heaven.

And the history of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, also stands recorded.

Here is the end of it:

There had been a terrible battle, at the close of which a crown was picked up, all bruised and trampled and stained with blood, and put upon Henry of Richmond's head, amid loud and rejoicing cries of "Long live King Henry!"

"That night, a horse was led up to the church of the Grey Friars, at Leicester, across whose back was tied, like some worthless sack, a naked body, brought there for burial. It was the body of the last of the Plantagenet line, King Richard the Third, usurper and murderer, slain at the battle of Bosworth Field, in the thirty-second year of his age, after a miserable reign of two years."

THE BOY WHO WORKED.

By Roswell-Smith.

"DON'T YOU WANT A RIDE?"

It was a beautiful day in the early Spring of 18—. I lived at the West then, in one of those half rural cities for which the West is so famed. I had started out for a drive.

The air was balmy as June. The mud in the streets had dried up, the birds were going mad with joy,—the hum of bees, and the fragrance of blossoms mingled with the song of the birds.

Soon I was gaily speeding along the graveled road; down through Dublin, as we called the poorer quarter of the town (though the real Dublin is a handsome and well-built city), out into the

Digitized by Google

country. The horses seemed to share my pleasure and enthusiasm in the drive, as I have no doubt they did. Their sleek, glossy coats glistened in the sunshine, and they arched their necks, and moved proudly, knowing well the hand that held the reins, and loving the tones of the voice behind them.

The odors of the great Dublin Pork Packing Establishment were wafted to us, as we dashed past its great dark walls and noisome vaults; past the squalid cabins of squatters; past the great distilleries, with their tall chimnies, belching clouds of smoke that seemed to come from subterranean fires; past great rumbling country wagons, with half-drunken drivers, going home from the distilleries with the money from the sale of their loads of corn, except what they had spent for groceries and calico, or drunk up in whiskey; past slowly plodding farm teams, with sober farmers in grey—and women (seated in straight-backed kitchen chairs in the old farm wagons), in costumes of all shades and colors, with calico sun-bonnets hiding faces old and peaceful, or young and giddy, alike; past rattling and noisy vehicles of all sorts, out into the soft and sponge-like roads, bordered by the green fields, and the whispering trees of the country, where rattle and sound ceased.

Just ahead of me I saw walking on the road a very small boy. He was dressed in plain clothes, known as Kentucky Jean. On his head he wore, even thus early in the Spring, a plain straw hat; over his shoulder he carried a bundle, tied up in a red silk handkerchief, and slung upon a stick. In his hand he held his great heavy shoes, whilst he tugged on manfully and wearily, sore of foot, and sore of heart, I had no doubt.

I drove quickly past, and then stopped and looked back, and waited until the little fellow came up.

"Halloa," I said, "don't you want a ride?"

"To be sure I do," said he.

"Then, why didn't you ask me," said I.

"Because," said he, "I had asked so many times, and been refused so often, that I had got discouraged, and I didn't think *you* would let me," with some emphasis on the "you."

"Well," I said, "get in." He stood looking hopelessly up into the cushioned and carpeted buggy, and down at his bundle and his stick, and his heavy soiled shoes.

"I am afraid I aint very clean," he said, at last.

"Oh! never mind," I said. "Get in; this vehicle was made for use."

"I'd better leave my stick," he said.

"Oh, no!" I answered. "You may want it again."

And so he climbed in, and the bundle was stowed away under the seat, and the stick put down between us.

"I never rode in such a nice carriage before, and I don't think I ever saw such horses," he went on, and his eyes fairly sparkled.

"Do you want to drive?"

"May I?"

"Yes, if you know how." And so I gave him the reins, and we were friends at once.

"Who did you ask to let you ride?" I asked.

"Oh! all those men in the great farm wagons."

"And what did they say?"

"If they had a load they said they couldn't, and if they had no load, they only smacked their great whips, and rattled by the faster, or yelled at me to get out of the road."

"And you didn't ask me. Did you think because I had nice horses, and a fine carriage, and wore good clothes, and looked like a gentleman, that therefore I wasn't one?" I said laughingly.

"Well—yes—I'm afraid I did; but," he continued, looking me square in the face, "do gentlemen always let boys ride, when they want to?"

It was my turn to be a little bit puzzled; and I said, "I don't think they do; but a gentleman is one who always does all he can to help others and to make them happy."

"Well," said he, "I think you are a gentleman, at any rate."

And so I said, "Will you tell me who you are, for I think you are a gentleman also?" and, yet, he hadn't said "thank you," in words once, all this time.

Then he told me his story. His mother lived in a log cabin, in a little clearing in the woods, in Boone county. His father was dead. They were very poor. He had worked for a good Quaker farmer the summer before, who was very kind to his boys, and he was going to work for him again. He had walked more than twenty miles that day, and had five miles further to go. His feet had become very sore, and so he had taken off his shoes and stockings, putting his stockings in the bundle, and carrying the shoes in his hand.

"With all these things to carry, what do you carry a stick for?" I asked.

"Why, so that I can carry the bundle over my shoulder," he answered.

"Is the bundle heavy?"

"It didn't seem heavy when I started," he replied; "but it does now."

"Where did you get the stick?"

"A man cut it for me in the woods, and told me it was just what I needed to help to carry the bundle."

"Well, which is the heavier,—the bundle or the stick?"

Digitized by Google

"I never thought of that. I believe the stick is —I know it is," he said at last.

"Well, now, that was a mistake. You took a heavy yoke when you might have had a light one—didn't you? I haven't a doubt but that man laughed to see that you were so simple."

"He did laugh," said the little fellow; and his eyes fairly flashed, and his face flushed with anger as he spoke: "that was real mean—don't you think so?"

"Yes, I do; and I don't think that man was a gentleman; and he pretended all the time to be doing you a kindness."

"Don't you ever impose on a fellow that's smaller than you are, in that way," I said.

"I don't mean to," said he.

"But you haven't told me your name yet."

"My name is Richard—they call me Dick for short; but I never could find out why. I don't like nicknames. Do you?"

"No, I don't. Almost everybody has a nickname, however; but why Richard is called Dick, is one of those things one can never find out."

"Mr. Hollyhead, the farmer I am going to work for, always calls me Richard. He's a real good man, only I don't get used to the thees and thous yet."

"Got any girls?" I asked.

He looked at me a moment, to see if I was making fun, but I kept a sober face, and thus reassured, he said, "I guess he has. He has got one."

"*Guess!*" I said, "don't you know?"

"Well, I think I ought to. She's just as pretty as she can be; and I like her first rate, 'cause she calls me Richard, too, and that makes me feel like a man."

"Do you live far from the railroad?" I asked.

"Close by," he answered.

"Why didn't you come on the cars, then?"

He hesitated a little, then said, "'Cause '*t wouldn't pay.*"

"What do you mean by that?" I asked. "May be you didn't have the money."

"*Yes, I did.* Mother gave me the money, and she said may be I could come at half-price, as I did last year; but, you see, I don't begin work until tomorrow, and I wanted to see the country and—and—and—well, I just thought I'd walk. Mother put me up a nice *snack*, and so I laid the money in the leaves of the big Bible, right at the thirty-seventh Psalm, that mother made me promise to read next Sunday—for I knew she would read it at the same time—with a little note pinned to it saying I would walk. But I didn't know it was so awful muddy all through the woods, or I don't believe I should have done it; but I'm glad I did; for, if I hadn't, I shouldn't have met you; and I might never have known a real gentleman in all my life."

"But," I said, "isn't the man you work for a gentleman?"

"Well, yes. I suppose he is; but he isn't like you."

"No," I said; "there are a great many real gentlemen and ladies in the world. I think this Quaker farmer is a gentleman, and that your mother is a lady. It is said, 'fine feathers make fine birds,' but fuss and feathers, fine manners and fine clothes, and fine horses and carriages, and houses and farms don't make gentlemen and ladies. Only God can make a gentleman."

"Did you ever read the story of Jacob?" I asked.

No, he hadn't; but he knew about Joseph.

And so I made him promise to read about Jacob, who went out from his father's house with only a stick and a bundle, or wallet—much as he had done—and slept with a stone for a pillow; and I asked him to be sure and find out what Jacob saw there that night as he lay out under the stars, and what wages Laban paid to Jacob when he hired out to him, which I knew would be a little difficult, as Laban changed his wages ten times. Then I asked what wages he had.

He said $9 a month, which I thought was very good pay for a small boy.

And so we rode on together, talking about the wages the devil pays to those who work for him, and the yoke Christ gives us to bear, until we came to the farm-yard gate, where I turned in. He dismounted with his stick, and bundle and shoes. I lingered a moment longer, and he bade me good-by, and tramped briskly down the road.

One evening, in the December following—it was almost Christmas time—I sat by a glowing wood fire in my parlor; it was raining and freezing without. I drew nearer to the embers as the door was opened, and a great blast of cold air came rushing in, without so much as saying, "By your leave;" and with it came my friend Richard.

He had grown a great deal. He was neatly dressed, and was so glad to see me, and I was so glad to see him, that all embarrassment was taken away at once.

I introduced him to my wife and my boys, and together we recalled the story of the drive; but it was evident Richard had come with a purpose. There was something in his manner which meant business.

And so I said, "Well, Richard, what is it? Have you and the pretty little girl at the farm had a quarrel?"

"Not exactly; but I—I have given her up."

"Ah! how was that?"

"You see, one day she told me she wished I wouldn't speak to her when there were other girls there, unless I had on my best clothes, for I was

Digitized by Google

such a small boy, and worked for her father, and the girls laughed at her about me; and I said I wouldn't, and I didn't, and I haven't spoken to her since, and I have given up farming too."

"SHE WISHED I WOULD N'T SPEAK TO HER UNLESS I HAD ON MY BEST CLOTHES!"

"Given up farming," I said. "Why, what are you going to do?"

"Well, I'm going to try to be a gentleman," he answered.

"Can't a farmer be a gentleman?" I said, thinking what foolishness I must have put into the boy's head, by my talk during that ride.

"*Yes*, I spose he can; but you said there were different sorts of gentlemen, and you see I want to try and be another kind. When you told me what a gentleman was, I thought I'd like to be one; but I didn't find it as easy as I expected. Then I remembered you said only God could make a gentleman. I didn't know exactly what you meant, but after I had got almost discouraged trying, it came to me to ask God's help, and so I am trying harder than ever."

"Well, what sort of a gentleman are you going to be?" I asked.

"That's it," he said. "You see, I'm so little, I thought may be I could do more to help others, and take care of mother, if I tried something else besides farm work."

"Had any supper?" I said.

"Guess I have," he answered, proudly. "I'm stopping at a hotel."

"Think it will pay?" said I, smiling.

"Well, you see Mr. Hollyhead brought me in, and he is coming in again to-morrow. The hotel is filled with teamsters and teams, so I asked the landlord if I might stay if I would help take care of the horses, and he said 'he'd put me through,' and he did; and that's the reason it's so late, for I have only just got through, and had my supper."

"You want I should help you, do you?"

"*No;* I don't want any help. I only want advice."

And so we talked it all over. He hadn't been to school much, and he needed more education, and yet he wanted to help support his mother, and finally we decided that he should go in the morning to the office of *The Daily Blunderbuss*, and see if he could get employment there, and learn type-setting. I told him he might refer to me.

The result was, Richard got a place in the printing office, and I used to see him occasionally at work, with his sleeves rolled up, his face and hands smeared with ink; but at night, and on Sundays, he was neatly dressed, and he and my boys became great friends.

At the end of the year I took him into my office, for I suspected the printing office was hardly the best place for him, and he proved faithful in all his ways.

My boys were studying history at that time, and they gave him a nickname, which I don't think he at all objected to—it was "Richard, Cœur de Lion."

After he had been with me nearly a year, I one day asked him suddenly, "what sort of a gentleman he meant to be?"

"That's it," said he. "I haven't got education enough, and I want to go to school, and work half the time."

So I got him a situation as book-keeper in a bank, and he worked, and went to night-school, and finally fitted himself for college. It was a long and hard struggle, but a few years since he graduated with honors at the Michigan State University, and went to Chicago, where he soon obtained a position on one of the daily papers of that city, and got a home for himself and for his mother.

When the great fire came, his business was swept away, but the cottage where his mother lived, "on the west side," was mercifully spared. In the meantime I had moved to the East, and had lost sight of Richard, except as I occasionally heard from him by letter, or heard of him from others.

Fortunately, his capital was in his brains, and a great conflagration could not destroy that; and he was soon at work again.

A few months since, I received a letter, quaint and curious, in a lady's handwriting, which commenced, "*Respected Friend.*" It was full of thees and thous, and it said, "Richard" (no other name), "who was formerly in thy employment, has applied to me for a situation as son-in-law. He refers to

Digitized by Google

thee. Thou knowest there be adventurers abroad. I am a lone widow, to whom God has given one only daughter. What cans't thou say of Richard?"

I wrote, "I have no doubt he will fill admirably any position he is willing to accept. He is a gentleman, in the best sense of the word, and any lady in the land may be proud to become his wife."

Soon after, Richard was married; and now it is the Christmas time again. I have just received a letter from him, in which he says, "We have returned from our wedding tour. My wife is a *real lady*, if there ever was one, I am sure. I have got used to the thees and thous, and learned to love to be called simply, Richard, better than ever.

"We found a double surprise awaiting us. First, an invitation to me to take the position of editor-in-chief of the *Daily Chicagonian*, one of our largest papers here, which I have accepted.

"It had been agreed that we were to come back to mother-in-law's, to spend a few days, before going to my own home. When we reached the house, we found my mother there, and everything arranged to make it a permanent home for us all.

"Mother-in-law said she could not live in the house alone.

"After dinner was over, Esther and I explored the house, and Esther showed me its treasures of closets, and spotless linen and all that; then we spent a pleasant social evening together, and gathered in the back parlor for prayers.

"On the table lay mother's big old well-worn Bible. I opened to the xxxvii Psalm, and there was the money, pinned to the note in my boyish handwriting, just as I had left it twenty years before. It seems mother could never, in her darkest hour, make up her mind to use that money. I tried to read, but my voice faltered, and then it broke down entirely. Mother and Esther knew what it meant; then mother told Mrs. Gwynne the story of the walk and the drive, and we all wished that you were here to share our happiness."

Thus it was that the boy who worked came to be a real *gentle-man* at last.

LA BOULE DE NEIGE DE JEAN MARTIN.*

PAR PAUL FORT.

IL y a des gens qui croient que le premier venu peut faire une bonne boule de neige, comme il y en a d'autres qui se figurent que c'est chose aisée de bien jouer du violon.

L'une de ces opinions est aussi fausse que l'autre.

Pour faire une vraie bonne boule de neige il faut avoir une pratique spéciale. En premier lieu on doit savoir choisir de la neige qui ne soit ni trop humide ni trop sèche. Ensuite il est nécessaire de savoir s'y prendre pour faire la boule solide et bien proportionnée et la rendre ferme et dure en la pressant sans trop de force entre les genoux. En un mot, la manière de faire une boule de neige est une science.

Jean Martin était un maître dans cette science. C'était un garçon qui aimait toujours à se perfectionner dans tout ce qui n'était pas de son état. La manière de faire une boule de neige n'était pas de son état, car Jean était un apprenti-cordonnier.

Au commencement de l'hiver de 1872 le sol fut couvert d'une magnifique couche de neige. La neige n'était ni trop humide ni trop sèche. Jean descendit dans la rue pour passer un bon quart d'heure à faire des boules de neige. Il prit une certaine quantité de neige, la pressa d'abord entre ses deux mains, puis entre ses genoux sans trop de force et réussit à en faire une magnifique boule. Il s'agissait maintenant de la jeter à quelque passant et la destinée de la boule serait remplie. L'occasion ne se fit pas longtemps attendre; Jean vit bientôt arriver de son côté le vieux M. Antoine Blanc et sa bonne femme, Mme Blanc. Dès qu'ils eurent passé devant lui, Jean, après avoir bien visé, lança sa boule de neige. Puis il baissa les yeux sur le sol et parut innocent comme un agneau. Le vieux M. Blanc fit un soubresaut.

"Aïe!" cria-t-il. "Qu'est-ce que c'est? J'ai été frappé par une avalanche de neige. Elle est peut-être tombée d'un toit. Ouf! j'en ai dans mon oreille. Ça coule le long de mon cou. Je sens la neige sous mon gilet de flanelle. Oh! comme c'est froid! C'est horrible! Pourquoi suis-je venu dans les rues lorsque la neige tombe ainsi des toits?"

Mais sa bonne femme, Mme Blanc, ne s'était pas laissé tromper. Elle savait que la neige n'était pas tombée du toit. Elle s'était retournée et avait vu Jean jeter la boule de neige. "Hé! méchant garçon!" exclama-t-elle. "Je vous ai vu. Vous avez jeté de la neige à mon bon mari. Je vais le dire au maire, et vous serez mis en prison, jeune vaurien!"

* We shall be glad to have the boys and girls send translations of this story. Next month we shall have a German story.

Digitized by Google

"JEAN PARUT INNOCENT COMME UN AGNEAU."

"Oh! bonne Mme Blanc!" répondit Jean, "est-ce qu'on lance des boules de neige? Oh! les mauvais garçons! J'ai peur que quelqu'un d'entre eux ne m'envoie une de ces terribles boules de neige. Je cours chez moi. Je n'ai pas de gilet de flanelle et si une boule de neige venait à découler le long de mon dos, je périrais de froid. Je vous remercie, ma bonne dame, de m'avoir averti. Adieu."

Et l'innocent Jean Martin s'éloigna pour faire une autre boule de neige qu'il se disposait à jeter derrière l'oreille au premier vieux Monsieur qui viendrait à passer.

Digitized by Google

FAST FRIENDS.

By J. T. Trowbridge.
Author of the "Jack Hazard" Stories.

Chapter I.

A YOUNG CONTRIBUTOR.

Very early one spring morning, not quite thirty years ago, a tall boy, with arms almost too long for his coat-sleeves, sat eating a hasty breakfast in a farm-house of Western New York. His hair was freshly combed, his shirt-collar clean, his fair face smoothly shaved (or perhaps the beard was yet to grow), and he appeared dressed for a journey.

By the table, leaning her elbow upon it, sat a young girl, who did not eat, but watched him wistfully.

"George," said she, with a tremulous smile, "you 'll forget me as soon as you are gone."

George looked up, over his plate of fried potatoes, and saw her eyes—a bright blue, and smiling still—grow very misty indeed, and suddenly let fall a shining drop or two, like rain in sunshine. She caught up her apron, dashed away the tears with a laugh (she must either laugh or cry, and laughing was so much more sensible), and said, "I know you will, George!"

"Don't think that, Vinnie?" said George, earnestly. "You are the only person or thing on this old place that I don't wish to forget."

"I am sorry you feel so, George!"

"I can't help it. I've nothing against *them*,—only they don't understand me. Nobody understands me, or knows anything of what I think or feel."

"Don't I—a little?" smiled Vinnie.

"You, more than anybody else. And, Vinnie!" exclaimed George, "I do hate to leave you here!"

He gazed at her, thinking how good, how beautiful she was. On the table there was a candle still burning with a pale flame. Just then a broad-chested, half-dressed farmer came in from another room, yawning, and buttoning his suspenders, saw the candle, and put it out.

"Need n't burn candles by daylight," he said, pinching the wick and then wiping his fingers on his uncombed hair.

George watched the broad back with the suspenders, knit of yellow yarn, crossed over a blue flannel shirt, going out at the back door, and looked grimly sarcastic.

"That's his way; he don't mean anything; he's good-hearted behind it all," Vinnie explained. "Eat a doughnut."

George declined the doughnut, and sat back in his chair. "I can't help laughing! Nine years I've lived with him,—my uncle, my mother's only brother;—he sees me ready for a journey, my trunk packed; and nobody knows, not even myself, just where I am going, or how I am going to live; and his first words are, 'Need n't burn candles by daylight.' Candles!" repeated George, contemptuously.

The uncle walked a little way from the back door, stopped, hesitated, and then walked back again. A trunk was there, loaded up on an old wheelbarrow.

"Ye might have had the horse and wagon, George, to take your trunk down," he said.

"Uncle Presbit," George answered, with a full heart, "I 'm obliged to you; but you did n't say so last night, when I spoke about it."

That was too true. Uncle Presbit gazed rather uneasily at the trunk for a moment, then slowly revolved on his axis, and the yellow X on the blue back moved off again.

"I wish you would take my money!" Vinnie

then said in a low tone of entreaty. "You will need it, I am sure."

"I hope not," replied George. "I've enough to take me to Albany or New York, and keep me there a few days. I shall find something to do. I sha' n't starve. Never fear."

Digitized by Google

"But promise you 'll write to me for my money, if you need it. You know you will be welcome to it,—more than welcome, George!"

At that moment the uncle reappeared at the door. He was a plain, coarse man, with a rather hard but honest face, and he looked not unkindly on George.

"When ye spoke last night," he said, "I hoped ye 'd reconsider. 'T ain't too late to change yer mind now, ye know. Had n't ye better stay? Bird in the hand 's wuth two in the bush. It 's a dreffle onsartin thing, this goin' off to a city where nobody knows ye nor cares for ye, to seek yer fortin."

"It 's uncertain, I know," replied George, with a resolute air; "but I 've made up my mind."

"Wal! boys know more 'n their elders nowdays." And once more the uncle walked heavily and thoughtfully away, scratching his rough head.

"George," whispered Vinnie, "if you print anything in the city papers, be sure to send me a copy."

"Of course,"—blushing and stammering a little, —"if I do."

She had touched a sensitive chord in the boy's heart, which thrilled with I know not what secret aspirations. For George was a poet,—or dreamed he was. In the heart of that farm-bred, verdant youth lurked a romantic hope, shy as any delicate wild flower shrinking from the glare of day under the shade of some secluded rock. He would hardly have owned, even to himself, that it was there. To be a poet—to write what the world would delight to read—to become famous, like Byron, Burns, or Scott, whom he so passionately admired—O no! he would have declared, he was not so foolish as to indulge that daring thought.

And yet he had tried his powers. He had composed a great many rhymes while following the plough or hoeing his uncle's corn, and had written a few prose sketches. Some of these things had got into print, and given him a good deal of reputation as a "young contributor" to the county newspaper. The editor had more than once called attention to the "new poem by our promising young author, G. G." (for George Greenwood favored the public with his initials only), comparing him with Pope in his early years, or with Chatterton, "the marvelous boy." George was rather ashamed of these compliments, which he greatly feared laid him open to ridicule. He suspected, moreover, perhaps justly, that they were intended as a sort of compensation for his articles; for he got no other pay. Besides, he had a painful consciousness that the "Vanguard of Freedom" was not literature, and that its columns were not the place where laurels were to be won.

His friends and mates, for the most part, took no interest in his verses. Some accused him of "copying out of Lord Byron." Two or three only—including Vinnie—believed in him. His Uncle Presbit owned that "the boy had a knack at rhymin'," and was rather proud of it;—no one of his blood had ever before written anything which an editor had thought "wuth printin' in a paper." But though he did not object to a little of such nonsense now and then, hard work on the farm was the business of life with him, and he meant it should be so with his nephew, as long as they lived together. And hard enough he made it—hard, dry and prosaic—to George, with his sensitive nature and poetic dreams. And so it happened that George's trunk was out there on the wheelbarrow, packed with all his earthly possessions (including a thick roll of manuscripts), and that he was eating in haste the breakfast which Vinnie had got for him, early that spring morning.

"I was agoin' to say," remarked Uncle Presbit, again coming back to the door, "I don't mind payin' ye wages, if ye stay an' work for me this season."

"Thank you for the offer,—though it comes rather late!" said George, gloomily. "Good by, Aunt Presbit; you 're just in time to see me off."

The aunt came in, with pins in her mouth, arranging her dress.

"Goin'? Have ye had a good breakfast?" she said, speaking out of the corner of her mouth that was free from pins.

"Yes, thanks to Vinnie," said George, risen, and ready to start.

"That means, no thanks to me. Wal, George!" —the pins were out of the mouth, which smiled in a large, coarse, good-natured way,—"I mean better by ye 'n ye think; the trouble is, ye 've got too fine notions for plain folks like us. All is, if ye git into trouble, jest come back here; then mabby ye 'll find who yer re'l friends be."

George was touched by this, and there was a tear in his eye as he shook her hand at parting.

"But law!" she added, with broad irony, "if ever ye do come back, I s'pose ye 'll be a rich man, and too proud to speak to poor folks! Why don't ye kiss him, Vinnie? Need n't mind me!"

"She is going over to the bridge with me." And George took up the handles of the wheelbarrow on which his trunk was placed.

Uncle Presbit, who had walked to and fro half a dozen times since he last appeared at the door, now came back and spoke what was on his mind.

"George,"—a cough,—"I s'pose,"—another cough,—Uncle Presbit pulled off his old farm hat with one hand, and scratched his head with the other,—"no doubt ye think I might 'a' gin ye some money—"

"Uncle Presbit," said George, putting down the

Digitized by Google

wheelbarrow, "if the work I've done for you the past nine years has paid for my board and clothes and schooling,"—his voice trembled a little,—"I'm glad—and I'm satisfied. If you had offered me money, I—I"—chokingly—"should have taken it as a kindness; but I have n't expected it, and I don't know that I have deserved it."

Uncle Presbit had put his hand into his pocket, but he now took it out again, and appeared greatly relieved.

"Wal! I d' n' know, George! I've meant to do right by ye. An' I wish ye well, I shall allers wish ye well, George. Good by."

"Good by," said George. He repressed a bitter sob; and, with his hat pulled over his eyes, taking up the barrow again, he wheeled it away, while Vinnie walked sadly by his side.

CHAPTER II.

TAKING THE PACKET BOAT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the distasteful life he had led at his uncle's, George did not leave the old place without some parting sighs. Strangely mingled with his hatred of such disagreeable work as forking manure and picking up stones, and of his uncle's sordid ways, remained a genuine love of nature, and attachment to many a favorite spot. How could he forget the orchard, so pleasant in summer weather; the great woods where he had roamed and dreamed; the swallow-haunted and hay-scented barn; the door-yard, where on Sunday afternoons he had lain upon the grass and gazed up into the sky, with thoughts of time, and space, and God; and all the private paths and nooks which Vinnie and he had known together.

"I take back what I said about wishing to forget everybody and everything but you, Vinnie!" he said, setting down his load at a little distance from the house, and looking back. "Shall I ever see again that old roof—those trees—this road I have traveled so many times with you on our way to school?"

"I hope so, George!" said Vinnie, fervently.

"Where shall I be a year from now?—three—five—ten years?" he continued, as if speaking aloud the thoughts which had been haunting him. "I wonder if this is n't all a dream, Vinnie!"

"I should think the wheelbarrow would seem real enough to you," she said with a tearful smile, as he took up his load again.

"Yes! and is n't this a rather ridiculous way of leaving home?" George blushed as he thought how it would sound, in the fine Byronic "Farewell" he was composing, or in the biography which might some day be written: "On that occasion he conveyed his own luggage to the boat, using for the purpose an ancient wheelbarrow belonging to his uncle." It was long before George got that little streak of romantic vanity rubbed out of him by rude contact with the world.

The road soon brought them to the bridge; and under the bridge flowed (for there was always a sluggish current) the waters of the canal, on which he was to embark. He saw the rising sun under the bridge, as he set down the wheelbarrow by the tow-path, and removed the trunk. Vinnie was to take the "little vehicle" (so it was called in the "Farewell") back with her, after they had parted.

"I've jumped off from that bridge, on to the boats passing under, more times than I ever shall again, Vinnie!" He remembered the way in which the little sum of money in his pocket had been earned, and wondered how that would read in his biography: "He had diligently picked up a few pennies at odd spells, by gathering in his uncle's orchard such fruits as it chanced to afford, and selling them on the canal-boats, upon which he stepped from a convenient bridge." Such things would dart through the lad's too active brain even at that moment of parting.

They sat down, she on the trunk and he on the wheelbarrow, and talked a little; though their hearts were so full, neither had much to say. George cast anxious glances up the canal; suddenly he exclaimed, in a quick voice, "There's the packet!" and clasped her hand. It was the boat that was to bear him away. The foremost of the three heavily trotting horses, and the head of the driver riding the last, appeared around the bend; then came the long, curving tow-line, and the trim, narrow prow cutting the water. George, who had many times leaped upon the same boat at that place, with his little basket of apples (it was only upon the line-boats that he stepped from the bridge), sprang up and gave a signal. The driver—who knew him, and remembered many a fine pippin, handed up to him as he rode past, with the request, "Drive slow!"—slackened speed, letting the tow-line dip and trail in the water. The steersman, who also knew George, saw the signal and the trunk, and headed the packet for the tow-path. As it was "laying-up" for him, George hastily bid Vinnie good-bye; then, as the stern swung in and rubbed gratingly against the bank, he caught up his trunk, threw it aboard, and then leaped after it. The stern swung off again, the driver cracked his whip, the dripping line straightened, and a swiftly widening space of dingy water separated George standing in the stern from Vinnie on the shore.

There was something romantic, after all, in his departure, sailing into the sunrise, which dazzled her as she gazed after him under her uplifted arm.

Digitized by Google

He stood proudly erect, waving his hat towards her; she fluttered her handkerchief; then another bend shut him out from her view.

Poor Vinnie, standing alone on the tow-path, with the empty wheelbarrow, continued to gaze after him long after he was out of sight. A dreadful feeling of loss and desolation came over her, and the tears streamed unheeded down her cheeks. For nine years—ever since, his parents having died, he came to live with his uncle—they had been daily companions. She too was an orphan, adopted in childhood by the Presbits, who had no children of their own; and the two had grown up together like brother and sister. How empty life would seem without him! how could she endure it? But Vinnie was too brave a girl to spend much time in mourning over the separation.

"I must go home and get breakfast for the rest," she suddenly remembered. So, drying her eyes, she took up the wheelbarrow, and trundled it back along the road.

"HE WAVED HIS HAT; SHE FLUTTEPED HER HANDKERCHIEF.

George felt the separation less; for he had the novelty of the journey and his own fresh hopes to divert and console him. It was early in the month of May; the morning was cool and fine. The sun rose through crimson bars of cloud into a sky of transparent silver. Birds sang sweetly in the budding boughs that overhung the water; the lisp

Digitized by Google

of ripples by the rushing prow blended with their songs. The steady, level movement of the boat, bearing him away to new scenes and new fortunes, inspired him with emotions akin to happiness. And he had his poem for a companion. His brain began to beat with rhymes.

> "When the beams of morning fell
> On my little vehicle,
> Which by dewy hedge-rows bore
> My light luggage to the shore,
> She, still faithful, by my side,
> Rosy-cheeked, and tender-eyed,—"

But George immediately rejected the epithet "rosy-cheeked," as out of keeping with the pathos of the parting scene and the passionate tone of the "Farewell." Indeed, none of the lines composed that morning were finally retained in that remarkable poem, which was pitched to the deep key of the surging winds in the dark woods, where he had nursed his fate-defying thoughts (after his trunk was packed) the night before.

CHAPTER III.

THE "OTHER BOY."

FINDING that the stream of poetry ran shallow, George looked about among the passengers who were beginning to come on deck, and noticed a monstrously fat man whose bulk nearly filled the companion-way where he stood.

"Half a dozen of us little fellows will have to go forward, to trim the boat, if he stays aft," said a boyish voice at George's side.

The speaker was a lad almost a head shorter than himself, and may be a year or two younger, but with a bright, honest face, which expressed a good deal of quiet self-reliance and firmness of character. George, who had seen little of the world, and who lacked self-reliance, felt drawn at once to the owner of that face.

Perceiving that he wore pretty good clothes, and a coat which was not a bad fit, our young poet —who was troubled with a painful consciousness of having outgrown his own garments—instinctively pulled down his coat-sleeves, which, as has been said, were short.

"He'd better not come up on deck," he replied in the same tone of pleasantry. "He'd go through these thin boards like an elephant!"

The lad—whom we shall call the Other Boy—began to laugh. "Once when I was on the canal, he said, "I saw just such a fat man on the deck of a line-boat, as it was coming to a bridge. 'Low bridge!' says the steersman. It *was* a low bridge —very low; and the boat, having no freight, was very high out of the water. The fat man got down and lay on his back, with his feet towards the bow. But, gracious! he reached almost as far up into the sky when he was lying down as when he stood up. He saw the bridge coming, in a direction that was certain to cut him off about six inches below his waistcoat buttons. I was on the tow-path; and I screamed, 'Mister! mister! you'll get killed!' He knew it, but what could he do? The boat could n't stop, and the bridge would n't go! In a minute he would be crushed like a four-hundred-pound egg."

"What *did* he do?" said George.

"There was only one thing he *could* do; for it was too late to get up and run aft, and he could n't crawl away. He put up his feet! I suppose he thought he was going to stop the boat, or may be push the bridge over. But the bridge pushed him! It was funny to see his eyes stick out, and hear him roar, 'Hold on! wait! stop 'em!'—I suppose he meant the horses,—as he slid along on the deck, and finally rolled off into the water. He went in like a whale,—such a splash! He was so fat he could n't sink; but how he did splutter and blow canal water when he came out!"

The Other Boy had hardly finished his story, when—"Bridge!"—called the man at the helm; and both boys, laughing heartily, got down on the deck, with the other passengers, to pass under.

George's new acquaintance appeared to be familiar with life on the canal, and had several such stories to tell. George in his turn became confidential.

"I used to peddle apples on the 'big ditch,' as we call it." he said, as they sat on some light baggage on the deck, and looked off at the passing scenery. "They were my uncle's apples, and I gave him half I got for them. That made him willing to let me have the fruit, and a half-day to myself now and then. I would drop on to the line-boats from the bridge, and—if the steersman would n't lay up for me—get off at the next bridge, or on another boat. I was a little chap when I began,—very timid,—and it was some time before I completely mastered the art of getting on and off. You see, it don't do to jump down on the side from which the boat is coming, for the bridge might knock you over before you could take care of yourself. So you look for a good place, where there's no freight or passengers, and then run to the other side, and wait till the spot you've picked out comes through, and then drop down, and you're all right."

"Yes, I see," said the Other Boy.

"Once I dropped down in such a hurry that I left my basket of apples on the bridge! I got well laughed at; and, what was worse," said George,

Digitized by Google

"when I went back, half an hour later,—for the steersman would n't lay up, since I could n't give him an apple, and I had to jump to the first boat we met,—the pigs had eaten up all my apples, except a few which I found afloat with the basket in the canal. Another time I put my basket up on a bridge, but could n't get up myself. I thought I could, though, and I hung on, jumping and kicking in the air, while the boat passed from under me, and there I clung, right over the water. The boatmen only laughed at me. There was nobody to pull me up,—yelling did no good,—and I could n't very well hold on till another boat came along, with a good deck for me to fall on."

"What did you do?" asked the Other Boy, highly amused.

"I dropped into the water. Luckily I could swim, and I got out without assistance. The boatmen laughed louder than ever, when they saw me, and that hurt my feelings."

"Just like 'em! they 're pretty rough fellows, the most of 'em!" said the Other Boy, with the air of one who knew.

"On one boat," George continued, "I met with a series of accidents. In the first place, getting on, I was a moment late, and, instead of alighting where I expected, I jumped into the stomach of a big Dutchman lying on the deck, smoking his pipe. He started up with a grunting 'Hough! hough!'—very much as if it had been a fat hog I had jumped on,—and away went I and my apples. First I picked myself up, and then proceeded to pick up as many of my apples as had n't rolled overboard. Afterwards I gave all I saved, together with all my money, for a bill that turned out to be counterfeit. Then the steersman carried me off. Then, in getting up on a bridge,—you have to step along on the deck, you know, till you can give a good jump, and you can't see where you step,—I kicked a dinner-bell off into the water. The cook sprang to catch me by the legs, and came very near going overboard after his bell. I was too quick for him; but I was no sooner on the bridge than a shower of turnips followed me. I think the enraged cook, the steersman, and the deck hands, must have thrown away half a barrel of turnips, all on my account. They went under the bridge, and over the bridge, and hit the bridge, but not one hit the mark they were aimed at, if I except a few lively spatters of juice and mashed pulp from one or two that struck the timbers disagreeably near to my head. As soon as I was at a good dodging distance, I yelled to the steersman that he'd better lay up for me next

GEORGE'S LITTLE ADVENTURE.

Digitized by Google

time. But I was careful never to get on that boat again."

The Other Boy showed a lively appreciation of these anecdotes. "Are you a pretty good hand at getting into scrapes?" he inquired, with a laugh, looking up into George's face.

"Fair," replied George. "Are you?"

"Terrible!" said the Other Boy. "You never saw such a fellow. If you are like me, we'd better not be together much, or nobody knows what may happen. Two Jonahs in one boat!"

"But do you get out of your scrapes?" asked George.

"O yes! that's the fun of it."

"Then I'll risk you. But how happens it that you know so much about the canal?"

"I was brought up on it," said the Other Boy.

"You mean near it—on its banks?"

"No; on the canal itself,"—with a quiet smile. "You see, I was a driver once."

George was astonished. "You! I would n't have thought it!"

"It seems odd to me now," said the Other Boy, looking thoughtful for a moment. "I can hardly believe that, only two years ago, I was traveling this very tow-path, one of the roughest little drivers you ever saw!"

"You must have had a streak of luck!" George suggested regarding his new acquaintance with fresh interest.

"I've had some good friends!" said the Other Boy.

"How far are you going?"

"To New York."

George started, and drew still nearer the Other Boy. "To stay?"

"I don't know. I am going on a strange sort of business; I mean to stay till I've finished that."

"*I* am going to New York," then said George.

"Good!" exclaimed the Other Boy. "Let's go there together."

CHAPTER IV.

THE JOURNEY AND AN ADVENTURE.

THAT afternoon they arrived at Syracuse, where they changed boats, taking another packet for Utica. They slept on board that night, in little berths made up against the sides of the narrow cabin, much like the berths in a modern sleeping-car. Changing boats again the next day at Utica, they continued their journey, passing through the Mohawk Valley, and found themselves in Schenectady on the following morning.

This was the end of the packet's route; and here, after breakfast, they took the cars for Troy and Albany, over one of the oldest railroads in the country. It was a new experience to the two boys, neither of whom had ever ridden in a railroad car before. This, we must remember, was nearly thirty years ago; since which time passenger-boats, once so common on the canal, have disappeared, and become almost forgotten.

At noon they arrived at Albany; and there George wished to spend a couple of days, while the Other Boy, who had seen enough of the city when he was a driver, and whose business seemed urgent, was for taking a steamer down the Hudson that night. Finally George agreed that, if his new friend would stay with him in Albany until the next morning, he would then take the steamer with him, and they would go down the river by daylight.

They saw the city that afternoon,—the Other Boy acting as guide,—slept at a cheap public house, and got up early the next morning in order to take the boat.

There were two lines of New York steamers at that time, "running opposition;" and when the boys reached the wharf they were beset by runners for the rival lines, who caught hold of them, jabbering, and dragging them this way and that, in a manner which quite confused George, until he saw how cool and self-possessed the Other Boy was.

"See here!" cried the latter, sharply, "just keep your hands off! Let go that trunk, I say!" It was George's trunk; his friend had only a valise. "Now, what will you take us for?"

"Regular fare, dollar and a half," said one; "take ye for a dollar."

"Go on our boat for seventy-five cents!" shouted the other.

"Half a dollar!" roared the first.

"A quarter!" shrieked the second.

"All right," said the Other Boy. "We can't do better than that;—although," he added afterwards, "if we had kept the two fellows bidding against each other a little longer, no doubt one of 'em would have given us something for going in his boat!"

They had got their baggage safely aboard, and were standing near the gangway, amid a group of passengers, when somebody said, "What's the matter with that man?" George turned, and saw a well-dressed person staggering towards them, holding one hand to his head, and reaching out convulsively with the other, on which (he remembered afterwards) glittered a diamond ring.

"Take me!" gasped the man. "I shall fall!"

While George, struck with astonishment, hesi-

Digitized by Google

tated a moment, not for want of humanity, but because he lacked decision, the Other Boy sprang promptly to support the stranger.

"Help!" said he. "I can't hold him!" And in an instant George was at the stranger's other side. The man reeled about frightfully, and finally leaned his whole weight upon the boys, his body swaying, and his arms clutching their sides. At the same time two other gentlemen crowded close to them, crying, "What ails him?"

"I don't know," said the Other Boy. "Ease him down on the trunks here."

"No, no!" gasped out the suffering gentleman. "Take me ashore! I'm not going in the boat. I shall be all right."

As he appeared to recover himself a little, declaring presently that his faintness had passed, and that he could walk, the two boys helped him to the wharf, where he thanked them warmly for their kindness. They left him leaning against a cab, and had just time to leap aboard again when the bridge was hauled in, the great paddles began to revolve, and the boat started.

"He's all right," cried the Other Boy, with satisfaction. "Just think, he might have got carried off! Now, where's the man who promised to get us our tickets?"

"See here!" said George, feeling in his pocket, "pay for mine when you get yours, will you?" For George shrank from the responsibility of pushing into the crowd and making change.

"All right," said the Other Boy. "What's the matter with *you?*"

George stood, a picture of consternation, feeling first in one pocket, then in another, then in both.

"My pocket-book!" he said hoarsely.

The Other Boy comprehended the situation at once, and, thrusting his hands into his own pockets, became another picture of consternation, to match his friend.

"My purse! That rascal!" he cried, springing to the gangway.

He looked for the sick man leaning by the cab. He had disappeared. The steamer was already forty yards from the wharf. And there were our two youthful adventurers, embarked for the great unknown city in a crowd of passengers among whom they had not a friend, and without money enough about them to pay their fares even at "opposition" rates.

(To be continued.)

A CARD FROM THE EDITOR OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS."

THROUGH the courtesy of the Conductor of ST. NICHOLAS, I am enabled to say a few words to the readers of "Our Young Folks," in place of the many I should have wished to say in the last number of that lamented magazine, had it been known to be the last when it left the editorial hands.

That number was sent to its readers in the full faith that all it promised them for the coming year was to be more than fulfilled. But it had scarcely gone forth, when came the sudden change by which "Our Young Folks" ceased to exist—the result of a purely commercial transaction, wholly justifiable, I think, on the part of the publishers, J. R. Osgood and Company, of whose honorable and liberal conduct in all that related to the little magazine, up to the very last, I can speak with the better grace now that my editorial connection with their house has ceased.

Dear friends of "Our Young Folks," that I do not mourn the loss of our little favorite I will not pretend. Connected with it from its very birth nine years ago, and very intimately during the last three or four years, my interest in it had grown to be something more than that of a mere writer or editor—it filled a large place in my heart. I had been so long accustomed to regard its youthful readers and correspondents as my personal friends, that I cannot now sever the special ties that joined me to them without a sense of personal bereavement.

But, dear friends, changes—though they often appear disguised as foes—are, if not blessings themselves, the parents of blessings and of all improvement. Although "Our Young Folks" was the pioneer of the better class of juvenile periodicals, there were many things about it which we would gladly have made different, could we have gone back, with our acquired experience, and projected its form and character anew. But it filled its place, and it is gone; and we believe that from its grave "violets will spring," to blossom amid the leaves of a more beautiful and more beloved successor. Such a successor ST. NICHOLAS promises to be. I sincerely trust that it may crown that promise with fulfillment, and so prove to the friends of "Our Young Folks" that their loss is but gain.

The serial story, prepared for the late magazine, is herewith transferred to ST. NICHOLAS; and through the continuation of the history of Jack Hazard's adventures I shall hope still to maintain a pleasant relation with former readers, keeping them FAST FRIENDS for another year.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Not only the thousands of boys and girls who have grown to love the editor of "Our Young Folks," but hosts of others familiar with Mr. Trowbridge's writings, will rejoice to know that again, and for many a month, they may cluster about their old friend, to hear the story he is to tell in ST. NICHOLAS.

And so, though the much-loved magazine has passed away, our young folks will claim him still, and the claim, we trust, will grow stronger and heartier as the years roll on.

CONDUCTOR OF ST. NICHOLAS.

Digitized by Google

NIMPO'S TROUBLES.

By Olive Thorne.

Chapter I.

GOING OUT TO BOARD.

This is the story of a real girl, no wiser and no better than you are. I hope you'll like her; and I'm sure you'll be interested to hear about her troubles. They were many and grievous, but the greatest of all was, that she could not do as she pleased.

NIMPO THINKS OVER HER TROUBLES.

Now, I wouldn't be surprised if that were your special trouble too; and I'm going to tell you what Nimpo did about it.

Nimpo wasn't her real name, of course; it was one she had given herself before she could speak plainly, and she never had been able to get rid of it.

She had a habit of talking to herself, and the day my story begins, she had locked herself in her room, and was going on in a most passionate way:

"I don't believe anybody has such a hard time as I have! I never can do as I please! Here I am, 'most thirteen, and I never did as I had a mind to a single day! I just think it's too bad!

"Mother *never* lets me go anywhere I want to,—at least, not unless every little thing is just *so*," she added, to qualify the rather surprising remark.

"I think she's horrid particular, anyway. Then she never lets me wear my new dress! I don't see any use of having a dress if you can't wear it, except just to church. Oh, dear! I do wish I could do as I please! Wouldn't I have a nice time?"

Having talked out her grief, though only to the unsympathizing walls, Nimpo felt better, and began to plan what she would do if that nice time should ever come. Her face brightened, and before long she was so deep in castle-building that she forgot her troubles, and when the tea bell rang she went pleasantly down stairs, not a bit like the abused damsel she thought herself.

Perhaps it was because "coming events cast their shadows before," for her nice time was much nearer than she thought. They were all at the table, when she took her place, and holding an animated discussion.

"Nimpo," said her father, "I'm going to take your mother with me to New York next week. How shall you like to keep house?"

"Are you—is he, mother?" exclaimed Nimpo, "and can I keep house?"

"I'm thinking about it," replied Mrs. Rievor, "but I don't see exactly how to arrange it. Sarah wants to go home for a month, or I could leave you with her. Perhaps I can get Mrs. Jackson to come and take care of you all."

"Oh, no! I can't bear Mrs. Jackson," Nimpo broke in; "can't I board somewhere?"

"That might do, Mary," said Mr. Rievor. "Perhaps that would be best. You would feel easier about them."

"I don't know who would take the care of three children on their hands," said Mrs. Rievor.

"Children!" said Nimpo, "I should think I was old enough to take care of myself."

Mrs. Rievor looked curiously at Nimpo, a moment, and a light seemed to break in on her mind. She thought, perhaps, it would be well for her little daughter to take care of herself a while. So she said she would think of it.

Well, she did think of it; and she went out the next morning to see about it, and when Nimpo came home from school she was greeted with a shout from Rush, who was swinging on the front gate.

Digitized by Google

"Oh, Nimpo! It's all settled, and we're going to Mrs. Primkins' to board. Ain't you glad?"

"I guess you'll have to learn better manners than to swing on a gate, if you're going to board out," said Nimpo, with great dignity. "I should be mortified to have Mrs. Primkins see such rude manners;" and she went into the house to see if the delightful news was really true.

"Oh, my! don't we feel grand!" shouted Rush, who was just at the teazing age in boys—if you know what age that is. According to my experience, it begins at nine or ten years of age, and ends —when does it end, boys?

But, for once, Nimpo did not care what he said. She was too much elated with her brilliant prospects to listen to him.

"Mother, have you got us a boarding place?" she asked, eagerly.

Mrs. Rievor smiled.

"Yes, dear; at least, Mrs. Primkins says she will take you, if, on the whole, it is decided to be best."

"Oh, I hope it will, mother! I don't want to stay here with that poky old Mrs. Jackson, to order me around."

"But you will find things very different there from what you are used to, my dear, and I'm afraid you'll be disappointed."

"Of course, things 'll be different," said Nimpo, loftily, "but I think I'd like a change. I don't think it's good for folks to live always in a rut." She had read that expression in a grown-up book, and thought it sounded striking.

But, seeing a peculiar smile on her mother's face, she went on earnestly—

"I always did want to board out, mother, and I think it 'll be just splendid."

"Well," said Mrs. Rievor, "perhaps it will be good for you, and if you prefer, you may try it."

So that was settled, and Nimpo thought her day of glory was coming in.

She went at once to her room, drew her trunk out of the closet, and began to look over her "things," to see which she would take. It was delightful to select them, and pack them away in boxes, and it made her feel as if she were going on a journey.

Rush was excited, too, though of course—being a boy—he would not own it. Pretty soon he came in.

"What 'r you doing, Nimp?" he asked.

"Packing up," said Nimpo, from the closet, where she had gone to get her best shoes, so as to be sure and not forget them.

"Then we're to go, sure pop?"

"Yes, we're to go to Mrs. Primkins' to board, but I do wish you'd leave off such vulgar words," answered Nimpo.

"I mean to pack up, too," said he, prudently not hearing her last remark. "Nimp, would you take your skates?"

"Skates!—in the middle of summer!" said she scornfully. "I think you'd better take a little common sense—if you've got any in your head. I wish you'd go out; you're in my way. I want to spread out my things on that bed."

Nimpo's room was a cozy bit of a place, with only room for a narrow bed, a little bureau, a stand, and one chair. So when Rush came in to see her, he always sat or lounged on the bed.

Before she went to sleep on that wonderful night, Nimpo had packed everything, except her dresses, and as it was a week before she went, she had to live in the trunk all that time.

But that—though rather inconvenient—was part of the fun.

She was a heroine at school for that week. The envy of the girls, and the happiest one of all. Lessons were not very well learned, notes passed around, and in fact the whole school was demoralized by her influence, because she was going to "board out," that being considered the height of felicity among the school girls of the village.

The airs she put on were wonderful to see. She did up her hair in a very tight knot behind, feeling too old for braids, and slily let down a tuck in her dress.

You see she wasn't a bit like the good girls you read about; she was more like the girls you see—when you look in the glass.

Well, the week came to an end, as all weeks will if we're only patient, and the morning came on which Mr. and Mrs. Reivor were to start.

"Now, Nimpo," said her mother that morning, "I leave little Robbie to your tender care. Remember he's a baby, and will miss his mother. I'm sure you'll be kind to him, dear. And I want you to be more considerate with Rush. I know he is trying—"

"I should think he was!" broke in Nimpo.

"Well, I know he is; but it's only his rough way. Try to be patient with him. I want to speak to you of Mrs. Primkins, too. You'll find some things you're not used to, my dear, but I know she'll be kind to you, and I hope you will be respectful to her, and do as she wishes you to."

"Of course I shall be respectful, mother," said Nimpo, putting on her high and mighty air, "but I don't see why I should mind her. I'm sure I'm old enough to know what's right for me to do. I shall only be a boarder, any way."

"Well, daughter," were Mrs. Rievor's last words, "I hope you will be as happy as you expect."

"There's the stage!" shouted Rush from the front gate; and, sure enough, the old red stage,

Digitized by Google

with its four white horses, came swinging around the corner, and stopped at the gate.

In a moment the trunks were strapped in the big "boot" behind. Father and mother said good-by, and were packed in, the driver climbed to his seat, cracked his whip, and off they went, leaving Nimpo, Rush and Robbie at the gate, and black Sarah at the door.

Robbie began to cry, and even Rush felt a slight choke in his throat, but Nimpo was too much taken up with her brilliant prospect to feel unhappy.

"Now, Robbie," she began, in her most elder-sisterly way, "don't cry, dear; we're going up to our boarding place, and you'll see what fine times we'll have!"

"Hadn't ye better stay here till arter dinner?" said Sarah. "I won't get done clarin up 'fore the arternoon, an' I kin jist as well cook y'r dinner."

"No, I thank you, Sarah," said Nimpo, loftily, "I want to take possession of my new rooms this morning."

Sarah smiled, but Rush shouted:

"Nimp's on her stilts again! I say, Nimp, don't forget to take the big dictionary up to old Primkins. They'll all have to study it if you keep on."

Nimpo threw a most withering look on him, but he didn't wither a bit. He only laughed louder, and Sarah said, quietly:

"Law, now! I reckon ye'll git off that ar high hoss, 'fore you've been to Miss Primkins' a week. She ain't much like y'r ma, no ways."

Nimpo disdained reply.

"You can leave the key of the house with cousin Will, at the store, Sarah," she said with dignity.

"Yes, Miss Rievor," said Sarah, sarcastically. "So y'r ma tole me? Lor'! won't she git took down a peg!" she added, with a laugh to herself, the next minute, as Nimpo disappeared through the door.

The trunks had been carried up the day before; so nothing remained but to walk up there.

Nimpo started off, leading Robbie, and Rush, stopping to gather up a bow and arrow he was making, followed slowly along behind.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. PRIMKINS.

MRS. PRIMKINS lived in a two-story house, a block or two above Mr. Rievor's. It was the newest and most stylish-looking house on the street, and that was one reason Nimpo was pleased to go there.

Mrs. Primpkins, however, was not stylish in the least. Her hair was cut short in her neck, her dress was short and scant, and in her whole figure there was a tightened up ready-for-action look, that meant work. In fact, she was a kind-hearted, uneducated woman, whose life was spent in her kitchen, and who knew very little out of it.

She consented to take the children to board, because she wanted money to furnish her half-empty rooms.

When Nimpo reached the house, she went up to the front door, and finding no bell, gave a delicate, lady-like knock.

No reply.

She knocked again, louder this time. In a moment she heard a window opened, and Augusta Primkins put her head out.

"Go 'round the back way," she screamed.

"Well, I never!" said Nimpo, tossing her head; but she went, and there she found Mrs. Primkins washing dishes.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Primkins," she said. "I knocked at the front door, but could not make you hear."

"Laws!" cried Mrs. Primkins, stopping to look at her. "Why did n't you come right around? I don't expect to make company of you;" and she returned to her dish-pan.

"Will you be kind enough to show me my rooms?" asked Nimpo, with her grandest, young lady-like air.

Mrs. Primkins stopped now in earnest, stood a moment looking at the pompous young figure in the doorway, laughed a little to herself, wiped her hands on her apron, and then went to a door which seemed to lead up stairs.

"Au-gus-tee!" she screamed.

"Ma'am," came faintly down from the attic.

"Them Rievor children's come; you show them their rooms."

"Children, again!" thought poor Nimpo. "I'll soon show them I'm no child."

"I s'pose you'd 's'lieves go up the back way?" said Mrs. Primkins, holding open the door.

"It makes no difference," said Nimpo, haughtily, and up she went.

When she got to the head of the stairs, she looked around for Augusta, but a voice came from above—

"Come up stairs, children."

Nimpo hesitated, and Mrs. Primkins called from below—

"Take the little door at your left hand."

Then Nimpo saw a narrow, unpainted door, which she opened. There was the next flight of stairs, regular garret stairs, narrow and steep. Up these she climbed, her heart boiling over with wrath.

"It can't be possible!" she said to herself, "that that horrid woman means to put us in the attic!"

Digitized by Google

But she did; for there stood Augusta at the head of the landing, and she pointed to two small, unpainted doors, on one side of the attic.

"Those are your rooms. You can divide them as you like."

"But I thought—but can't we have rooms down stairs?" stammered Nimpo, with tears of vexation in her eyes.

Augusta looked at her with surprise.

"There ain't a stick of furniture in the chambers. This is my room," and she opened the door of the front attic, showing a broad room, the whole width of the house, with a droll window half across the front. This window was in the peak of the roof, and, of course, it could not go up; so it was arranged with hinges, and hung down into the room. It was now open, and it looked as though half the wall was out.

But Nimpo turned away from this room, and with a swelling heart, opened one of the other doors.

The room was a small one, with sloping roof on one side. A bed was pushed under this low part, and before it stood a cheap stand and one wooden chair. A window at the end looked out upon a roof, and the kitchen chimney smoked away only five or six feet from the sash.

There was an awful crash of air castles in Nimpo's heart. She turned to look at the other room, but found it even worse; for it had no wash-stand at all. She returned to the first room, drew Robbie in, shut the door, sat down on the foot of the bed, and—burst into tears.

"Don't cry, Nimp," said Rush, by way of consolation, while Robbie climbed up by her and said:

"This room 's too high up; that wall 's going to fall down."

"It 's real mean, anyhow," Rush went on, "to put us up in the garret like this. It ain't half so good as our house, for all it looks so grand!"

"Mean!" said Nimpo, who had recovered her voice. "It 's horrid! the stingy old thing! I 'll bet she did n't tell mother where she was going to put us! I 'll never stay here—never! You see if I do."

Poor Nimpo seated herself disconsolately on the side of the bed, half hoping to hear the jingle of the dinner-bell; but it did not come. Instead of that, the lower door opened, and a shrill scream came up:

"Come to dinner, children!"

"Children, again!" said Nimpo. "I 'll show her—"

They found the dinner table in the kitchen, to Nimpo's horror.

"You can set right down there," said Mrs. Primkins, pointing to a chair on one side of the table, "and Robbie can have the high chair next to you. You, Rush, can set down by Augusty."

They took their seats. Mr. Primkins was already in his place. Nimpo tied on Robbie's bib, and looked around. I don't suppose she would really have cared much how her dinner was served, if she had n't dreamed so much, and worse yet—said so much about the style of boarding. But the dishes of coarse crockery, with blue edges, such as they used at home to bake pies on, the big, awkward knives and two-tined forks, the unbleached tablecloth, the square table, with leaves propped up, so that you had to be careful not to hit the leg, or you might have your dinner in your lap—all these together were dreadful troubles just then.

Then there was the great piece of corned beef,—which she never could eat, and whole potatoes,—

"DEAR! DEAR! WHAT AN APPETITE BOYS DO HAVE!"

which she hated to peel, and boiled cabbage,—which she could just manage to swallow.

Mr. Primkins did not ask her what she would have. He piled a plate up with beef, potatoes, and cabbage, and handed it over to her in such a matter of course way, that she could not say a word. He did the same with Rush. Rush was hungry,—did you ever know a boy who was n't?—and he proceeded to dispose of his plateful; but Robbie began to fret.

Digitized by Google

"Nimpo, I don't want that meat. I want some fat meat. I don't like that potato—it's a black potato."

"Never mind!" whispered Nimpo, blushing; "I 'll fix it."

"Don't fix it!—take away that meat!" Robbie went on, ready to cry.

Nimpo hastily slipped the meat upon her own plate, peeled Robbie's potato, and mashed it for him, gave him a piece of fat from her plate, and after a while, with burning cheeks, was ready to cram her own dinner down.

Meantime, Rush had emptied his plate, and passed it up for more, at which Mrs. Primkins, who was nibbling around the edge of hers, said.

"Dear! dear! what an appetite boys do have!" —adding, as she saw Nimpo's indignant face:

"What would n't I give if I could eat like a boy!"

"Let him eat," was Mr. Primkins' remark, between two mouthfuls, "he 's a-growin'."

That was the only remark he made. As soon as he had finished, he pushed back his chair, took his hat and went out. Mrs. Primkins also left the table the moment she had finished, and, finally, Nimpo found herself left alone with Robbie, who was very slow to eat, lingering as little folks will.

"Come, Bub, ain't you through?" said Mrs. Primkins. "I can't dawdle round all day. I want to get the dishes done up."

Nimpo hurried him off, and rushed up stairs once more, in a blaze of indignation, while Mrs. Primkins said to herself, as she cleared the table—

"Too many airs for my time o' day! the pert little huzzy! can't eat corned beef! humph! I 'll have to take her down a bit, 'fore I can live with her," and by the way the table-cloth was jerked off, you'd think she meant to do it, too.

(To be continued.)

BEING A BOY.

By Charles Dudley Warner.

If I was obliged to be a boy, and a boy in the country—the best kind of boy to be, in the summer—I would be about ten years of age. As soon as I got any older, I would quit it. The trouble with a boy is that just as he begins to enjoy himself he is too old, and has to be set to doing something else. If a country boy were wise he would stay at just that age when he could enjoy himself most, and have the least expected of him in the way of work.

Of course the perfectly good boy will always prefer to work and to do "chores" for his father and errands for his mother and sisters, rather than enjoy himself in his own way. I never saw but one such boy. He lived in the town of Goshen—not the place where the butter is made, but a much better Goshen than that. And I never saw *him*, but I heard of him; and being about the same age, as I supposed, I was taken once from Zoah, where I lived, to Goshen to see him. But he was dead. He had been dead almost a year, so that it was impossible to see him. He died of the most singular disease: it was from *not* eating green apples in the season of them. This boy, whose name was Solomon, before he died, would rather split up kindling-wood for his mother than go a-fishing—the consequence was that he was kept at splitting kindling-wood and such work most of the time, and grew a better and more useful boy day by day. Solomon would not disobey his parents and eat green apples—not even when they were ripe enough to knock off with a stick—but he had such a longing for them, that he pined, and passed away. If he had eaten the green apples he would have died of them, probably; so that his example is a difficult one to follow. In fact, a boy is a hard subject to get a moral from, any way. All his little playmates who ate green apples came to Solomon's funeral, and were very sorry for what they had done.

John was a very different boy from Solomon, not half so good, nor half so dead. He was a farmer's boy, as Solomon was, but he did not take so much interest in the farm. If John could have had his way he would have discovered a cave full of diamonds, and lots of nail-kegs full of gold pieces and Spanish dollars, with a pretty little girl living in the cave, and two beautifully caparisoned horses, upon which, taking the jewels and money, they would have ridden off together, he did not know where. John had got thus far in his studies, which were apparently arithmetic and geography, but were in reality the "Arabian Nights," and other books of high and mighty adventure. He was a simple country boy, and did not know much about the world as it

Digitized by Google

is, but he had one of his own imagination, in which he lived a good deal. I dare say he found out soon enough what the world is, and he had a lesson or two when he was quite young, in two incidents, which I may as well relate.

If you had seen John at this time you might have thought he was only a shabbily dressed country lad, and you never would have guessed what beautiful thoughts he sometimes had as he went stubbing his toes along the dusty road, nor what a chivalrous little fellow he was. You would have seen a short boy, barefooted, with trowsers at once too big and too short, held up perhaps by one suspender only, a checked cotton shirt, and a hat of braided palmleaf, frayed at the edges and bulged up in the crown. It is impossible to keep a hat neat if you use it to catch bumble-bees and whisk 'em; to bail the water from a leaky boat; to catch minnows in; to put over honey-bees' nests, and to transport pebbles, strawberries, and hens' eggs. John usually carried a sling in his hand, or a bow, or a limber stick, sharp at one end, from which he could sling apples a great distance. If he walked in the road, he walked in the middle of it, scuffing up the dust; or if he went elsewhere, he was likely to be running on the top of the fence or the stone wall, and chasing chipmunks.

John knew the best place to dig sweet-flag in all the farm; it was in a meadow by the river, where the bobolinks sang so gaily. He never liked to hear the bobolink sing, however, for he said it always reminded him of the whetting of a scythe, and *that* reminded him of spreading hay; and if there was anything he hated it was spreading hay after the mowers. "I guess you wouldn't like it yourself," said John, "with the stubbs getting into your feet, and the hot sun, and the men getting ahead of you, all you could do."

Towards evening, once, John was coming along the road home with some stalks of the sweet-flag in his hand; there is a succulent pith in the end of the stalk which is very good to eat, tender, and not so strong as the root; and John liked to pull it, and carry home what he did not eat on the way. As he was walking along he met a carriage, which stopped opposite to him; he also stopped and bowed, as country boys used to do in John's day. A lady leaned from the carriage, and said:

"What have you got, little boy?"

She seemed to be the most beautiful woman John had ever seen; with light hair, dark, tender eyes, and the sweetest smile. There was that in her gracious mien and in her dress which reminded John of the beautiful castle ladies, with whom he was well acquainted in books. He felt that he knew her at once, and he also seemed to be a sort of young prince himself. I fancy he didn't look much like one. But of his own appearance he thought not at all, as he replied to the lady's question, without the least embarrassment:

"It's sweet-flag stalk; would you like some?"

"Indeed, I should like to taste of it," said the lady with a most winning smile. "I used to be ever so fond of it when I was a little girl."

John was delighted that the lady should like sweet-flag, and that she was pleased to accept it from him. He thought himself that it was about the best thing to eat he knew. He handed up a large bunch of it. The lady took two or three stalks, and was about to return the rest, when John said:

"Please keep it all, ma'am. I can get lots more. I know where it's ever so thick."

"Thank you, thank you," said the lady; and as the carriage started she reached out her hand to John. He did not understand the motion, until he saw a cent drop in the road at his feet. Instantly all his illusion and his pleasure vanished. Something like tears were in his eyes as he shouted:

"I don't want your cent. I don't sell flag!"

John was intensely mortified. "I suppose," he said, "she thought I was a sort of beggar-boy. To think of selling flag!"

At any rate, he walked away and left the cent in the road, a humiliated boy. The next day he told Jim Gates about it. Jim said he was green not to take the money; he'd go and look for it now, if he would tell him about where it dropped. And Jim did spend an hour poking about in the dirt, but he did not find the cent. Jim, however, had an idea; he said he was going to dig sweet-flag, and see if another carriage wouldn't come along.

John's next rebuff and knowledge of the world was of another sort. He was again walking the road at twilight, when he was overtaken by a wagon with one seat, upon which were two pretty girls, and a young gentleman sat between them, driving. It was a merry party, and John could hear them laughing and singing as they approached him. The wagon stopped when it overtook him, and one of the sweet-faced girls leaned from the seat and said, quite seriously and pleasantly:

"Little boy, how's your mar?"

John was surprised and puzzled for a moment. He had never seen the young lady, but he thought that she perhaps knew his mother; at any rate his instinct of politeness made him say:

"She's pretty well, I thank you."

"Does she know you are out?"

And thereupon all three in the wagon burst into a roar of laughter, and dashed on.

It flashed upon John in a moment that he had

Digitized by Google

been imposed on, and it hurt him dreadfully. His self-respect was injured somehow, and he felt as if his lovely, gentle mother had been insulted. He would like to have thrown a stone at the wagon, and in a rage, he cried:

"You're a nice"—but he couldn't think of any hard, bitter words quick enough.

Probably the young lady, who might have been almost any young lady, never knew what a cruel thing she had done.

JAPANESE GAMES.

By a Japanese Boy.

[Here are three games that may be worth trying during the Christmas holidays. They are very popular in Japan; and I trust American boys and girls will find some fun in them.—Ichy Zo Hattori.]

"Hebi no O wo toro," or Catching Snake's tail.

Several players choose one, in any manner agreed upon, to be an "Oni," or catcher. Then all but the "Oni" stand in a row, one behind the other, each one's hand being placed on the shoulder of the player in the front of him or her. The tallest player generally stands at the head, and the shortest at the end; or, in the language of the game, the "O," or tail of the row.

The "Oni" stands, facing the head of the row, at the distance of about twenty feet from him.

Now the play commences.

The "Oni" tries to catch the "O," or the tail of the row, while the head of the row and row itself defend the "O."

If the "Oni" pushes any one in the row, or the row is broken, it is foul.

When the "O" is caught, he or she takes the position of the "Oni," and the retiring "Oni" takes his or her place in the row, and they repeat the game.

"Ko wo toro."

The "Ko wo toro" is the same as the "Catching Snake's tail" in the arrangement of row and choosing of a catcher.

In "Ko wo toro," the head of the row is called "Oya" (father or mother), and the others, "Ko" (children).

When they take their respective positions, the catcher calls out, "Ko wo toro, Ko toro" (will catch a child! will catch a child!). The "Oya" asks then, "Dono Ko ga hoshii kaz?" (which child do you want?). To this the catcher answers, calling the first, second, third, or whichsoever he wants to catch, counting from the head toward the other end of the row. Then the "Oya" says, "Tore ruka totte miro" (try to catch if you can).

This is the signal of the battle.

The catcher pursues the one whom he named, and the column moves in all directions, and in any shape, to defend the "Ko."

During the struggle, the "Oya" can stretch his hands to prevent the catcher's progress; but he cannot push the catcher, nor can the catcher push any one in the column.

If the column is broken, it is foul.

When the catcher catches the one whom he aimed at, he changes his position, just as in the "Hebi no O wo toro."

"Temari," or Hand-Ball.

The "Temari" is a ball about two inches in diameter, and made generally of cotton, wound around with thread, so that it keeps its roundness and is elastic. Its outside is often ornamented with different figures, made of threads of various colors.

A number of girls stand in a circle, and one of them—for example, Miss A.—takes the hand-ball, and throws it perpendicularly on the ground, and when it rebounds, she strikes it back toward the ground with her open hand. If it rebounds again toward her she continues in the same manner as before. But if it flies away, the one toward whom the ball flies, or who is the nearest to the direction of the flying ball, strikes it toward the ground, as Miss A. has done; and the game continues until any of the players misses her stroke, or fails to make the ball rebound. Then she is cast out of the company, and the others play again in the same way as before, until another girl fails and is cast away.

The same process continues until there is left only one girl,—the one who gets the honor of "Kachi," or victory in the game.

Digitized by Google

BABY'S THOUGHTS.

"WHAT is the little one thinking about?" It is very easy to guess. The picture book has dropped from her hands; mamma—who so often has read its fairy tales to her—has left the room, and while

baby waits for somebody to come and dress her, wonderful fancies are flitting through her little head.

She sees Cinderella rushing home from the ball, leaving her beautiful glass slipper behind her; she sees Blue Beard lift his cruel scimitar over his poor, inquisitive little wife; she sees Jack-the-Giant-Killer marching away to deeds of deadly daring.

"But," you say, "these are not pleasant things to think about; it would be well for mamma to come back."

Ah! that is the best part of it. Baby never was happier. Does n't she know very well that the Prince will yet find Cinderella? Does n't she know that sister Anne will see "somebody coming" to rescue poor Mrs. Blue Beard just at the right moment, and does n't she know that Jack-the-Giant-Killer will rescue whole castlesful of distressed damsels?

And are not the fairies whispering pretty things in her ear; and is n't Puss-in-boots standing, cap in hand, to wish her a merry Christmas?

What wonder mamma finds Baby as bright as a rose when she comes in!

We must tell you that this lovely picture of Baby was drawn for ST. NICHOLAS, by a young girl now studying art in Italy. Her sketch has come a long way, to be sure—from Capri to New York—but what are a few thousand miles compared to the wonderful, wonderful distances reached by Baby's thoughts!

THE BEE AND THE BUTTERFLY.

"DEAR me! dear me!"
Said a busy bee,
"I 'm always making honey,—
No time to play,
But work all day.
Is n't it very funny—
Very, very funny?''

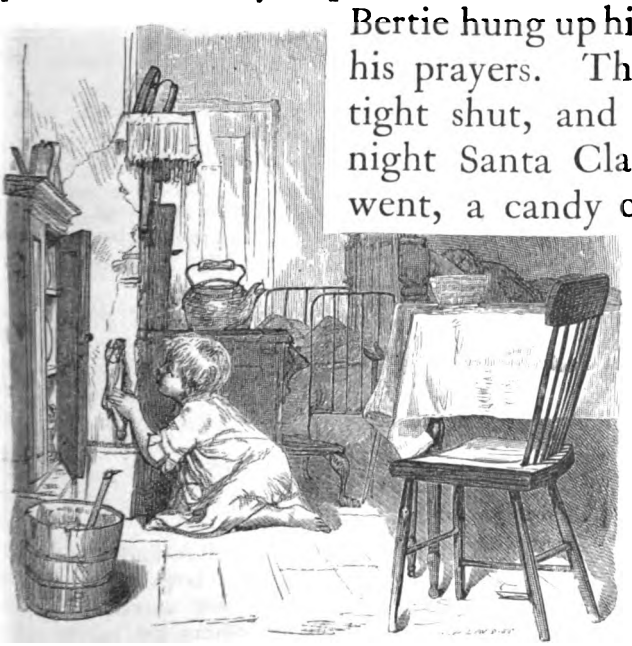
"Oh, my! oh, my!"
Said a butterfly,
"I 'm always eating honey;
And yet I play
The livelong day.
Is n't it very funny—
Very, very funny?"

Digitized by Google

BERTIE.

"I so awful bad! Santy Claus won't come down the chimney one bit," said little Bertie, and he began to cry. Bertie was not four years old, and he did not know just how to act. He had pulled the cat's tail, and upset the milk-pan, and, oh, dear! worse than all, he had gone behind his grandma when she was bending over the fire, and said Boo! so loud that it made her jump, and drop her spectacles, pop! into the tea-kettle. So he sat down on the floor, with his old fur cap on, to think about it; for this was Christmas eve.

But bless his heart! Grandma loved him if he did say Boo! at her. So did Mamma and Papa, and so did Pussy, and so did Santa Claus! When it was bed-time for Bertie, he wanted Grandma to go to bed, too, though it was not dark, so that Santa Claus would be sure to come. Grandma put on a funny cap, and hid under the bed-clothes, and Bertie hung up his stocking before he said his prayers. Then he squeezed his eyes tight shut, and went to sleep. In the night Santa Claus came, and before he went, a candy cat, a top, a ball, an orange, a barking dog and a jumping Jack, all went softly into Bertie's stocking, and waited for him to open his eyes.



Oh, how glad he was when he woke in the morning!

Digitized by Google

HALF A LOAF IS BETTER THAN NO BREAD.

(Translation of French Story in December Number.)

FEW young persons know the origin of this celebrated proverb.

In the year eleven hundred and eleven, the Grand Duchess Caroline Van Swing and her four lovely children assembled in the state kitchen of her castle, to enjoy their simple breakfast. In those early days condensed milk was not known, so the poor noble children were obliged to use common milk; but they had condensed bread, and that was a great satisfaction. The Grand Duchess herself made ready to prepare the meal, for, said she, with tears of affection, "Though a duchess, am I not a mother?" And the yells of her hungry little ones answered the question most eloquently.

The noble lady, taking up a loaf, then seized the very knife with which her noble grandsire had conquered a hundred foes. Brandishing it in the air for an instant, she soon, with one powerful, steady stroke, cut the condensed loaf in two, after the manner of all noble duchesses. As she did so, the severed half fell to the ground with a loud sound, and the family dog, which had been watching the Duchess, leaped forth from his corner of the great fire-place. Seizing the bread with his jaws, he bounded from the room, bearing his prize, amid the cries and screams of her dear children.

The noble mother, in her anguish at losing half of her loaf, instantly rushed to the door, and threw the remaining half at the wicked animal.

This, hitting him on the head, made him drop his prize and howl pitifully. Meantime, a donkey passing by swallowed both parts of the loaf in two mouthfuls. The dog returned to the house, humbled and penitent.

"He will never steal again," said the Grand Duchess, gazing fondly at her weeping children. "Why do you weep, my dears? But for the half loaf left in my hands, I could never have punished Athelponto. Console yourselves. Do you not see that half a loaf is better than no bread?"

"O yes, mother!" cried those noble children, quite willing to go without their breakfast, since Athelponto was cured of a bad fault.

Alas! what boy or girl of the present day would so sacrifice comfort to principle?

The saying of the Grand Duchess has been handed down from generation to generation, but its meaning has changed. When the mothers of to-day wish to teach their children to be contented with a little, they say: "Half a loaf is better than no bread."

The world is not so heroic as it was in the days of the Grand Duchess Caroline Van Swing.

NEW TOYS AND GAMES FOR THE CHILDREN.

ST. NICHOLAS expects to be always on the lookout for new games and playthings, so that our little folk and their parents may be told the latest inventions from Toy-land. But this number goes to press too early for us to speak of all the beautiful and wonderful things that are in store for the coming holidays.

So far, we have been able to examine only a few games, some of which are new, and all good, and well worth recommending to our young friends.

For the older children, one of the new games is "Naval Chess; or, The Admiral's Blockade," a capital entertainment, not complicated, but with all the absorbing interest of chess.

The "Quartette Game of American History," is another. It is historical, amusing and instructive.

The "Lightning Express; or, How to Travel," will set one thinking of what he never thought of before; and "Crispino" is one of the best games out. "Popular Characters from Dickens," is also a new, and a most interesting game.

Another new game is called "Spectrum, or Prismatic Backgammon." It may be played by any number from two to six, and is very exciting. It can be learned by seeing the game played once, and the newest player will often go far ahead of all his competitors.

We must not omit "Totem," a capital little game for the wee ones, with fine pictures of birds and beasts.

And we *must* tell about "Avilude," or the game of birds. It has sixty-four large cards, of unusual beauty. On thirty-two are excellent engravings of birds, and on the others are correct and en-

Digitized by Google

tertaining descriptions of the same, which players are sure to read. Old and young will be interested in this scientific, yet delightful entertainment.

"The Checkered Game of Life" is not new, but is very captivating—quite as much so as are the new games, "Eskemeo" and "The Lucky Traveler," which last, however, are certainly very entertaining and amusing. The new "Railroad Game," and the games of "Authors," "Poets," "Mythology," and "Popular Quotations," will tend to make young Solomons of the children before they know it; while "Poetical Pot-Pie" (a tip-top game), "Silhouette Comicalities" revised, the "Old Curiosity Shop," "The Tickler," "The House that Jack Built" (a Kindergarten game), "Comic Portraitures," and the ever new "Zoëtrope," will cause them to laugh and grow fat.

Of puzzles, that are new, we have: "The Blind Abbot and Monks," a mathematical puzzle; "Japanese Pictures," and "Scroll" puzzles; the "Jack-o'-Lantern," and "Star Alphabet" puzzles.

"The Chinese Perforated Target" is an excellent puzzle, which will amuse and delight both old and young.

The "Eureka" puzzle is a mystery, with a string, which is never ending, and always beginning; and the "Centennial" is a wire tease, hard to find out.

The new "Cage" puzzle will put the girls and boys on their mettle. The difficulty is to get the ball out of the cage, without injury to the columns.

"The Magical Trick Box" is a delightful source of amusement. A boy can carry it in his pocket to a party, and delight his friends all the evening, with its help.

"The Spectograph" is a novel invention, by means of which a child may make an accurate drawing without any previous instruction. It would be a precious gift for a little invalid.

Another admirable amusement for the little ones, sick or well, is the "Kindergarten Weaving and Braiding Work." Paper mats, dolls' carpets, tidies, &c., can be woven by their cunning little fingers, with one or two lessons.

"The Kindergarten Alphabet and Building Blocks" is a great invention. The child learns to read, while he thinks he is playing.

The "Combination Toy-Blocks" are also excellent. Furniture, buildings, boats, forts,—hundreds of objects,—can be constructed by these blocks, making of them an endless source of amusement.

There is a new table or carpet game, called, "Lozette," which promises considerable amusement. It is of the same class as the "Trap Game," and "Lozo Pendulum Board."

Of toy picture books, the "Little Folk Series," and "Uncle Ned's Picture Books," are just out. Also, four kinds of gilt-covered picture books; among them, "Dickens' Christmas Story," illustrated by Thomas Nast. The immortal Mother Goose makes her appearance in a new dress; and Dolly Varden paper dolls of large size, have "come out" for the first time this season.

The funniest new steam-engine toy is a colored gentleman, who stands on a platform on top of a little steam engine. Fire up the engine, and he has to dance, whether he wishes to or not.

Of banks, a most useful gift in these hard times, the new one has a race-course on top, to show you where you must *not* put your money. It is a very comical bank, indeed.

Another bank, not so new, but just as good, has a great bull-frog sitting on the top. You pinch his foot, and he opens his mouth, into which you pop the money, when he immediately winks at you—as much as to say, "That was fine! Give me another."

It would be a hopeless task to attempt to enumerate all the delights in preparation for our young friends of ST. NICHOLAS.

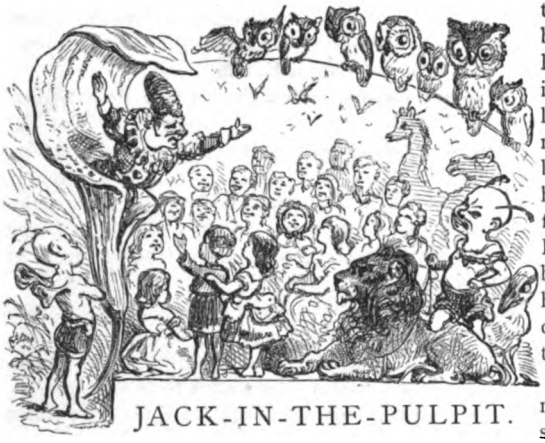
There are many other games to be found in the shops, not new, but dear to the boy and girl heart, such as "Ring-toss," "Magic Hoops," and "Parlor Croquet." "Smashed up Locomotive," "Dissected Yacht," and "Flag of all Nations," will please the boys. "Uncle Raphael's Puzzle-Chromos," and "Popping the Question," and many others, will delight the girls.

Then there are the mechanical toys and small steam engines, and very curious running rings which tumble, tumble, and yet are never gone; and the centenary gun or cannon, which you can load Monday morning and pop away until Saturday night, in the most perfectly safe and delightful manner.

If we were to go on with all that is made for the delight of children ST. NICHOLAS would have to be a book too big for a giant to handle; so we must stop.

Our boys and girls who wish any of these toys, may find them at nearly all the leading toy shops in the United States. Other shops also sell toys and games during the holiday season, but that seems hardly fair.

Digitized by Google



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS to you, my dears, and a very Happy New Year!

And now, before we begin the paragrams let us give three rousing cheers for ST. NICHOLAS. All join in. Hip, hip, hurrah!

Once more,—— Again,—— Ha! ha! that was a good one. Now you shall hear what the birds have been telling me:

A FLOATING COLLEGE.

SOMEBODY has started a new idea. He proposes that, as a change from stationary colleges, there shall be a steamship fitted up just like a college on dry land in every respect, except that it is to be set afloat and sent wandering about the world. In this way students may study geography by going right to the spot, and in fact see for themselves all that they are studying about this funny globe and its men and manners. Pretty good idea; but I'm afraid the freshman class will be hanging over the edge of the—college, in a wilted condition, most of the time; that they'll get sick of the thing, in short. I told a sea-gull friend of mine about it the other day and he said it was his opinion that the land-gulls were getting rather ahead this time.

HE BEGAN IT FIRST.

WE Jack-in-the-Pulpits get heartily tired of the never-ending quarrel as to whether "Katy-did" or "Katy didn't." But I'm told that humankind have queer ways, too, in their disputes and tiffs. They're very apt to think that if *they* don't begin a fight they've a right to keep it up in about any way they choose. A dear old crow lately told me this true story about a boy named Harry, who used to get angry very quickly and revenge himself right off. His parents usually made light of his quarrels if Harry only said of the other fellow "he began it first." So it came to be a common excuse with him. Once he went with his mother to visit a rich family who had mirrors reaching from the ceiling to the floor. Harry had never seen such things before. It was a very hot summer day, and as the little fellow soon became tired of playing by himself in the sun, he slipped into the quiet parlor, and lying down on a sofa opposite one of these big mirrors, fell asleep. After a while he awoke; rubbing his eyes as he stood up, he saw a boy rubbing his eyes, too. He looked at him wonderingly, then fiercely, and the boy looked just as fiercely at him. In a moment Harry doubled up his fist, and the boy did the same. This was too much to bear and he darted towards the boy (as he thought) and dashing his fist against the mirror, broke it in a thousand pieces.

Hearing the crash, his mother ran in from the next room, and poor Harry, picking himself up, all scratched and bleeding, cried out, "He began it first."

THE FOOLISH TADPOLES.

TALKING of quarrels reminds me of two tadpoles I heard wrangling one day in our pond.

Tadpoles are the queerest looking things that ever swam—no legs at all, very long tails, bright black eyes, round bodies, and thin skins.

Said the larger tadpole to the smaller, "I do wish I had legs just to kick *you* with. You're the sauciest tadpole I ever saw."

"What did I do to you?" asked the other.

"You know what you did," replied the larger; "You made faces at me."

"I did n't," said the small one.

"You did; and awful faces, too," said the other; "I'm so mad I feel as though I could burst, and now, I think of it again, I *will* burst!" And he *did* burst; and his skin fell off. Next his tail began to disappear, and he displayed four lovely legs!

"Well, I never!" said the small tadpole, "Where *did* you get those legs? And, now that you have got them, are you going to kick me?"

"When I wanted to kick you," answered the other, puffing himself out until he was as round as a ball, "I was a tadpole. *Now*, I am a F R O G, and you are beneath my notice! Swim away, sonny."

THE PACIFIC CABLE.

YOU know that we have an Atlantic cable to bring us news every morning of what the kings and emperors and the peoples of Europe are doing day by day. Across the blue Atlantic ocean, three thousand miles wide, the telegraph wires are stretched, and people on either side can talk with one another, as if they were near neighbors.

And before many months there is to be a Pacific cable; yes, across the great ocean, ten thousand miles wide, that lies between America and Asia.

When this long cable is stretched across under the waves, your papa will read to your mamma at breakfast, all about the important events that have

Digitized by Google

happened in Japan and China the day before; and you children can order your Chinese fire-crackers by telegraph.

QUIPS AND CATCHES.

HERE are some hints for a good time when you're sitting with the folks around the fire. A magpie told them to a friend of mine:

The Reverend Mr. Duzzen, when asked how many little girls he had, replied, "I've seven boys, and a sister for each." How many children had he?

Why, eight, of course. But I'll wager most Jacks would say fourteen. Try them.

A blind beggar had a brother. The brother died. But the deceased never had a brother. Now what relation was the blind beggar to the deceased?

(Whisper.)—HIS SISTER.

Jabez slept on the very top floor of the cottage. Now, what was the reason he always got *up* to breakfast and always went *down* to dinner?

Ans.—Because he had a good appetite.

I was half an hour trying to guess that. If there's anything I do dread it is a ridiculous, chatting magpie.

A parrot-friend of mine, who pronounces her words abominably, once asked me what amphibious animal I'd make, if I were to smash a clock. When I gave it up, she said, "Why, you'd *crack a dial*, of course. Pretty Poll!"

BAD READING.

THE other day a little chap sat near my neighbor Sumac, reading a book. And, when suddenly he saw his father coming along, he clapped the book out of sight, and stood up in great confusion, waiting for his father to pass by. Now, I did n't like that; and I herewith advise that boy and all other boys, never to read anything they're ashamed of. Open out every page you read, full and free in God's light and presence, as you must, and if it is n't fit to be opened so, don't read it at all.

Bad reading is a deadly poison; and I, for one, would like to see the poisoners—that is, the men who furnish it—punished like any other murderers;—yes, and more,—for it's worse to kill the soul than to kill the body.

In my opinion, parents are not half watchful enough in this matter, and if I were you young folks, I would n't stand it.

EASY SPELLING LESSON FOR BIG FOLK.

I HEARD some fun the other day. Half a dozen youngsters were down our meadow with a couple of teachers digging for sassafras roots. After a while they sat down close by me to rest, and one of the boys, as mischievous a little chap as you'll see in a month of Sundays, took a bit of paper out of his pocket and says to the teachers: "Would you mind saying an easy spellin' lesson to us children, sirs?" "Certainly not," said the teachers, looking very much astonished.

By the way, I ought to tell you that the teachers, just before, had been asking some school questions of the children, and looking very solemn and disappointed because the poor little things could n't answer them.

"It's a *very* easy lesson, sirs," said Hal, the mischievous youngster; "none of 'em over four letters, and my papa says they're all good words out of Webster's big dictionary, not obsolute either."

"*Obsolete*, Hal," corrected the teacher, in a bland but awful voice.

"Obsolete, sir," said Hal, meekly; so he opened out the bit of paper and began to "hear the teachers," with the other five children all looking over his shoulder.

"Spell and define, GITH."

"G-i-t-h, gith," said the teachers, but they could n't give any definition.

"GOWT."

"G-o-u-t," said the teachers.

"Wrong," says Hal; "it's G-o-*w*-t." But the teachers did n't know of any such word.

Well, Hal kept on the list, and only two words in the whole lot could those teachers answer! They laughed in spite of themselves, and it seemed as if the children would have fits. As for me, I shook so that I frightened off three butterflies who were going to alight on my shoulder.

Here's Hal's list. Suppose you try it on some of the big folks in your neighborhood. Turn about is fair play:

SARD ANIL ALB AWN NOG NE[illegible] GEST
DOIT OST HIN HOLM WHIN OUC[illegible] GOWT
AGIO GITH AI SHAG AIT ANT[illegible] HOLT

FLOWER CROSSES BY THE WAY-SIDE.

HERE is something about Brittany, in France. Many of the little boys and girls, who live there, watch, all day long, the cows in the fields, or flocks of sheep on the hills. But the hours would be tedious if they sat with their hands folded all the time. So, while sitting on the green earth, watching the cows sleepily chewing their cud, or the sheep browsing on the grass, the little peasants busy themselves in making flower crosses. They always form the cross with the branches of the furze, and then fasten to its thorns daisies and the pretty flowers of the broom; and when the cross is done, they set it up by the way-side in the hedge fences. Sometimes a long row of these flower crosses may be seen on the hedges. Do you know what Jack thinks? Jack thinks that it's a very good plan to set up flower crosses along the hedges of life; and that, when real flowers are scarce, these crosses can be made of kind looks and pleasant words. Is n't it so, my dears?

Digitized by Google

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

JUST now, in anticipation of the holidays, the publishers are showering down their gift-books by the dozen, in bindings gay as autumn leaves. One would almost think ST. NICHOLAS had tumbled his whole library out for the benefit of his boys and girls; for the very prettiest of all are for them; but, of course, the dear old saint cannot be expected to put on his glasses, and read them, every one, with his own eyes. He seems to take it for granted that whatever is written for his little folks will be sweet and wholesome, and he leaves it for the parents and friends to select the book that suits them best. In this, some are guided by the publishers, some by the author's name, and some by the color of the binding. But, alas! a gay binding is often a delusion, and even an author's name may occasionally mislead one as to the nature of a book. Take, for example, Miss Phelps' new story, in its gold and purple covers, just issued by Osgood & Co., of Boston.

Miss Phelps is a delightful writer, and her fearless pen has done good service in many a worthy cause; but, for all that, we cannot help feeling that *Trotty's Wedding Tour* is a sad mistake. Some of us have heard of Trotty before, how he married Miss Nita Thayer; and he is the same foolish boy still. If he goes on as he has begun, he hardly can fail to become either a Blue Beard or a Brigham Young. But, poor little fellow! he is to be pitied rather than blamed; for, certainly of himself, so mere a baby could never have learned the meaning of duels and divorces. If he were the Last Boy, then the Last Man and his wife could afford to be very much amused by him; but, for the sake of all little boys and girls, present and to come, we are sorry his history has been invented.

We turn with a sense of relief from Trotty and his unhappy little wives to *Whittier's Child-Life, in Prose*, published by the same house.

"The soul of genius and the heart of childhood are one," says the poet-editor; and the book is a collection of some of the daintiest and brightest bits of genius to be found in children's literature. As in "Child-Life in Poetry,"—the companion book to the present volume,—Mr. Whittier has been assisted by Miss Lucy Larcom, of whose taste and judgment he makes grateful mention in the preface; and the thanks of our little folk are due to both these gentle friends.

The book is handsomely bound and illustrated; and boys and girls who now turn its pages with delight, will like it better and better as the years go on.

Matt's Follies, and other stories, by Mary N. Prescott, is another handsome volume from Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co.

Though Matt is a "live" boy, up to mischief in every shape and form, we like him immensely; but we pity Aunt Jane, and hope that, for her sake, at least, the young man will try to mend his ways.

All the stories in this book are bright, happy and wholesome.

From Robert Carter & Bros. comes *Fanny's Birthday Gift*, by that charming writer, Joanna H. Mathews.

One of the heroes of this pleasant story is Robbie, Fanny's little brother, who, on her birthday, presents to her a picture of his own execution. Like many another production of genius, it is something of a puzzle at first, but proves, according to Robbie's explanation to be "Balaam's ass carryin' on and kickin' up like anything, 'cause the Philistines tied a tin kettle to his tail; and George Washington, who was always kind to animals, was tryin' to take it off." How Fanny kept a straight face when that picture was explained, it is hard to see; but she did,—the book says so,—and thanked the little artist just as heartily as she thanked the others for their more elegant gifts.

There is a book—*Stedman's Poems*—just published by Osgood & Co.—which we have read with great satisfaction, and which, though it is not a child's book, we should like to see given to every young person we know. The poems all are in pure, simple English, and nearly all have a grand story to tell. Better still, they are the songs of a true poet,—an American poet,—who, ripe scholar and man of the world that he is, still cherishes his youth, and has an echo in his ringing verse for all that is highest in the heart of a noble boy or girl.

Children of the Olden Time, re-published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., is an out-of-the-common and instructive book, by the author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," and one of the most fascinating little volumes we have seen for many a day. Though dedicated to the children of England, it will be equally attractive to the children on this side of the ocean.

Five tasteful books come to our table, just as this number of ST. NICHOLAS is going to press:

The first, *What Katy Did at School* (Roberts Bros.), is a sequel to *What Katy Did*, by good

Digitized by Google

Susan Coolidge, who holds one of the brightest and bravest pens that ever wrote for young readers.

The second is, *Giles' Minority*, by Mrs. Robert O'Reilly, whose *Doll World* is a delight to all real girls and women.

The third, by Mrs. Eiloart (from G. P. Putnam's Sons), is called, *The Boy with an Idea*,—a good many ideas, we should say, judging from the table of contents, which is a boy's novel in itself. And then there are two others, (from Macmillan & Co). *Queer Folk*, by Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, who wrote "Tales at Tea-time," and other funny books; and *Young Prince Marigold*, by John Francis Maguire.

THE RIDDLE BOX.

REBUS.

CHARADE.

My first comes from the Emerald Isle,
Or else is given in play;
My second is a useful grain,
Or else a crooked way.

My last is silver, paper, shell.
Sometimes 't is ruddy gold;
Or else it is a Scottish word—
At least, so we are told.

My whole, though hoarded by the sire,
Is wasted by the son.
With all the hints that I now give,
My meaning must be won.

SYNCOPATION.

My name, as you will plainly see,
Denotes a flower, but not a tree;
Syncopate, then give me hay,
And you can ride me far away.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 20 letters:

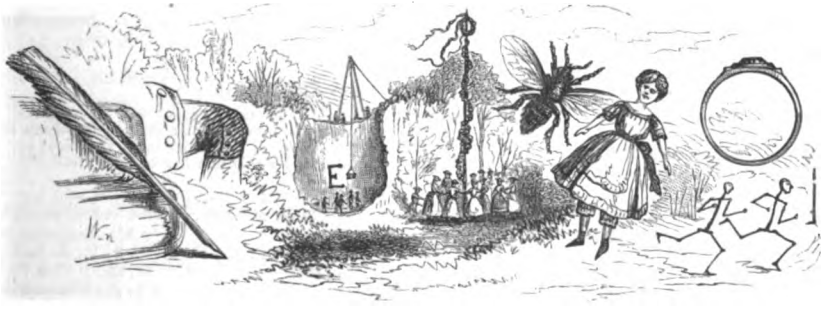
1. My 12, 13, 15, 7, 8, 20. Hark! how merrily they ring on this crisp Christmas morn.
2. My 16, 17, 1, 5. A twinkling little light, that led the Eastern seekers to our Lord.
3. My 18, 15, 10, 17, 13. Dear St. Nick to the hearts of his patrons brings this!
4. My 2, 3. Little reader, it 's only I!
5. My 9, 19, 11. Light in this form was the key to a grand discovery.
6. My 12, 13, 8, 14, 4, 6. A tree or its fruit.

My whole, dear friend, sincerely I wish you.

CROSS WORD.

My first is in bugle, but not in horn.
My second in meal, but not in corn.
My third is in oyster, but not in clam.
My fourth is in sheep, but not in lamb.
My fifth is in cut, but not in shave.
My sixth is in good, but not in brave.
My seventh is in dance, but not in jig.
My eighth is in sloop, but not in brig.
My ninth is in prune, but not in fig.
The letters placed rightly, all clear and distinct.
Will show you a quadruped long since extinct.

REBUS.



Digitized by Google

REBUS.

HIDDEN PARTS OF A BUILDING.

1. No one should be a miser.
2. It is a shame to shun the poor.
3. Did you ever see a vessel wrecked?
4. You will find your uncle at home.
5. One who is uncivil is illbred.
6. I bought some meal at Chandler's.
7. Oh! what fine potatoes! I will take a bushel for Father.
8. Stop! O stop! that idle talk!

PUZZLE.

I AM useful on the farm, and on shipboard. Transpose me, and I am not out of place on your tables. Change me to my original form, and remove my middle, and I become a part of your face. What am I?

ELLIPSES.

(FILL the blanks with the same words transposed.)

1. He sits and ——— over his ———.
2. The poor child could only ——— through her ———.
3. They kept on the ——— so as to ——— their position.
4. With his ——— he killed three ———.
5. ——— sometimes wound worse than the ———.
6. The ——— flew to the ——— for shelter.
7. The ——— was walking on the ———.
8. She was very clean, and had much ——— ———.

STAR PUZZLE.

ARRANGE eight words, having the following significations, so as to read the same up and down, vertically; east and west, horizontally; and, diagonally, right and left, up and down:

1. To indent. 2. To put on. 3. To broach. 4. To marry. 5. Extremity. 6. To bend the head. 7. Convenient. 8. Moisture.

DECAPITATION.

IN summer's heat and winter's cold,
I 'm worn by many, young and old;
Cut off my head, and then behold!
I 'm better far than finest gold,
And never bought, and never sold.

CHARADE.

MY first can be a useful slave,
Obedient to your will;
Yet let him once the master be,
He 'll ruin, rage, and kill.

To do my second through the air
All men have tried in vain,
And yet it may be often seen
Upon your window-pane.

My whole on summer nights is seen
A fairy lamp to light the green.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES AND PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

CLASSICAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.—Narcissus.

N
P A N
L A R E S
A G A C L E S
N A R C I S S U S
T H E S E U S
B E S S I
F U R
S

CHARADE.—Season.

HIDDEN SQUARE WORDS.—

z	e	s	t
e	c	h	o
s	h	o	w
t	o	w	n

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Diamond-Emerald.

D	—anub—	E
I	—te—	M
A	—rticl—	E
M	—urdere—	R
O	—lla Podrid—	A
N	—umera—	L
D	—avi—	D

SQUARE REMAINDERS.—

T—rue
T—urn
L—end

REBUS.—Napoleon. (Nap-pole-on.)

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Plum-tree: Parrot, ladder, umbrage, mule.

POSITIVES AND COMPARATIVES.—1. Charge, charger. 2. Scamp, scamper. 3. Lad, ladder. 4. Tell, teller. 5. Barb, barber. 6. Din, dinner.

PUZZLE.—Curious Epitaph:

The milk of human kindness was my own dear cherub wife;
I 'll never find another one as good in all my life.
She bloomed, she blossomed, she decayed,
And under this tree her body is laid.

SEVERAL of our young friends have sent answers to the Geographical Rebus and other puzzles, and we were glad to hear from them all.

Johnny A., F. E. M., N. O. P., L. P., A. F. E., and A. W. are correct in their answers. O. A. W. and "New Yorkers" sent the longest lists of names in answer to the Geographical Rebus.

Digitized by Google

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. I. FEBRUARY, 1874. NO. 4.

THE COST OF A PLEASURE.

[From the Spanish of José Rosas.]

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

UPON the valley's lap,
The dewy morning throws
A thousand pearly drops,
To wake a single rose.

Thus often, in the course
Of life's few fleeting years,
A single pleasure costs
The soul a thousand tears.

BIANCA AND BEPPO.

BY J. S. STACY.

BIANCA and Beppo were two little Italian children. Their father was a duke, and they lived years and years ago, when a brilliant and cruel woman named Catherine de Medici was living her wicked life. I shall not tell you what she did, for this story is about Bianca and Beppo. It will be enough for you to know that, through her wickedness, a terrible trouble came to the home where these children lived.

It was a beautiful castle, adorned with fine pictures, lovely statuary, and flowers that bloomed at nearly every window; and the brilliant colors on its walls and floors were so cunningly mingled, that they were known to be there only by a sense of brightness that filled the great rooms. There were singing birds too, that sang just as our birds sing to-day. But pictures, or flowers, or birds, were not half so bright, blooming, and merry as Beppo and Bianca. Their father used to say that the very armor hanging in his halls, tingled with their childish laughter.

One night, when their mother was away on a visit, the children lying in their little carved and gilded beds, side by side, were wakened by a smothered noise, as if men were scuffling below; and after that they could not go to sleep again, because the castle was so very, very still. For a long time they lay trembling and silent; at last Beppo said:

"Bianca, wait thou here while I go down and speak to our father. Perhaps he is still asleep. There has been evil work done, and I should have roused him long ago."

"Nay, Beppo," said Bianca, shuddering, "our men have been fighting, and it may be their swords are drawn yet. Do not go among them. Thou

Digitized by Google

knowest how the people of the wicked duke Faustino fell upon Martigni one night when they were drunken, and nearly killed him. Martigni is taller by a head than thou art."

"Aye, but the duke's attendants do not care for their household, and ours love us well; besides," said Beppo, proudly, "I could handle a sword myself, if need be."

"Take me with thee," said Bianca.

So the two children rose softly, and hastily putting on their clothes, stole down the dark, stone stairway together. Once a ray of moonlight, coming through a high narrow window overhead, made them start, but when they reached their father's chamber and found the door wide open, the bed empty, disordered, and signs of violence in the moon-lighted room, they clung to each other in dread and terror.

"What ho!" cried Beppo, finding voice at last, "without, there!"

There was no answer.

Bianca, hardly knowing what she did, ran screaming from the chamber, out into the long dark hall, and on through the great oaken door that, standing open, led to a marble terrace.

Beppo followed her. On his way he saw one of the duke's attendants lying very still.

"Fesco! Fesco! are you hurt?" called Beppo, again and again.

But Fesco did not answer; and, with a shudder, the boy bounded past him and joined Bianca on the terrace.

Down the long walk, past the beautiful garden, and out through the open gateway they flew together, two little half-clad children, chilly with fear on that warm, bright night, and trembling at every sound. O, if their father would but return!

"HARK!" SAID BEPPO; "WHAT IS THAT?"

The forest was near by—gloomy and grim now in its shadows—but safer, at any rate, than the open highway. They would hide there, they thought, till morning.

But the night was nearly over, and very soon the faint streaks that lit the edge of the sky spread and grew brighter and brighter. The children sat

Digitized by Google

on a mound of earth for a while and with tearful eyes watched the growing light. Then Bianca found some fruit that she had stowed the day before in a satchel hanging from her girdle. She put it into Beppo's cap, and begged him to eat.

"I cannot," said Beppo. "Hark! what is that?"

They listened. It was a faint sound as of a child moaning.

"Oh! oh!" sobbed Bianca, "what can it be?"

But when Beppo rose bravely and ran in the direction of the sound, she followed him, and peered as sharply as he into every bush. Suddenly Beppo sprang forward with a joyful cry.

He had seen his father.

In an instant the two children were bending over him, eagerly trying to catch his indistinct words.

"I have been wounded, my little ones," he said, slowly; "can you bring me water?"

They did not wait to wring their hands and cry. Beppo, forgetting his fears,—forgetting everything but that his father needed help,—flew to his home.

At the portal, whom should he see but Fesco, standing in the doorway, staring wildly about him.

The water was soon obtained, though it might have been brought sooner, if Beppo, in his excitement, had not forgotten the little stream near the great sycamore. And Beppo and Fesco ran to the forest together.

When they reached the spot where the duke lay, Bianca, under her father's directions, was doing all she could to staunch his wound; her little face was very pale, but she looked up with a bright smile as Beppo approached.

"Father says he will get well, Beppo, but we are not to move him from this soft bed, he says. See, I have heaped leaves under his head, and I brought water in my hands from the brook. And I have been praying, Beppo—*we* have been praying."

It is a long, long story, if you hear every word of it; but you will be glad to get quickly to the happy part. Beppo was right; there had been evil work. Fesco had been drugged, and had slept so heavily, that but for the fresh night-air blowing so steadily upon him, he might never have wakened.

The duke had been carried from the castle and stabbed. His guilty, frightened assassins, thinking him dead, had thrown him into the forest. All of the duke's servants, excepting Fesco, had fled in terror at the first alarm.

Fesco now tried to induce his wounded master to be taken back to his own chamber, but the duke would not consent. He lay concealed in the forest for many days, and every day his children tended him by turns. They brought him cooling drinks and fruits, and fanned him when the breezes were low; and as he grew better they sang sweet little songs to him, and carried messages back and forth between the duke and Fesco. Meantime the frightened servants had returned; but Fesco knew he could not trust them with his secret. Only Mino, the old nurse, was told that the duke was alive, and that the children must be allowed to go to him; but Fesco threatened her with such terrible things if she breathed a word about it, that she was only too glad to pretend to mourn her master's loss with the other servants. The duke sent word to his wife, through the faithful Fesco, to stay in safe quarters for a while, until he should be able to join her; and the two children, busy as bees, and thoughtful, night and day, for their dear patient hidden in the forest, were happy as children could be. It was Bianca's delight to gather flowers in the coolest places and heap them up under her father's head; and Beppo was proud to stand guard at his father's feet, sword in hand, ready to fight off any enemy that might approach.

But no enemy came, only the good friends health and strength. And one night the duke and Fesco and the children, disguised as gypsies, rode away in an old wagon for miles and miles, until at last they came to a shepherd's cottage, where the duchess was waiting for them; and a happier meeting than theirs never took place on earth.

Do you want to hear more?

After that, Beppo's father and mother went to live, for a while, in Germany, taking their children with them, while Fesco stayed at home to look after his master's possessions. But one fine day, something happened, or somebody relented or changed in some way which I do not exactly know, for I have never heard the particulars, so that the duke and his family were able to go back and live in their castle peacefully and happily; and once more the old walls rang with the merry laughter of Bianca and Beppo.

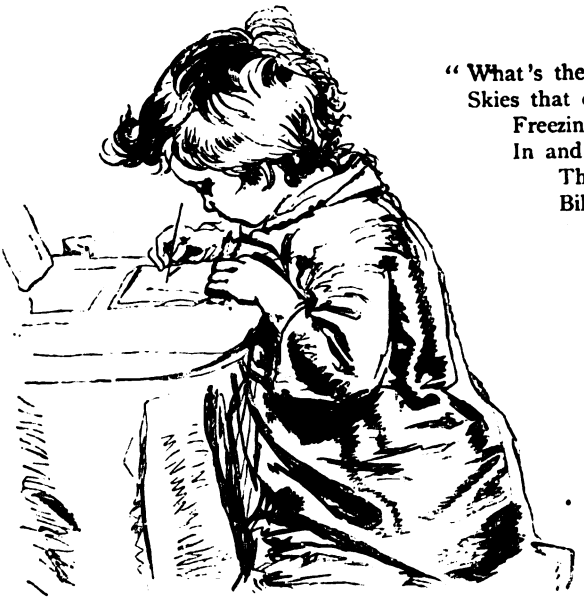
Digitized by Google

WHAT 'S THE FUN?

By Olive A. Wadsworth.

"WHAT a curious world is ours!
Full of months and days and hours;
What 's the good of January?
What 's the use of February?
Tell me, mamma, all their reasons,—
What 's the fun of months and seasons?"

"What 's the fun of January?
Bitter frosts and winds contrary!
Snowballs flying, children shying,
Skaters swiftest races trying,
Snow men standing grim and ghostly,
Snow forts, breached and battered mostly,
Sleigh-bells jingling, fingers tingling,
Icicles as long as lances,
Diamond dust that gleams and glances,
Ice-bound lakes and gales contrary,—
That 's the fun of January!



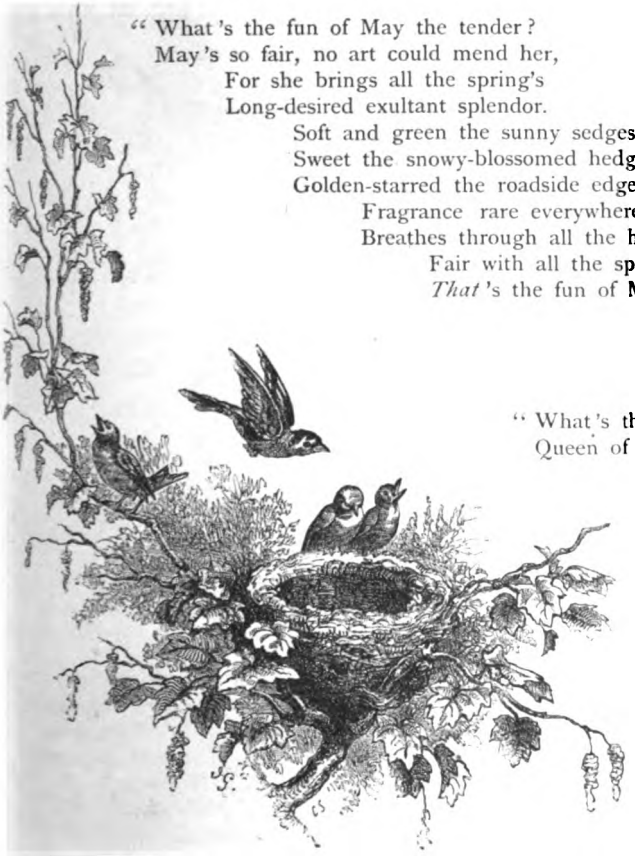
"What 's the fun of February?
Skies that change, and winds that vary!
Freezing flaws, flooding thaws,—
In and out of Winter's jaws.
Then we send our valentines
Billet-doux and tender lines,
Blazing hearts, wingéd darts;
Cupid 's king of coaxing arts!
Then each John may choose his Mary,
Spite of skies and winds that vary,—
That 's the fun of February!

"What 's the fun of March the boisterous?
Then the winds are wild and roisterous!
Snow-flakes blowing, Winter 's going:
That is why he 's mad and boisterous!
All his bluster and his noise
Can't deprive us of our joys.
Call the boys, bring the toys,

Digitized by Google

Games so jolly, dolls so arch,
Nuts to crack and corn to parch;
Lulu's birthday comes in March,
Comes with freak and frolic roisterous,—
That's the fun of March the boisterous!

"What's the fun of April showery?
Then the heavens are gray and lowery,
Rain-drops fall, soaking all;
Where the brooks were, torrents brawl;
And the soft incessant showers
Wake at last the sleeping flowers.
Lads at school, spite of rule,
Play their pranks for April fool;
Jolly they, though skies be lowery,—
That's the fun of April showery!



"What's the fun of May the tender?
May's so fair, no art could mend her,
For she brings all the spring's
Long-desired exultant splendor.
Soft and green the sunny sedges,
Sweet the snowy-blossomed hedges,
Golden-starred the roadside edges;
Fragrance rare everywhere
Breathes through all the heavenly air;
Fair with all the spring's young splendor,—
That's the fun of May the tender!

"What's the fun of June the glorious?
Queen of months she reigns victorious!
Blooms she showers, seas of flowers,
Decking woods and meads and bowers.
Skies are blue and zephyrs quiet,
Birds and birdlings all run riot,
Chirp and song all day long
Trilling from the woodland throng.
Fair at evening, morn and noon,
Regal, radiant, jubilant June,
Queen of months she reigns victorious,—
That's the fun of June the glorious!

Digitized by Google

"*What*'s the fun of hot July, then?
Cooling fruitlets you may try them;
Plump gooseberries, ruby cherries,
Currants red, and whortleberries;
Just the time for cherry pie then.
In the sun's resplendent rays
Scarlet lilies flame and blaze.

Now the glorious Fourth appears,
Gay with guns and flags and cheers,
Horses prancing, helmets glancing,
Children's eyes with pleasure dancing,
Fire-works hissing, whirling, whizzing!
Fiery rockets rush on high then,—
That's the fun of hot July, then!

"What 's the fun of August burning?
Weary folks are seaward turning.
In the streets torrid heats
Quiver where the fierce sun beats.
By the ocean, coolness, motion,
Beauty 's found, and waves' commotion;
Breakers roaring, swimmers swimming,
Spray and foam and bubbles brimming,

Dainty crafts their white wings trimming;
Vanished health and heart returning,—
That's the fun of August burning!

"What 's the fun September bringeth?
Nature's treasures wide she flingeth!
Pumpkins round and ripe and yellow,
Apples sound and sweet and mellow;
Stacks of grain, safe from rain,

Digitized by Google

Granaries almost filled to bursting;
By the hill the cider-mill
Turns its wheels and sets us thirsting;
Corn and beans from far afield,
White and gold a bounteous yield;
Lavish hoards abroad she flingeth,—
That 's the fun September bringeth!

"What 's the fun of red October?
Then the earth doth gayly robe her;
On the woods, scarlet hoods;
On hills and dales, purple veils,
Golden crowns, and gorgeous trails;—
Autumn's glory summer pales!
Bring the nuts and apples in,
Stuff the bags and cram the bin;
That 's the way the sports begin,
While the earth doth richly robe her,—
That 's the fun of red October!

"What 's the fun of drear November?
Gather round the glowing ember,
While it flashes, darts, and dashes;
Toast the chestnuts in the ashes.
Homeward call the wanderers cheery,
Hearts are light, though skies are dreary;
Once a year, with good cheer,
Glad Thanksgiving brings them near;—
Best of days, when we praise
Him who orders all our ways!
Happiest days, when round the fire
Loved ones gather nigh and nigher.
Pile the hickory high and higher!
Fan the flame and blow the ember,—
That 's the fun of drear November!

"What 's the fun of sharp December.
Can't my little lass remember?
Days are shorter, nights are colder,
For the year is growing older.
Never mind, fun 's behind,
Santa Claus is always kind!
Christmas, long a-coming, comes,—
Clear the way for sugar-plums,
Tops and books and dolls and drums!
Royal cheer, carols clear,—
So we crown the happy year!
Lulu, lassie, please remember,
That 's the fun of sharp December!"

"SNOW MEN STANDING GRIM AND GHOSTLY."

Digitized by Google

FAST FRIENDS.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Author of the "Jack Hazard" Stories.

CHAPTER V.

"A BAD FIX."

"LET us off! put us ashore!" cried George, rushing hither and thither. "Where 's the captain of this boat?" he shouted, furiously.

"Hush your noise!" said the Other Boy, catching him by the coat-tail, and trying to hold him. "Be quiet, I tell you."

"Be quiet? when that pickpocket has got my money?" George retorted, with uncontrollable excitement. "I can't go to New York without money!"

"You can't go ashore either," said the Other Boy.

"I will, if I have to swim!"

"And leave your trunk aboard?"

George had n't thought of his trunk. "But I 'm ruined!"

"So am I," said the Other Boy, with a self-mastery quite in contrast with George's agitation. "But what 's the use of making a ridiculous fuss? Don't you see everybody 's laughing at us?"

There was too much truth in that. Not that the spectators were heartless; but, really, the aspect of our tall young poet rushing wildly about, bewailing his loss, shrieking for the captain, and demanding in an agony of despair to be put ashore,—his hat fallen back on his head, his hair tumbled, and his hands stretching far out of his short coat-sleeves,—was too ludicrous not to move the mirth of the most sympathizing breast.

George, perceiving the justness of the remark, and being sensitive to ridicule, calmed himself a little.

"But what *shall* we do?" he implored.

"That 's more than I know!" replied the Other Boy, despairingly; "but tearing around in this fashion won't help matters. You can't expect the steamboat will put back just to land us! And I would n't go back if I could."

"Why not?"

"What would be the use? There would n't be one chance in a thousand of getting our money again, even if we should catch the pickpocket."

"The youngster is right," said a plain old gentleman, who had been carefully observing the boys. "The two men who crowded so close to you when you were holding the one in a fit, were probably his accomplices. You noticed they stayed ashore too, did n't you? There 's no knowing which of 'em took your money, or which has it now. It 's probably divided by this time. The fit was, of course, a sham, a trick to lay hold of you, and get at your pockets."

"I had twenty-nine dollars!" said George, in doleful accents, remembering how long he had been laying up that little sum, which seemed so large a sum to him.

"And I had forty!" said the Other Boy, ruefully; "it was all I could scrape together for my journey. Now, what I am going to do, I don't know any more than you do. But I 'd rather be in New York than in Albany. There 's a better chance of finding something to do there. Besides, that 's where *my* business is, at any rate."

George began to recover his spirits. Perhaps he remembered the manuscripts in his trunk.

"But," he objected, "*I* have n't a cent! I can't even pay my passage!"

"Nor I. And I don't believe the clerk will be so unreasonable as to expect us to, when he knows the circumstances. The best way will be to go straight to the office and tell him."

George agreed that that would be the most frank and honorable course. But first they looked for a man to whom the runner had introduced them, and who had engaged that they should have their tickets at the reduced rates. In searching for him they learned that tickets were selling to everybody at twenty-five cents, "for that day only;" so they concluded to go without him.

There was a large crowd pressing towards the office, and it was some time before they, in their turn, arrived at the window.

"Twenty-five cents," said the clerk, who stood ready to shove them their tickets, and sweep back their money.

"We have had our pockets picked," said the Other Boy.

"Just as the boat left the wharf," added George, over his shoulder.

"Twenty-five cents!" repeated the clerk, firmly. "If you have n't any money, pass along, and make room for them that have."

"But," the Other Boy remonstrated, "we have been robbed, and we thought certainly ——"

"How many?" said the clerk to the next comer. "Four tickets, one dollar." And he pushed out the tickets, and drew in the dollar, then attended

Digitized by Google

to the next man. He appeared to have no more feeling for our unlucky boys than if he had been a machine.

"Never mind!" said the Other Boy, with a stern smile, his face slightly flushed. "It 's a bad fix; but we are bound for New York!"

George's face was very much flushed. His feet were cold as ice. All his vital forces seemed to have rushed to his head to see what the matter was, and to press their assistance at an alarming crisis. It was like an impetuous crowd of citizens rushing to defend a breach in the walls, where a handful of disciplined troops would render much better service. Such excessive excitability is, no doubt, a defect of character, until it has been mastered by a wise head and firm will, when what was before a source of weakness becomes an element of strength.

George envied his companion the self-control he was able to preserve on such an occasion; and he remembered, with shame, some too valorous lines in his "Farewell."

"Fare-thee-well, thou mighty forest!
While with battling winds thou warrest.
Forth my storm-defying vessel
(Ribs of kindred oak) I steer,
With the gales of fate to wrestle,
As thou strivest with them here!

Let the tempest drive and pour!
Let the thunders rave and roar!
Let the black vault yawn above,
Lightning riven!
Naught my steadfast star shall move
From its heaven!"

Thus he had written, and thus he had felt (or fancied he felt), the night before his departure from home. And now, here he was, thrown into a flurry of excitement by the loss of a paltry pocket-book!

"We may as well take it easy," said the Other Boy; and they went forward to some piles of rope at the bow, where they ensconced themselves, and sat watching the bright waters rushing past, and the scenery on the shores, and talked over the situation. "Now, let 's look this thing square in the face, and see just what our prospects are, and if there is any way out of the scrape."

George replied that he could not see any possible way out.

"You 've the advantage over me," said the Other Boy. "You 're going to the city to stay,—to earn money. I was n't intending to stop there long. I expected to spend money,—not to earn any. And now I have n't a dime to spend! You see, I 'm in an awful scrape."

"You are; that 's a fact!" said George, sympathetically, yet secretly comforted by the thought that his own bad luck was not the worst. And he added, "We ought to stick together, anyhow, and help each other if we can."

"I 'm not the fellow to say no to that!" laughed the Other Boy. "I promise to stand by you, as long as you 'll stand by me."

"Then we are fast friends," exclaimed George, warmly. "Whatever comes,—good luck or bad luck,—we 'll suffer and share alike, if you say so."

"THE OLD GENTLEMAN HANDED THEM HALF A DOLLAR."

And having made this compact, both boys felt their hearts lightened. Not only does misery love company, but our courage to confront a frowning and uncertain future is more than doubled by the trust inspired by a friend at our side.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW THE BOYS PAID THEIR FARE.

WHILE they were talking, a stout man, with an official air, came along and asked if they were the fellows who could n't pay their fare.

"We had our pockets picked just as we came aboard," began George, "and we have n't any money; and we ——"

Digitized by Google

"I know the rest," interrupted the man: "you need n't tell it."

"You saw the operation?" said George, eagerly.

"No. But I 've heard the story rather too many times; no danger of my forgetting it!"

"From the passengers?" said George, who, simple-hearted and inexperienced, was too much inclined to take every sober man's word in earnest. But the Other Boy detected sarcasm in the man's cold tone of voice.

"From just such fellows as you," replied the man. "It 's a fine excuse for shirking your fares, —you 've lost your money, or had your pockets picked,—the same thing; one story 's as good as another; and neither will go down with me."

George looked aghast; while the Other Boy spoke up quickly—

"Plenty of people saw the pickpockets take our money; and if you don't believe us ——"

"I 'll believe *you* as soon as I 'll believe a man who says he saw a pickpocket take your money, and did n't report him on the spot. He 's no better than a pickpocket himself."

The boys felt the force of this argument; and, indeed, how could any spectator know that they had not been playing a game, in order to make it appear that they were robbed? Although one must have allowed that, at least, George's consternation at his loss was either very real, or very well acted, indeed.

"We tell you the truth!" said George, with a sincerity that ought to have been convincing.

"And if you won't believe us, or those persons who saw the whole affair," added his companion, falling back upon a certain stubbornness, and defiance of the worst, which were marked traits in his character, "I don't know what you 'll do about it."

"That 's simple enough," replied the man. "You pay your fares or you 'll be put ashore at the next landing." He turned away, but paused, and added in the same business-like tone, "You 've no baggage, of course."

"Yes, we have baggage," said George.

The man appeared a little surprised. No doubt it was unusual for such tricksters as he took them for, to be encumbered with luggage, but he did not relent.

"You'd better get it ready," he said. "You 'll be put off at Hudson, and you won't want to go without your traps."

"This is lovely!" said the Other Boy, knitting his brows and compressing his lips, while his companion was simply confounded.

"We don't want to be left at Hudson, or any other place!" George said, pale with alarm.

"Only twenty-five cents! Just think of it!" exclaimed the Other Boy, with a laugh which did not have an overflowing amount of mirth in it. "That 's too absurd! They never 'll do it!"

"I 'm afraid they will! Why not?" asked George.

"They 'll threaten us, to make us fork over our fares if we have any money, of course; but when they find we have n't, they can't be so mean! Besides, the passengers who saw the affair will interfere. I 'm not going ashore at Hudson! Come! we 'll find some of them. There 's that old gentleman!"

He was the same who had spoken to the boys before. He now listened kindly to their story and said:

"No, I don't think they will really put you off the boat; but you can't blame them for being a little suspicious of you, there are so many rogues trying all the while to cheat them out of their fares."

"And so we, who are innocent, must suffer because there are imposters!" exclaimed George, indignantly.

"Yes, that 's the way it works. If everybody was honest," said the old gentleman, "then we should have no cause to lock our doors or shut our ears to the appeals of the unfortunate. So you see how uncomfortable liars and knaves make the world for us. But I think I know honest boys when I see them, and I am satisfied you tell the truth. It 's a small matter, and I may save you some trouble by lending you the amount of our fares."

"Oh!" said both boys at once.

The old gentleman handed them half a dollar, saying, "Now you need n't give yourselves any trouble about it; but when it is perfectly convenient you may repay me. Here is my card."

The boys thanked him as well as they could,—the tongue never can speak what the heart feels at such times,—and George said:

"I wish you would go with us, sir, and tell that man that you lend us the money, for I don't want him to think we had it in our pockets all the time."

"That 's natural," said the old gentleman; and, as they soon met the officer coming towards them again, he accosted him, and standing by the boys, explained why they were then able to pay their fares, and bore his testimony to their honesty.

"I 'm glad you are satisfied," replied the man, "and I hope you 'll see your money again!"

"I 'm sure I shall, if they are prospered," said the old gentleman, with a smile. "By the way, boys, I believe I neglected to take your names."

"Mine is *George Greenwood*."

Digitized by Google

"And mine," said the Other Boy, as the old gentleman began to write in his note book, "mine is *John H. Chatford*."

CHAPTER VII.

THE OTHER BOY'S STORY.

"YOU have n't told me yet," said George, as he walked back with his friend to their seat in the bow, "what you are going to New York for. You said it was a strange business."

"That 's the reason; it 's so very strange I 'm almost afraid to speak of it! But it 's about time for us to begin to be frank with each other,—don't you think so? if we are to be fast friends."

"Certainly!" said George, who had not yet, however, said a word to his new acquaintance about the poems he had written, or his secret literary hopes. There are boys—and men too—who, in almost the first hour of their intercourse with you, will tell you of everything they have done, and of all they propose to do, with no more reserve than a cackling fowl. George, on the other hand, was quite too shy of making confidants, being genuinely modest and self-contained, and too little of an egotist to imagine everybody else interested in his schemes. But he was beginning to think he would tell his friend something, and he longed to hear his story.

"You noticed," said the Other Boy, "that I gave my name as *Chatford* to the old gentleman, but that is not my real name. The *H.* stands for *Hazard*,—*Jack Hazard* is the name I generally go by, but Mr. Chatford is the man I live with, and he is just like a father to me, and as I never knew any other father, I 've lately taken his name."

"You said you were a driver on the canal once."

"Yes; the canal is almost the first thing I can remember. I 've some recollection of a woman who called herself my mother; her name was Hazard; she married old Captain Jack Berrick, who ran a scow, and who made a driver of me as soon as I was big enough to toddle on the tow-path and carry a whip. You can imagine what sort of a bringing-up I had! No schooling to speak of,—the worst sort of companions,—dirt and rags and profanity!"

"You perfectly astonish me!" said George.

"Mother Hazard died in the meanwhile, and Captain Jack had taken another woman in her place. Molly Berrick was a good-hearted creature enough, and many a time she took my part against old Jack, who used to beat me when he was drunk. But she was a little too fond of the brown jug herself,—one of those low, ignorant women you scarcely meet with anywhere except on the canal."

"How did you ever get away from such people?"

"I ran away. Old Jack knocked me down and threw me overboard one evening, and I crept out on the shore into some bushes, and then cut for my life. After some curious adventures I found a home with the Chatfords,—just the best people that ever lived,—at Peach Hill Farm. A niece of theirs, Miss Felton, now Mrs. Percy Lanman, kept the district school, and gave me private lessons, and corrected my bad language, and encouraged me in every way to improve my mind and my manners. I can never tell you how much I owe to her and my other good friends," added Jack, in a faltering voice. "Then I went to school the next winter to the man she afterwards married,—a fine teacher and a splendid fellow! Besides, I 've been a good deal with her brother, Forrest Felton, who is a surveyor and a music teacher, and I 've learned ever so many things of him, and from the books he has lent me. Then again, last winter we had a good teacher, and I 've read and studied at home at odd spells."

"How did you get your money?" George inquired.

"In various ways. In the first place I took a sugar-bush with Moses Chatford, and we made a little out of that. Then we took some land to work, and last year raised a crop of wheat. Then I had a horse. It 's curious how I came by him. I 'll tell you all about it some time, and any number of scrapes I 've been in, and about my dog Lion, and the 'Lectrical 'Lixir man, and the Pipkins,—the funniest couple,—and Phin Chatford, and Byron Dinks and his school, and his old uncle Peternot, and the treasure the old man and I had a fight over, and Constable Sellick, and how I got away from him by swimming through a culvert under the canal, and plenty of other things that would make a pretty thick book if they were all put into a story.* But I 'm telling you now about this journey."

"And how you raised the money for it," said George, who, though a couple of years older, had yet been able to save less than Jack, and who wondered how any farm-boy could become possessed of so much.

"You see," replied Jack, "Deacon Chatford has been very liberal with us boys. He believes that is the right way to encourage us. He finds we do twice as much work, and like it ever so much better, and care less about spending our money foolishly, when we have an interest in what we 're doing."

* For a full account of these adventures, see the preceding stories of this series, "Jack Hazard and his Fortunes," "A Chance for Himself," and "Doing His Best."—J. T. T.

Digitized by Google

"And you like farming?" said George, wonderingly.

"Better than I like anything, except surveying."

"I hate farming!" exclaimed the young poet, with a look of intense disgust.

"May be that 's partly owing to the way you 've been put to it. Besides," said Jack, "I don't believe all boys have a natural liking for the same thing. I was made for a stirring out-door life; I like to see work going on, and to have something to say about it. I 'd like well enough to be a farmer all my days; but I 'd like better still to be a civil engineer, or something of that kind. You, I fancy now, have a turn for something else. What do you take to?"

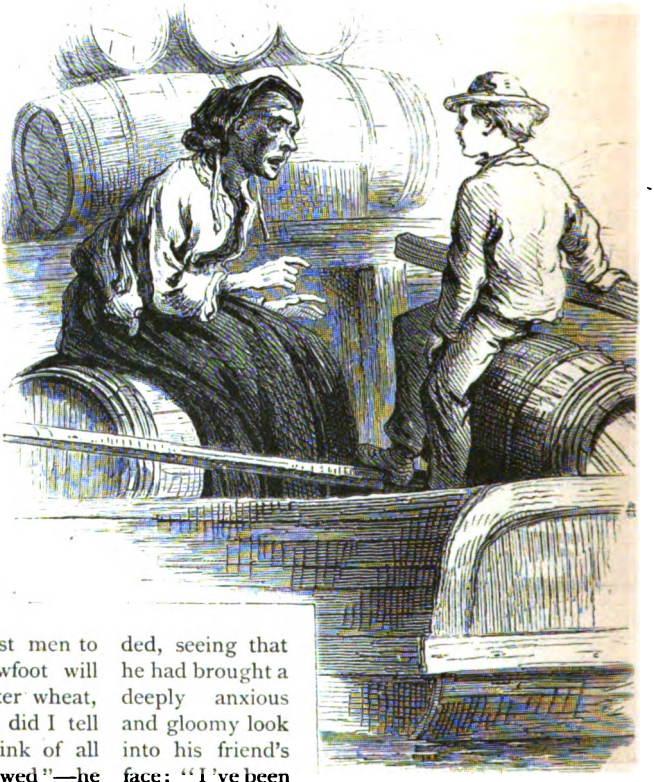
"I 'll tell you some time, perhaps," said George, with a blush. "But let 's have your story now."

"Well, when I saw that I was going to travel,—you see, I could n't very well help myself, such a strange thing had happened,—I just counted up my savings, and found that out of my sugar-money, and my wheat-money, and what Forrest Felton had paid me for helping him survey land, I had salted down, as they say, only about twenty-six dollars; for I buy my own books and clothes now, you know. That could n't be depended on, of course, for such a journey as I might have to make; it would n't much more than take me to New York and back. So I went to Mr. Chatford, and borrowed all the money he could spare,—twenty-five dollars,—on pretty good security. He keeps my horse. He 's one of the kindest men to his dumb beasts, and I am sure Snowfoot will have good care. Then there is my winter wheat,—for Moses and I have a crop growing, did I tell you? And now," added Jack, "to think of all my own money, and what I had borrowed"—he clenched his hand and struck the pile of rope a sudden blow. "Hanging is too good for such pickpockets. Common thieving is bad enough, anyway; but to have a man take advantage of your good impulses, and steal your purse while you are doing an act of humanity,—or suppose you are ——"

Jack almost choked with a sense of the wrong, then he went on, more calmly: "The purse was one Mrs. Lanman knit and gave me before she was married. I had it stolen from me once before, but got it again; I 'll tell you about it some time. But there 's no chance of my ever seeing it again, now!"

"You don't know about that; stranger things have happened," said George, who seemed to take this misfortune more calmly than Jack, now that the first excitement was over.

"Well," said Jack, "the money is gone,—yours as well as mine,—and we shall be in New York this evening, and to-morrow is Sunday!—have you thought of that?—and if we don't hit upon some way of raising the wind, we shall have to camp down at night in a coal shed, or creep into an old hogshead or dry-goods box;—that won't be so hard for me as for you; I 've done it before. But how about something to eat? Never mind," Jack added, seeing that he had brought a deeply anxious and gloomy look into his friend's face; "I 've been in worse scrapes, and I bet we 'll find some way out of this. We 've all day to think of it. And—I started to tell you what I 'm going to New York for. Somehow, I can't make up my mind to that!"



MOLLY AND JACK.

"Here 's Hudson, where we were going to be put off!" exclaimed George.

The boys watched the steamboat's approach to the landing, and wondered how it would really have seemed to be put ashore there, and what they would have done; then Jack continued his story.

"It was last Saturday—only a week ago to-day, though it seems months, I 've lived such a life since then!—I was coming home from the Basin, walk-

Digitized by Google

ing down the canal, on the *heel-path*, when I overtook an old scow, moving scarcely faster than the current. Now, I take a pretty lively interest in scows; and I 'm always looking to see if my old square-toed friend is among them. You see, a fellow can't help a sort of sneaking feeling for what was once his home, even though it 's nothing but an old floating hovel on the canal. 'Be it ever so humble,' as the song says,—and so forth. Well, this did n't happen to be Berrick's boat; but as I was watching it, I thought I saw, at the stern, a face I knew—a haggard woman's face, without a bonnet. I was n't quite certain; but I lifted my cap and bowed. At that she stared.

"'Jack Hazard,' says she, 'is that you?'

"'Yes, Molly!' I said, 'I 'm Jack. How are you, and what 's the news?'

"'No good news for me, since you left us, Jack!' says she.

"'You 've swapped boats,' I said. 'Where 's Captain Jack?'

"'Berrick has left the canal, and he 's left me!' says she. 'Jack, come aboard here! I want to see ye, and tell ye something—something I never could tell ye as long as I was with old Jack.'

"That excited me a little; for I felt something unusual was coming. I had always known that Berrick and Molly kept a secret from me, and had thought a thousand times since I left them that I would give anything to know what it was.

"I was for getting aboard at once, but the scow was loaded, and could n't get over to the heel-path, and I had to run down a quarter of a mile to a bridge, and then, crossing over, go up and meet her on the other side. She laid up, and I jumped on, and shook hands with Molly, and asked what she had to tell me.

"'O, Jack!' says she, 'I 'm sick, and I sha'n't be able to make many trips more, unless I get better; and I 'm so glad I 've seen you; for it 's troubled me that I 've had a secret which you ought to know. Berrick kept it from you, for fear of losing his control of you; and after you got free of him, he said, "What 's the use of telling the boy now? it 'll do no good; and he may come back to us yet." But I knew you would n't come back.'

"Just then, she was taken with a fit of coughing, and had to go down to the cabin for some medicine. She beckoned to me to follow her. I went down, and —I never could begin to tell you how I felt, waiting for her to stop coughing and tell me the secret! You see, I knew it was something about myself. I told her so.

"'Yes, Jack,' says she, as soon as she could speak; 'that other woman—Berrick's other wife —the widder Hazard, that was—she was n't your own mother, Jack!'

"That was just what I thought was coming; for, you know, I had more than half suspected as much for a long time,—I can hardly tell why. Things seem to be in the air sometimes, and you breathe them in. But to hear Molly speak out what I had only felt *might be* gave me an awful shock.

"'Then, who *was* my mother?' I said.

"'That I don't know,' says she. 'Berrick don't know. The widder Hazard picked you up in the streets of New York. She did n't steal you—she was n't the sort of woman to do that,' says Molly; 'she was good-hearted, but without much prudence or conscience, I guess. You was crying in the streets—a little fellow three or four years old—a lost child. She took you, and was going to give you to a policeman, but she did n't meet one all the way down the street from Broadway to the North River. She was cook on board a lake boat that was going up the river that night. She was a motherly creature, and you cried yourself to sleep in her bosom, and as she had lately lost a little boy, she fell in love with you.'

"'But did n't she try to find my parents?' I said.

"'I 'm afraid she did n't do what she ought to have done,' says Molly. 'That night the boat was taken in tow by a steamer, and came up the river, and then made her trip on the canal and around the lakes, and it was weeks before she ever got back to New York again; and when she did, Ma 'am Hazard was n't with her. She had fallen in with Berrick and married him. You kept her name of Hazard, but you was called Jack after the old man.'

"I asked how Molly knew all this, for if it was from Berrick I would n't believe a word of it, he 's such a liar. But she said she had the story from Mother Hazard herself.

"'I was with her the spring she died, when you was about seven,' says she, 'and she gave you into my charge, and told me to find your parents. But that Captain Jack never would let me do. He took us both on the scow that summer, and the very next summer you began to drive the team.'

"She could n't tell where Berrick was; she only knew that he sold the scow last winter, and went down to New York. Mother Hazard told her I had yellow curls, and wore a pink frock, white stockings, and red morocco shoes, when she picked me up, and that was all I could learn. You can imagine how excited I was!

"And this," said Jack, "is what has sent me off to New York. Mr. Chatford said all he could to dissuade me, and finally lent me the money, for he saw I was bound to make the journey. I am going to hunt up my relations."

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

MILD FARMER JONES AND THE NAUGHTY BOY.

BY THEOPHILUS HIGGINBOTHAM.

CRIED Farmer Jones, "What's this I see?
Come down from out my hickory tree!
Come down, my boy, I think you might;
To steal is neither wise nor right.

"You wont, you naughty boy? Oh, fie!
You dare to tell me mind my eye?
Come down this instant! What d'you say?
'Takes two to make a bargain,'—eh?"

Now, Farmer Jones, as mild a man
As any, since the world began,
Resolves on action fierce an bold,—
Although it makes his blood run cold.

His faithful dog has mounted guard;
There is an axe in yonder yard,—
"Now, though the heavens quake and fall,
My strokes shall bring down tree and all!"

Fast come the blows, but vain the plot;
The tree may yield, the boy will not.
His pelting nuts the farmer blind;
Yet still the axe its cleft doth find.

Ah! who is this doth cry "Hold up!
I say, tie fast that yelping pup;
Do the square thing by me, and see
If I don't leave your hickory tree?"

'T is done. The faithful dog is tied,
The shining axe is turned aside.
"No hoaxing, now?" the youth doth cry—
And Farmer Jones replies, "Not I."

Now, mingling with the song of bird,
A sound of tearing clothes is heard,
And scraping boots; and, with a bound,
That naughty boy stands on the ground.

Said Jones, "You 're sorry now, I see,
For knocking nuts from off my tree!"
"Well, yes; if you 'll just take the pup,
And let a fellow pick 'em up."

"All right! my boy," cried Farmer Jones,
Who felt delighted in his bones;
For never since the world began
Was seen so very mild a man.

Digitized by Google

"Come down from out my hickory tree."

"You won't, you naughty boy! oh fie!"

His faithful dog has mounted guard.

"My strokes shall bring down tree and all."

The tree may yield, the boy will not.

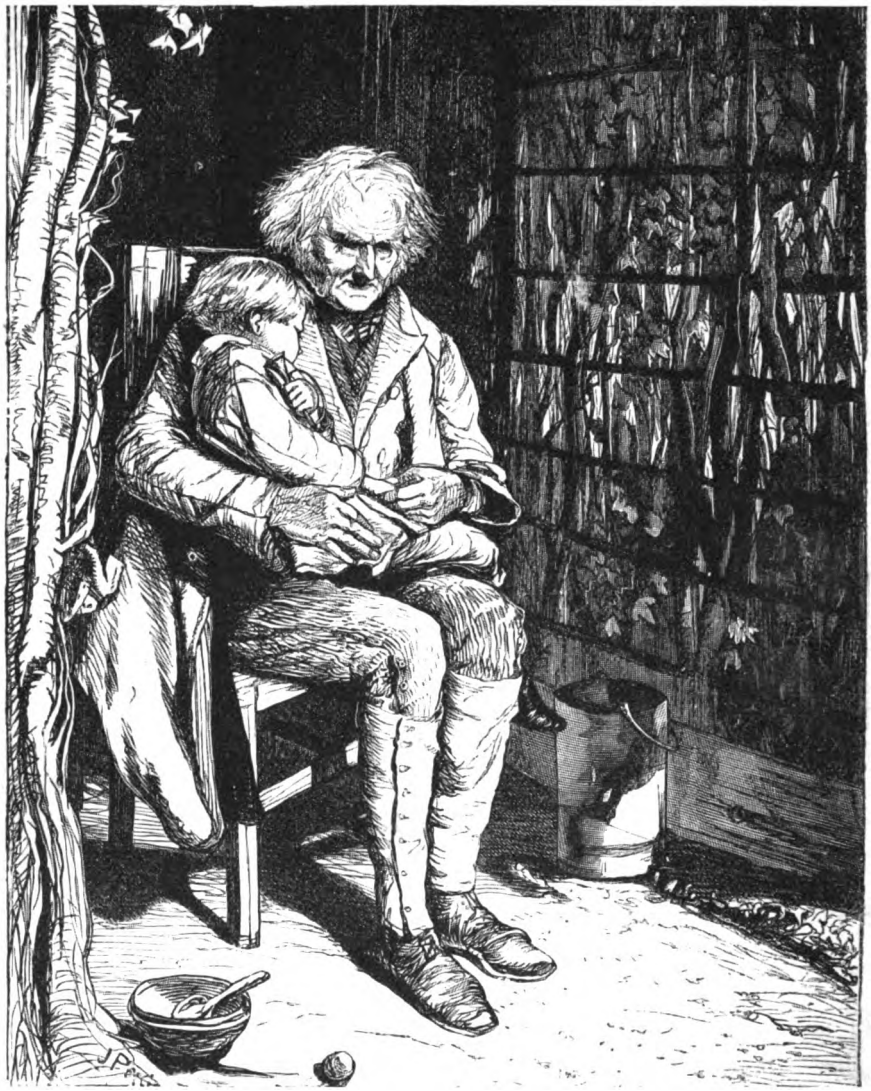
"I say, tie fast that yelping pup."

"No hoaxing, now?" the youth doth cry.

Said Jones, "You're sorry now, I see."

"All right, my boy," cried Farmer Jones.

Digitized by Google



GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

THE story lasted so long that the sun looked in through the windows to say good-by! sending the shadows to take his place. He would have liked to stay and hear the rest of the story, but some people over on the other side of the world needed to be waked up; and he was the only one who could do it. Shadows have n't bright faces like the sun; so we don't like quite so well to have them about us; but neither Grandpa nor Willie knew that they had changed company. The story was about Grandpa, when he was a little boy. That was such a great while ago that it has made a very long story. Willie listened at first, and thought it very nice, until the little fringed curtains dropped over his blue eyes, and Willie was dreaming—dreaming that he had grown to be a man, and had a store full of trumpets and hobby-horses. Grandpa was dreaming too, although he was awake,—dreaming of the time when he was a little boy. So, you see, the boy dreamed of the man, and the man dreamed of the boy.

Digitized by Google

HOW THE HEAVENS FELL.

By Rossiter Johnson.

The golden age of boys' dramatic "Exhibitions" was past before I became old enough to take part in those fascinating entertainments. But my elder brother was one of the stars of our stage, and I have reason to remember vividly the last exhibition in which he was an actor. It took place the night before he left home for college. John Barnard, who was also going to college had part in it.

"LET JUSTICE BE DONE, THOUGH THE HEAVENS FALL!"

Fred Barnard and I were very deeply interested. We watched all the preparations, and anticipated a wonderful exhibition. The performers enlarged the platform, to make a sufficient stage; they hung some curtains to serve for scenery; they carried in three or four swords (real swords) and two horse-pistols; they brought several large bundles done up in paper, and, where one of the papers was broken, we saw the brass buttons and scarlet facing of a military uniform. There was also a small tent, and we caught sight of a shepherd's crook and a heavy chain with an iron ball attached to it.

These revelations intensified the interest which had already been excited by the talk among the boys. It had been rumored that the principal feature of the exhibition would be a drama, acted in costume, and that in one of the scenes occurred a terrific combat, to be fought with real swords, according to the laws of fence. What was the subject of the drama, or its plot, or its moral, we neither knew nor cared; but we determined to see the fight.

Very early in the evening we were at the school-house, and we glided in with a hush of awe, pulled off our caps, and quietly took the front seat. No one else had yet arrived. We amused ourselves by studying the stage arrangements and the great

Digitized by Google

chandelier that hung from the centre of the ceiling, with carved wooden fishes and serpents all over it, the candles being stuck in the serpents' mouths. The room was carefully swept and dusted, and extra seats had been brought in to accommodate the expected crowd.

After a while, one of the larger boys came in from another room, with a candle in his hand, and began to light up. We watched him with deep interest, and would have been glad to help him. When he arrived at the place where we were sitting, he stopped before us, and delivered this cruel sentence: "You small boys will have to get out of this, until the ladies come. After they are seated, then you may come in."

This piece of unnecessary gallantry fell like a millstone upon our hearts. Knowing too well how small would be the chance of getting any place where we could see the stage, after the ladies (and the gentlemen accompanying them) were all seated, we took our caps, and sorrowfully obeyed the order.

But "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." Fred and I felt sure that somehow we should yet gain admission and witness the tragedy. We sat down on the steps, and watched the people, who soon began to arrive.

First, old Mrs. Whipple and her little granddaughter. We wondered why that old woman, who was nearly blind and quite deaf, should want to be at the performance.

"Yes, and that girl," said Fred,—"what's the good of exhibitions to girls? They can never take a part in 'em—only to read a composition, may be;" and his tone implied that reading compositions was very tame business, compared with taking part in a terrific stage combat, in soldier clothes, with real swords.

Next came old Mr. Pendergast, walking slowly and leaning on his stout cane with the buck-horn handle. He had been a soldier of the Revolution; and as we imagined he would delight in witnessing the enactment of bloody scenes, such as he had passed through in his youth, and would moreover be the best critic present of the correctness of the performance, we readily admitted *his* right to a front seat.

Then came two young ladies. But when they looked in at the door, and saw how few had preceded them, they went away again. We thought they did n't appreciate their privileges.

Then came a boy carrying a bucket of water, to be used in washing the paint from the faces of the actors, after the tragedy was over. We were anxious to help him; but he would not allow us to do it—would not even let us lay a hand on the bucket and walk in beside him! We considered that a meanness unparalleled.

The minister and his wife came next; and then people began to arrive so rapidly that we could not count them or keep track of them. A good many of the fellows of our school were among them, but they were dressed up and all had ladies with them.

When, at last, we ventured in, every seat was occupied, and many men were standing in the aisles and about the door. It was hopeless for us. We had seen the backs of Sunday coats often enough, and did not care to spend that evening in acquiring a minute knowledge of them. We turned away, reluctant to give up our last hope of seeing the terrific combat, yet hardly knowing what to do. But as we turned, Fred's eye caught sight of a small scuttle-hole in the ceiling directly over the stage.

"Oh, why did n't we think," said he, "to get into the attic before the exhibition commenced? We could see it all through the scuttle!" We knew all about that attic. A light ladder, which generally stood in one corner of the schoolroom, was used for ascending to it; and the lumber, of which the stage extension was built, was kept up there, as well as the curtains and other fixtures, that were used only on special occasions. We had once or twice been permitted to go to the top of the ladder and take a peep into it.

"Is n't there some way we could get there now?" said I.

Fred thought awhile. "If we could climb the lightning-rod," said he, "perhaps we could get the scuttle in the roof open, and then we'd be all right."

"Let's try!" said I, with a glimmer of hope. We ran around to where the rod reached the ground. He "boosted" me, and I boosted him in turn, and we spat on our hands and rubbed sand on our shoes; but it was of no use—neither of us could climb the rod any farther than he was boosted.

"Can't we get a ladder?" said I, as we looked at the rod despairingly, and wished the spikes and glass knobs were nearer together.

At the same time, our anxiety and curiosity were intensified by the sound of laughter and applause that came from the inside, as John Orton spoke his comic declamation.

Fred thought perhaps Mr. Crouch, who lived next door to the school-house, had a ladder, as he was a carpenter. We went into his yard and looked about. There, sure enough, under a long, low, open shed, we found a ladder hung upon two great pegs.

We took it out, and with some difficulty got it over the fence into the school-yard. To raise it against the building was quite a task for us; and once, when it almost got the better of us, it came

Digitized by Google

as near as possible to crashing through one of the windows. When finally it was fairly raised, imagine our disgust at finding that it reached not quite to the roof! Then our souls sank to the very bottom of despair. But Fred found our last expedient.

"I'll tell you," said he, "if we had it on the wood-shed it would reach."

The wood-shed was a few feet distant from the wall of the school-house, and its roof sloped toward it.

"But how can we get it there?" said I, not very hopefully.

"Put the ladder against the shed, and then go up and pull it up after us," he answered, with growing confidence.

We tried it. The first step was easy enough; it was the second step which cost. Still, our recent experience had taught us something of the way to handle and manage a ladder; and we did succeed in pulling it upon the roof of the shed, keeping it nearly perpendicular. When we let it go over against the eave of the school-house, it went with an unexpected jerk, that nearly threw Fred to the ground, and did throw one foot of the ladder off the edge of the shed roof. This frightened us a little; but we quickly adjusted it, and in another minute were on the roof of the school-house.

Luckily, we found the scuttle in the roof unfastened; for one of the boys had been up that day to put out the flag, and had not thought it necessary to fasten the scuttle again until the flag should be taken down. A short stationary ladder led down from this scuttle to the floor of the attic—or rather to the place where the floor ought to be, for there was only a single plank laid from the foot of this ladder to the scuttle in the ceiling of the school-room. Along this we crept cautiously, by the little light that came in through the roof. Softly we raised the trap-door and leaned it back against the brace. As we raised it, a current of hot air rushed up through the scuttle, and nearly suffocated us.

But this was a very small draw-back. We had gained an unobstructed view of the exhibition at last; there it was, all beneath us, and just in the very height of its glory. The grand drama, with the military uniforms and the real swords, was just in its first act.

As only one at a time could comfortably kneel on the end of the plank and get a fair view of the stage, we took turns, each one looking down while the other counted a hundred.

At the end of one of Fred's turns, the drama had arrived at a critical and intensely interesting point, and he was unwilling to give way for me. He wanted to lengthen the turns to a count of two hundred; but I would not agree. He offered me his long lead pencil if I would consent. It was a strong temptation; but just then, high tragedy had more attractions than plumbago, and I was firm in my refusal.

"Then," said he, with an injured tone, "I'll see if I can't get a place for myself," and he crawled around to the other side of the scuttle, and kneeled on the narrow edge of the joist, looking down from that side, while I resumed the place on the plank.

Nearly all the uniformed and titled gentlemen were on the stage, and there was a solemn tableau, when one of the actors cried (in a slow, heavy tone, raising his arm majestically): "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall!"

At that instant there was a tremendous crash, and a large section of plastering fell upon the heads of the astonished actors. When the cloud of dust rolled away, the spectators, looking up, saw a ragged mass of lath hanging down around a hole in the ceiling, and in the midst of it the feet and legs of a boy who seemed to be clinging to the joist with his hands,

I tried to help Fred up; but my strength and my foothold were unequal to the task. There was a great excitement and uproar below. "Get a ladder," shouted several voices; but the ladder generally used at that place had been removed from the room when it was swept and garnished for the exhibition and nobody seemed to know exactly where it was.

Fred's brother John, a large, powerful, cool-headed young man, was one of those on the stage. As soon as he could rub the dust from his eyes he looked up, and remarked: "Those feet look very much like Fred's." Then stepping immediately under the suspended boy. he called out: "Drop, Fred, I'll catch you!"

Fred dropped at once; indeed, by that time he was about ready to drop without an invitation.

John caught him, set him down on his feet, took a good look at him, and then giving him a slap on the shoulder, said: "Now start for home!"

Fred started. They made a little lane down the middle aisle, and passed him out through the throng.

Meanwhile I retreated to the roof, intending to go down by the way I had come up. What was my consternation, on getting there, to find that the ladder from the shed to the roof had been removed. It seems that when a ladder was called for, some one near the door had run out to look for one. Seeing that, he had immediately taken it down and carried it around to the front steps. As the trouble was over on his arrival, he just dropped it there. Then Mr. Crouch, thinking the exhibition was broken up, came out, recognized his ladder, and carried it home.

So I sat in despair on the roof, feeling more

Digitized by Google

isolated and despondent than Robinson Crusoe ever did.

After a while I heard my name softly spoken by some one in the yard. It was Fred. I answered. "Old Crouch has lugged home his ladder," said he. "Can't you come down the lightning-rod?"

The rod made an ugly bend where it went over the cornice, and I was afraid to try. I knew I should fall off at that bend before I could cling around the rod, with my feet below it. I pointed out the difficulty to Fred. He made light of it; but I told him I knew better. The views of such a thing above and below are very different.

"Then," said he at last, "you'll have to jump to the roof of the shed."

It was a perilous leap for a boy of my size; but I saw that Fred was right. There was nothing else to be done. Jump I did, and landed safely on the shed, from which I readily clambered to the ground.

We started for home immediately. As to the exhibition, the master quelled the tumult, told the audience the play would be resumed in a few minutes, and then had the curtain drawn while the broken plaster was swept up and carried away. The gentlemen in uniform resumed their lofty dialogue and flourished their swords once more.

The heavens had fallen, and justice was done.

JINGLES.

I HAD a little Highlander,
Who reached to my chin;
He was swift as an arrow,
And neat as a pin.

He ran on my errands,
And sang me a song;
Oh, he was as happy
As summer is long!

FIRE in the window! flashes in the pane!
Fire on the roof-top! blazing weather-vane!
Turn about, weather-vane! Put the fire out!
The sun's going down, sir, I haven't a doubt.

WOULD N'T it be funny—
Would n't it, now—
If the dog said "Moo-oo"
And the cow said "Bow-wow?"
If the cat sang and whistled,
And the bird said "Mia-ow?"
Would n't it be funny—
Would n't it, now?

OH where are all the good little girls—
Where are they all to-day
And where are all the good little boys?
Tell me, somebody, pray.
Why, safe in their fathers' and mothers' hearts
The girls are stowed away;
And wherever the girls are, look for the boys—
Or so I've heard folks say.

Digitized by Google

ONE OF THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE.

By Augustus Holmes.

As we were going over to the shooting-match in A——, the other day,—Lew Thaxter, Lon Scott, and I,—Lew asked me what I considered the most wonderful thing in modern science.

"That is hard to say," I replied; "but, certainly, *one* of the most wonderful things is the fact that men have been able to measure the velocity of light."

Lon asked what I meant by that.

"For instance, we know that it takes a little more than eight minutes for a ray of light to travel from the sun to the earth. That is," I added, as Lon looked incredulous,—but he interrupted me with a snap of his fingers.

"Yes, I know,—I 've heard as much before; and I don't believe a word of it!"

"You don't believe in the achievements of science?" cried Lew, in astonishment.

"O yes, to a certain extent. But some things are absurd!" And Lon laughed in a dogged way. "You don't even know what light is! Some say it 's a substance, others that it 's only a vibration, or an undulation; and now you pretend that it is known how fast it travels!"

"Precisely," I answered. "Eleven million miles a minute, in round numbers; no matter about a few miles."

"But, you see," said Lon, contemptuously, "it 's ridiculous! No doubt men of science *imagine* the rate of speed at which light moves, but it 's foolish for them to talk of fixing the figures. They might as well say fifty or a hundred million miles a minute, as to stop at eleven millions. There 's no way of working such a problem; there 's no sort of handle to it."

"Well, perhaps not," I said. "But let us consider." We had now come within sight of the shooting-ground, and could see the smoke from the rifles a little before we heard the reports. "You won't deny, I suppose, that sound travels at a certain rate, according to the medium it passes through, and that its velocity can be ascertained. Now watch and hark!"

"Yes," replied Lon, "I see the smoke from the guns, and hear the report a second or two later."

"A second and a-half," observed Lew, who stood watch in hand,—for we had halted on the brow of a hill.

"Now, I acknowledge," said Lon, "if we knew the distance from here to the shooting-match we could calculate the rate of speed at which sound travels;—so many feet in a second and a-half. But here you have ground to stand on, and one thing to compare another by. But suppose we saw no smoke, and heard only the report,—then how could you know the length of time it takes the sound to reach us?"

"Wait, boys," I said, "and let us think of this. We will suppose that, along this very road, a string of boys, starting from a goal over there where the firing is, come running towards us. Every five minutes one starts; and, as they run at uniform rates of speed, every five minutes one passes us here, if we stand still."

"That is plain enough," assented Lon.

"But, suppose, after two or three have passed, with an interval of five minutes between them, we go to meet the fourth. He will pass us in a little less than five minutes from the time the last one came up,—will he not?"

"Of course," said Lon, "since he has less distance to travel before he meets us than the first boys had."

"That is evident. Now, suppose that, as soon as we have met the fourth, we turn and walk the other way. In five minutes the fifth will reach the spot where we met the fourth, but it will take him some time longer to come up with us, for in this case we are adding to the distance."

"All this is easy as A, B, C," cried Lon.

"Let 's bring your A, B, C into the calculation," I said, and drew a line along the dusty road with my cane. "Here, at C, is the goal the boys start

from. Here is a boy running. In the meanwhile we walk to and fro between A and B, two points situated a thousand feet apart. Now, we have agreed that the boy passes us sooner when we meet him at B than when he overtakes us at A. Suppose we find it is a minute sooner."

"Then," exclaimed Lew, "we shall know that it takes him just a minute to run from B to A; and that his speed is a thousand feet a minute."

"I agree with you," said Lon, scratching his head, "though I must say it would be pretty good running."

"If a boy cannot travel so fast, I think you will acknowledge that something else can."

"A locomotive," suggested Lon.

"Yes, or sound. Suppose the rifles over there,

Digitized by Google

instead of firing irregularly as they do, should fire once every five seconds. Then every five seconds, by my watch, we should hear a report if we stood still; that is, a wave of sound, starting from the goal and traveling towards us through the air, would reach and pass us at stated intervals, just as the boy did. Now, suppose that, when we go to meet the sound at B, it reaches us a little less than a second sooner than when it overtakes us at A. Then we know that sound travels more than a thousand feet a second, as in fact it does."

"Eleven hundred feet," said Lew.

"This is all clear enough with regard to the boy and the wave of sound; but light," Lon objected, "is different. Instead of eleven hundred feet a second, you have eleven million miles—did you say?—a minute! Suppose those rifles, as far off as you could see them, should make flashes once a minute,—light is so swift that the nicest watch and the best eyes in the world would detect no variation in the time, if you should go a thousand miles to meet the flash, or go back a thousand miles and be overtaken by it!"

"I agree with you."

"Very well! and how," cried Lon, "are you going to tell when a ray of light leaves the sun?"

"I don't know any way of doing that," I said.

"Then, what do you go by?—where do you get your *purchase* on that problem?"

"That is the wonderful thing I am coming at," I replied, as we walked on; "for all the rest is simple enough. And the beautiful fact I will now describe is also simple enough, you will see, marvelous as it is. You have heard of Galileo?"

"The great Italian astronomer," suggested Lew.

"Before his time, you know, it was the common belief that the earth was the centre of the universe, and that the sun, moon, and stars all moved about it once in twenty-four hours, besides making other wonderful movements in the heavens. Copernicus, a German astronomer, had already explained the motions of the heavenly bodies, by showing that the moon alone revolved around the earth, and only once a month; that the earth turned round on its axis once a day; and that the earth and all the other planets revolved in greater periods of time about the sun. This system of astronomy—called the *Copernican system*—is so beautifully simple, compared with the old *Ptolemaic system* (so called after Ptolemy), that it is a wonder everybody did n't accept it. But the world likes old ways and old beliefs, and dislikes change. So only a few wise men, in that and the following age, thought anything at all of the Copernican theory. Among these was Galileo. Copernicus died in 1543, and Galileo was born in 1564. Because he taught the Copernican theory, which was supposed to be contrary to the Scriptures, and was certainly contrary to what the Church believed and taught, he was persecuted and imprisoned, and nearly lost his life."

"But what has all this to do with the velocity of light?" Lon interposed.

"You will see. I wanted to tell you something of Galileo before giving you the result of his great discovery. About 1609 he heard of a Dutchman having made a tube which, when looked through, had the remarkable power of making objects appear much nearer than they really were. Perhaps he learned that it was by passing the rays of light through lenses that this strange result was produced. At all events, he at once set to work, experimenting with lenses, and arranging them in a tube,—which was nothing but an organ pipe,—until he had at last constructed a *telescope*. It was a very clumsy and imperfect instrument; but, after one or two more trials, he succeeded in making one which would magnify objects about thirty times. Imagine his joy on turning this towards the heavens and counting stars where never stars were seen before! He made many discoveries, but the most wonderful of all was one that confirmed in a beautiful way the system of Copernicus. Looking at the planet Jupiter, he noticed that four small stars near it appeared to change their places night after night. All at once the thought struck him that they were not stars at all, but moons revolving around the planet as our moon revolves around the earth, and as the planets revolve around the sun. Such, indeed, they proved to be. He made this discovery in January, 1610, and, greatly as it elated him, he kept it a secret for over two months, until, by the most careful observations, he had satisfied himself that there was no mistake about it. Then he announced it, and was called a heretic and a fool for his pains by priests and would-be men of science, who refused even to take the trouble of looking through his magic tube and seeing what he saw.

"Well, this turned out to be the most important astronomical discovery, probably, that was ever made. Besides confirming the Copernican theory, it led to other discoveries; and one of these is the very thing we are talking about.

"The nearest of Jupiter's moons is about two hundred and sixty thousand miles from the planet, or about twenty thousand miles farther than our own moon is from us. But the planet is so huge, being some fourteen hundred times larger than our earth, that the satellite—which revolves in a very regular orbit—is eclipsed at every revolution, that is, whenever the planet comes between it and the sun. The shadow of the planet, you understand, falls upon it, and it disappears to our eyes, like a

Digitized by Google

candle that dies in its socket, to be lighted again as soon as it passes out of the shadow.

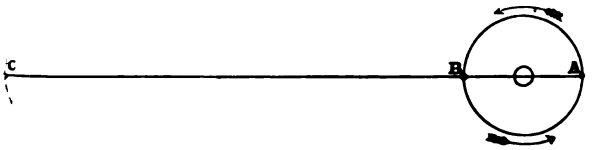
"Now, astronomers, you will concede, are able to calculate eclipses to a second."

Lon said he supposed so.

"Well, Galileo, and others after him, studied the eclipses of Jupiter's moons, and discovered, to their surprise, that there was something strangely irregular about them. Often they took place earlier or later than they had predicted from previous observations. At last it was found that the movement of the earth in her orbit had some mysterious connection with this irregularity; but how that could be no one was able even to guess, until, in the year 1675, Roemer, a Danish astronomer, solved the mystery."

"What was it?" Lon was now eager to know.

I stopped, and drew another little diagram in the dust. "We will call this circle the orbit in which



the earth revolves about the sun. Jupiter is fifty times as far from the sun as the earth is; we will say, at C. We will draw an imaginary line from C directly across the orbit of the earth. Now, it was found that when the earth was moving from A to B, with Jupiter in this relative position, the eclipses of the planet's moons appeared to take place earlier by a few minutes than when the earth was moving from B to A."

"Ah! I see it!" exclaimed Lew. "When an eclipse occurs, we can take note of the rays that come to us just before or just afterwards. They travel towards us, something like the boys you described, or the waves of sound; and, though the earth moves in a circle, instead of a straight line, it actually meets the rays when it is traveling from A to B, and has to be overtaken by them when it is returning from B to A."

"You have hit it," said I; "and I think that now even Lon sees the *handle* by which the problem was taken hold of. In fact, it was found that the eclipses of Jupiter's moons invariably appeared to take place a little more than sixteen minutes earlier when the earth was near B than when she was on the opposite side of her orbit. What else could be inferred than that it took a ray of light a little more than sixteen minutes to travel from B to A? But this is twice the distance from the earth to the sun; hence we conclude that light travels from the sun to the earth—say ninety-one and a-half million miles—in half that time, or a little over eight minutes.

"By making due allowance for the speed of light and the motion of the planets, astronomers have been able," I continued, "to construct exact tables of the eclipses of Jupiter's moons, which are of great use in finding the longitude of places on the earth. So you see this discovery is one of practical value, as well as very wonderful in a merely scientific way."

Lon was by this time so nearly convinced that he acknowledged there might be "something in it;" while Lew had become so much interested in the subject that he begged I would write out our conversation for ST. NICHOLAS. I have done so at his request.

A CHURNING SONG.

BY SILAS DINSMORE.

APRON on and dash in hand,
O'er the old churn here I stand:—
Cachug!
How the thick cream spurts and flies
Now on shoes, and now in eyes!—
Cachug! cachug!

Ah, how soon I tired get!
But the butter lingers yet:—
Cachug!
Aching back and weary arm
Quite rob churning of its charm!—
Cachug! cachug!

See the golden specks appear!
And the churn rings sharp and clear,—
Cachink!
Arms, that have to flag begun,
Work on; you will soon be done:—
Cachink! cachink!

Rich flakes cling to lid and dash;
Hear the thin milk's watery splash!—
Calink!
Sweetest music to the ear,
For it says the butter is here!—
Calink! calink!

Digitized by Google

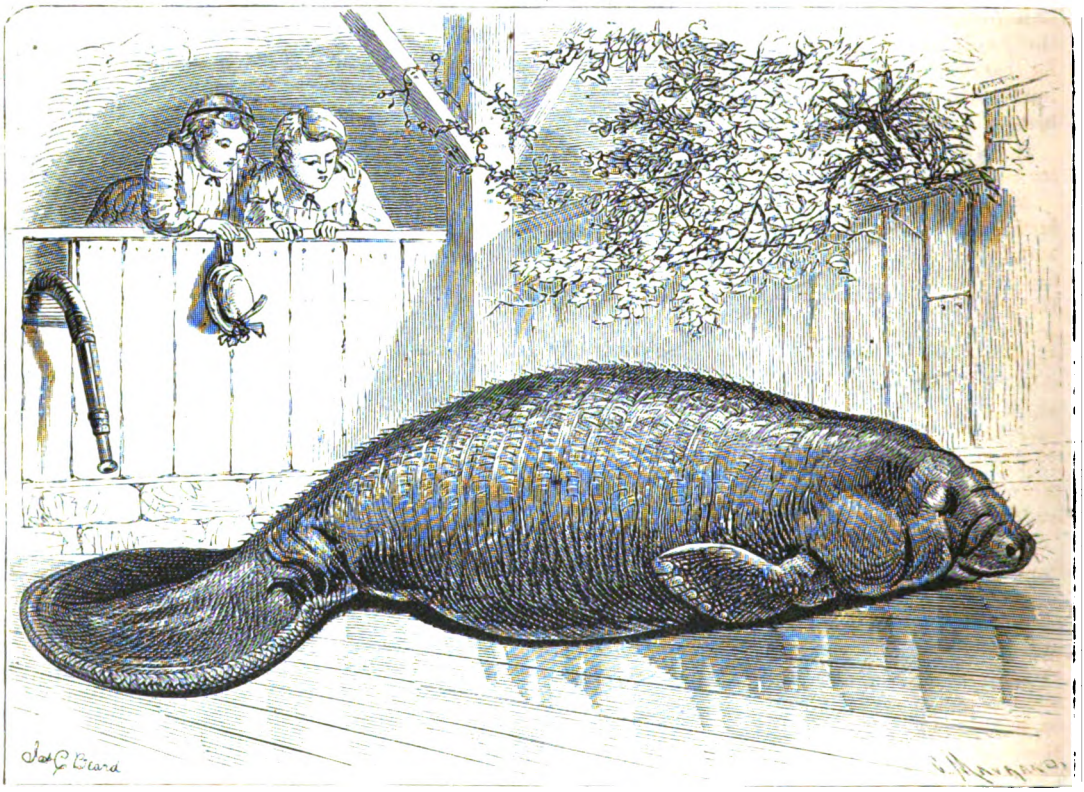
THE MANATEE.

BY HARRIET M. MILLER.

THIS is an interesting looking fellow-creature,—now is n't it?

Whether you take a broadside view of him,—as in the larger picture,—or see him face to face,—as in the smaller one,—he is equally attractive. But wait!—I have n't introduced him.

My dear young friends, this is a picture of the Manatee; and he is n't half so stupid as he looks. In fact, when you come to know about him, you 'll find that he has some lovely traits of character, and judging him by the old proverb, "Handsome is, that handsome does," we may yet prove that he is a beauty.



THE MANATEE.

"A droll—*fish*," did you say? Now, there I've caught you. He is n't a fish any more than you are, though he is shaped like one. He 's an animal, and belongs to the same family that you do—the Mammalia, called by that long name because Mamma Manatee finds her babies milk, instead of meat. And, besides, he is warm-blooded, while fishes are cold-blooded; and he breathes with lungs, while fishes perform that useful operation by means of gills.

He lives in the water, to be sure, swimming about as easily as any fish there, by the help of that broad, flat tail of his; but the tail is used by slapping down in the water, while the tail of a fish, you know, always stands up vertically, and moves from side to side.

He is droll for an animal, I must admit. He has no neck, to speak of; no ears, except two holes, so small that they do not show in the pictures; no legs; no arms; almost no eyes—at least they are so small and so buried in the wrinkles, that you can hardly see them; and no hair like other animals.

Now, see what he has. That splendid broad

Digitized by Google

tail of his, with the help of his swimming paws—as some naturalists call them—sends him through the water as fast as he wants to go; he has no need of legs. As to the swimming paws themselves, although they look like awkward things, nothing could be more useful to him. They are, in fact, hands, with skin between the fingers, and if you could shake hands with him you would feel the fingers. He gets his name, Manatee, from them, *manus* being the Latin for hand. They have a sort of nail, like finger-nails, as you can see in the picture; and besides using them in swimming and in crawling up on the land, Mamma Manatee needs them for carrying her baby, which she does much as a human mamma carries hers.

A comical little fellow the baby Manatee must be!

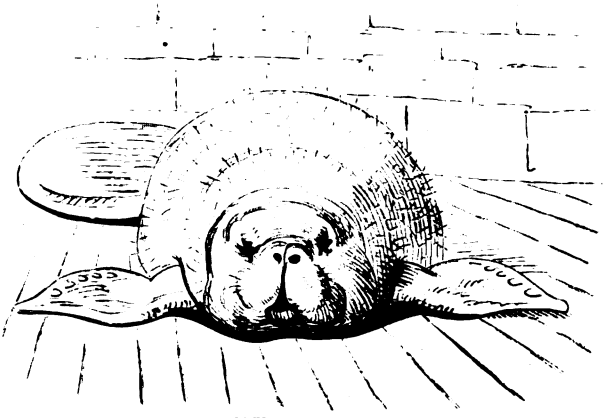
Although this curious animal has no warm coat of fur like other animals, he has wonderfully thick skin, and a coat of fat under it, that is warmer than any fur. But, best of all, he has a good disposition. He is fond of his fellows, always living in crowds; and if one is hurt, all the rest try to help him. Nearly every mother, from the elephant down to the smallest insect, is tender of her little ones, and will fight for them till she is herself killed; but these affectionate creatures are just as fond of each other. The fathers protect the mothers, and the mothers protect the babies, and, in fact, they never desert each other in the greatest danger.

Unfortunately for their own peace, Manatees have another good thing—good meat on their bones; and men hunt them to get it for their own use. As I said, they always go in crowds, the fathers ahead, the mothers behind, and the babies in the middle. When a harpoon is thrown into one of the party, all the rest crowd around and try to pull it out, or to bite off the rope that holds it. Not one thinks of taking care of himself, nor of fighting the hunter, so the fisherman (if he can be called so) can secure as many as he chooses,—often the whole troupe.

This creature—who, you see, *is* interesting, after all, in spite of his stupid look and flabby ways—lives on the sea-shore, in a bay, or at the mouth of a river, in a tropical country, especially in American waters, and he often takes a journey up the rivers a long way from the sea. He is from fifteen to twenty feet long, and sometimes weighs three or four tons.

The Manatee has another name—Sea Cow; and he feeds on grass and plants. Not only on those growing under water, but on land plants, to get which he crawls up on to the land.

Still a third name has been given to the Manatee, more curious than either of the others. You have heard of Mermaids, and perhaps you have seen pictures of them, as sailors described them,—beautiful women as far as the waist, with long hair, falling all over their shoulders, and scaly fishes from the waist down. (There 's one in Webster's big dictionary.) But I think you 'll laugh when I tell you that these big, dull-looking Manatees are all the mermaids that men ever saw. At least, Cuvier says so, and if he does n't know, I 'd like to know who does. However, when Mamma Manatee raises her head high out of the water, with her baby in her hands, she does look a little like a human mother; and seen away off over the water, with the credulous eyes of sailors, it is n't, after all, so absurd as it seems to you when you look at the picture.



A PRETTY FRONT FACE.

This gentle creature can easily be tamed. In an old magazine, published more than a hundred years ago, there is an account of a tame Manatee, kept by the Governor of Nicaragua, in a lake on his estate. This good-natured creature would not only come to dinner when he was called,—crawling out of the water, and up to the house,—but he would allow people to ride on his back. As many as ten people, the old story says, would often mount him, and ride safely across the lake.

How do you suppose they would have liked it if Mr. Manatee had chosen to dive just then?

You little people who live in New York can see one of these curious fellows any day. In fact, the very one who sat for his picture for ST. NICHOLAS, lives in a big tank in Central Park. His keeper kindly allowed the tank to be empty a while, so that the artist might get a fine view of him,—the Manatee, not the keeper.

Digitized by Google

HOW JAMIE HAD HIS OWN WAY.

By Mary N. Prescott.

"Jamie," said Grandpa Scott, "don't go near the wharves this afternoon; Mrs. Little's Sam fell overboard yesterday."

"But, Grandpa," objected Jamie, "it's Saturday afternoon!"

"I know it, sir; and that's just why I want you to stay about the house and grounds. I notice that Saturday afternoon 's the time all the children get into mischief. You can play hide and seek in the orchard, or sail your brig in the duck pond, or go berrying in Rowley woods."

"There's bears in the woods," said Jamie, "and the brig's being mended——"

"And they'll eat the gooseberries in the garden, and make themselves sick," said Grandma.

"Well, there's plenty of play without running to the river after it," continued Grandpa. "I tell you, sir, I won't have you playing about the wharves and running such risks!"

Well, perhaps Jamie didn't mean to disobey; but he walked into the orchard and shouted for Jack Brown and Nick Smith to come and join him.

"They've gone down to Bachelor's wharf," said Brown's little sister, who sat rocking her rag doll on the doorstep. "There 's a great big ship down there, that smells of tar and oranges. They would n't let girls go," she added.

"My!" sighed Jamie, "I'm glad I'm not a girl, —they're always in the way, of course. They're afraid of getting their feet wet, and their hands dirty. At Bachelor's wharf, did you say?" The big ship, with its inviting odors, having blotted Grandpa's commands altogether from his mind, just as the waves wash out whatever you trace on the sandy beach, he turned into the dusty street, leaving the pleasant orchard behind him, with the sun shine fleckling the green grass, as it fell through the apple boughs; with the plum trees ripening a blooming harvest; with a generous perfume of early apples in the air; the quince bushes adding their invitation; the white-heart cherries ready to fall into anybody's open mouth,—as the birds could have told him,—and the currant and gooseberry bushes fringing the orchard wall, while grape-vines sucked in sweetness and mellowness from the sun and atmosphere. Jamie loitered down the street, past the grocery and the dry-goods shops, looked in at the confectioner's, passed a while at the fish-market, where they were bringing in fresh lobsters and silver-enameled mackerel, and great cuts of pink salmon were to be seen, garnished with heads of cut lettuce. It was only a step from the fish-market to Bachelor's wharf, where, true enough, a ship, as big as all out-doors, it seemed to Jamie, was unloading. Jamie hung near it, admiringly, enjoying the tarry smell, as if it were an odor from Araby;—the mystery of entangled ropes, that was as good as a Chinese puzzle; wondering about the great ocean over which the ship had sailed; enjoying the browned sailors, who had perhaps seen a whale spouting, or an iceberg drifting down from the north, or the stormy petrels that never alight, the legend says, and are named for St. Peter, who walked the water. The Azores and West Indies were like places dropped out of Fairyland into the sea, somewhere, to Jamie; and London was the capital of Dreamland to him, as well as to some older folks; the rest of the world across the water was a sort of fogland, where griffins with gold manes might abound, and toads that saw things through the lens of a jewel, where the days were six months long, without any bed-time. It was delightful to touch the ropes that had been coiled in foreign places, and the sails that had hung idly in the calm of tropical waters,—it was almost like shaking hands with the people of other countries.

But after Jamie had somewhat satisfied his curiosity, which was always alert when a ship came in, he strolled, like one who has the afternoon before him, to a neighboring wharf, where Jack and Nick were trying to make out into the stream in a small boat, which the wind repeatedly blew in shore, defeating their attempts. "Oh, I can get her off," shouted Jamie, fired with sudden nautical valor, "you just wait till I get off my shoes and stockings!"

"Bet ye!" defied Nick Smith, "me and Jack's been ter work this half hour!"

"So I do bet ye!" returned Jamie, whipping off his "dirt-treaders" and jacket, and hiding them in a cranny of a pile of boards near at hand. "You'll see what a sailor can do," and he jumped into the boat and pushed off in spite of the wind. "Let's go down to Black Rocks and fish," said Jack.

"All right! We 're off for Black Rocks, then," said Jamie, tacking; "I think the wind 's rather cranky, though, boys!"

"Looks squally," said Nick, at the helm. "My mother's got the sewing circle to supper and we're going to have strawberry short-cake. She won't

Digitized by Google

know where I am, till she wants me to run an errand."

Just then something happened; perhaps it was the squall; but Grandpa Scott, looking out of his scuttle window up in town, through a spy-glass, to see if his schooner was coming in, saw, instead, a boat floating upside down on the river.

"Mercy! Grandma," said he, "I'm right glad I told Jamie not to go near the water to-day; there's somebody's boat bottom-side up, in the river!"

"Sakes alive!" cried Grandma; "it'll make somebody's mother's heart ache, to be sure! Well, I'm thankful that Jamie's safe in the orchard, for all the gooseberries." But we know that Jamie was not safe in the orchard. When he came to the surface of the river after his plunge, Jack and Nick, having managed to cling to the boat, were seated on the bottom of it, and drifting out to sea; Jamie made a few strokes towards them, but finding that the boat would be out to sea before he could reach the river-mouth, supposing he could swim so far, he decided to make for the North Pier, as his only hope. But oh, dear! what a long way it was to the North Pier, though! what if the cramp should catch him before he reached it? He remembered that Captain Sails had once seen a shark in the river,—he wondered if Grandpa Scott was getting worried about him,—if Mrs. Smith had saved a piece of the strawberry short-cake for Nick,—how soon they'd miss him, and send out for him,—if they'd drag the river with grappling irons. It really was not very far to the North Pier, but it seemed leagues, and Jamie's strength was ebbing when he reached it, and thrust his hands through the cracks between the rough boarding, and clung like any barnacle, feeling almost safe. But no sooner was he secure from immediate danger, than his discomforts began to torture him: the hot sun poured down on his uncovered head, a nail in the pier had torn his hand, and the salt water made it smart, his arms were beginning to feel queer and lifeless, —he called for help, but his voice was a sparrow's pipe. Then he waited and waited, and saw a mirage of the distant beach lifted against the sky, and watched the birds that lighted an instant on the pier, and looking at him curiously, and heard the music of some gunner's rifle down in the marshes grow fainter and sweeter with the distance, "and horns from Elfland faintly blowing."

But presently a new terror beset him—he could not take another stroke, if he were to die,—but he saw the sunset burnishing in the west, his half-holiday drifting away from him, and the tide turning in! If only somebody would come for him: some fisherman toiling in with his full nets, some gunner from the salt-marshes, some pleasure-boat laden with song and laughter! He was hoarse with hallooing; it was wearing on to twilight, and the tide coming in, strong and steady. He heard the bells on shore inviting to evening prayer,—the noises about the wharves reached him like echoes from another world; he wondered where Jack and Nick were,—if Grandma had gone to Mrs. Smith's tea-drinking; he remembered how the sunshine seemed tangled among the orchard trees at home, that the plums were nearly ripe, that Master Brooks was going to give him a reward of merit, at school, next week. By this time there was a star twinkling at him in a companionable way, from the sky, —but only his head was out of water; he tried to climb up the slippery sides of the pier, and came very near losing his hold; once he thought that he heard the sound of oars, the faint tones of human voices, as in a dream; then he lost them, and began to fancy himself safe at home in bed, holding Grandma Scott's hand, and saying, "Our Father, who art in Heaven." The water gurgled about his ears and touched his lips, and the stars and the roseate twilight went out in darkness.

Some sailors, belonging to a sand-droger that was taking in cargo at White Beach, had caught sight of a strange object clinging to the pier, had at first fancied it to be a seal or a mermaid, and had set forth to capture it, arriving just in the nick of time to save Jamie, who was verily at his last gasp. They carried him on board the droger, rubbed and dosed him into consciousness, dried his shirt and trowsers before a drift-wood fire on the beach, gave him a supper of clam chowder and ship-bread, and after he had rested, they rowed him up to town and left him at the wharf.

Jamie walked slowly homeward, wondering what reception he should meet; all the clocks were clanging nine; there were groups of men about the shops speaking of the day's accident.

"Folks ain't no business ter let children out on the water alone," some one was saying.

"Well, you see," broke in another, "Miss Smith, she hed the sewing circle ter her house, and a body can't manage other folkses affairs and their own ter wunst." "It'll go hard with Grandpa Scott," spoke a third; "that boy was the apple of his eye."

"And a little tyke he was too," responded his neighbor: "I've heard his grandma say that she never felt easy till he was a-bed and asleep!"

"Well, he won't be troubling nobody no more," said the confectioner, at whose counter Jamie had been in the habit of spending his cents; "he was a great one for 'ju-ju' paste; I wouldn't have minded throwing in a piece, if I'd knowed,——"

"He could bat a ball like time," said a small boy Jamie recognized as one with whom he had sometimes shared his jujube paste; "and he wasn't

Digitized by Google

stingy, neither, and didn't get mad if you spelt above him." Jamie walked on to his grandfather's, where the lamps were all lighted, and they had forgotten to draw the curtains; he stole in softly and looked in at the doorway. Grandpa Scott was walking the room as fast as his old legs could carry him, and wringing his hands; Grandma was in the big arm-chair, with her face hidden in her hands and the tears dropping through the fingers, while Mrs. Smith stood near, smoothing her hair and offering the smelling-salts, and saying, "Don't take on so, now don't, Miss Scott,—it ain't none of your fault, nobody'll blame you—it's all for the best."

"There wa'n't nobody ter blame but the squall," said Jack and Nick in chorus, from the background, where Jamie had not seen them; "us two stuck to the boat, you see," continued Nick, "when it was bottom-side up, and nobody picked us off till we was most out to sea, and then when we began to think of Jim, he wasn't nowhere. Hurrah!" changing his tune without warning, "I say, Hi' Spy!"

And Jamie's arms were around Grandma Scott's neck, and everybody in the room was in tears again, and Grandpa Scott was on his knees.

CHANTICLEER.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

I WAKE! I feel the day is near;
    I hear the red cock crowing!
He cries "'T is dawn!" How sweet and clear
His cheerful call comes to my ear,
    While light is slowly growing.

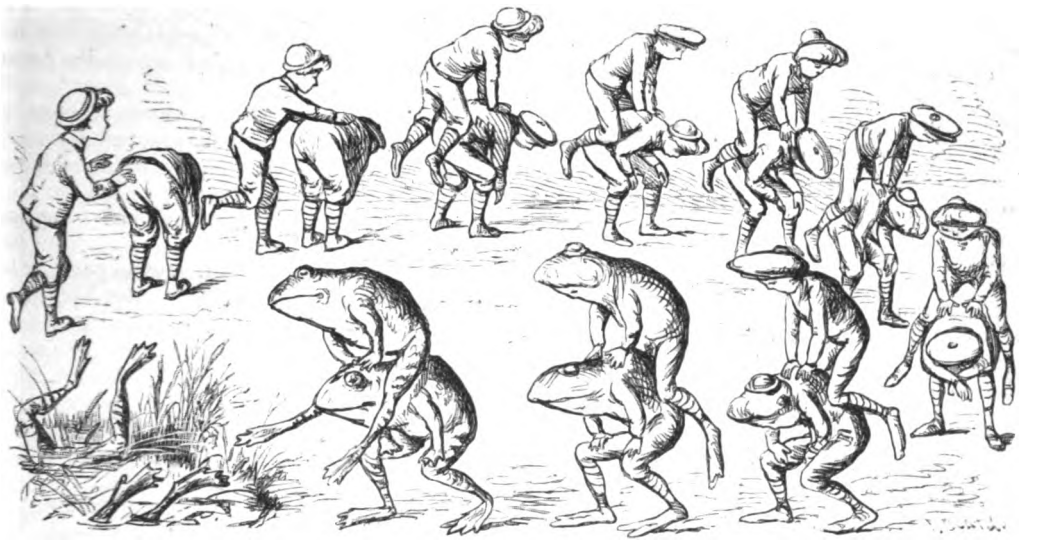
The white snow gathers, flake on flake;
    I hear the red cock crowing!
Is anybody else awake
To see the winter morning break,
    While thick and fast 't is snowing?

I think the world is all asleep;
    I hear the red cock crowing!
Out of the frosty pane I peep;
The drifts are piled so wide and deep,
    And wild the wind is blowing!

Nothing I see has shape or form:
    I hear the red cock crowing!
But that dear voice comes through the storm
To greet me in my nest so warm,
    As if the sky were glowing!

A happy little child, I lie
    And hear the red cock crowing.
The day is dark. I wonder why
His voice rings out so brave and high,
    With gladness overflowing.

Digitized by Google



WHAT MAY HAPPEN WHEN LITTLE BOYS PLAY LEAP-FROG TOO MUCH.

A MOOSE HUNT IN THE MAINE WOODS.

By C. A. Stephens.

So many tourists, young and old, have come down into the Maine lake region the past summer to camp out in the country of the whispering pine, and hunt that noble game, the moose, that I deem it not unlikely that many of our young folks, especially our boys, would enjoy a moose hunt,—even on paper. A prominent lumber-merchant of the Pine Tree State has kindly furnished me with one of his youthful exploits in this line, which I have attempted to write out.

There were four of us, and we were a rather queer party. There was old Ben Murch, a lumberman and hunter well known in that region; a young Penobscot Indian named Lewis, or, as he was more commonly called, "Lewey;" a young Boston chap named Larkin, but whom we had nicknamed "Larks," and myself. We had gone up from Bangor to the head of Chesuncook Lake, then as now a sort of supply-depot for the logging-camps.

When I mention that one of our party was an Indian, some may perhaps think that he was a savage,—one of the blanketed, tomahawking sort. Quite the contrary. Lewey was a very sensible, matter-of-fact young man; dressed like a Christian, and, saving a tendency to extreme brevity, spoke very fair English. Indeed, the fellow was quite a humorist in a certain, dry, terse way of his own, and very tolerable company of an evening. Murch and he frequently hunted together, selling the venison at the neighboring logging-camps. And on the evening preceding the first day of our hunt, February 3, Lewey had come down to the head from his wigwam, or winter camp, on the Cusabexis. One versed in woodcraft might well wonder how two experienced hunters should happen to take a couple of boys with them on a moose hunt! Well, I suspect that Larks used undue—possibly pecuniary—influence with them. Such things are sometimes done.

Day broke clear and frosty. We were off by sunrise—on snow-shoes. The snow was crisp. And as the early sun-rays fell in through the bare tree-tops the whole air resounded with the sharp snapping of the frozen wood, relaxed by the warmth. An hour's walk took us across the lowlands between the supply-depot and the river (the West Branch of the Penobscot), which enters the lake at some distance above. Crossing the river on the ice a little below Pine Stream Falls,—so near that we

Digitized by Google

could hear the plunging waters,—we began to ascend the ridgy slopes which lead up among the highlands in Township No. V, in Range XIV.

"Now, boys," said Ben, stopping to tighten the strings of his snow-shoes, "the less ye say and the fewer twigs ye snap the better; for, unless I 'm much mistaken," pointing to the cropped branches of a yellow birch, "we shall come upon a yard within a couple of hours. So keep whist. Mind the going. Don't tread on the dry brush. You youngsters may as well keep a few rods behind. And whenever I raise my hand—*so*—stop, both of you, stock-still,—and don't move till I tell ye."

Thus instructed we moved cautiously on again.

"What does the old fellow mean by a 'yard?'" whispered Larks, as we picked our way along behind. And as some others may perchance need a word in explanation, we will try to give it.

Suppose, as is often the case, that late in the fall, just as the snows are coming, a herd of moose—a dozen say, though generally not more than three or four—are browsing on the bank of a river or along the shore of a pond or lake. A snow-storm comes on, and there falls a foot, perhaps. Naturally enough, the moose don't go over as much ground next day after their browse as if the ground were bare. And very likely, too, since it is natural for all creatures to follow beaten paths,—nor are human beings exceptions,—very likely, I say, that nightfall will find them retracing their steps to the place whence they started in the morning. And thus they will remain for several days, not going over more than a mile or two of ground, unless disturbed by wolves or men. Then comes another storm, with another foot of snow. This makes walking about still more laborious. And the moose, consulting their ease, go about still less. So they keep on, narrowing their feeding-ground after every storm, till, when the snow has become four and five or six feet deep, it is nothing unusual to find a herd of from three to a dozen snowed into a yard of from five to thirty acres, with deep beaten paths running through it in every direction, the twigs cropped and bark gnawed from all the trees.

I believe this the more satisfactory explanation of a moose-yard, though many so-called naturalists will tell you that the moose *select* their yard before the snows come,—that they are in this matter "governed by instinct." All of which you may safely believe the moment they satisfactorily define that word, *instinct.*

Now, if a hunter can steal up unobserved, or rather unheard, within rifle-shot of one of these yards, why, he stands a good chance of securing one of the herd, at least. But the difficulty is to approach unperceived. For there is no keener-eared animal under the sun than a moose. They will often hear or smell a man half a mile, and that, too, when there is no perceptible breeze. The only chance of surprising a yard is when there 's a stiff breeze *from it;* and then it is a pretty ticklish job, and but rarely done.

A little farther on we saw where a cluster of hazel-bushes had been bitten off; and soon a shrubby pine with all its lower branches stripped of their tassels. These were indications of a yard not many miles off. The moose had been here; but later snows had covered the track.

We walked on with as little noise as possible. It was rather blind work, though; for the thick mixed growth made it impossible to see more than six or eight rods ahead. Presently we came to a clump of moose-wood shrubs browsed off as before, with a faint trail under the more recent snows leading away to the left. Along this Lewey and Ben picked their way softly, followed at some distance by Larks and myself.

We had gained the summit of a high ridge, and were now descending into the valley beyond. The shrubs along the trail had nearly all been cropped,—all save the spruce; moose never touch spruce boughs. We followed this trail for half a mile, perhaps, when Lewey, who was considerably in advance, suddenly stopped,—we saw him making signs and whispering to Ben, and stole gently up to them. Right in front were the fresh tracks of a moose,—huge hoof-prints stamped deep into the snow.

"'St, boys!" whispered Ben. "We're close upon 'em! Stay here; don't stir!"

Lewey and he worked slowly forward, drawing their heavy snow-shoes carefully after them. Watching breathlessly, we saw Lewey pause and cautiously raise the hammer of his rifle. It clicked faintly, despite his care. Instantly there was heard a hoarse snort, accompanied by a great crashing among the brush.

"There they go!" shouted Ben. Lewey had sprung forward like a cat,—too late to get a shot, however. The moose were gone. We could hear them tearing along down the valley, and on coming to the yard—some twenty rods farther on—found it empty.

"No help for it now," muttered Ben, gazing a little grimly at the gnawed saplings along the now deserted paths. "Nothing to do but chase them down. Think you can stand a three days' tramp, Larks?"

"Very long hunt," remarked Lewey.

But Larks had great faith in his legs.

Three distinct tracks on the farther side of the yard showed us where the moose had left it; and tightening our straps, we shouldered our guns and started in pursuit.

Digitized by Google

"Don't you ever use hounds to hunt them with?" Larks inquired.

"Not often," replied Ben. "Some do, but we don't. We have better luck without dogs than with them. A moose is n't like a fox. A fox will run round and round from hill to hill; but a moose keeps straight ahead. We 've found that our best way is to keep steady after them till they get tired enough to let us get up within shooting distance."

Lewey then told us that he once followed one a fortnight before getting near enough to shoot him. But when there is a crust upon five feet of snow, the moose, going through to the ground at every plunge, can't hold out over twenty-four hours, if followed rapidly.

All this time we were going forward as fast as we could walk. For the first six or eight miles the moose seemed to have run at full speed, scattering the snow and clearing the brush with prodigious bounds. In some places they had thrown out with their hoofs the old dried leaves, deep buried since autumn.

About three o'clock in the afternoon we crossed the former path of a tornado, which in its terrific course through the forest had torn down nearly all the trees along a clearly defined belt,—only a few rods in width, but stretching away east and west as far as we could see. The prostrate trunks lay piled across each other in the wildest confusion. Over these the moose had bounded in a manner almost incredible; running without the least apparent regard for the snow-buried logs, and making a bee-line across the windfalls. One leap especially astonished us. Three large bass-woods had fallen in a rick, the topmost lying fully seven feet above the surface of the snow, which lay from four to five feet all about them. This formidable abattis one of the moose had cleared at a jump, landing among the logs nearly a rod beyond.

The short February afternoon rapidly waned. A "snow-bank" had risen in the south-west.

"Another snow-storm by to-morrow," said Ben.

It was growing dusk. Presently the forest lightened ahead, and in a few minutes we came out on a broad white expanse stretching away to the northward.

"Lake Cauquomgomac," remarked Lewey. Then, looking through his hands, "Yonder they go!"

Straining our eyes in the deepening twilight, we could just make out some dark objects far out on the lake, one—two—three, yes, three of them. They were three or four miles from the shore, and making directly towards a small island situated near the upper end of the lake. When chased, moose will frequently run off to an island, or a high hill, which commands a good outlook of the country around.

"They 'll haul up at that island to breathe," said Ben. "Spend the night there, like enough, if they don't catch sight of us on the lake."

"Could n't we work up to them after dark?" I hazarded.

"Not without first getting *their* consent," said Ben, laughing. Then, turning to Lewey, "What's to be done?"

"Two of us stay here—two of us go round lake — above island," replied Lewey. "Head off moose."

"And so scare them from the island and then shoot at them from an ambush?" questioned Ben. Lewey nodded.

"Not to-night, I hope," said Larks, upon whom our long day's tramp was beginning to tell.

Ben turned to look at him. "No, not to-night, I guess," said he at length. Then to Lewey, "We 'll camp here, I reckon," with a nod of his head toward Larks and myself. Lewey assented, merely muttering, "No fire; not make fire on shore; go back."

Back we accordingly went to a little ravine in the woods, a number of rods from the lake. By this time it had grown very dark; but collecting brush as best we could, and breaking off slivers and bark from an old hemlock trunk, we soon had a crackling blaze.

A hunter's knapsack is not quite so ornamental as a soldier's, but handier, I think. It consists of a large, deep pocket in or rather *on* the back of his hunting frock. In these we had packed away two days' rations of beef and corncake, and now we proceeded, after taking off our snow-shoes and loosening our belts, to make a thorough dinner, moistening the same with snow-water melted in the palms of our hands.

This over with, we broke off great armfuls of fir boughs, and spreading them on the snow, lay down with our feet to the fire—to sleep. How the flickering blaze lighted up that savage little glen, with its dark, wild trees, as we lay there looking up, with cold noses and colder fingers! while from the lake came those fearful sounds,—said to precede a storm,—the moaning and roaring of the ice; a phenomenon common enough to frozen waters, yet always startling, and especially so by night.

In spite of these sounds, we fell asleep,—to shiver through a frigid delirium of chilly dreams and visions of gigantic moose. A pull at my coat-sleeve roused me; it was Lewey. The fire had gone out; all was dark.

"Get up," said he in a whisper. "You go with me. No need to wake Larks. I've talked with Ben. You and I go round lake; head off moose."

Digitized by Google

I understood, and scrambled up; but I was covered with snow, and felt cold, soft touches in my face; it was snowing heavily. Off in the east the dim pallor of a stormy morning had begun to show faintly. With numb fingers we tugged at the frozen straps of our snow-shoes, then shouldering our guns, started northward. The light snow cracked and creaked under our feet,—dull and monotonous sounds,—as we plodded on, on, blindly as far as I was concerned. Lewey led; it was as much as I could do to keep from bumping against the tree trunks. But it gradually grew light. We were skirting the lake, keeping back from the shore.

CHASED BY A MOOSE.

After going on for several miles as it seemed to me, the mixed growth changed to a still heavier one of black spruce. Beneath the dark shaggy tops all was quiet; but overhead the wind drove;

Digitized by Google

and now and then the snowy gusts sifted down through the thick boughs. Out on the lake the storm howled.

By nine o'clock we had got round to the northern end, or head of the lake, and could just discern, through the driving flakes, the outline of the island a mile below. If the moose had left it, they had probably come across to the woods at about this place. Still keeping in the forest, we examined the shore for nearly half a mile; there were no tracks. It was fair to conclude that they were still below us,—at the island. Nothing now remained to us but to wait for a chance to shoot them.

"Watch here," said Lewey, pointing to the upturned root of an old windfall. "Hide here—make gun sure—put on new cap—aim straight."

With this advice Lewey left me and went on some dozen or fifteen rods, where he took his stand in a similar manner. Resting my gun through a chink in the root, I began my vigils. An hour passed. The storm still raged fiercely. Ben was giving us plenty of time. But, keeping my eyes fixed on the island, I waited for the earliest appearance of the moose. Suddenly the faint report of a gun came on the snow-laden blast; Larks' rifle, I felt sure. And the next moment three dark objects darted out from the island and came straight towards us. How swiftly they approached, growing larger every moment, till the great unwieldy forms were close upon us! Now for it!

Setting my teeth, I aimed at the foremost,—he was now within fifty yards,—and fired! Almost at the same instant another report rang out. The moose fell headlong into the snow. There was a great snorting and crashing through the brush; the other two swept past me like the wind, and on into the forest. The wounded moose, too, had bounded to his feet, and with a hideous whine he came floundering heavily on. In my excitement I had jumped up from my hiding-place, shouting and brandishing my gun.

"Run! Run for your life!" shouted Lewey. "Get among spruces!" The moose had already caught sight of me, and came rushing up the bank with a great gnashing and grinding of its teeth. No time for bravado! I dropped my gun and ran—as fast as a fellow can on snow-shoes—back into the woods. A clump of low, dense spruces were growing near. I made for them,—the moose after me,—and, diving in amid the thick, prickly branches, went down on my hands and knees and scrambled aside under the boughs, spider-like. The moose crushed into the thicket, snorting and thrashing about not ten feet from where I lay.

"Lie flat!" yelled Lewey's voice from somewhere outside. "Don't stir!"

Bang! followed by another crash and a noise of struggling. I crawled out and saw Lewey standing near, with the smoke still curling from his gun.

"Much hurt?" exclaimed he, seeing me on all fours.

"Not a scratch!" cried I, jumping up.

A Yankee would have laughed at me heartily. Lewey merely remarked, "He most have you," and turned to look at the moose, which we found dead.

In the course of half an hour Ben and Larks came up. The moose was then skinned and cut in pieces. The storm still continuing, it was decided to give up the hunt and rest content with what we had got. Kindling a fire, we broiled some excellent moose-steaks, off which we made a hearty dinner.

A moose-sled was constructed,—a rude sled of poles and withes, with broad runners. About half the meat—a weight of some four hundred pounds—was packed upon this, to be taken back with us. The other half was buried in the snow, to be taken away at another time. Thus buried it will at once freeze, and keep sweet till the snow melts in the spring.

Larks and I carried the hide on a pole between us. The sled was drawn by Lewey and Ben. We did not get down to the head till the next night.

Larks was much disappointed in the antlers, which were very small and tender. Moose shed their antlers in December. This was in February. They had not had time to grow out.

Digitized by Google

NIMPO'S TROUBLES.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

CHAPTER III.

NIMPO DRESSES UP.

AFTER dinner, Nimpo marched resolutely to her room, followed by her two brothers.

"What you going to do?" asked Rush, when he saw Nimpo jerk her bonnet from its peg.

"I'm going straight to the store to see cousin Will," she answered, bursting into tears; "I know he'll help us somehow. I won't stay here a minute."

She dried her eyes, and stalked down stairs, the two boys still following her. Mrs. Primkins was not in the kitchen, so they got out without being seen, and hastened to their father's store.

"Cousin Will," Nimpo began passionately the moment she saw him, "I want you to get us another boarding place."

"Why, Nimpo, your mother made arrangements for you," answered Will.

"I know it; but that horrid Mrs. Primkins gave us mean little rooms up in the attic, and I can't bear them. They're ever so much meaner than Sarah's room at our house, and I can't stand it,—so there!"

Cousin Will looked puzzled.

"Well, I don't see what I can do for you. Nobody takes boarders, you know,—except students,—and I don't see but what you'll have to stand it. It won't be long anyway; and you need n't stay much in your room, you know."

"But why can't I have Mrs. Jackson to keep house, as mother proposed?" asked Nimpo.

"Mrs. Jackson is taking care of Mrs. Smith, who is very sick. I know she would n't leave her," replied Cousin Will.

Nimpo's face fell.

"Oh, dear! it 's too mean for anything! I never have anything as I want it!"

"But I'm sure this plan is yours; you refused to have Mrs. Jackson, yourself."

"So I did," said poor Nimpo; "but I never thought of being treated so."

"Well, I don't see what you can do," said Cousin Will, who evidently did n't think it a killing matter to sleep in an attic room. "I guess you 'll have to 'grin and bear it,' as Sarah says."

"Let 's go home," suggested Rush. "Sarah 's there yet, and we 'll make her stay."

But Nimpo remembered the lofty airs she had put on that very morning, and she could n't bear to come down to Sarah. So she called her pride to her aid, and made a resolve.

"No, Rush, we 'll go back there and stand it. It 's horrid mean of her; but we need n't stay in the rooms, you know, and we 'll have some fun, anyway."

"Very well," said Rush, with an air of relief, "I'll stay about here with Will for a while. You and Robbie had best go home to Primkins."

So back they went.

Climbing to the attic rooms again, Nimpo opened her trunk, and took out her dresses, which she hung on a row of nails at the foot of the bed.

Robbie looked on with great interest for a moment, then suddenly, to Nimpo's dismay, began to cry.

"I don't like nothin'," he sobbed; "I want to go home to mamma."

"Hush! Robbie," said his sister, kissing and soothing him, hurriedly; "never mind, dear. We 'll dress up and go out to walk. We 'll have some fun, if things *are* horrid here."

So, with another kiss, she put on his white suit and red boots, and then took down her new dress.

"Now I 'll have the good of this dress, and I 'll show mother that I can wear it other days besides Sunday, and not spoil it," she said to herself.

The dress was of blue barege. She put it on, with her best cloth boots, and her blue sash.

"What for you dressed all up?" asked Robbie, rubbing his eyes.

"Because I 'm going out to walk. Mother puts on her best dress when she goes out—sometimes," she added, for she felt a little guilty; "I don't see why I should n't do so too."

"Aint you a very pretty girl?" asked Robbie, earnestly, after studying the effect of the blue dress for some minutes.

"Do you think I am?" asked Nimpo, laughing.

"P'r'aps you are. I sink so," said Robbie.

"Well, you 're a darling little rose-bud!" said Nimpo, giving him a spasmodic hug.

"Aint I a pretty big rose-bud?" asked Robbie, seriously, "and 'sides, where's my stem?"

"Oh, you 're the kind of rose-bud that has legs, and don't need a stem," said Nimpo, starting down stairs.

"I 'm not going down the kitchen way," said she, when they reached the foot of the attic stairs. "I guess I 'm a boarder!" and feeling very haughty and fine, she went down the front stairs.

Digitized by Google

Mrs. Primkins heard them and opened the kitchen door.

"I don't want you to go up and down that way," she said, "tramping up my stair carpet. You can use the back stairs—like the rest of us."

Nimpo made no reply, but started for the front door.

"Don't go out that way!" screamed Mrs. Primkins; "I can't be running round to lock doors after a parcel of young ones, not by a jug-full! Come out the back door."

Swelling with indignation, Nimpo turned.

"I am accustomed to go out the front door at home, Mrs. Primkins."

"Wall, you aint to home now, and you need n't tramp up my front hall. I can tell you that. I don't want everything going to rack and ruin, and I haint got no servants to sweep out after you, as your mamma has."

So they went out the back door, and took their way down town.

Now, in that little western village set down in the woods of Ohio, children did not dress finely every day; so, when Nimpo appeared on the street in her blue barege, she attracted a good deal of notice. Every one said, "Why! where are you going, Nimpo?"

She enjoyed it for awhile, but finally she began to be annoyed.

"Just as if one could n't dress up without having everybody act so! I do think the people in this town are dreadfully countrified!" she said to herself.

When she came to the school-house the girls were out at recess.

"There 's Nimpo!" some one shouted, and in a moment she was surrounded by a crowd of eager schoolmates.

"Where 're you going?" was the first question, and then, "How do you like it?" "Are you having a nice time?" "Aint it splendid to do as you 're a mind to?" etc., etc.

"O, girls!" said Nimpo, "it 's perfectly horrid there. They eat with two-tined forks! and don't have napkins! Mrs. Primkins is a vulgar woman, and a tyrant. But I don't care, I sha' n't mind her. I have to sleep in the garret, and I 'most know there 's rats in the wall."

"Oh my!" and "Oh it 's too bad!" and "Write to your mother to come home," and other expressions of sympathy followed this announcement, until Nimpo suddenly felt that she was a heroine. She had read stories about those suffering individuals, and began to think since she could n't be stylish, she would be a persecuted heroine.

Now, you must know that Nimpo was very fond of reading, and read every book she could beg or borrow. And the books she borrowed of the school girls were not at all like yours; far from it! they were always in two or three small, dark-covered volumes, and the stories were the histories of interesting damsels who were persecuted and tormented from the title page to the very last leaf of the book.

Nimpo had read several of these—inside of her geography, at school—(for she knew her mother would object to them), and she thought it would be interesting to adopt that role.

"Of course it 's frightful staying there," she began; "but then, I suppose, one must expect troubles everywhere, and, if nothing very dreadful happens, I suppose I can endure it."

"Just see Nimpo take on airs!" said Ellen Lumbard, in a low tone; "I never saw any one so affected!"

But Nimpo did not hear, and she went on more naturally—

"To-morrow is Saturday; and I 'm coming to see one of you girls."

"Oh, me! me!" said half a dozen.

"Well, I guess I 'll begin with Nanny Cole," said she. "Of course, I 'll have to bring Robbie."

"Oh, of course!" said Nanny, snatching him out of the arms of the twentieth girl who had kissed him, and said he was "as sweet as he could be," since Nimpo had been talking, "and be sure you come early. We 'll play on the creek. We can build dams, and have ever so much fun."

So it was agreed; and as the bell began ringing just then, the girls went in, and Nimpo and Robbie continued their walk.

After awhile they went to the store again, where they found Rush making a big pile of old barrels, and such rubbish, for a bonfire in the back yard. Robbie wanted to help; so Nimpo sat on the back steps and read a book that one of the girls had lent her, till it was time to go home.

"Wall! wall! if that young one aint a sight to behold!" exclaimed Mrs. Primkins, when she caught sight of Robbie.

He was dreadfully dirty,—for the old barrel staves and bits of barrels that he had been carrying were not of the cleanest.

"He 'd ought to have good long-sleeved checked aprons," said Mrs. Primkins, rigorously, "and I've as good a mind to make him some as ever I had to eat. Them stains 'll never come out."

"He should never wear one—never!" Nimpo thought, angrily, but she said nothing. And perhaps Mrs. Primkins saw it in her face; for the checked-apron subject was never renewed.

When supper was ready there was nothing on the table but a plate of bread and a bowl of milk and Mrs. Primkins' cup of tea.

Digitized by Google

Mr. Primkins put a slice of bread on his plate, and then passed the bread to the rest. Then, taking the bowl of milk, he dipped out a few spoonsful to cover his slice of bread, and put the bowl before Rush, who sat next. Having ended his duties as host, he then took up his knife and fork and began to cut up and eat his bread and milk.

Rush had not noticed him, and seeing the bowl of milk near him, supposed it was for him, so he stood it upon his plate, and innocently began to crumble his bread into it.

Nimpo was horrified; though, to be sure, she had never seen bread and milk eaten in the Primkins style.

Mrs. Primkins got up with a grunt and brought another bowl of milk, while Augusta laughed, and even Mr. Primkins relaxed enough to grin and say:

"Hope you like milk, sonny!"

"Yes, I do,—first-rate," said Rush, innocently.

After tea, all the children went into the yard and played "Tag," till bed-time. Of course, Nimpo tore her new dress on the fence; but it was in the back breadth, and she thought she could sew it up. So, after all, she did n't care much for that.

She was sorry that Robbie had soiled his white suit, so that he could not wear it to Nanny's next day.

"Never mind!" she said to herself, "his buff linen is clean, and that will do well enough."

CHAPTER IV.

NIMPO MEETS WITH AN ACCIDENT.

NIMPO slept very well,—if it was in an attic room—and the next morning she was up bright and early to get ready for Nanny Cole's, though she did not intend to go till afternoon. When she began to dress she could find no washing conveniences, so she went across the attic to Augusta's room.

"There 's no wash-bowl in my room," said she.

"We don't use wash-bowls," said Augusta; "we wash in the woodshed when we go down. There 's always a basin and towel there."

"But I never washed in a woodshed," said Nimpo, passionately, "and I never will! I 'll bring some things from home this very day." And she rushed back to her room, too indignant to cry even.

Augusta seemed amazed at her spirit, for she went down stairs and soon returned with a tin basin half full of water, and a brown towel.

"Ma says you can have this in your room, if you 're so dreadful particular," and she set it down.

Nimpo took it silently, and after that she had fresh water for her own use (when she did n't forget to bring it up); but Rush washed in the woodshed and said it was first-rate, "'Cause a fellow could spatter as much as he liked."

After breakfast, Nimpo sat down to mend her torn dress. She seamed up the rent as well as she could,—with white thread,—and then to pass away the time till dinner, she thought she would write to her mother, as she had promised to do. She got her little portfolio, which her mother had filled nicely with paper, and in one pocket of which were four new stiff quill pens, which her father had made for her. Nimpo had never heard of a gold pen, and no doubt she would have scorned the very idea of a steel pen. Seating herself by the window, with a thin book on her knees, she took a sheet of paper and wrote:

DEAR MOTHER,

It 's horrid here. I don't like it a bit. We sleep in a mean little hole in the attic, and I 'm sure there 's rats in the wall.

They have two-tined forks to eat with, and eat bread and milk on a plate. I tore my blue dress, but mended it just as nice. Don't forget to bring me a book of poems.

The girls pity me. I 'm going to spend the afternoon with Nanny Cole. I have n't any drawers to put my things in.

Give my love to Neal and Mate if you have got there. It is dinner-time now, so good-bye.

Your affectionate daughter,

NIMPO RIEVOR.

When this letter was finished, Nimpo folded it in a way that I don't suppose you ever heard of—for envelopes were not in fashion then any more than steel pens. She then lighted a candle which she had brought up stairs when she came, took a stick of sealing wax and a glass stamp out of the portfolio, and made a neat round seal on the back of the letter. She then put it into her pocket to take to Cousin Will to direct.

Nanny Cole lived at the edge of the village, and very near the woods. There was also a shallow creek close by, in which the children were allowed to play, for it was not considered deep enough to be dangerous. With all these attractions, Nanny's house was a favorite place to visit, especially with Nimpo, who never could get enough of the woods.

As she and Robbie approached the house, Nanny and her brother came out, and they all went to the woods. First they got their hands and arms full of wild flowers, pretty moss, acorns and pine cones; and when at last they could carry no more, they found a pretty place for a house.

It was against the roots of a large tree, which had blown down. The great bundle of roots, higher than their heads, and full of earth, stood up straight, and before it was the hole it had left.

Digitized by Google

This droll house they adorned with their treasures, making a carpet of moss and bouquets of the flowers, which they stuck into cracks in the great root.

When the house was finished they played awhile. Then finding a flat stone for a table, they spread it with cookies from a basket Mrs. Cole had given them.

They spent some time over this meal, eating from plates of clean birch bark, and drinking "white tea" out of dainty acorn cups.

Then John proposed they should go and play on the creek, and down they went. For some time they built dams where the water was very shallow. Then they sailed boats made of pieces of bark, loaded with small pebbles, which they called bags of wheat, or with passengers—made of pieces of twigs, with acorn cups for hats. These boats all started off bravely, and sailed gaily down the creek for a few rods, but there the current took them towards a rock in the middle of the stream, and against that nearly every one of them was wrecked. If it passed it was sure to be capsized in a little eddy just beyond.

After enjoying this a long time, John proposed that they all should sail about on boards. Of course, Nimpo was ready for that, so they got a few boards, fastened them side by side as best they could, and took a long pole with which to push their rafts along. In this way they went up and down the creek and had fine times.

Robbie was not big enough to have a boat by himself, so he sailed with John for awhile. But at last John thought he would go down through the rapids, as they called a place where the creek spread out wide, and was filled with large stones.

Nimpo told Robbie to come to her boat, and she pushed her boards up towards John's, so that he could do it. Before she was quite ready Robbie jumped on, and coming so suddenly, upset the narrow raft and threw them both into the water.

"IN THIS WAY THEY WENT UP AND DOWN THE CREEK AND HAD FINE TIMES."

It was not very dangerous, as I have said, for it was not deep, but it was very wet, and Nimpo fell her full length.

John and Nanny hurried to help her, and in a moment she stood on the bank, wet to the skin—and Robbie was in the same plight. They hurried up to the house. Mrs. Cole wanted Nimpo to put on some of Nanny's clothes, and hang her own up to dry, but Nimpo would not consent. She said she would stand by the kitchen fire and dry herself.

So by the fire she stood, one long hour that hot day, while Mrs. Cole took off Robbie's clothes and

Digitized by Google

dried them. Even then she was not half dry, but she was tired and warm, and she thought she looked dry enough to go through the streets.

But something ailed her dress, it would not dry straight. In spite of pulling and smoothing it would not "come right," and she saw very plainly that she could never wear it again.

"If Mrs. Primkins does her duty," said Mrs. Cole, as at last Nimpo and Robbie started for home, "she 'll put you to bed, and give you a hot dose of ginger tea."

"I guess she won't," thought Nimpo, "for I won't tell her a word about it. I hate ginger tea."

It was nearly dusk when she entered the kitchen door, hoping to slip up stairs before any one saw her. But Mrs. Primkins' eyes were sharp.

"Why, Nimpo Rievor! What on earth! Have you been in the water?"

Nimpo's heart sank.

"I got a little wet, up at Mrs. Cole's," said she.

"Got a little wet! I should think so! Did you fall in the creek up there?"

"Yes," faltered Nimpo, "but I 'm all dry now."

"All dry! Humph! You 've probably got your death o' cold. But I 'll do my duty anyway, as I promised your ma. Little did I know what a chore it would be either," she muttered to herself, adding at once, "you go right straight to bed, and be spry about it too, and I 'll come up there with a cup of tea for you."

Nimpo groaned, but did not dare to rebel, and besides, she was a little frightened about the "death o' cold." She did n't wish to die just yet.

She climbed to her room, undressed, put on dry clothes, and laid down on the bed.

In a few minutes Mrs. Primkins came up, in one hand a blanket, in the other a bowl. Putting the bowl on the stand, she first wrapped Nimpo in the blanket, which she had heated by the kitchen fire, and then she held the bowl to her lips and told her to drink every drop.

This tea was, indeed, "a horrid black stuff," as Nimpo inwardly called it, very much worse than ginger tea. Nimpo choked and gasped and gagged, but swallowed it.

Mrs. Primkins smiled grimly, and gave her a lump of sugar to take the taste out of her mouth.

"Now, don't you stir hand or foot out of that blanket, however warm you get. If you don't get a good sweat you 'll have a chill, sure 's you live. When it 's time for you to come out I 'll run up or send Augusty;" and down stairs she went.

This ended Nimpo's first whole day of liberty. She had a good chance to think it over as she lay there wide awake. She had spoiled her visit to Nanny, ruined her own nice dress and boots, and, perhaps, caught a dreadful cold and fever.

On the whole she had been unhappy ever since her mother left, though she could n't exactly see why.

"I would n't mind the wetting," she thought, as she lay there alone. "I could stand this horrid blanket, though I believe I shall smother—and that bad stuff!" shuddering as she thought of it; "but I know my dress is spoiled, and what *shall* I do without a nice dress till mother gets back? And Helen Benson's birthday party next week? Oh, dear! why did n't I wear a clean calico and white apron as mother always made me?" And Nimpo's first day of freedom actually ended in a fit of tears.

But finally she cried herself to sleep, and when Mrs. Primkins came at bed-time, leading Robbie by the hand, she found her just waking up and all cold gone.

(To be continued.)

NEVER a night so dark and drear,
Never a cruel wind so chill,
But loving hearts can make it clear,
And find some comfort in it still.

Digitized by Google

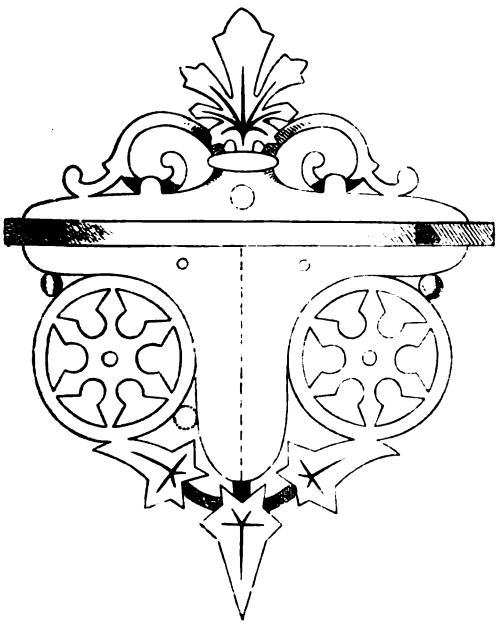
WOOD-CARVING.

By Geo. A. Sawyer.

Part II.

In continuing the subject of wood-carving for young people, the first article on which appeared in the December number of St. Nicholas, I give two designs for brackets, which will be found quite within the ability of any careful amateur worker, after a little practice.

The wheel bracket, No. 1, may be made of any wood, cigar-box, cedar, walnut or holly. The other one, being rather delicate, requires a strong, fine-grained wood like white holly. A bracket of convenient size may be cut from a piece of wood four



DESIGN FOR BRACKET (NO. 1).

inches wide by five and a-half long, and three-sixteenths or one-fourth of an inch thick.

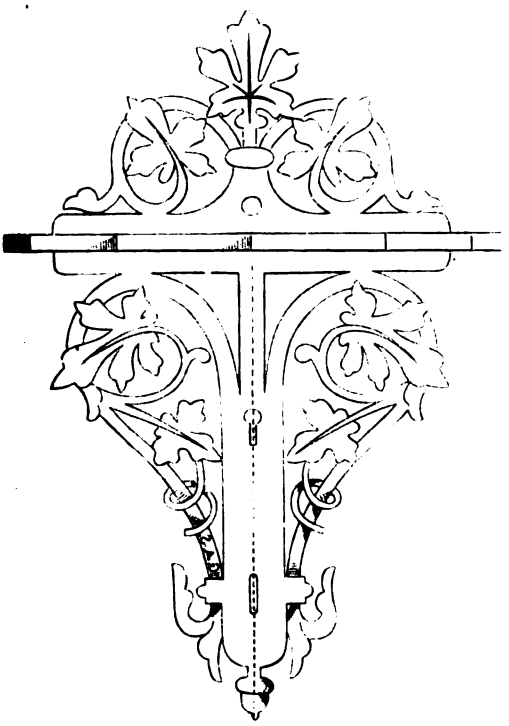
As the patterns have been reduced in the engravings they must be drawn of the desired size on a piece of paper, and then transferred to the wood in the manner explained in the first article. It is better not to try and make the brackets larger than the dimensions indicated above, unless you are using a saw with a deeper bow than the one described in the first article, as it will be troublesome to saw far within the margin of the wood. There are other styles of saws in the market; some with bows ten or more inches from the saw; but they are rather more difficult to manage, and, without previous practice, are less useful than the one I figured. There are also saws which are mounted and run by treadles like sewing-machines, which are delightful to work, and which cut with great rapidity. They cost from ten to fifteen dollars each, and must be used very carefully. But equally good work can be done with the little hand-saws, if you cannot afford the more expensive kind.

In sawing out brackets and other work of this size, you will find that often it is advantageous to put your saw into the frame with the teeth inside, or towards the frame, instead of the usual way; and, in sawing a long line, parallel to the edge of the wood, you can put the saw blade in sidewise, so that the back of the frame will be entirely out of the way. In fact, it is often necessary to change our tools around in this way, to get the best effects from them. I may add that you can use broken saw blades if the pieces are two inches or so in length, and they really cut better than the long ones, because they are proportionally stiffer; and often, in cutting out some delicate piece of work, you will find it easier to follow the lines than if you used a whole blade. These, however, are details which experience will suggest to you all.

I will now give a few practical hints for the brackets. Mark out the pattern on the wood, or cut it out of paper and paste it on the wood with gum or flour paste; then bore holes with one of the small brads in each space to be cut out. Saw first the outside margin, and the inner parts afterwards. You will find it comes easier to work systematically. That is, if you commence with a wheel in the wheel bracket, finish them both before going off to something else. When you commence the leaves at the bottom, finish them all before you do anything else. There are two reasons why it is best to do this; a moral one and a physical one. If you care to know it, you can ask your parents for the moral one, and I will tell you the other, which is, that if you have a number of spaces just alike to cut out, it is easier and better to do them all at once, because you get your hand in, as it were, and you apply the experience gained on each while it is fresh and most available. Consequently your work looks more symmetrical and even. After finishing all the sawing, take your files and carefully smooth all inequalities left by

Digitized by Google

the saw, and use your eyes to see where you can correct errors in drawing and sawing, and make all the parts as nearly alike as possible. Bear in mind that there are hosts of people in the world who can



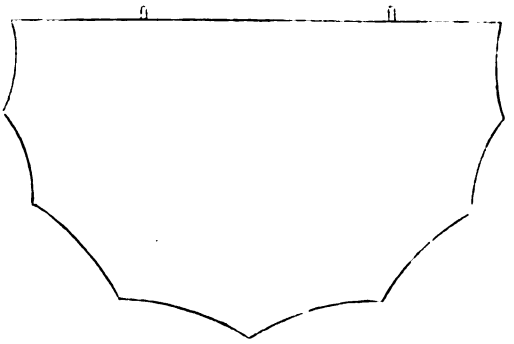
DESIGN FOR BRACKET (NO. 2).

take these or any other designs and saw them out in a very short time, and be perfectly satisfied with them; but it is the careful after-finish which shows the refined taste of the skilled workman.

The veining of the leaves can be very nicely done with the point of the knife-edge or other thin-bladed file, helped, perhaps, with a sharp knife; though, as we progress in our work we may be able to get a tool for the express purpose, which will do it with greater rapidity and ease. You will notice that some parts of the figures are lightly shaded. This indicates that the wood there is to be slightly cut away, so as to give the effect of relief to the other parts. The real beauty of this work depends upon the success with which this is done, and removes it from the simple field of plain fret-sawing to the finer one of wood-carving.

If you have access to some fine art store in a city, and can look at some specimens of real Swiss picture frames, you will see at once how very beautiful they are, and you will get the idea how to apply the principles of carving to the simple articles we make for our amusement. The furniture of almost any parlor nowadays will give you some example of an ordinary carving, from which you can get ideas; and, if you are really interested in this work, you will keep your eyes open, and take in all such ideas. I might make the suggestion here, that if you know anything about drawing it is an excellent plan to keep a little book and copy any designs which interest you; the pattern of a carpet, a figure from the wall paper, a fresco, the margin of a book cover, or the border around your sister's last piece of music. You will find handsome designs enough if you will only look for them.

These brackets can be put together with screws from the back, being careful to bore the holes first with a brad of the same size as the screw, so that the wood will not split. Then countersink a hole for the head of the screw to fit into, so that it will go down flush, and the bracket will hang flat on the wall. If you choose, instead of screws, you can put two pins in the shelf, as shown in No. 2. to go into corresponding holes in the back piece, and then put one screw and one pin on the front bracket to fit into the slots shown in the cut. This latter arrangement allows the bracket to be readily taken apart for convenience in packing. The front pieces, which support the shelves, are made exactly like one-half of the back piece below the shelves. In the wheel pattern leave out the leaves on the front piece, and put in the little ball shown by the dotted ball in the figure, so as to fill up the open space that would otherwise be left. If you saw out the back piece first, you can lay it down on paper, and use one side to mark the pattern from which to cut out the front piece.



SHELF FOR BRACKETS.

By using a fine quality of wood and by careful workmanship, very handsome brackets can be made in the manner I have described.

Digitized by Google

SWEETHEART'S VALENTINE.

By Mary E. C. Wyeth.

SWEETHEART is our baby
Rose-bud, four years old,
Sunny-haired and dewy-lipped,—
Worth her weight in gold.
Playing in the parlor
On that merry day,
When the birds go mating,
As the wise ones say,

Sweetheart called out gaily,
"Keep 'till, Bess and Nell;
Finks I hear ze postman
Yingin' at ze bell."
Quickly, at the summons,
Gentle Bessie sped.
"Here 's a lot o' letters—
Valentines!" cried Fred.
"Two for Sue and Nellie—
Three, yes, four for Blair,—
One for—oh! my senses!
Sweetheart,—I declare!"

"O ye b'essed letter!"
Cried our tiny elf;
"Make it open, Bessie,
Yead it to myself."
From the filmy missive,
Sweetheart's valentine,
Slowly, gentle Bessie
Read each written line:

"*To Rose,—my Sweetheart.*

"*There'll be strife among the beaux,*
When you are blown, my pretty Rose.

"*Valentine.*"

"O my soul!" and Sweetheart
Heaved a little sigh.
"Yat is *velly* splen'id—
Mose it makes me twy."
"Why, you little Rosy,"
Tender Bess replies,
"Valentines should make you laugh;
No one ever cries."

"Ah!" quoth Sweetheart, gravely,
"S'ou'd n't laugh 'bout mine:
Tause, you know, me never 'fore
Dot a wallintine."

Digitized by Google

HOW ST. VALENTINE REMEMBERED MILLY.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

IMAGINE a cold, snappy day in February. Frost on window panes, ice on tree boughs, bright sun twinkling on panes and boughs alike. Three chairs pulled close to the fire, three little girls sitting on the chairs, and three kittens sitting on the laps of the little girls. That makes six of them, you see. So the story begins.

"Won't it be nice?" said one of the six.

"Splendid," said another. "Ever so much nicer than last year." The third said nothing, but her face grew pink, and she fluttered up and down in her chair as if thinking of something too exciting and too delightful to put into words.

This was Milly. I want you to like her, and I think you will. She was twelve years old, very small and thin, and very lame. A tiny pair of crutches, with cushioned tops, leaned against her chair. On these she went about the house merrily and contentedly all day long. Everybody liked to hear the sound of Milly's crutches, because it told that Milly was at hand. Grandmamma said there was no music like it to her ears; but I think she must have meant to except Milly's laugh, which was gleeful as a silver bell. As for her face, it always made me think of a white, wild violet, it was so fair and pure and transparent, with its innocent, wondering eyes of clear blue; and her temper was sweet as her face. Do you wonder that people loved her? She lived in an old-fashioned house with her grandfather and grandmother; but at this time I am telling about, she was making a visit at her Uncle Silas's; the first visit which Milly had ever made in her life.

Uncle Silas's house was about ten miles from Grandpapa's. It stood in a large, busy village, which seemed like a city to Milly, who had never seen anything but the quiet country. But the most delightful part of the visit, she thought, was being among her cousins, whom she had hardly known before. There were quite a number of them, from big Ralph, who counted himself almost a man, to little Tom in his high chair. But Milly's favorites were the twins, Florry and Dorry, who were almost exactly her own age. What happy times those three did have together! They read story books, they dressed dolls; I cannot tell you half of all they did. Milly had been there four weeks, but it did n't seem four days.

Just now they all were absorbed in a valentine party, which was to come off the next day but one. Florry was cutting a big heart out of deep red paper; Dorry, with a pencil in her mouth, was trying to find a rhyme; and Milly, who knew nothing about valentines, sat by stroking her kitten and admiring the cleverness of the other two.

"See," explained Florry, laying the heart on the lid of a pasteboard box, "this will go so, on top of the box, and the slit for the valentines *so*. When Ralph comes in I 'm going to ask him to cut the slit for me."

"And where does the box go?" asked Milly, deeply interested.

"Oh, on the hall table, you know. Then all the boys and girls can drop their valentines in as they go up stairs, and nobody can tell who wrote any of them."

"I wish I could get this right," sighed Dorry. "Do help me Florry. It 's for Luther Payne, you know, and I 've got as far as

> 'I only wish, dear Luther,
> You 'd promise to be mine.'

"There 's 'valentine,' you see, to go with 'mine,' but I can't find any rhyme for 'Luther.'"

Neither could Dorry. As they were puzzling over it, a sound was heard in the hall, as of some one stamping the snow from his boots.

"There 's Ralph," cried Florry; "now he 'll cut the slit in the box."

Ralph came in.

"Here 's a letter for you, Milly," he said.

"For me!" said Milly. "How funny! I never had a letter before. Oh, yes! there was the letter Aunty wrote asking me to come and see you; but that was to Grandma."

She opened the letter. Her face fell as she read.

"What 's the matter?" asked Dorry. "What makes you look so?"

"Grandpapa 's sick," answered Milly, in a choked voice. "He 's caught cold, and feels badly all over; and, oh dear! I 've got to go home."

"Not right away? Not before the party," cried the others.

Milly nodded. She was too nearly crying to trust herself to speak.

"But, unless Grandpa is very sick, you might stay till Thursday, surely," said Ralph. He took the letter that Milly held towards him, and read:

MY PRECIOUS MILLY:—Your dear little letter has just come, and I am so glad that you are well

Digitized by Google

and happy. I am sorry to say that Grandpapa is sick; not dangerously sick, but he has caught a cold, and feels badly all over, he says. All yesterday and all to-day he has staid in bed; and, though he does n't say anything about it, I can see that he wishes you were at home. Would n't you like to come home, dear, and make the rest of your visit to Aunt Elizabeth at some other time? I am sure it would comfort Grandpapa and set him right up to see you again. Perhaps Uncle Silas could drive you over to-morrow; but I sha' n't tell Grandpapa that I'm looking for you, for fear that he might be disappointed, in case it should storm or anything should prevent you from coming.

Your loving

GRANDMAMMA.

"Why, you need n't go till Thursday, then," said Florry. "Grandmamma says she won't tell Grandpapa; so he 'll not mind."

"Oh, yes, I must. I must go to-morrow," replied Milly. "Grandpapa gets into such low spirits when he has these colds. I know that Grandma wants me very much."

"But it 's too bad," broke in Dora, almost crying; "you never had a valentine in your life, or went to a valentine party; and this is going to be such a nice one. You *must* stay. Think of going home to that forlorn house, Grandpa sick and all, when we 're having such fun here."

"I sha' n't enjoy it one bit without you," cried Florry. "Don't go, Milly, don't! Your grandma don't positively expect you right away, you see. It 'll do just as well if you 're there on Thursday."

"No, it won't," said Milly, cheerfully. A big tear gathered in the corner of her eye and hopped down her nose, but her voice was quite firm. "Don't feel badly about it, please, for I don't. I could n't enjoy myself a bit if I knew that Grandpa was sick, and wanted me, and I was not there. It 's been too lovely here, and I'm real sorry to go; but, perhaps, I can come some time when Grandpapa is well again."

Ralph looked and listened. He knew of the lump in Milly's throat as she uttered these brave words, and understood what a great disappointment it was for her to give up the valentine party. Aunty came in, and was as sorry as the children that Milly must go, though she kissed her and said it was quite right, and that Uncle Silas would drive her over to-morrow, as early as he could. Dorry and Florry comforted themselves with promises of future visits. Ralph said nothing. He seemed to be thinking very hard, however; and that evening, when Dorry wanted him, she found his bedroom door locked, and was informed from inside that he was "busy." Ralph busy! What was the world coming to!

Next morning, quite early, he came in with his hat and coat on.

"Milly," he said, stooping over her, "I 've got to go away on business, so I 'll say good-bye to you now."

"Oh, sha' n't I see you again? I 'm so sorry," replied Milly, putting her white violet face against his rough boy's cheek. "Good-bye, dear Ralph, you 've been ever so good to me."

"Good? Stuff and nonsense," said Ralph, gruffly, and walked away.

"Where *has* Ralphy gone, mamma?" asked Florry. "I thought only big, grown-up people had 'business.'"

"Ralphy is pretty big," said Mamma, smiling, but she did n't answer Florry's question.

Just then Dorry held up Daisy, the largest and dearest of the kittens, to kiss Milly for "good-bye."

DAISY IN DOLLY'S CRIB.

"Oh, yes, Milly," put in Florry, "kiss her; you don't know how beautifully she does it."

Milly, laughing, to see "how beautifully Daisy did it," took pussy for a moment, as she sat by the cheerful fire, waiting for the signal to put on her cloak. Daisy really was a very intelligent puss. Milly's great delight had been to see her "go through her performances," as the children called it. She would sit in the corner at their bidding, make a bow, or "cry," rubbing her eyes with her paws; or, better than all, she would make believe go

Digitized by Google

to sleep in the dolly's crib. Milly thought of these things as she held Daisy's soft cheek against her own, and half wished she could take the little pet with her; meantime the children crowded about her, eager not to lose a moment of her precious company.

Uncle had business too, so it was three o'clock before Milly set off. The little cousins parted with tears and kisses.

"I don't care one bit for the party now," declared Dorry, as she took her last look at the carriage moving on in the distance.

It was a long, cold drive, and the sun was setting just as they drew up at Grandpapa's door. Grandmamma was watching in the window. When she saw Milly she nodded and looked overjoyed.

"I was just giving you up, my precious," she said, as she opened the door. "Grandpapa 's been looking for you all day. I had to tell him. Run right in and see him, dear. You 'll stay the night, Silas?"

"No, mother, I must be getting back. I 'll just step in and see father a minute. Nothing serious is it?"

"No, I think not. Half of it was fretting after Milly. That child is the very apple of his eye."

Meantime Milly was in Grandpapa's room. When he heard the tap, tap of her crutch, he sat up in bed, looking bright and eager. Such a hug as he gave her!

"Grandpapa's darling! Grandpapa's little flower," he said, as he kissed her. How glad she was to have come! The disappointment about the party was quite forgotten.

All the evening long she sat by the side of the bed, telling him and Grandmamma about her visit. It seemed as if Grandpapa could not bear to have her out of his sight. At last Grandmamma interfered, and sent her up stairs so tired and sleepy that she just slipped off her clothes and went to bed as fast as she could. But, after she had said her prayers, and her head was on the pillow, the recollection of her disappointment and of the merry time the others were going to have on the morrow, came over her, and she was half inclined to cry.

"I won't. I won't think about it," she said. She did n't, but valentines seemed to run in her head; and all night long she dreamed about a valentine.

When she woke, the sun was streaming into the room. She guessed that it was late, and, as dressing was always a slow process, she got up at once. But, as she put her feet into her slippers, she gave a little start and pulled one out again. Something stiff and crackling was in the slipper. She looked; it was a note directed to "Miss Milly Meyers;" and inside were written these verses:

"Glass slippers, kid slippers, pray what does it matter?
It does n't matter at all.
Your foot, Milly dear, though I don't wish to flatter,
Is just as pretty and small

"As mine was of yore, in the days of the fairies,
When I went all in state to the dance,
With a rat on the box of my coach, and what rare is,
Mice steeds, full of spirit and prance.

"No fairy help do you need, dear Milly,
With your face so pure and sweet;
And the prince must, indeed, be dull and silly,
Who does not kneel at your feet.

"Yours affectionately,
"*Cinderella.*"

Milly thought she must be dreaming again, as she sat on the bedside reading these verses. No! she was wide awake. There was the paper in her hand. Was ever anything so strange? She determined to dress as fast as possible, so as to get down stairs and tell Grandmamma of this wonderful thing.

But lo! when she went to brush her hair, she found another paper wound about the handle of the brush, with these lines:

"Brush your pretty hair,
Hair of sunny gold;
So I brushed mine in
Days of old.

"Yours is quite as soft,
Half as long;
Fit to figure in
Tale or song.

"Brushing day by day,
Some day you may be
Put into a book,
Just like me.

"*The Fair One with the Golden Locks.*"

Milly clasped her hands in bewilderment. The quality of the poetry would have shocked the critics, it is true, but Milly thought she never before had read such beautiful verses. What did it mean? "Dicky, dear Dicky," she cried to the canary, who hung in the window, "who wrote them? Do tell me."

Dicky twittered by way of answer, and Milly saw that, hanging to the cage by a piece of thread,

Digitized by Google

was a third paper. Another valentine? Yes, there was the address, "Miss Milly Meyers."

"I am not 'blue,'
'T is very true;
But all the same
I do love you.

"I am a prince—
Pray do not wince,
My meaning soon
I will evince.

"I wear a beak
And do not speak,
That I your bower
May safely seek.

"Here do I sit,
And never flit;
But sing all day
For love of it.

"For love of you
I sing and sue;
Then be my own
Oh! maiden true.

"*Prince Yellow Bird.*"

Milly dropped into a chair, too much amazed to stand.

"I wonder if there really *are* fairies," she said, "for never, in my whole life, did I hear of anything so queer and so delightful."

Then she took her crutches and limped across the room to wash her hands. But when she lifted the lid off the soap-tray she gave a little jump, for there, on the soap, lay another note. This was what it said:

"TO MILLY.

From her Valentine.

"Little hands, little heart,
Keep them pure and white,
Fit for heavenly errands
And the angels' sight.

"Other hands, tired hands,
Fearless, clasp and hold,
Warming, with warm touches,
Weary hearts and cold.

"So shall hands, so shall heart,
Fair as lilies be,
When, life done, the angels
Come and call for thee."

Milly almost cried over this. She washed her hands slowly and carefully, repeating:

"So shall hands, so shall heart,
Pure as lilies be."

"Oh, I wish they were," she said to herself.

Fastening her dress, she felt in the pocket after a pocket handkerchief. None was there, but lo! a parcel met her touch. Wondering, she drew it out. The dress had not been with her at Uncle Silas's. It had been left hanging up at home, but there was no parcel in the pocket when last she wore it.

Milly's fingers trembled with excitement. She could hardly untie the string. Inside the tissue paper which wrapped it, was a cunning pink box, full of jeweler's cotton. Milly lifted it. Something lay beneath, so pretty and shining that she fairly screamed when she caught sight of it. It was a locket of clear white crystal, with a gold rim; and inside a tiny strip of pink paper, on which were these words:

"FOR MILLY, who gave up her own pleasure to make her sick grandpapa happy, with the compliments of

"*St. Valentine.*"

Grandmamma was surprised enough a moment later, when Milly came into the dining-room almost at a run, her crutches clicking and tapping like castanets, and in her hand the locket and the four wonderful letters. She had never known her darling to be so much excited before.

"Did you ever see anything so lovely?" cried Milly. "I don't believe there will be any half so pretty at the party to-night. But who *did* send them, Grandmamma?"

"I can't imagine," replied Grandmamma, thoughtfully. "Ralph did n't say a word about them when he was here."

"Ralph here? Cousin Ralph? When?"

"Yesterday morning. He came over to see how Grandpapa was, he said. It was pretty dull for him, I 'm afraid, for old Mrs. Beetles came in and I had to sit with her, and Ralph stayed most of the time with Grandpapa. He went up stairs, now I think of it, and I did hear him in your room. It 's queer."

Milly said no more, but she looked surprisingly happy. She loved Ralph very much. Had he really taken all this trouble to give her a pleasure, she thought?

So you see, in spite of her losing the party, St. Valentine did pretty well for Milly, after all. Don't you think so?

Digitized by Google

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER VIII.

A LIVELY TEAM.

"I WANT you to understand, Harry," said Mr. Loudon, one day, "that I do not disapprove of what you and Kate are doing for old Aunt Matilda. On the contrary, I feel proud of you both. The idea was honorable to you, and, so far, you have done very well; better than I expected; and I believe I was a little more sanguine than any one else in the village. But you must not forget that you have something else to think of besides making money for Aunt Matilda."

"But, don't I think of other things, father?" said Harry. "I 'm sure I get along well enough at school."

"That may be, my boy; but I want you to get along better than well enough."

This little conversation made quite an impression on Harry, and he talked to Kate about it.

"I suppose father 's right," said she; "but what 's to be done about it? Is that poor old woman to have only half enough to eat, so that you may read twice as much Virgil?"

Harry laughed.

"But perhaps she will have five-eighths of enough to eat if I only read nine-sixteenths as much Latin," said he.

"Oh! you 're always poking arithmetic fun at me," said Kate. "But I tell you what you can do," she continued. "You can get up half an hour earlier, every morning, and that will give you a good deal of extra time to think about your lessons."

"I can *think* about them in bed," said Harry.

"Humph!" said Kate; and she went on with her work. She was knitting a "tidy," worth two pounds of sugar, or half a pound of tea, when it should be finished.

Harry did not get up any earlier; for, as he expressed it, "It was dreadfully cold before breakfast," on those January mornings; but his father and mother noticed that the subject of Aunt Matilda's maintenance did not so entirely engross the conversation of the brother and sister in the evenings; and that they had their heads together almost as often over slate and school-books as over the little account-book in which Kate put down receipts and expenditures.

On a Thursday night, about the middle of January, there was a fall of snow. Not a very heavy fall; the snow might have been deeper, but it was deep enough for sledding. On the Friday, Harry, in connection with another boy, Tom Selden, several years older than himself, concocted a grand scheme. They would haul wood, on a sled, all day Saturday.

It was not to be any trifling little "boy-play" wood-hauling. Harry's father owned a wood-sled —one of the very few sleds or sleighs in the county —which was quite an imposing affair, as to size, at least. It was about eight feet long and four feet wide; and although it was rough enough,—being made of heavy boards, nailed transversely upon a couple of solid runners, with upright poles to keep the load in its place,—it was a very good sled, as far as it went, which had not been very far of late; for there had been no good sledding for several seasons. Old Mr. Truly Matthews had a large pile of wood cut in a forest about a mile and a-half from the village, and the boys knew that he wanted it hauled to the house, and that, by a good day's work, considerable money could be made.

All the arrangements were concluded on Friday, which was a half-holiday, on account of the snow making traveling unpleasant for those scholars who lived at a distance. Harry's father gave his consent to the plan, and loaned his sled. Three negro men agreed to help for one-fourth of the profits. Tom Selden went into the affair, heart and hand, agreeing to take his share out in fun. What money was made, after paying expenses, was to go into the Aunt Matilda Fund, which was tolerably low about that time.

Kate gave her earnest sanction to the scheme, which was quite disinterested on her part, for, being a girl, she could not very well go on a wood-hauling expedition, and she could expect to do little else but stay at home and calculate the probable profits of the trips.

The only difficulty was to procure a team; and nothing less than a four-horse team would satisfy the boys.

Mr. Loudon lent one horse; old Selim, a big brown fellow, who was very good at pulling when he felt in the humor. Tom could bring no horse; for his father did not care to lend his horses for such a purpose. He was afraid they might get their legs broken; and, strange as it seemed to the boys, most of the neighbors appeared to have similar notions. Horses were very hard to borrow that Friday afternoon. But a negro man, named Isaac Waddell,

Digitized by Google

agreed to hire his thin horse, Hector, for fifty cents for the day; and the store-keeper, after much persuasion, lent a big grey mule, Grits, by name. There was another mule in the village, which the boys could have if they wanted her; but they did n't want her—that is, if they could get anything else with four legs that would do to go in their team. This was Polly, a little mule, belonging to Mrs. Dabney, who kept the post-office. Polly was not only very little in size, but she was also very little given to going. She did not particularly object to a walk, if it were not too long, and would pull a buggy or carry a man with great complacency, but she seldom indulged in trotting. It was of no use to whip her. Her skin was so thick, or so destitute of feeling, that she did not seem to take any notice of a good hard crack. Polly was not a favorite, but she doubtless had her merits, although no one knew exactly what they were. Perhaps the best thing that could be said about her, was, that she did not take up much room.

But, on Saturday, it was evident that Polly would have to be taken, for no animal could be obtained in her place.

So, soon after breakfast, the team was collected in Mr. Loudon's back-yard, and harnessed to the sled. Besides the three negroes who had been hired, there were seven volunteers—some big and some little,—who were very willing to work for nothing, if they might have a ride on the sled. The harness was not the best in the world; some of it was leather, and some was rope and some was chain. It was gathered together from various quarters, like the team—nobody seemed anxious to lend good harness.

Grits and thin Hector were the leaders, and Polly and old Selim were the pole-horses, so to speak.

When all the straps were buckled, and the chains hooked, and the knots tied (and this took a good while, as there were only twelve men and boys to do it), Dick Ford jumped on old Selim, little Johnny Sand, as black as ink, was hoisted on Grits, and Gregory Montague, a tall yellow boy, with high boots and no toes to them, bestrode thin Hector. Harry, Tom, and nine negroes (two more had just come into the yard) jumped on the sled. Dick Ford cracked his whip; Kate stood on the back-door step and clapped her hands; all the darkies shouted; Tom and Harry hurrahed; and away they did n't go.

Polly was n't ready.

And what was more, old brown Selim was perfectly willing to wait for her. He looked around mildly at the little mule, as if he would say: "Now, don't be in a hurry, my good Polly. Be sure you 're right before you go ahead."

Polly was quite sure she was n't right, and stood as stiffly as if she had been frozen to the ground, and all the cracking of whips and shouting of "Git up!" "Go 'long!" "What you mean, dar? you Polly!" made no impression on her.

Then Harry made his voice heard above the hubbub.

"Never mind Polly!" he shouted. "Let her alone. Dick, and you other fellows, just start off your own horses. Now, then! Get up, all of you!"

At this, every rider whipped up his horse or his mule, and spurred him with his heels, and every darkey shouted, "Hi, dar!" and off they went, rattledy bang!

Polly went, too. There was never such an astonished little mule in this world! Out of the gate they all whirled at a full gallop, and up the road, tearing along. Negroes shouting, chains rattling, snow flying back from sixteen pounding hoofs, sled cutting through the snow like a ship at sea, and a little darkey shooting out behind at every bounce over a rough place!

"Hurrah!" cried Harry, holding tight to an upright pole. "Is n't this splendid!"

"Splendid! It 's glorious!" shouted Tom. "It 's better than being a pi——." And down he went on his knees, as the big sled banged over a stone in the road, and Josephine's Bobby was bounced out into a snow-drift under a fence.

Whether Tom intended to say a pirate or a pyrotechnic, was never discovered; but, in six minutes, there was only one of the small darkies left on the sled. The men, and this one, John William Webster, hung on to the poles as if they were glued there.

As for Polly, she was carried along faster than she ever went before in her life. She jumped, she skipped, she galloped, she slid, she skated; sometimes sitting down, and sometimes on her feet, but flying along, all the same, no matter how she chose to go.

And so, rattling, shouting, banging, bouncing; snow flying and whips cracking, on they sped, until John William Webster's pole came out, and clip! he went heels over head into the snow.

But John William had a soul above tumbles. In an instant he jerked himself up to his feet, dropped the pole, and dashed after the sled.

Swiftly onward went the sled, and right behind came John William, his legs working like steamboat wheels, his white teeth shining, and his big eyes sparkling!

There was no stopping the sled; but there was no stopping John William, either, and in less than two minutes he reached the sled, grabbed a man by the leg, and tugged and pulled until he seated himself on the end board.

Digitized by Google

"I tole yer so!" said he, when he got his breath. And yet he had n't told anybody anything.

And now the woods were reached, and after a deal of pulling and shouting, the team was brought to a halt, and then slowly led through a short road to where the wood was piled.

The big mule and the horses steamed and puffed a little, but Polly stood as calm as a rocking-horse.

Notwithstanding the rapidity of the drive, it was late when the party reached the woods. The gathering together and harnessing of the team had taken much longer than they expected; and so the boys set to work with a will to load the sled; for they wanted to make two trips that morning. But although they all, black and white, worked hard, it was slow business. Some of the wood was cut and split properly, and some was not, and then the sled had to be turned around, and there was but little room to do it in, and so a good deal of time was lost.

But at last the sled was loaded up, and they were nearly ready to start, when John William Webster, who had run out to the main road, set up a shout:

"Oh! Mah'sr Harry! Mah'sr Tom!"

Harry and Tom ran out to the road, and stood there petrified with astonishment.

Where was the snow?

It was all gone, excepting a little here and there in the shade of the fence corners. The day had turned out to be quite mild, and the sun, which was now nearly at its noon height, had melted it all away.

Here was a most unlooked-for state of affairs! What was to be done? The boys ran back to the sled, and the colored men ran out to the road, and everybody talked and nobody seemed to say anything of use.

At last Dick Ford spoke up:

"I tell ye what, Mah'sr Harry! I say, just let 's go 'long," said he.

"But how are you going to do it?" said Harry. "There 's no snow."

"I know that; but de mud 's jist as slippery as grease. That thar team kin pull it, easy nuf!"

Harry and Tom consulted together, and agreed to drive out to the road and try what could be done, and then, if the loaded sled was too much for the team they would throw off the wood and go home with the empty sled.

There was snow enough until they reached the road,—for very little had melted in the woods,—and when they got fairly out on the main road the team did not seem to mind the change from snow to thin mud.

The load was not a very heavy one, and there were two horses and two mules—a pretty strong team.

Polly did very well. She was now harnessed with Grits in the lead; and she pulled along bravely. But it was slow work, compared to the lively ride over the snow. The boys and the men trudged through the mud, by the side of the sled, and, looking at it in the best possible light, it was a very dull way to haul wood. The boys agreed that after this trip they would be very careful not to go on another mud-sledding expedition.

But soon they came to a long hill, and, going down this, the team began to trot, and Harry and Tom and one or two of the men jumped on the edges of the sled, outside of the load, holding on to the poles. Then Grits, the big mule, began to run and Gregory could n't hold him in, and old Selim and thin Hector and little Polly all struck out on a gallop, and away they went, bumping and thumping down the hill.

And then stick after stick, two sticks, six sticks, a dozen sticks at a time, slipped out behind.

It was of no use to catch at them to hold them on. They were not fastened down in any way, and Harry and Tom and the men on the sled had as much as they could do to hold themselves on.

When they reached the bottom of the hill, the pulling became harder; but Grits had no idea of stopping for that. He was bound for home. And so he plunged on at the top of his speed. But the rest of the team did not fancy going so fast on level ground, and they slackened their pace.

This did not suit Grits. He gave one tremendous bound, burst loose from his harness and dashed ahead. Up went his hind legs in the air; off shot Gregory Montague into the mud, and then away went Grits, clipperty clap! home to his stable.

When Harry and Tom, the two horses, the little mule, the eight colored men, the sled, John William Webster and eleven logs of wood reached the village it was considerably after dinner-time.

When the horse hire was paid, and something was expended for mending borrowed harness, and the negroes had received a little present for their labor, the Aunt Matilda Fund was diminished by the sum of three dollars and eighty cents.

Mr. Truly Matthews agreed to say nothing about the loss of his wood that was scattered along the road.

CHAPTER IX.

BUSINESS IN EARNEST.

ALTHOUGH Harry did not find his wood-hauling speculation very profitable, it was really of advantage to him, for it gave him an idea.

And his idea was a very good one. He saw clearly enough that money could be made by hauling wood, and he was also quite certain that it would never do for him to take his time, especially

Digitized by Google

during school term, for that purpose. So, after consultation with his father, and after a great deal of figuring by Kate, he determined to go into the business in a regular way.

About five miles from the village was a railroad station, and it was also a wood station. Here the railroad company paid two dollars a cord for wood delivered on their grounds.

Two miles from the station, on the other side of Crooked Creek, Harry's father owned a large tract of forest land, and here Harry received permission to cut and take away all the wood that he wanted. Mr. Loudon was perfectly willing, in this way, to help his children in their good work.

So Harry made arrangements with Dick Ford and John Walker, who were not regularly hired to any one that winter, to cut and haul his wood for him, on shares. John Walker had a wagon, which was merely a set of wheels, with a board floor laid on the axletrees, and the use of this he contributed in consideration of a little larger share in the profits. Harry hired Grits and another mule at a low rate, as there was not much for mules to do at that time of the year.

The men were to cut and deliver the wood and get receipts for it from the station-master; and it was to be Harry's business to collect the money at stated times, and divide the proceeds according to the rate agreed upon. Harry and his father made the necessary arrangements with the station-master, and thus all the preliminaries were settled quite satisfactorily.

In a few days the negroes were at work, and as they both lived but a short distance from the creek, on the village side, it was quite convenient for them. John Walker had a stable in which to keep the mules, and the cost of their feed was also to be added to his share of the profits.

GRITS CONCLUDES TO GO HOME BY HIMSELF.

In a short time Harry had quite a number of applications from negroes who wished to cut wood for him, but he declined to hire any additional force until he saw how his speculation would turn out.

Old Uncle Braddock pleaded hard to be employed. He could not cut wood, nor could he drive a team, but he was sure he could be of great use as overseer.

"You see, Mah 'sr Harry," he said, "I lib right on de outside edge ob you pa's woods, and I kin go ober dar jist as easy as nuffin, early every

Digitized by Google

mornin', and see dat dem boys does dere work, and don't chop down de wrong trees. Mind now, I tell ye, you all will make a pile o' money ef ye jist hire me to obersee dem boys."

For some time Harry resisted his entreaties, but at last, principally on account of Kate's argument that the old man ought to be encouraged in making something towards his living, if he were able and willing to do so, Harry hired him on his own terms, which were ten cents a day.

About four o'clock every afternoon during his engagement, Uncle Braddock made his appearance in the village, to demand his ten cents. When Harry remonstrated with him on his quitting work so early, he said:

"Why, you see, Mah'sr Harry, it's a long way from dem woods here, and I got to go all de way back home agin; and it gits dark mighty early dese short days."

In about a week the old man came to Harry and declared that he must throw up his engagement.

"What's the matter?" asked Harry.

"I'm gwine to gib up dat job, Mah'sr Harry."

"But why? You wanted it bad enough," said Harry.

"But I'm gwine to gib it up now," said the old man.

"Well, I want you to tell me your reasons for giving it up," persisted Harry.

Uncle Braddock stood silent for a few minutes, and then he said:

"Well, Mah'sr Harry, dis is jist de truf; dem ar boys, dey ses to me dat ef I come foolin' around dere any more, dey'd jist chop me up, ole wrapper an' all, and haul me off fur kindlin' wood. Dey say I was dry enough. An' dey need n't a made sich a fuss about it, fur I did n't trouble 'em much; hardly eber went nigh 'em. Ten cents' worf o' oberseein' aint a-gwine to hurt nobody."

"Well, Uncle Braddock," said Harry, laughing, "I think you're wise to give it up."

"Dat's so," said the old negro, and away he trudged to Aunt Matilda's cabin, where, no doubt, he ate a very good ten cents' worth of corn-meal and bacon.

This wood enterprise of Harry's worked pretty well on the whole. Sometimes the men cut and hauled quite steadily, and sometimes they did n't. Once every two weeks Harry rode over to the station, and collected what was due him; and his share of the profits kept Aunt Matilda quite comfortably.

But, although Kate was debarred from any share in this business, she worked every day at her tidies for the store, and knit stockings, besides, for some of the neighbors, who furnished the yarn and paid her a fair price. There were people who thought Mrs. Loudon did wrong in allowing her daughter to work for money in this way, but Kate's mother said that the end justified the work, and that so long as Kate persevered in her self-appointed tasks, she should not interfere.

As for Kate, she said she should work on, no matter how much money Harry made. There was no knowing what might happen.

But the most important part of Kate's duties was the personal attention she paid to Aunt Matilda. She went over to the old woman's cabin every day or two, and saw that she was kept warm and had what she needed.

And these visits had a good influence on the old woman, for her cabin soon began to look much neater, now that a nice little girl came to see her so often.

When the spring came on, Aunt Matilda actually took it into her head to whitewash her cabin, a thing she had not done for years. She and Uncle Braddock worked at it by turns. The old woman was too stiff and rheumatic to keep at such work long at a time; but she was very proud of her whitewashing; and when she was tired of working at the inside of her cabin, she used to go out and whitewash the trunks of the trees around the house. She had seen trees thus ornamented, and she thought they were perfectly beautiful.

Kate was violently opposed to anything of this kind, and, at last, told Aunt Matilda that if she persisted in surrounding her house with what looked like a forest of tombstones, she, Kate, would have to stop coming there.

So Aunt Matilda, in a manner, desisted.

But one day she noticed a little birch tree, some distance from the house, and the inclination to whitewash that little birch was too strong to be resisted.

"He's so near white, anyway," she said to herself, "dat it's a pity not to finish him."

So off she hobbled with a tin cup full of whitewash and a small brush to adorn the little birch tree, leaving her cabin in the charge of Holly Thomas.

Holly, whose whole name was Hollywood Cemetery Thomas, was a little black girl, between two and five years old. Sometimes she seemed nearly five and sometimes not more than two. Her parents intended christening her Minerva, but hearing the name of the well-known Hollywood Cemetery in Richmond, they thought it so pretty that they gave it to their little daughter, without the slightest idea, however, that it was the name of a graveyard.

Holly had come over to pay a morning visit to Aunt Matilda, and she had brought her only child, a wooden doll, which she was trying to teach to walk, by dragging it about, head foremost, by a long string tied around its neck.

Digitized by Google

"Now den, you Holly, you stay h'yar and mind de house while I 's gone," said Aunt Matilda, as she departed.

"All yite," said the little darkey, and she sat down on the floor to prepare her child for a coat of whitewash; but she had not yet succeeded in convincing the doll of the importance of the operation when her attention was aroused by a dog just outside of the door.

It was Kate's little woolly white dog, Blinks, who often used to come to the cabin with her, and who sometimes, when he got a chance to run away, used to come alone, as he did this morning.

"Go 'way dar, litty dog," said Miss Holly; "yer can't come in; dere 's nobody home. Yun 'long, now, d' yer y'ear!"

But Blinks either did n't hear or did n't care, for he stuck his head in at the door.

"Go 'way, dere!" shouted Holly, "Aunt Tillum aint home. Go 'way now and tum bat in half an hour. Aunt Tillum 'll be bat den. Don't yer hear now, go '*way!*"

But, instead of going away, Blinks trotted in, as bold as a four-pound lion.

"Go 'way, go 'way!" screamed Holly, squeezing herself up against the wall in her terror, and then Blinks barked at her. He had never seen a little black girl behave so, in the whole course of his life, and it was quite right in him to bark and let her know what he thought of her conduct. Then Holly, in her fright, dropped her doll, and when Blinks approached to examine it, she screamed louder and louder, and Blinks barked more and more, and there was quite a hubbub. In the midst of it a man put his head in at the door of the cabin.

"GO 'WAY! GO 'WAY!" SCREAMED HOLLY.

He was a tall man, with red hair and a red freckled face, and a red bristling moustache, and big red hands.

"What 's all this noise about?" said he; and when he saw what it was, he came in.

"Get out of this, you little beast!" said he to Blinks, and putting the toe of his boot under the little dog, he kicked him clear out of the door of the cabin. Then turning to Holly, he looked at her pretty much as if he intended to kick her out too. But he did n't. He put out one of his big red hands and said to her:

"Shake hands."

Holly obeyed without a word, and then snatching her wooden child from the floor, she darted out of the door and reached the village almost as soon as poor Blinks.

In a minute or two Aunt Matilda made her appearance at the door. She had heard the barking and the screaming, and had come to see what was the matter.

When she saw the man, she exclaimed:

"Why, Mah'sr George! Is dat you?"

"Yes, it 's me," said the man. "Shake hands, Aunt Matilda."

Digitized by Google

"I thought you was down in Mississippi, Mah'sr George," said the old woman; "and I thought you was gwine to stay dar."

"Could n't do it," said the man. "It did n't suit me, down there. Five years of it was enough for me."

"Enough fur dem, too, p'r'aps!" said Aunt Matilda, with a grim chuckle.

The man took no notice of her remark but said:

"I did n't intend to stop here, but I heard such a barking and screaming in your cabin, that I turned out of my way to see what the row was about. I've just come up from the railroad. Does old Michaels keep store here yet?"

"No, he don't," said Aunt Matilda: "he 's dead. Mah'sr Darby keeps dar now."

"Is that so?" cried the man. "Why, it was on old Michaels' account that I was sneakin' around the village. Why, I 'm mighty glad I stopped here. It makes things different if old Michaels is n't about."

"Well, ye might as well go 'long," said Aunt Matilda, who seemed to be getting into a bad humor. "There 's others who knows jist as much about yer bad doin's as Mah'sr Michaels did."

"I suppose you mean that meddling humbug, John Loudon," said the man.

"Now, look h'yar, you George Mason!" cried Aunt Matilda, making one long step towards the whitewash bucket; "jist you git out o' dat dar door!" and she seized the whitewash brush and gave it a terrific swash in the bucket.

The man looked at her—he knew her of old—and then he left the cabin almost as quickly as Blinks and Holly went out of it.

"Ef it had n't been fur dat little dog," said Aunt Matilda, grumly, "he 'd a gone on. Them little dogs is always a-doin' mischief."

(To be continued.)

JOHN MARTIN'S SNOWBALL.

(Translation of French Story in January Number.)

THERE are persons who believe that anyone can make a good snowball, and there are also persons who suppose that it is an easy thing to play well on the violin.

One of these opinions is as incorrect as the other.

To make a really good snowball requires a special education. In the first place, one must be a judge of snow, which must not be too wet or too dry. Then it is necessary to know how to make the ball round and symmetrical, and how to cause it to become firm and solid, by squeezing it, not too hard, between the knees. In a word, snowball making is a science.

John Martin was a master of this science. He was a boy who was always glad to make himself perfect in any pursuit not connected with his business.

Snowballing was not connected with his business; for John was an apprentice to a baker.

Early in the winter of 1872, there was a beautiful snow-storm. The snow was neither too wet nor too dry. John ran into the street to have a good quarter of an hour at snowballing. He filled both his hands with snow; he rounded it, he squeezed it, not too hard, between his knees. He made a magnificent snowball. It was now only necessary to throw it at some one, and the destiny of the snowball would be fulfilled. He did not wait long for an opportunity; for he soon saw, coming down the street, old Mr. Anthony White, with his good wife, Mrs. White. When they had passed him, John took good aim, and threw his snowball.

It was a grand shot.

Then John cast his eyes upon the ground, and looked as innocent as a lamb.

Old Mr. White gave one great jump.

"Oh!" he cried, "what is that? I have been struck by an avalanche of snow. It has, perhaps, fallen from a house-top. Ugh! it is in my ear. It is trickling down my neck. I feel it inside of my flannel jacket. Oh! but it is cold! Horrible! Why did I come in the streets when the snow is falling from the house-tops in this fashion?"

But his good wife, Mrs. White, did not allow herself to be deceived. She knew that the snow did not fall from the top of a house. She had been looking back, and she had seen John throw the snowball. "Ah! you bad boy!" she cried; "I saw you. You threw the snow at my good husband. I shall tell the mayor, and you shall be put in jail. You young rascal!"

"Oh! good Mrs. White!" cried John, looking up in astonishment, "are they then throwing snowballs? Oh! the bad boys! I am afraid some one will throw one of those terrible snowballs at me. I shall run home. I have no flannel jacket; and if a snowball should go down my back I should perish with cold. I thank you, my good lady, for warning me. Good-by!"

And away ran the innocent John Martin to make another snowball, and to wait for another old gentleman, that he might hit him behind the ear.

Digitized by Google

GERMAN STORY, FOR TRANSLATION.

Hans Ryitzar's Frühstück.

Von J. L.

Es war einmal ein Mann, der hieß Hans Ryitzar. Der war so zerstreut, daß er manchmal an seiner eigenen Hausthür klingelte und fragte, ob Herr Ryitzar zu Hause sei; und was dergleichen Thorheiten mehr sind.

Eines Tages stand Hans auf der Straße und dachte ernstlich darüber nach, wo er sein Frühstück hernehmen sollte. Wo konnte er etwas zu essen bekommen? Er war fürchterlich hungrig und hatte auch nicht einen Pfennig in der Tasche. Des

Morgens früh war er ausgegangen, um einen weiten Weg zu machen und um nach Hause zu gehen, war es nun zu weit.

Je mehr er über seine unglückliche Lage nachdachte, desto melancholischer ward er, und er sah so miserabel aus, daß einer seiner Freunde, der auf der anderen Seite der Straße vorüberging, zu ihm herüberkam und ihn fragte, was es denn gäbe?

Hans blickte auf und sagte in wehmüthigem Tone: „Ich bin hungrig und habe kein Geld, und es ist zu weit, nach Hause zu gehen, um dort zu frühstücken. Ist das nicht genug, um mich trübe zu stimmen?" — In demselben Augenblicke erblickte sein Freund eine Wurst, die aus Hansens Rocktasche herausguckte.

„Ah," sagte er, „ich sehe, was Dir fehlt. Du vergaßt Dein Frühstück mitzunehmen?"

„Ja," sagte Hans, „ich wußte, daß ich den ganzen Tag über von Hause sein würde, und ich habe mein Frühstück vergessen."

„Das ist schlimm," sagte sein Freund, der ein lustiger Bursche war, „und es thut mir leid, daß ich Dir nicht helfen kann, denn ich habe kein Geld bei mir."

„Ja, das macht die Sache noch schlimmer," sagte Hans nachdenklich, „wahrscheinlich werde ich krank werden."

„Ich kann Dir nur einen Rath geben," sagte sein Freund. — „Und was ist der?" — „Du magst es vielleicht nicht gern thun," sagte der Andere. — „Falls es ehrlich und gerecht ist und einen redlichen Mann nicht schamroth macht, so will ich's thun," sagte Hans, „denn ich bin sehr hungrig."

„Die Sache ist meiner Ansicht nach völlig tugendhaft," sagte sein Freund, „dennoch aber magst Du sie nicht ausführen wollen."

„Warum denn nicht?" fragte Hans.

„Weil Du es bisher nicht gethan hast," antwortete sein Freund. „Die Sache ist ganz einfach. Alles was Du zu thun hast, ist, Deine Hand in Deine Rocktasche zu stecken und die dicke Wurst herauszuholen, die ich da sehe, und bei der jedenfalls auch etwas Brod steckt, denn ich sehe, Deine Tasche ist gestopft voll."

Hans schaute ganz verwundert auf, dann steckte er beide Hände in seine Rocktasche und zog mit vieler Mühe eine große Wurst und einen halben Laib Roggenbrod heraus. Mit der Wurst in der einen und dem Brod in der anderen Hand stand er ganz verdutzt da, während sein Freund laut lachend von dannen ging. Hans versank nun in eine neue Träumerei, und während er sich wunderte, wie nur dies alles so zugegangen sein konnte, vergaß er sein Frühstück vollständig, bis daß es fast Abend war. Nun dachte er, könnte er auch gerade so gut nach Hause gehen und ein warmes Abendbrod haben, als die kalte Wurst und das Brod zu essen, die er lieber den Hunden geben wollte, von denen eine Anzahl um ihn herumsprangen und bellten; denn die Speise, die Hans so lange in Händen gehabt, hatte sie angelockt.

Aber Hans vergaß auch das und ging nach Haus mit Brod und Wurst in der Hand und sämmtliche Hunde hinter ihm her.

Als er nach Hause kam, klingelte man gerade zum Abendessen. In demselben Augenblicke sah Hans zufällig die Speisen, die er in der Hand hielt. Hans in seiner Zerstreutheit vergaß nun alles in der Welt, setzte sich auf die Haustreppe und aß seine Wurst und Brod bis auf den letzten Bissen.

We are much pleased with the interest that our readers have shown in the German and French sketches that we have given them for translation. Those who are able to render the above little story into English will find out something quite curious about that poor gentleman in the picture.

The best translations of the French story in our December number—"Half a Loaf is Better than No Bread"—were sent in by Louis M. Fishback, Annie C. MacKie, Effie L. C. Gates and Sidie V. B. Parker. Lucy G. Bull, a little girl only twelve years old, sends a remarkably good metrical translation of this story.

Very good translations of "John Martin's Snowball," in the January number have been sent in by "Inconnue," Harvey M. Mansfield, Edgar G. T., Scott O. McWhorter, Susan Thayer, H. H. Ziegler, James G. Dagron, Miriam Davis and Fred. W. Hobbs.

Digitized by Google

SOME BOYS IN AFRICA.

By M. S.

A BOOK for big boys has recently been written by Mr. Henry M. Stanley, who, two years ago, led a small body of men through Central Africa, in a search for Dr. Livingstone, the great African traveler. It is a story showing what kind of men live in Central Africa, and their manners and customs. It also gives some account of the tropical forests, and of the great savage beasts who roam through them.

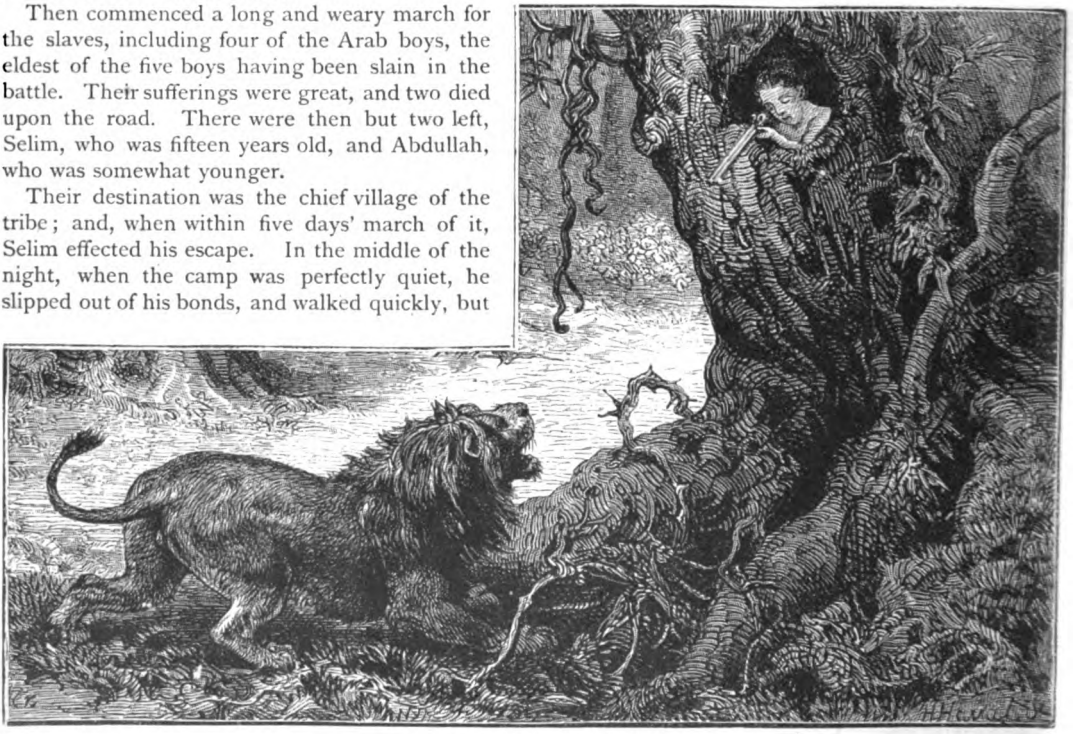
A company of wealthy Arabs, who lived on the island of Zanzibar, organized an expedition to proceed into the interior of Africa to obtain slaves, ivory, and copper. Five Arab boys, sons of the chief men of the party, accompanied this expedition. The caravan proceeded without serious interruption to Lake Tanganika, where it encountered two numerous and warlike tribes of Negroes, the Waruri and Watuta. A fierce battle took place, in which the Arabs were routed, and most of them killed. The survivors, being prisoners of war, were made slaves, according to the universal custom of the African tribes.

Then commenced a long and weary march for the slaves, including four of the Arab boys, the eldest of the five boys having been slain in the battle. Their sufferings were great, and two died upon the road. There were then but two left, Selim, who was fifteen years old, and Abdullah, who was somewhat younger.

Their destination was the chief village of the tribe; and, when within five days' march of it, Selim effected his escape. In the middle of the night, when the camp was perfectly quiet, he slipped out of his bonds, and walked quickly, but cautiously, to a tree near by, where he knew some weapons had been placed, and selecting a gun, a powder-horn, a cartridge-box, and a couple of spears, he made his way softly into the forest.

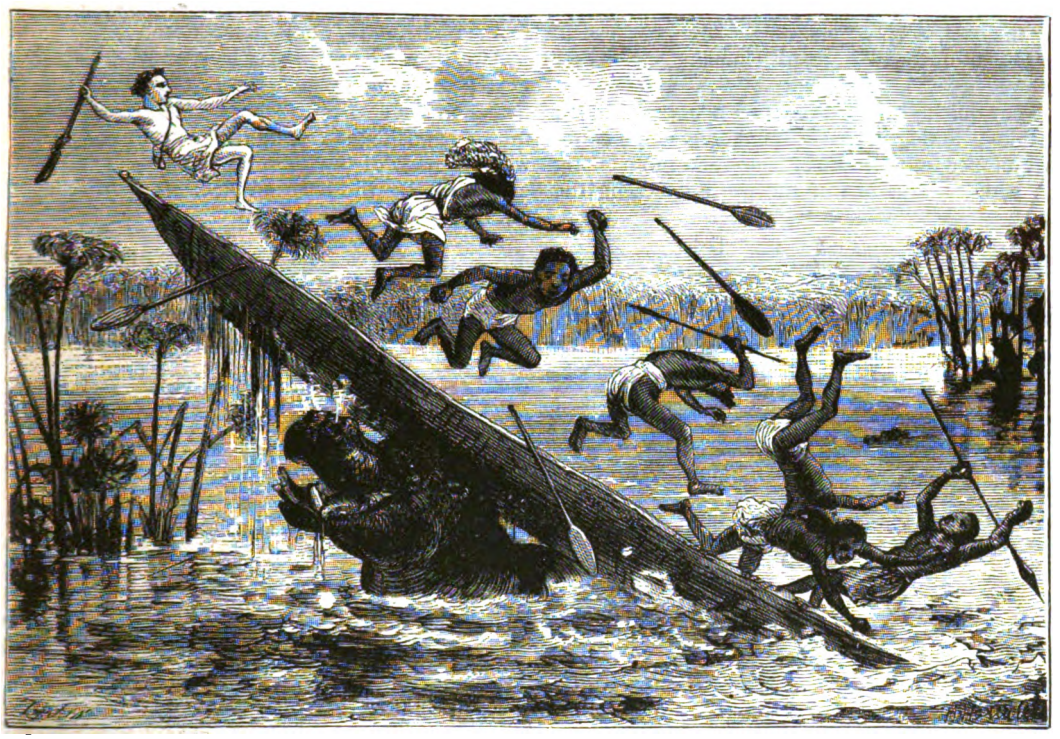
He walked steadily all the rest of that night, and part of the next day, until he came to a pool of cool fresh water, where he quenched his thirst. Near this pool there was a large tree, with a hole in the trunk some distance above the ground. Peeping cautiously into this, Selim saw that it led to a hollow in the tree, which was empty, and large enough to hold him and his weapons. He crept in, and, being very tired, was asleep in a few minutes.

When he awoke it was night. Everything was quiet. He got up and looked out. He could not see anything distinctly, but he thought there was a dark object moving stealthily towards the tree, and immediately afterwards a most horrible and unearthly laugh rang through the woods. Selim knew by this that it was a hyena; though startled, he was not much frightened, feeling sure the beast



SELIM BESIEGED BY A LION.

Digitized by Google



UPSET BY A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

could not get at him. The hyena, he thought, was of the same opinion, for it glided away.

But he soon found there was another reason for its moving away. Again a dark form, larger than the other, came stealthily towards the tree, and the sound that then rang through the forest made Selim tremble. It was a terrible roar, deep and long. This time his visitor was a lion, and Selim soon had a near view of him at the foot of the tree. The creature was lashing his tail, and his eyes were like coals of fire. Selim sprang back from the opening, and seized his gun, though he did not think the lion would try to get through that small hole. But that was just what he did try to do. He leaped up and got his nose through, and endeavored to drag himself in. Selim's heart almost stood still with fear, but he did not lose his wits. He thrust the muzzle of his gun against the lion's head and fired, and the great beast fell dead outside.

This was the most dangerous of Selim's adventures while alone in the forest. After wandering about for some days and finding very little to eat, he was discovered, faint with hunger, and carried to the chief village of the Watuta, where Abdullah and the other captives had already arrived.

The two boys had the good fortune to secure the friendship and protection of Kalulu, a boy about Selim's age, the adopted son and heir of the Watuta king. They were assigned quarters as comfortable as the negro cabins afforded, and were treated by Kalulu as honored guests, and he entertained them with various amusements.

Of these the hunting expeditions were the most exciting. And, among the best of them, was the hippopotamus hunt. The three boys set out gaily one morning for the river Liemba, a short distance from the village. They were accompanied by two warriors of the tribe, and also by two negro men, Simba and Moto, who had formerly been slaves to Selim's father, and who, now that the father had been slain in battle, resolved not to forsake the son, but to watch over and care for him. Simba was a giant in size and strength, and Moto was the man of brains. He had a very cunning head on his shoulders, and could always give good advice.

The party were well armed. They soon reached the river, and getting into a canoe, paddled swiftly down the stream to the feeding grounds of the hippopotami. They landed at noon upon an island, and had just finished their lunch when they heard a low, deep bellowing very near them. They were on their feet in an instant, and ran noiselessly to the edge of the island, and counted

Digitized by Google

the heads of a herd of hippopotami quietly enjoying the cool, deep waters.

"Five of them!" cried Kalulu. "Now for sport!"

They quickly divested themselves of part of their clothing, anticipating the possibility of a swim, and jumped into the canoe, Simba and Moto taking the paddles, and one of the warriors seizing the harpoon, to plunge it into the animal that should first approach.

They had not long to wait. A monstrous head and neck soon arose out of the water, close to the bow of the boat. At the same instant the harpoon was shot into the neck. The wounded animal immediately sank and swam up the river, dragging the boat after him with frightful speed, for the rope of the harpoon was fastened to it. But in a few minutes the speed slackened, and the boat began to float down stream. "Pull back!" cried the harpooner. Simba and Moto dashed the paddles into the water, but it was too late; up came the gigantic head of the hippopotamus, right under the canoe, which was shot into the air, while its occupants tumbled heels over head into the water.

They all swam to the shore in safety except Abdullah, who was wounded by a crocodile but rescued by Kalulu, Simba, and Moto.

After landing and taking care of Abdullah, the next proceeding was to hunt for the canoe, which had been dragged off by the wounded hippopotamus. It was found among the reeds of the island, with the body of the dead hippopotamus still fastened to it by the harpoon line. Together they dragged the huge creature into shallow water, and loaded the canoe with part of his flesh, which is esteemed a great delicacy. Then they lifted Abdullah carefully into the boat, and returned to the village, where the young Arab soon recovered from his wound.

"FIRE!" CRIED MOTO.

After some months of this kind of life, the old king died, and the boy, Kalulu, was proclaimed king. But, being attacked by an army of his disaffected subjects, Kalulu was made a prisoner and a slave; and Selim, Abdullah, Simba and Moto went with him into slavery in a distant part of the country of the Watuta. After a time they succeeded in making their escape, and together they traveled through the forests and jungles, exposed to dangers from men and beasts.

This long journey of several months is the most

Digitized by Google

interesting part of the story. Simba and Moto knew all about the forest, its plants, its animals, and its savage tribes, and were good guides and guardians for the three boys.

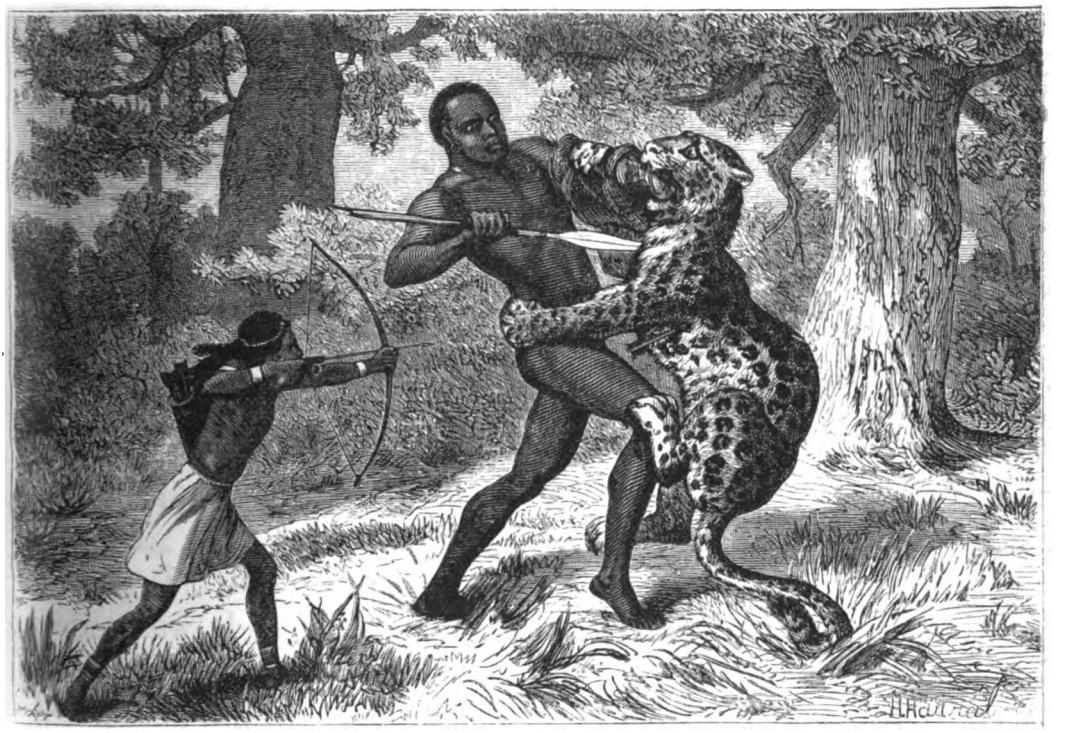
One evening they formed their camp near a stream of water in a beautiful plain, dotted here and there with great trees.

About midnight they were aroused from their slumbers by the roar of a lion. The animal was evidently not far off, and they were immediately all on the alert.

"I see him," whispered Kalulu. "There! look at him! See that dark form slowly moving past that big tree! There! He stops, and looks this way!"

"Hush!" whispered Simba. "He is coming. Be ready and sure with your guns!"

Meantime the lion had been slowly advancing; but the little party was now perfectly still and ready for him. They could faintly discern his form as he approached, but his soft, padded feet made no sound whatever as they touched the ground. When quite near, he stopped, and then they could hear the brushing of his tail as he gently switched it over the grass. Through the gloom they could now distinguish his eyes, shining like specks of light. Suddenly he turned and confronted them, and, with an appalling roar, the savage beast drew nearer, until his form was fearfully plain to the company watching him. Only a few seconds now passed, when it became evident that the lion was preparing for a spring.



SIMBA AND THE LEOPARD.

"Fire!" was the sharp word of command from Moto.

The three guns blazed out their fire at the same instant, lighting up the form of the springing lion; and a savage yell, and a dull, heavy thud upon the earth announced that the victory was on the side of gunpowder.

It was some time after this, and when they were approaching the end of their long journey, that the boys came near losing their good and powerful friend, Simba, who was attacked by a leopard. With Kalulu's aid, however, the beast was killed.

The party had many other adventures, but they finally reached Zanzibar, where they no longer had savages, lions and leopards to fight, and where we must leave them.

Digitized by Google

MY PET LAMB.

WHEN I was a small boy, I had a nice pet. An old sheep had died, and John brought her lamb to the house. It was cold, and he said it would die. So he gave it to me.

I put the poor thing on the rug by the fire. I gave it some warm milk with a spoon. It drank some of the milk, and soon it got up on its feet and said, "Ma! ma!" It was sad to hear it cry so, when the old sheep could not come.

At last it got quite well, and would run and play with me. Then it drank milk out of a dish. And soon it would eat grass in the yard. I had some fine games with my dear pet. I would run and hide, and wait for it to find me. Once I went to hide by a bank, and fell down a steep place. It was a deep ditch, and I could not get out. But the lamb came to find me, and stood by the ditch, and cried, "Baa! baa!" I think it meant to call John. I cried too. Then John came and took me out. When it was quite small, it would butt me with its head. It was in play; and I thought it great fun. I would get down on my hands and knees, and butt with it.

But as it grew large, it got to butt quite hard. "Don't do so!" I would say; but it did not know it hurt me. So

Digitized by Google

when it came to butt me, I would put down my head, and let it butt over me. But once, when I went to do so, a blade of grass tickled my nose. That made me lift my head, and the lamb hit me a hard blow.

Then I found I had taught him a bad trick. He would run at the boys and girls who came to the yard, and scare and hurt them. It was fun to him, but it was not fun to them!

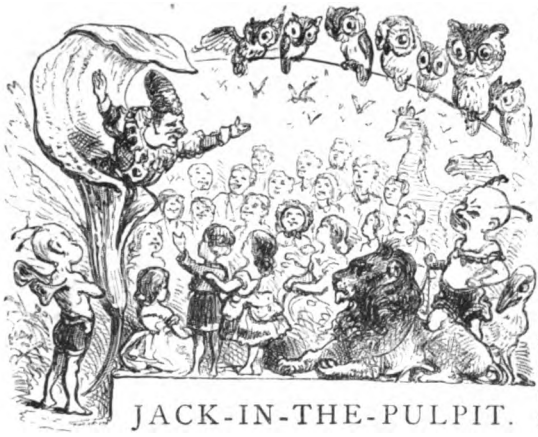
So he grew to be a big ram, and we called his name Dan. He was not a nice pet any more, for he would run at all of us, if we came near. So one day we thought we would play him a trick. It was this:

We took some of John's old clothes and stuffed them out with straw; we set them up on sticks, and put a big hat on top.

When he saw the thing, he thought it was some queer old man; so he ran at it with all his might.

At last Dan got so bad he had to be sold. If you have a pet lamb, do not teach him to butt; he will turn out bad if you do.

Digitized by Google



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

OLD PROBABILITIES announces that February may be expected. All right. Let it come; ST. NICHOLAS is ready for it.

Somebody has written asking Jack to tell you everything about St. Valentine's day. What does he take me for? Just as if my poor children would n't hear enough about it without their own faithful Jack shaking an encyclopædia at them. Why, every newspaper in the country will have a column about it, and the readers are respectfully expected to let it go in one eye and out of the other, so that they 'll be ready to read the account all over again next February. No, no! Jack won't pester you, dear friends, with the story of the good saint who never dreamed of such a thing as a valentine, nor quote old rhymes to you about the birds that went a-mating; but he just hopes you 'll get all the valentines you want, and that they 'll be as pretty and sweet and lively as the song of the Bob-o'-link. So no more at present on that subject.

THE BOY AND GIRL IN THE MOON.

SUCH queer things as the birds do tell me! You have seen the man in the moon, and heard his story, perhaps, how he was banished there for gathering sticks on the Sabbath day. But I 'm told that in Sweden the peasants' children see, instead of the man, a boy and a girl in the moon, bearing between them a pail of water. This is on account of an old Scandinavian legend, which means a legend known to Sweden and Norway in ancient times, when their name was Scandinavia. Well, the legend says that Mâni, the moon, stole these two children while they were drawing water from a well. Their names were Hjnki and Bil. They were lifted up to the moon along with the bucket and the well-pole, and placed where they could be seen from the earth. When next you look at the round, full moon, remember this story, and if you have imagination enough, perhaps you will see Hjnki and Bil with their pail of water.

CAROLINE AND MARY.

TWO pretty little girls? No indeed. An English sparrow told me about them. Colonel Caroline Scott was a very corpulent, very active, very gentle, and useful man who, according to a British writer, "died a sacrifice to the public in the service of the East India Company," about a hundred and twenty years ago. There was another man, a Captain Caroline Scott, famous for his cruel deeds among the Scotch Highlanders; but Jack prefers the Colonel. As for Mary, *his* last name was Voltaire. He had other Christian names too, and these appear to have been the only Christian things about him. He had a great head of his own, or rather a great brain in his little head: but he was wanting in faith, so the poor fellow wrote seventy learned books about it. And at last he died from taking too big a dose of something to make him sleep.

I hope none of my little Marys will write seventy volumes, and be kept awake by such thinkings and doubtings as troubled poor Voltaire.

QUEER TALKING.

YOU boys and girls, just before the shirt-collar and back-hair age, manage to twist words in a comical way. Often I have a good time listening to the wee folk who come to our meadow.

One day a little girl, seeing, in the last part of one of her Christmas books, that a sequel to it would soon be published, called out to a playmate, "O, Kitty! is n't this nice? *My new book 's got a squeal to it!*"

But she was quite accurate, compared with a little bit of a boy, who came to the creek with some other children, one day last summer, to look for water cresses.

"I 'm goin' to take a awful lot o' cresses home to mamma," he said, trudging along as briskly as his fat little legs would allow; "'cause my mamma's got a *fidgelator*, what 'll keep everything as cold as ice, to put 'em in. Your mamma got one?"

"No, she aint," answered a tow-headed little chap; "but she 's got a steel egg-beater!"

"Ho! a leg-beater!" shouted my wee youngster, turning squarely about to look at the speaker. "What 's that for?"

"Why, to beat eggs with, you goosey!"

"Ho!" screeched the little chap, in great scorn. "She 'd better look out! If she goes to beatin' eggs she 'll break 'em. Eggs is brittler than anything. Guess you 'most don't know what you 're talkin' 'bout!"

Digitized by Google

HOUSE-BREAKING AND BURGLARY.

WHAT do you think a magpie once told me? He said there was a decided difference between house-breaking and burglary. I thought he ought to know, since the magpie family have no great reputation for honesty; but of course I did n't say so, as he was my guest. According to his account, burglary is a night-time offence, and house-breaking belongs to the day. He said I 'd find that he was right if I looked in the dictionary; but I did n't happen to have one by me just then. How is it? Jack does n't recommend either of these little practices as a profession; but it 's well to know something about them. Young magpie insisted that Blackstone, a great fellow among the lawyers, said there could be no burglary in the day-time.

QUANTITY OF SALT IN THE OCEAN.

EVERYBODY knows that the waters of the ocean are very salt to the taste; but how many of you have thought of the immense quantities of salts of different kinds that must be in the Atlantic and the Pacific to give a flavor to such enormous bodies of water?

Scientific men have thought about it; and one of them (Captain Maury) has told us that if all the various salts of these oceans could be separated from the water and spread out equally over the northern half of this continent, they would form a covering *one mile deep*. So heavy would be this mass of salts that all the mechanical inventions of man, aided by all the steam and all the water power in the world, could not move it so much as one inch in even centuries of time.

Dear me! I 'm glad Jack-in-the-Pulpits are not marine plants. We 'd be in pretty pickle if we were.

A HINDOO LETTER.

YOU all have heard of the late Governor Seward, I suppose, and how, though he was an old man, he made a journey around the world, and afterward wrote a big book about it. Did you ever hear of the letter he received from a Maharajah of Hindostan, the richest and one of the most distinguished men of the country? This letter was only a friendly line to Governor Seward, requesting the honor of a visit; but think of the style! It was written by the great Maharajah's secretary, in beautiful Arabic characters, on gilt paper. The envelope was not like those used in America, but was a bag of the finest *kincob*; that is, a kind of silk, woven stiff with golden threads, and costing about seventy-five dollars a yard. The bag and the letter within it were perfumed with costly attar of roses, and the whole was tied with a silken cord, on which was suspended the great waxen seal of the kingdom, principality, or state of Puttenla. This seal alone weighed four ounces.

Somebody sent President Grant a postal card the other day. I wonder what His Magnificent Highness the Maharajah would think of *that*.

COLD WEATHER TALK.

I HAD a snow-bird reception not long ago. My! how the little creatures did hop about from one subject to another! They left my head in a whirl; but I 'm inclined to think there 's reason in a good deal that they told me. For instance, it appears that troops of boys and girls are made ill now-a-days by throwing off their coats and cloaks when overheated in skating, and then sitting down to rest without first putting them on again,—kneeling down on the cold ice to put on their skates, too! It does n't seem possible; but I 've actually seen youngsters do it!

Fortunate, is n't it? that ice, in forming, fills itself full of air needles, in some way, so that it is light enough to float on the water. If it was n't for this, it would sink as fast as it formed, and the lakes and rivers would soon be solid ice from top to bottom, and then ten suns could n't melt them.

By the way, we had quite a discussion as to why icebergs *turn over* as they do. Some of us held that an iceberg, as its top melted, had nothing to do but settle itself in the water, according to its own weight and shape, and others of us held that it appeared to be otherwise. I forgot which side I was on. What do you think about it, my dears?

Another subject came up, which I promised to mention: The birds take it very kindly when children throw out crumbs for them this cold weather.

EIGHT NEW CONUNDRUMS.

HERE are some brand-new conundrums from my friend Jack Daw:

Who is our most distant relation? Our Aunt Tipodes.

Why should a Spaniard be the most enduring of mortals? Because he loves Spain.

Why are E and A like good people? Because they meet in heaven.

When is a poor white like a Guinea negro? When he lives in Ashantee.

When is an artist a very poor artist? When he can't draw a check.

What is the difference between an article put up at auction and sin? One is bid for, and the other forbid.

Why does one become a spiritualist in cold weather? Because he then believes in wrappings.

When a man turns his horses to pasture, what color does he change them to? He turns them in to graze (grays).

Digitized by Google

MISCHIEF IN THE STUDIO.

A PANTOMIME IN TWO SCENES.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

CHARACTERS.

A CROSS OLD ARTIST, *in dressing gown, white wig, and spectacles.*

ERNEST *(his son), in linen blouse and knee breeches.*

CLARIBEL, *a poor peasant girl, beloved by* ERNEST, *dressed in white waist, bodice, red skirt.*

A MILKMAN, *in straw hat and shirt sleeves.*

A BOY *and a* GIRL, *disguised as statues of* HERCULES *and the* FISHER MAIDEN.

THE statues are draped in cotton sheets, the hands and arms covered with white gloves sewed upon old stocking-legs, the faces chalked with lily white; the boy has a wig made of cotton-wadding, the girl has a similar one ornamented with braids of cotton flannel. He holds a club made of cotton cloth stuffed with rags; she holds a fishing-pole covered with cloth, with a white twine line and a pin hook on the end of it.

Before putting on his wig, the artist must have his head covered with a tight-fitting oiled-silk cap, and he uses a large ear-trumpet. The milkman has a can of chalk and water, which is sometimes used to imitate milk, and a quart measure.

The room is arranged to resemble a studio; a large easy-chair in centre of the room, at the left of which is a table covered with a cloth. Directly behind the table is an easel holding a picture-frame, upon the back side of which is tacked a dark brown cambric curtain, fastened only at the top edge of the frame on the back side, so arranged that it may be lifted up at the bottom to admit a person who thus represents a picture, the body being concealed by the table which stands close before the easel. A large picture of a cat and a hideous face are pasted upon a sheet of pasteboard, the edges of which are cut out to fit the picture. The person who has stood for the picture can easily stoop behind the table and pass up the pictures behind the frame and in front of the hanging curtain, so that the pictures will change instantly. The statues each stand in the two back corners of the room, each upon a table covered with a sheet; their eyes must be closed, and they must stand as still as possible. A palette and a few brushes lie upon the table in front of the easel, and a few books and pieces of music in confusion; also, a plate and two cups and saucers.

If an easel is not at hand, two strips of wood four inches wide, eight feet long, nailed at the top in the form of a letter A, with a cross-bar to hold the picture, will do as well. The lower edge of the picture may rest on the back edge of the table, and must be no higher.

THE PANTOMIME.

SCENE I.

The ARTIST enters; moves cautiously around as if listening for some one; thinks he hears footsteps; hides behind the table, so that the large end of his ear-trumpet rests upon it, while the small end is at his ear. MILKMAN enters, measures a quart of milk, fills the cups and looks around for a dish to hold the rest, sees trumpet, looks pleased, pours the milk into it. ARTIST jumps up, beats him with the trumpet, and drives him from the room, still pursuing him.

Enter ERNEST *and* CLARIBEL. She sits down in the chair, and he offers to paint her portrait, and pretends to paint on the brown cambric curtain, after looking at her very lovingly. After painting a few moments, he goes up to CLARIBEL and kneels, as if asking her to be his wife. The ARTIST enters, is very angry, and parts them, leading CLARIBEL out by one door and his son by the other. They seem very sad, and go very unwillingly. He begins to paint; ERNEST enters, and begs him to consent; he shakes his head, and stamps his foot as if very angry, and chases his son out.

SCENE II.

Same as before, except that CLARIBEL stands in the frame, and ERNEST gazes upon the picture with delight. The ARTIST enters; drags him away from the easel by the left hand. While their backs are turned away from the picture, CLARIBEL stoops behind the table and pushes up the picture of the cat into the frame in her place, so that when the ARTIST reproves ERNEST for painting the portrait of his love, they turn and behold the change. Both show surprise and fear, for whenever the ARTIST turns away the picture is altered; sometimes the young lady's face, and sometimes one of the other pictures appears. The ARTIST seems astonished, and gradually becomes much alarmed.

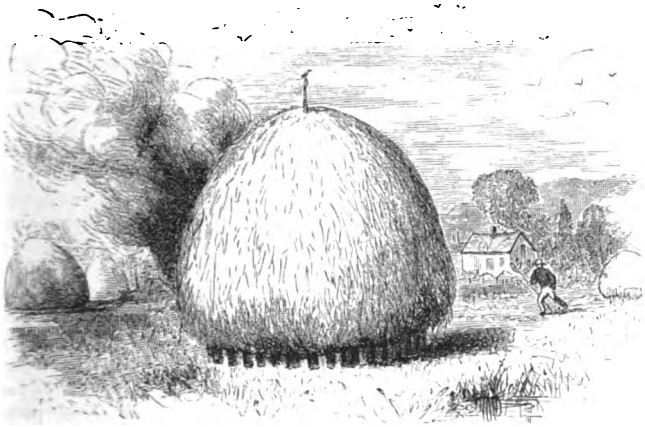
He passes by the statue of HERCULES, and is prostrated by a blow from his club; sitting upon the floor, he looks up and the statue is immovable. This action is repeated each time the ARTIST gets up, which may occur twice. ERNEST passes behind him, fastens the pin hook to his wig, and the ARTIST beholds it sailing through the air on the statue's fish-pole. He seems perfectly amazed, and points from one statue to the other, as if asking the reason for their strange behavior. ERNEST kneels, and places his hand on his heart, and points from the picture to the statues, as if to say that all will be right if he is allowed to have CLARIBEL, whose portrait now appears again in the frame. The ARTIST nods his assent. CLARIBEL comes out from behind the frame; ERNEST takes her hand, and shakes hands with each of the statues to show that they are confederates.

ERNEST and CLARIBEL kneel before the ARTIST in the centre of the room. He joins their hands, and holds his ear-trumpet above them as if in blessing. The statues bow and the curtain falls.

Digitized by Google

THE RIDDLE BOX.

REBUS, No. 1.



On board of a steamer, at latitude, 40° 35′ N.; longitude, 30° 11′ west from Greenwich, you can see the above.

A CHESS PUZZLE.

PERCY STARRE sends this ingenious chess puzzle, found pasted on the back of an old Chess Book. By beginning at the right word, and going from square to square as a knight moves, he has found eight lines of poetry.

board	est	were	rious	nev	thy	might	tor
umphs	vic	with	on	the	hail	er	troops
lead	quer'd	price	rals	glo	ier	vic	thou
to	tri	the	man	his	gene	to	er
che	ed	won	of	on	by	than	less
his	ry	up	wars	y	blood	ring	ty
aid	while	mor	le	lone	tain	blood	na
hail	on	un	thou	phy	po	a	cer

CHARADE.

My first, a holy man or maid,
  Sought peace in hermit cell;
My second, by the Norsemen bold,
  Was thought in streams to dwell.
My third, in our surprise or joy,
  Is but an exclamation;
My last in kirtle and in snood,
  Is of the Scottish nation.
My whole has been to children dear
  For many a Christmas season;
And if I fail to please them now,
  I've neither rhyme nor reason.

QUERIES.

1. Out of what two words, containing not more than eleven letters, can you get over twenty pronouns?

2. Out of what word of five letters can you get eight verbs?

CONCEALED PROVERB.

Come, sister, with me, where the daisies grow;
If there 's nothing to hinder, let us go;
  But a little time we will stay.
There 's a wood that 's full of fairies and elves,
We can stay there awhile to rest ourselves;
  It is only a little way.

"CULPRIT FAY" ENIGMA.

The whole, composed of 31 letters, shows what the Lily-King's throne stood upon.

My 17, 5, 11, 24, 2, was the name of the court where the culprit, Fay, was tried.

My 12, 4, 25, 19, was what the "shapes of air around him cast."

My 25, 1, 4, 16, 17, 18, was what his poor little wings were.

My 9, 3, 8, 24, 14, 26, 27, worked him much evil.

My 3, 23, 21, 3, 13, 24, 27, 29, was one of the creatures that "stunned his ears."

My 11, 30, 26, 18, shows how he went "to the beach again."

My 9, 28, 17, 6, 31, was his boat.

My 22, 20, 7, 18, was his steed.

My 27, 3, 10, 19, 15, 26, 18, was the complexion of said steed.

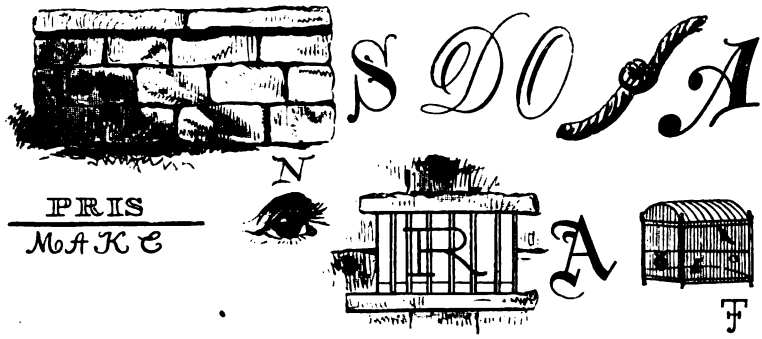
REBUS, No. 2.

PARAPHRASE.

White parts of speech churned cream negative equality clips.

Digitized by Google

REBUS, No. 3.



DIAMOND PUZZLE.

The 4th, with his 6th, awoke the 5th. Her husband rushed out of the 3d, seized the 2d, and with a 7th sent it at the offender's head; it stunned him, and 1st and 9th (combined) carried him 8th for dinner. The man tore his coat in the scuffle, and the 5th, having the perpendicular letters in her pocket, mended it for him.

THREE EASY CHARADES.

1. My first is a part of the human frame;
   My second an exercise or a game;
   My whole a sin, a loss, and a shame.

2. Find my first, a feature, my second, a sphere,
   And my whole a part of my first will appear.

3. My first is a verb in the present tense;
   My second a verb in the past;
   My whole is a pretty play, and hence
   Some child will guess it at last.

TEN CONCEALED RIVERS.

Run, Ida, arouse Alfred, and tell him there is a horse in Ed's corn-field, a grizzly bear on his potato-patch in the yard, and one rather fat deer in the corner next to the barn, on the other side of the fence.

DECAPITATIONS.

Fill the first blank with the complete word, and decapitate at each succeeding blank.

EXAMPLE.—He tried to —— (1) himself for the —— (2), but came within an —— (3) of giving it up. (1) brace, (2) race, (3) ace.

1. Hunting for my ——
   Made me very ——
   And I scarcely ——
   Anything ——
2. If you subject —— to —— you may —— it.
3. Please give the —— the —— meal —— once.

PUZZLES.

1. I have wings and I fly, though I 'm not called a bird.
2. I am part of a hundred (e'en more than the third).
3. I am "A Number 1" with the most of mankind.
4. In France and in Germany me you will find.
5. My fifth in your hand you may frequently see,
   And my whole it is dreary and wretched to be.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

REBUS.—"Old Mother Hubbard,
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone."

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—A merry, merry Christmas.

CHARADE.—Patrimony.

SYNCOPATION.—Peony pony.

CROSS WORD.—Glyptodon.

REBUS.—"A penny in pity may be a dollar in grace."

REBUS.—"Think well of the bridge that carries you safely over."

HIDDEN PARTS OF A BUILDING.—1.—Beam. 2.—Sash. 3.—Eaves. 4.—Cleat. 5.—Sill. 6.—Latch. 7.—Shelf. 8.—Post.

PUZZLE.—Chain, china, chin.

ELLIPSES.—1.—Mopes, poems. 2.—Stare, tears. 3.—Alert, alter. 4.—Sabre, bears. 5.—Words, sword. 6.—Snipe, pines. 7.—Horse, shore. 8.—Latent, talent.

STAR PUZZLE:

DECAPITATION.—Glove. love.

CHARADE, No. 2.—Firefly.

Correct answers to puzzles in ST. NICHOLAS have been received from L Phelps, "Wrentham," Bessie Pedder, Saidie F. Davis, Lettie Brown, Annie Groce, Gracie Reed, Joseph Bird, Minnie E. Thomas, Arthur G. S., Christine, F. B. N., Noddy Boffin, John B. Crawford, Jr., Frank B. Taylor, W. C. Ford and Frank S. Palfrey.

Answers to Riddles in December Number of "Our Young Folks."

187.—

```
      T
    D I D
  T I B E R
    D E N
      R
```

188.—Clock, lock, rock, sock.

189.—"Aim to cancel all base aspirations."

190—London.

191.—Pin. Kin. Tin. Sin. Din. Win. Bin. Fin. Gin.

192.—The damask rose.

193.—Lake, bake, Jake, cake, make, rake, take.

194.—Mastodon.

195.—"Walter on a spree."

196.—

```
E M M A
M E A L
M A S T
A L T O
```

197.—Solomon.

198.—1.—Ebro. 2.—Dwina. 3.—Ganges. 4.—Loire. 5.—Parana.

199.—Caledonians.

200.—Continue.

Sophie and William Winslow send answers to every puzzle in the December number of "Our Young Folks," and all are correct excepting 196 and 197.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

EDWARD JENNER.

Digitized by Google

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. I. MARCH, 1874. NO. 5.

EDWARD JENNER.

BY CLARENCE COOK.

As they open the bright pages of this number of ST. NICHOLAS, I hear the voices of many thousand children piping out, when they see this frontispiece, —"Who is he?"—"Who are they?"—"What is that naughty man doing to that poor little boy?" And my Tom here, with his long, fair curls tumbled about his chubby face, and who thinks himself a sailor because he has on a blue sailor-suit, with anchors on the collar, wants to know "if that big man is going to tattoo the little naked boy?"

Now, this is not a naughty man at all, but a good man—a good, kind-hearted man. And he does not mean to hurt the little boy a bit. If you look sharp, you will see the boy is a brave chap. He is a little scared, to be sure; but he is as ready to laugh as to cry. The boy's name is Phipps. But you shall hear.

The picture is taken from a statue of a celebrated man, by Monteverde, an Italian sculptor, which was in the Vienna Exposition of last summer. The man's name is Jenner—Dr. Edward Jenner. It is known over the whole civilized world, and whenever it is spoken, some one is pretty sure to think a grateful thought about the man who owned it, for he made a discovery that has saved the lives of thousands of men, women, and children. I suppose there never lived a man who was the means of saving so many people from dying, and from dying by a horrible disease, as Dr. Jenner.

Edward Jenner was born in Berkeley, Gloucestershire, England, May 17, 1749, nearly 125 years ago. His father was a well-to-do clergyman, and Edward was brought up in comfort, and well taught. His father died when he was only five years old; but his elder brother, who was also a clergyman, took care of him, and was as good as a father to him. Edward Jenner was very fond of the country, and nearly all his life was spent in the neighborhood of the beautiful Vale of Gloucester, where he had the good fortune to be born. From a child, he showed a strong love of nature,—was ever observing and watching what was going on about him. He watched the birds so well, that what made his name first heard of in the world was an account he wrote of the cuckoo, a shy bird with strange habits, about whom very little was known before. Edward Jenner told people what he had seen with his own eyes of the habits of this bird; and what he had to tell was very curious, and showed a power for patient observation, and a skill in reasoning, that are certainly very uncommon. At that time people were just beginning to study the stones and rocks of which the earth is built; and here, again, Edward Jenner was able to be of great help, for the part of England where he lived was rich in fossils; and when he was still a boy, he had been attracted by these curious things, and had collected the best specimens, and studied over them, and thought about them, until, at last, he had come to understand something of their history, while few other people in the world at that time knew anything about the wonderful story these fossils have to tell.

While Edward Jenner was a young man, working and studying in a surgeon's office in a town called Sodbury, near Bristol, which is the chief town of Gloucestershire, he used to hear a good deal of talk about the small-pox. This disease makes great trouble in our own time, and when it is prevalent there is hardly any sickness people are more afraid of; but it is not so bad now-a-days as it was in Jenner's time. It was a frightful plague, and car-

Digitized by Google

ried off in England alone, it is said, 45,000 people every year! Kings died of it, queens, princes, princesses, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the learned and the ignorant. When it appeared in an army, it often slew more than the sword, and our soldiers suffered grievously from this pestilence in the beginning of the War of Independence.

You may believe that many wise heads and kind hearts were trying to find out a way to fight this disease. Thirty-one years before Edward Jenner was born, a bright, witty lady, with a sharp tongue but a good heart,—Lady Mary Wortley Montague,—had found that in Turkey, where the small-pox raged terribly every year, they had a way of treating well people so as to give them the disease, but in a lighter and less dangerous form than if they took it in the common way. Well persons were willing to be made ill in this way, because they knew that small-pox very rarely comes to a person more than once. This was called inoculation, and Lady Mary, to show her faith, had her own son inoculated in 1718, and with perfect success. This was thought a great discovery, and so it was, for she had brought to notice a great principle; but something was wanting,—no one knew what,—only inoculation did not stop the small-pox, nor greatly check it, for soon it was raging as badly as ever.

It may have been fifty years after Lady Mary's brave experiment upon her son, that while Edward Jenner was an apprentice in that surgeon's office at Sodbury, a young milkmaid came in to the surgery one day, and happening to hear the medical men talking about the small-pox, she said that *she* was not afraid of catching it, for she had had the cow-pox. Little she knew what important words she had spoken; and, indeed, I suppose they only were important because an observing, thinking, quick-witted young man stood by to hear them.

The cow-pox is a disease of the eruptive kind, that shows itself on the udders of cows, and is sometimes caught by the people who are milking them. It is generally a mild disease, from which the cow suffers little, and the human being does not suffer seriously, being lightly ill for only a few days. Beside, it is not communicated as the small-pox is, by simply coming near the person who is ill with that disease; the matter that is in the little blisters on the cow's udder must get of itself under the skin of a human being, or be put under it, before it can be communicated. Now, it seems it had been known for many years in the grazing districts of England, that if this were done, and the human being had the cow-pox, there was little or no danger for him from the small-pox. And the farmers had been giving themselves the cow-pox, and giving it to their families, and thus keeping the dreaded small-pox at a safe distance, and nobody outside the farming district seems to have been the wiser for it. And respectable physicians, young and old, had been trundling about the country in their gigs, and looking wise, and shaking their heads over the small-pox, and never suspecting that the method of preventing it was all the time in use under their very eyes. How long this would have gone on who can tell, if thoughtful Edward Jenner had not listened to what the milkmaid said that morning in the surgery? But it set him thinking, in his slow, steady, earnest way; and the idea once seized, that here was the long-desired prevention, he never lost sight of it until he had proved it beyond a doubt. He thought about it so constantly, and talked about it so much, that his very friends,—and he had friends in all the country-side who loved his company,—became tired of hearing him, and laughed at him for his forever talking about the cow-pox and the small-pox. The medical men and scientific men in that country had a club, and Jenner would insist so on bringing in his hobby on all occasions, that, half in joke and half in earnest, a law was made that neither the small-pox nor cow-pox should ever be mentioned at their meetings!

But Edward Jenner was too much in earnest to be discouraged by snubs of this kind, and he kept on thinking and observing for twenty-six years; and at last, having satisfied himself that vaccinating for the small-pox was the true remedy, he made his first experiment on the 14th of May, 1796, inoculating a boy by the name of Phipps in the arm, from a pustule on the hand of a young woman who had taken the cow-pox from her master's cows. This was called vaccination, a word made from "*vacca*," the Latin word for "cow." Phipps had the cow-pox, and got well over it. Then, on the 1st of July, Jenner inoculated him for the small-pox, and, as he had predicted, Phipps did not take the disease.

This little boy, then, is Phipps,—bless him! He is a sturdy youngster, and does not look as pleased as he might at the honor that is being done him! Good Dr. Jenner has taken him out of his little bed and undressed him, so as the better to see him, and make sure that he is a healthy specimen of the baby species. He has got Phipps so nicely fixed that he cannot move, and yet he holds him with the utmost gentleness, so that Phipps has no excuse for crying. How earnest the sturdy, honest doctor is in his work! Look in his face and you will see that, though he is anxious about the result of his twenty-six years' study, yet he has a strong confidence too, and believes that he has been led into the way of truth.

Dr. Jenner made no secret of his great discovery,

Digitized by Google

—tried to get no patent for it,—but freely gave it to the world. The Government, however, rewarded him handsomely, giving him £10,000 in 1802, and £20,000 five years later, in 1807. But he did not care for money, and he did not work for fame, so he continued to live quietly in his pleasant country home, amid his old friends and the old scenes, until his sudden, peaceful death in February, 1823, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. Few men have lived so happily, or have done so much good, yet it is fifty years after his death, and not in his England, but in far-away Italy, that gratitude to his memory is spoken in a statue!

Since this discovery of vaccination, the terrors of small-pox have nearly disappeared, and with good nursing, intelligent physicians are not much afraid of it. In many countries the government obliges every person to be vaccinated, and those who cannot pay a doctor are vaccinated free of charge at the public dispensaries.

HOW THE BULLFINCH IS TAUGHT TO SING.

By R. E. Hale.

Boys and girls are not the only little folk who attend singing classes, as you shall know when you hear about the piping bullfinch.

In shape and size this bullfinch is somewhat like the sparrows in our city parks, but he has a very different head. The sparrow, you know, has a trim, quick little pate of his own. Not so the bullfinch. *His* is a clumsy affair—in fact, he has a sort of "bull" head and neck; so, you see, he is well named. Besides, his body is nearly as black as a coal, and his throat is as red as if the coal were on fire. He is not naturally a singer, nor is he half so clever as our American mocking-bird. In fact, he seems rather stupid, but he is willing to learn; and so it happens that if you persevere long enough you can teach him to sing a tune.

HE HAS CAUGHT THE TUNE!

The country people of Germany have found this out. There the peasants take great delight in training bullfinches. Their pupils, not being very bright, as I said before, are stupidly hopping about their cages, when suddenly they hear a tune played upon a violin. They prick up their ears,—or would do so if they could,—and begin to listen, quite unconscious that that very same violin has been playing that very same tune for about a week without their noticing it. But it is something to catch their attention. Day after day, for months, the patient teacher goes over and over the same tune to the listening birds until human listeners begin to wonder which will get crazy first, the bullfinch or the player. But by and by the birds begin to pick up the air, piping the simple parts at first, and taking up note after note until, at last, they know the whole thing by heart. Sometimes a rustic father spends half his time all winter teaching one little patient bird, and

Digitized by Google

the children look on with the greatest interest. Or a boy will undertake the task, and when he at last succeeds, his sisters look upon him as the most wonderful fellow in the world; and they cry in real earnest when the wonderful boy carries his pupil to town to be sold; for sold these bullfinches are sure to be as soon as they are taught, or else exhibited by their owners as street singers. Sometimes bird-teachers are known far and wide for their skill and success; and at Freiburg, in Baden, and small villages on the outskirts of the Black Forest, bullfinch-training is practiced as a regular business. In such cases a small hurdy-gurdy, or "bird organ" is used, as being less difficult and tiresome than the violin; and, instead of training one bird, they teach the same tune to a class of ten or a dozen.

Generally, the birds are sent to London or Paris, where, if they have learned their lessons thoroughly, they are bought by rich folk, put into beautiful cages and treated as pets, whilst other bullfinches, having trifled away their school-days and only half learned their tune, live a vagrant life around the markets, belonging to nobody, and picking up their dinner as best they can.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

By Frank R. Stockton.

Chapter X.

A MEETING ON THE ROAD.

Some weeks before the little affair between Blinks and Holly, related in our last chapter, Harry and Kate took a ride over to the railroad station.

During the winter, Harry had frequently gone over on horseback to attend to the payments for his wood; and now that the roads were in fit condition for carriage travel, he was glad to have an opportunity to take the buggy and give Kate a ride.

For some days previously Crooked Creek had been "up;" that is, the spring rains had caused it to overflow, and all travel across it had been suspended. The bridges on such occasions,—and Crooked Creek had a bad habit of being "up" several times in the course of a year,—were covered, and the lowlands were under water for a considerable distance on each side of the stream. There were so few boats on the creek, and the current, in times of freshets, was so strong, that ferriage was seldom thought of. In consequence of this state of affairs Harry had not heard from his wood-cutters for more than a week, as they had not been able to cross the creek to their homes. It was, therefore, as much to see how they were getting along as to attend to financial matters that he took this trip.

It was a fine, bright day in very early spring, and old Selim trotted on quite gaily. Before very long they overtook Miles Jackson, jogging along on a little bay horse.

Miles was a black man; very sober and sedate, who, for years, had carried the mail twice a week from a station further up the railroad to the village. But he was not a mail-carrier now. His employer, a white man, who had the contract for carrying the mails, had also gone into another business which involved letter-carrying.

A few miles back from the village of Akeville, where the Loudons lived, was a mica mine, which had recently been bought, and was now worked by a company from the North. This mica (the semi-transparent substance that is set into stove doors), proved to be very plentiful and valuable, and the company had a great deal of business on their hands. It was frequently necessary to send messages and letters to the North, and these were always carried over to the station on the other side of Crooked Creek, where there was a daily mail and a telegraph office. The contract to carry these letters and messages to and from the mines had been given to Miles' employer, and the steady negro man had been taken off the mail-route to attend to this new business.

"Well, Miles," said Harry, as he overtook him. "How do you like riding on this road?"

"How d' y', Mah'sr Harry? How d' y', Miss Kate?" said the colored man, touching his hat and riding up on the side of the road to let them pass. "I do' know how I likes it yit, Mah'sr Harry. Don't seem 'xactly nat'ral after ridin' de oder road so long!"

"You have a pretty big letter-bag there," said Harry.

"Dat 's so," said Miles; "but 't aint dis big ebery day. Sence de creek 's been up I haint been able to git across, and dere 's piles o' letters to go ober to-day."

Digitized by Google

"It must make it rather bad for the company when the creek rises in this way," said Harry.

"Dat 's so," answered Miles. "Dey gits in a heap o' trubble when dey can't send dere letters and git 'em. Though 't aint so many letters dey sends as telegraphs."

"It 's a pity they could n't have had their mine on the other side," remarked Kate.

"Dat 's so, Miss Kate," said Miles, gravely. "I reckon dey did n't know about de creek's gittin' up so often, or dey 'd dug dere mine on de oder side."

Harry and Kate laughed and drove on.

They soon reached Mr. Loudon's woods, but found no wood-cutters.

When they arrived at the station they saw Dick Ford and John Walker on the store-porch.

Harry soon discovered that no wood had been cut for several days, because the creek was up.

"What had that to do with it?" asked Harry.

"Why, you see, Mah'sr Harry," said John Walker, "de creek was mighty high, and dere was no knowin' how things ud turn out. So we thought we 'd jist wait and see."

"So you 've been here all the time?"

"Yes, sir; been h'yar all de time. Could n't go home, you know."

Harry was very sorry to hear of this lost time, for he knew that his wood-cutting would come to an end as soon as the season was sufficiently advanced to give the men an opportunity of hiring themselves for farm-work; but it was of no use to talk any more about it; and so, after depositing Kate at the post-office, where the post-mistress, who knew her well, gave her a nice little "snack" of buttermilk, cold fried chicken and "light-bread," he went to the station and transacted his business. He had not been there for some weeks, and he found quite a satisfactory sum of money due him, in spite of the holiday his men had taken. He then arranged with Dick and John to work on for a week or two longer,—if "nothing happened,"—and after attending to some commissions for the family, he and Kate set out for home.

But nothing they had done that day was of so much importance as their meeting with Miles turned out to be.

CHAPTER XI.

ROB.

BLINKS was not the only dog on the Loudon place. There was another one, a much larger fellow, named Rob.

Rob was a big puppy, in the first place, and then he grew up to be a tall, long-legged dog, who was not only very fond of Harry and Kate but of almost everybody else. In time he filled out and became rather more shapely, but he was always an ungainly dog,—"too big for his size," as Harry put it.

It was supposed that Rob was partly bloodhound, but how much of him was bloodhound it would have been very difficult to say. Kate thought it was only his ears. They resembled the ears of a picture of a beautiful African bloodhound that she had in a book. At all events Rob showed no signs of any fighting ancestry. He was as gentle as a calf. Even Blinks was a better watch-dog. But then, Rob was only a year old, and he might improve in time.

But, in spite of his general inutility, Rob was a capital companion on a country ramble.

And so it happened, one bright day towards the close of April, that he and Harry and Kate went out together into the woods, beyond Aunt Matilda's cabin. Kate's objects in taking the walk were wild flowers and general Spring investigations into the condition of the woods; but Harry had an eye to business, although to hear him talk you would have supposed that he thought as much about ferns and flowers as Kate did.

Harry had an idea that it might possibly be a good thing to hire negroes that year to pick sumac for him. He was not certain that he could make it pay, but it was on his mind to such a degree that he took a great interest in the sumac bushes, and hunted about the edges of the woods, where the bushes were generally found, to see what was the prospect for a large crop of leaves that year.

They were in the woods, about a mile from Aunt Matilda's cabin, and not very far from a road, when they separated for a short time. Harry went on ahead, continuing his investigations, while Kate remained in a little open glade, where she found some flowers that she determined to dig up by the roots and transplant into her garden at home.

While she was at work she heard a heavy step behind her, and, looking up, she saw a tall man standing by her. He had red hair, a red face, a red bristling moustache, and big red hands.

"How d' ye do?" said the man.

Kate stood up, with the plants, which she had just succeeded in getting out of the ground, in her apron.

"Good morning, sir," said she.

The man looked at her from head to foot, and then he said, "Shake hands!" holding out his big red hand.

But Kate did not offer to take it.

"Did n't you hear me?" said he. "I said, 'Shake hands.'"

"I heard you," said Kate.

"Well, why don't you do it, then?"

Kate did not answer, and the man repeated his question.

Digitized by Google

"Well then, if I must tell you," said she; "in the first place, I don't know you; and, then, I 'd rather not shake hands with you, anyway, because your hands are so dirty."

This might not have been very polite in Kate, but she was a straightforward girl, and the man's hands were very dirty indeed, although water was to be had in such abundance.

"What 's your name?" said the man, with his face considerably redder than before.

"Kate Loudon," said the girl.

"Oh, ho! Loudon, is it? Well, Kate Loudon, if my hand 's too dirty to shake, you 'll find it is n't too dirty to box your ears."

Kate turned pale and shrank back against a tree. She gave a hurried glance into the woods, and then she called out, as loudly as she could:

"*Harry!*"

The man, who had made a step towards her, now stopped and looked around, as if he would like to know who Harry was, before going any further.

Just then, Harry, who had heard Kate's call, came running up.

When the man saw him he seemed relieved, and a curious smile stretched itself beneath his bristling red moustache.

"What 's the matter?" cried Harry.

"Oh, Harry!" Kate exclaimed, as she ran to him.

"Matter?" said the man. "The matter 's this, I 'm going to box her ears."

"Whose ears?"

"That girl's," replied the red-faced man, moving towards Kate.

"My sister! Not much!"

And Harry stepped between Kate and the man.

The man stood and looked at him, and he looked very angrily, too.

But Harry stood bravely before his sister. His face was flushed and his breath came quickly, though he was not frightened, not a whit!

And yet there was absolutely nothing that he could do. He had not his gun with him; he had not even a stick in his hand, and a stick would have been of little use against such a strong man as that, who could have taken Harry in his big red hands and have thrown him over the highest fence in the county.

But for all that, the boy stood boldly up before his sister.

The man looked at him without a word, and then he stepped aside towards a small dogwood bush.

For an instant, Harry thought that they might run away; but it was only for an instant. That long-legged man could catch them before they had gone a dozen yards,—at least he could catch Kate.

The man took out a knife and cut a long and tolerably thick switch from the bush. Then he cut off the smaller end and began to trim away the twigs and leaves.

While doing this he looked at Harry, and said:

"I think I 'll take you first."

Kate's heart almost stopped beating when she heard this, and Harry turned pale; but still the brave boy stood before his sister as stoutly as ever.

Kate tried to call for help, but she had no voice. What could *she* do? A boxing on the ears was nothing, she now thought; she wished she had not called out, for it was evident that Harry was going to get a terrible whipping.

She could not bear it! Her dear brother!

She trembled so much that she could not stand, and she sank down on her knees. Rob, the dog, who had been lying near by, snapping at flies, all this time, now came up to comfort her.

"Oh, Rob!" she whispered, "I wish you were a cross dog."

And Rob wagged his tail and lay down by her.

"I wonder," she thought to herself, "oh! I wonder if anyone could make him bite."

"Rob!" she whispered in the dog's ear, keeping her eyes fixed on the man, who had now nearly finished trimming his stick. "Rob! hiss-s-s-s!" and she patted his back.

Rob seemed to listen very attentively.

"Hiss-s-s!" she whispered again, her heart beating quick and hard.

Rob now raised his head, his big body began to quiver, and the hair on his back gradually rose on end.

"Hiss! Rob! Rob!" whispered Kate.

The man had shut up his knife, and was putting it in his pocket. He took the stick in his right hand.

All now depended on Rob.

"Oh! will he?" thought Kate, and then she sprang to her feet and clapped her hands.

"Catch him, Rob!" she screamed. "Catch him!"

With a rush, Rob hurled himself full at the breast of the man, and the tall fellow went over backwards, just like a ten-pin.

Then he was up and out into the road, Rob after him!

You ought to have seen the gravel fly!

Harry and Kate ran out into the road and cheered and shouted. Away went the man and away went the dog.

Up the road, into the brush, out again, and then into a field, down a hill, nip and tuck! At Tom Riley's fence, Rob got him by the leg, but the

Digitized by Google

trowsers were old and the piece came out; and then the man dashed into Riley's old tobacco barn, and slammed the door almost on the dog's nose.

Rob ran around the house to see if there was an open window, and finding none, he went back to the door and lay down to wait.

Harry and Kate ran home as fast as they could, and after awhile Rob came too. He had waited a reasonable time at the door of the barn, but the man had not come out.

CHAPTER XII.

TONY ON THE WAR-PATH.

"SHE did it all," said Harry, when they had told the tale to half the village, on the store-porch.

"I!" exclaimed Kate. "Rob, you mean."

"That 's a good dog," said Mr. Darby, the store-keeper; "what 'll you take for him?"

"Not for sale," said Harry.

"Rob 's all very well," remarked Tony Kirk; "but it won't do to have a feller like that in the woods, a fright'nin' the children. I 'd like to know who he is."

Just at this moment Uncle Braddock made his appearance, hurrying along much faster than he usually walked, with his eyes and teeth glistening in the sunshine.

"I seed him!" he cried, as soon as he came up.

"Who 'd you see?" cried several persons.

"Oh! I seed de dog after him, and I come along as fas' as I could, but could n't come very fas'. De ole wrapper cotch de wind."

"Who was it?" asked Tony.

"I seed him a-runnin'. Bress my soul! de dog like to got him!"

"But who was he, Uncle Braddock?" said Mr. Loudon, who had just reached the store from his house, where Kate, who had run home, had told the story. "Do you know him?"

"Know him? Reckon I does!" said Uncle Braddock, "an' de dog ud a knowed him, too, ef he 'd a cotched him! Dat 's so, Mah'sr John."

"Well, tell us his name, if you know him," said Mr. Darby.

"Ob course, I knows him," said Uncle Braddock. "I 'se done knowed him fur twenty or fifty years. He 's George Mason."

The announcement of this name caused quite a sensation in the party.

"I thought he was down in Mississippi," said one man.

"So he was, I reckons," said Uncle Braddock, "but he 's done come back now. I 'se seed him afore to-day, and Aunt Matilda 's seed him, too. Yah, ha! Dat dere dog come mighty nigh cotchin' him!"

George Mason had been quite a noted character in that neighborhood five or six years before. He belonged to a good family, but was of a lawless disposition and was generally disliked by the decent people of the county. Just before he left for the extreme Southern States it was discovered that he had been concerned in a series of horse-thefts, for which he would have been arrested had he not taken his departure from the state.

Few people, excepting Mr. Loudon and one or two others, knew the extent of his misdemeanors; and out of regard to his family these had not been made public. But he had the reputation of being a wild, disorderly man, and now that it was known that he had contemplated boxing Kate Loudon's ears and whipping Harry, the indignation was very great.

Harry and Kate were favorites with everybody,—white and black.

"I tell ye what I 'm goin' to do," said Tony Kirk, "I 'm goin' after that feller."

At this, half a dozen men offered to go along with Tony.

"What will you do, if you find him?" asked Mr. Loudon.

"That depends on circumstances," replied Tony.

"I am willing to have you go," said Mr. Loudon, who was a magistrate and a gentleman of much influence in the village, "on condition that if you find him you offer him no violence. Tell him to leave the county, and say to him, from me, that if he is found here again he shall be arrested."

"All right," said Tony; and he proceeded to make up his party.

There were plenty of volunteers; and for awhile it was thought that Uncle Braddock intended to offer to go. But, if so, he must have changed his mind, for he soon left the village and went over to Aunt Matilda's and had a good talk with her. The old woman was furiously angry when she heard of the affair.

"I wish I 'd a been a little quicker," she said, "and dere would n't a been a red spot on him."

Uncle Braddock did n't know exactly what she meant; but he wished so, too.

Tony did n't want a large party. He chose four men who could be depended upon, and they started out that evening.

It was evident that Mason knew how to keep himself out of sight, for he had been in the vicinity a week or more,—as Tony discovered, after a visit to Aunt Matilda,—and no white person had seen him.

But Tony thought he knew the country quite as well as George Mason did, and he felt sure he should find him.

Digitized by Google

His party searched the vicinity quite thoroughly that night, starting from Tom Riley's tobacco barn; but they saw nothing of their man; and in the morning they made the discovery that Mason had borrowed one of Riley's horses, without the knowledge of its owner, and had gone off, north of the mica mine. Some negroes had seen him riding away.

"IN SINGLE FILE, TONY IN THE LEAD."

So Tony and his men took horses and rode away after him. Each of them carried his gun, for they did not know in what company they might find Mason. A man who steals horses is generally considered, especially in the country, to be wicked enough to do anything.

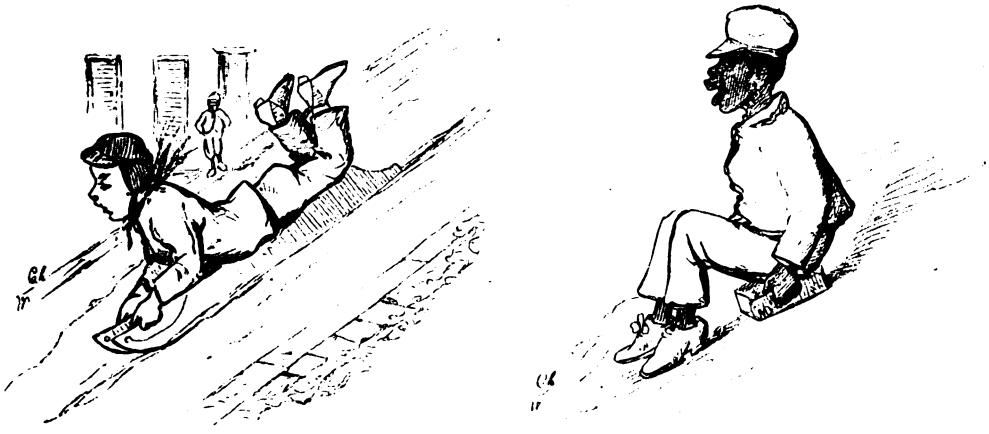
At a little place called Jordan's cross-roads, they were sure they had come upon him. Tom Riley's horse was found at the blacksmith's shop at the cross-roads, and the blacksmith said that he had been left there to have a shoe put on, and that the man who had ridden him had gone on over the fields towards a house on the edge of the woods, about a mile away.

So Tony and his men rode up to within a half-mile of the house, and then they dismounted, tied their horses and proceeded on foot. They kept, as far as possible, under cover of the tall weeds and bushes, and hurried along silently and in single file, Tony in the lead. Thus they soon reached the house, when they quietly surrounded it.

But George Mason played them a pretty trick.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google



FOLLOWING A GOOD EXAMPLE.

THE GALLANT OUTRIDERS.

"WHERE have you been, my children,—
Where have you been, I pray?"
"Oh, but we've been a-riding,
A-riding the live-long day."

"And how did you ride, my darlings;
And where did all of you go?"
"We all of us went on horseback,
A-galloping in a row.

"Jack had the whole of the saddle;
I held on to the tail;
And Leslie, under the fore-feet,
Managed to ride the rail.

"Jacky galloped and cantered,—
Played he galloped, I mean;
For Les. and I did the rocking
And Jack just rode between.

"Oh, didn't our animal caper
As he hitched himself along!
We might have kept on forever,
If they'd only made him strong.

"But when I pitched on the carpet,
His tail so tight in my hand,
And Les. from the rail fell kicking,
Why, horsey came to a stand.

"If Les. had only kept quiet
We might have played we were dead;
I don't see the sense in yelling
Because you have bumped your head.

"Jacky held on like a good one,
And looked as fine as a fiddle,—
But it's nothing to ride a-horseback
If a fellow is on the middle."

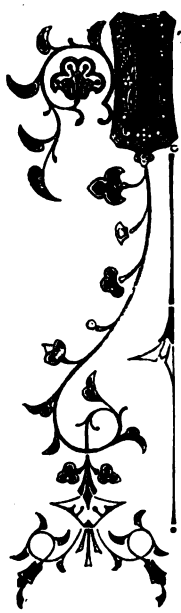
Digitized by Google

ROSES AND FORGET-ME-NOTS.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

I.

ROSES.



IT was a cold November storm, and everything looked forlorn. Even the pert sparrows were draggled-tailed and too much out of spirits to fight for crumbs with the fat pigeons who tripped through the mud with their little red boots as if in haste to get back to their cosy home in the dove-cot.

But the most forlorn creature out that day was a small errand girl, with a bonnet-box on each arm, and both hands struggling to hold a big, broken umbrella. A pair of worn-out boots let in the wet upon her tired feet; a thin cotton dress and an old shawl poorly protected her from the storm; and a faded hood covered her head.

The face that looked out from this hood was too pale and anxious for one so young; and when a sudden gust turned the old umbrella inside out with a crash, despair fell upon poor Lizzie, and she was so miserable she could have sat down in the rain and cried.

But there was no time for tears; so, dragging the dilapidated umbrella along, she spread her shawl over the bonnet-boxes and hurried down the broad street, eager to hide her misfortunes from a pretty young girl who stood at a window laughing at her.

She could not find the number of the house where one of the fine hats was to be left; and after hunting all down one side of the street she crossed over and came at last to the very house where the pretty girl lived. She was no longer to be seen; and, with a sigh of relief, Lizzie rang the bell, and was told to wait in the hall while Miss Belle tried the hat on.

Glad to rest, she warmed her feet, righted her umbrella, and then sat looking about her with eyes quick to see the beauty and the comfort that made the place so homelike and delightful. A small waiting-room opened from the hall, and in it stood many blooming plants, whose fragrance attracted Lizzie as irresistibly as if she had been a butterfly or bee.

Slipping in, she stood enjoying the lovely colors, sweet odors and delicate shapes of these household spirits; for Lizzie loved flowers passionately; and just then they possessed a peculiar charm for her.

One particularly captivating little rose won her heart, and made her long for it with a longing that became a temptation too strong to resist. It was so perfect; so like a rosy face smiling out from the green leaves, that Lizzie could *not* keep her hands off it, and having smelt, touched and kissed it, she suddenly broke the stem and hid it in her pocket. Then, frightened at what she had done, she crept back to her place in the hall and sat there burdened with remorse.

A servant came just then to lead her up stairs, for Miss Belle wished the hat altered and must give directions. With her heart in a flutter and pinker roses in her cheeks than the one in her pocket, Lizzie followed to a handsome room, where a pretty girl stood before a long mirror with the hat in her hand.

"Tell Madame Tifany that I don't like it at all, for she has n't put in the blue plume mamma ordered, and I won't have rose-buds; they are so common," said the young lady, in a dissatisfied tone, as she twirled the hat about.

"Yes, miss," was all Lizzie could say; for *she* considered that hat the loveliest thing a girl could possibly own.

"You had better ask your mamma about it, Miss Belle, before you give any orders. She will be up in a few moments, and the girl can wait," put in a maid, who was sewing in the anteroom.

"I suppose I must; but I *won't* have roses, answered Belle, crossly. Then she glanced at Lizzie and said more gently, "You look very cold; come and sit by the fire while you wait."

"I 'm afraid I 'll wet the pretty rug, miss; my feet are sopping," said Lizzie, gratefully, but timidly.

"So they are! Why did n't you wear rubber boots?"

"I have n't got any."

"I 'll give you mine, then, for I hate them; and as I never go out in wet weather, they are of no earthly use to me. Marie, bring them here; I shall be glad to get rid of them; and I 'm sure they 'll be useful to you."

"Oh, thank you, miss! I 'd like 'em ever so

Digitized by Google

much, for I 'm out in the rain half the time and get bad colds because my boots are old," said Lizzie, smiling brightly at the thought of the welcome gift.

"I should think your mother would get you warmer things," began Belle, who found something rather interesting in the shabby girl, with shy, bright eyes, and curly hair bursting out of the old hood.

"I have n't got any mother," said Lizzie, with a pathetic glance at her poor clothes.

"I 'm so sorry! Have you brothers and sisters?" asked Belle, hoping to find something pleasant to talk about; for she was a kind little soul.

"No, miss; I 've got no folks at all."

"Oh, dear; how sad! Why, who takes care of you?" cried Belle, looking quite distressed.

"No one; I take care of myself. I work for Madame, and she pays me a dollar a week. I stay with Mrs. Brown and chore round to pay for my keep. My dollar don't get many clothes, so I can't be as neat as I 'd like." And the forlorn look came back to poor Lizzie's face.

Belle said nothing, but sat among the sofa cushions, where she had thrown herself, looking soberly at this other girl, no older than she was, who took care of herself and was all alone in the world. It was a new idea to Belle, who was loved and petted as an only child is apt to be. She often saw beggars and pitied them, but knew very little about their wants and lives; so it was like turning a new page in her happy life to be brought so near to poverty as this chance meeting with the milliner's girl.

"Are n't you afraid and lonely and unhappy?" she said slowly, trying to understand and put herself in Lizzie's place.

"Yes; but it 's no use. I can't help it, and may be things will get better by and by, and I 'll have my wish," answered Lizzie, more hopefully, because Belle's pity warmed her heart and made her troubles seem lighter.

"What is your wish?" asked Belle, hoping Mamma would n't come just yet, for she was getting interested in the stranger.

"To have a nice little room, and make flowers like a French girl I know. It 's such pretty work, and she gets lots of money, for everyone likes her flowers. She shows me how, sometimes, and I can do leaves first-rate; but ——"

There Lizzie stopped suddenly, and the color rushed up to her forehead; for she remembered the little rose in her pocket and it weighed upon her conscience like a stone.

Before Belle could ask what was the matter, Marie came in with a tray of cake and fruit, saying:

"Here 's your lunch, Miss Belle."

"Put it down, please; I 'm not ready for it yet." And Belle shook her head as she glanced at Lizzie, who was staring hard at the fire with such a troubled face that Belle could not bear to see it.

Jumping out of her nest of cushions, she heaped a plate with good things, and going to Lizzie, offered it, saying, with a gentle courtesy that made the act doubly sweet:

"Please have some; you must be tired of waiting."

But Lizzie could not take it; she could only cover her face and cry, for this kindness rent her heart and made the stolen flower a burden too heavy to be borne.

"Oh, don't cry so! Are you sick? Have I been rude? Tell me all about it; and if I can't do anything, mamma can," said Belle, surprised and troubled.

"No; I 'm not sick; I 'm bad, and I can't bear it when you are so good to me," sobbed Lizzie, quite overcome with penitence; and taking out the crumpled rose, she confessed her fault with many tears.

"Don't feel so much about such a little thing as that," began Belle, warmly, then checked herself and added more soberly, "It *was* wrong to take it without leave, but it 's all right now, and I 'll give you as many roses as you want, for I know you are a good girl."

"Thank you. I did n't want it only because it was pretty, but I wanted to copy it. I can't get any for myself, and so I can't do my make-believe ones well. Madame won't even lend me the old ones in the store, and Estelle has none to spare for me, because I can't pay her for teaching me. She gives me bits of muslin and wire and things, and shows me now and then. But I know if I had a real flower I could copy it; so she 'd see I did know something, for I try real hard. I 'm *so* tired of slopping round the streets I 'd do anything to earn my living some other way."

Lizzie had poured out her trouble rapidly, and the little story was quite affecting when one saw the tears on her cheeks, the poor clothes and the thin hands that held the stolen rose. Belle was much touched, and, in her impetuous way, set about mending matters as fast as possible.

"Put on those boots and that pair of dry stockings right away. Then tuck as much cake and fruit into your pocket as it will hold. I 'm going to get you some flowers and see if mamma is too busy to attend to me."

With a nod and a smile Belle flew about the room a minute, then vanished, leaving Lizzie to her comfortable task, feeling as if fairies still haunted the world as in the good old times.

Digitized by Google

When Belle came back with a handful of roses, she found Lizzie absorbed in admiring contemplation of her new boots as she ate sponge-cake in a blissful sort of waking dream.

"Mamma can't come; but I don't care about the hat. It will do very well, and is n't worth fussing about. There, will those be of any use to you?" And she offered the nosegay with a much happier face than the one Lizzie first saw.

"Oh, miss, they're just lovely? I'll copy that pink rose as soon as ever I can, and when I've learned how to do 'em tip top I'd like to bring you some, if you don't mind," answered Lizzie, smiling all over her face as she buried her nose luxuriously in the fragrant mass.

"I'd like it very much, for I should think you'd have to be very clever to make such pretty things. I really quite fancy those rose-buds in my hat, now I know that you're going to learn how to make them. Put an orange in your pocket, and the flowers in water as soon as you can, so they'll be fresh when you want them. Good by. Bring home our hats every time and tell me how you get on."

With kind words like these Belle dismissed Lizzie, who ran down stairs, feeling as rich as if she had found a fortune. Away to the next place she hurried, anxious to get her errands done and the precious posy safely into fresh water. But Mrs. Turretville was not at home, and the bonnet could not be left till paid for. So Lizzie turned to go down the high steps, glad that she need not wait. She stopped one instant to take a delicious sniff at her flowers, and that was the last happy moment that poor Lizzie knew for many weary months.

The new boots were large for her, the steps slippery with sleet, and down went the little errand girl, from top to bottom, till she landed in the gutter directly upon Mrs. Turretville's costly bonnet.

"I've saved my posies, anyway," sighed Lizzie, as she picked herself up, bruised, wet and faint with pain; "but, oh, my heart! won't Madame scold when she sees that band-box smashed flat," groaned the poor child, sitting on the curbstone to get her breath and view the disaster.

The rain poured, the wind blew, the sparrows on the park railing chirped derisively, and no one came along to help Lizzie out of her troubles. Slowly she gathered up her burdens; painfully she limped away in the big boots, and the last the naughty sparrows saw of her was a shabby little figure going round the corner, with a pale, tearful face held lovingly over the bright bouquet that was her one treasure and her only comfort in the moment which brought to her the great misfortune of her life.

II.

FORGET-ME-NOTS.

"OH, mamma, I am so relieved that the box has come at last! If it had not, I do believe I should have died of disappointment," cried pretty Belle, five years later, on the morning before her eighteenth birthday.

"It would have been a serious disappointment, darling, for I had set my heart on your wearing my gift to-morrow night, and when the steamers kept coming in without my trunk from Paris, I was very anxious. I hope you will like it, dear."

"Dear mamma, I know I shall like it; your taste is so good and you know what suits me so well. Make haste, Marie; I'm dying to see it," said Belle, dancing about the great trunk, as the maid carefully unfolded tissue papers and muslin wrappers.

A young girl's first ball-dress is a grand affair,—in her eyes, at least; and Belle soon stopped dancing to stand with clasped hands, eager eyes and parted lips before the snowy pile of illusion that was at last daintily lifted out upon the bed. Then, as Marie displayed its loveliness, little shrieks of delight were heard, and when the whole delicate dress was arranged to the best effect she threw herself upon her mother's neck and actually cried with pleasure.

"Mamma, it is too lovely! and you are very kind to do so much for me. How shall I ever thank you?"

"By putting it right on to see if it fits; and when you wear it look your happiest, that I may be proud of my pretty daughter."

Mamma got no further, for Marie uttered a French shriek, wrung her hands, and then began to burrow wildly in the trunk and among the papers, crying distractedly:

"Great heavens, madame! the wreath has been forgotten! *Ma foi!* what an affliction! Mademoiselle's enchanting toilette is destroyed without the wreath, and nowhere do I find it."

In vain they searched; in vain Marie wailed and Belle declared it must be somewhere; no wreath appeared. It was duly set down in the bill, and a fine sum charged for a head-dress to match the dainty forgot-me-nots that looped the fleecy skirts and ornamented the bosom of the dress. It had evidently been forgotten; and Mamma despatched Marie at once to try and match the flowers, for Belle would not hear of any other decoration for her beautiful blonde hair.

Digitized by Google

The dress fitted to a charm, and was pronounced by all beholders the loveliest thing ever seen. Nothing was wanted but the wreath to make it quite perfect, and when Marie returned, after a long search, with no forget-me-nots, Belle was in despair.

"Wear natural ones," suggested a sympathizing friend.

But another hunt among greenhouses was as fruitless as that among the milliners' rooms. No forget-me-nots could be found, and Marie fell exhausted into a chair, desolated at what she felt to be an awful calamity.

"Let me have the carriage, and I 'll ransack the city till I find some," cried Belle, growing more resolute with each failure.

Mamma was deep in preparations for the ball, and could not help her afflicted daughter, though she was much disappointed at the mishap. So Belle drove off, resolved to have her flowers whether there were any or not.

Anyone who has ever tried to match a ribbon, find a certain fabric, or get anything done in a hurry, knows what a wearisome task it sometimes is, and can imagine Belle's state of mind after repeated disappointments. She was about to give up in despair when some one suggested that perhaps the Frenchwoman, Estelle Valnor, might make the desired wreath, if there was time.

Away drove Belle, and, on entering the room, gave a sigh of satisfaction, for a whole boxful of the loveliest forget-me-nots stood upon the table. As fast as possible, she told her tale and demanded the flowers, no matter what the price might be. Imagine her feelings when the Frenchwoman, with a shrug, announced that it was impossible to give mademoiselle a single spray. All were engaged to trim a bridesmaid's dress, and must be sent away at once.

It really was too bad! and Belle lost her temper entirely, for no persuasion or bribes would win a spray from Estelle. The provoking part of it was that the wedding would not come off for several days, and there was time enough to make more flowers for that dress, since Belle only wanted a few for her hair. Neither would Estelle make her any, as her hands were full, and so small an order was not worth deranging one's self for; but observing Belle's sorrowful face, she said, affably:

"Mademoiselle may, perhaps, find the flowers she desires at Miss Berton's. She has been helping me with these garlands, and may have some left. Here is her address."

Belle took the card with thanks, and hurried away with a last hope faintly stirring in her girlish heart, for Belle had an unusually ardent wish to look her best at this party, since Somebody was to be there, and Somebody considered forget-me-nots the sweetest flowers in the world. Mamma knew this, and the kiss Belle gave her when the dress came had a more tender meaning than gratified vanity or daughterly love.

Up many stairs she climbed, and came at last to a little room, very poor but very neat, where, at the one window, sat a young girl, with crutches by her side and her lap full of flower-leaves and petals. She rose slowly as Belle came in, and then stood looking at her, with such a wistful expression in her shy, bright eyes, that Belle's anxious face cleared involuntarily, and her voice lost its impatient tone.

As she spoke she glanced about the room, hoping to see some blue blossoms awaiting her. But none appeared; and she was about to despond again, when the girl said, gently:

"I have none by me now, but I may be able to find you some."

"Thank you very much; but I have been everywhere in vain. Still, if you do get any, please send them to me as soon as possible. Here is my card."

Miss Berton glanced at it, then cast a quick look at the sweet, anxious face before her, and smiled so brightly that Belle smiled also, and asked, wonderingly:

"What is it? What do you see?"

"I see the dear young lady who was so kind to me long ago. You don't remember me, and never knew my name; but I never have forgotten you all these years. I always hoped I could do something to show how grateful I was, and now I can, for you shall have your flowers if I sit up all night to make them."

But Belle still shook her head and watched the smiling face before her with wondering eyes, till the girl added, with sudden color in her cheeks:

"Ah, you 've done so many kind things in your life, you don't remember the little errand girl from Madame Tifany's who stole a rose in your hall, and how you gave her rubber boots and cake and flowers, and were so good to her she could n't forget it if she lived to be a hundred."

"But you are so changed," began Belle, who did faintly recollect that little incident in her happy life.

"Yes, I had a fall and hurt myself so that I shall always be lame."

And Lizzie went on to tell how Madame had dismissed her in a rage; how she lay ill till Mrs. Brown sent her to the hospital; and how for a year she had suffered much alone, in that great house of pain, before one of the kind visitors had befriended her.

While hearing the story of the five years, that had been so full of pleasure, ease and love for herself,

Digitized by Google

Belle forgot her errand, and, sitting beside Lizzie, listened with pitying eyes to all she told of her endeavors to support herself by the delicate handiwork she loved.

"I 'm very happy now," ended Lizzie, looking about the little bare room with a face full of the sweetest content. "I get nearly work enough to pay my way, and Estelle sends me some when she has more than she can do. I 've learned to do it nicely, and it is so pleasant to sit here and make flowers instead of trudging about in the wet with other people's hats. Though I do sometimes wish I was able to trudge, one gets on so slowly with crutches."

"LIZZIE KNELT DOWN TO ARRANGE THE AIRY SKIRT."

A little sigh followed the words, and Belle put her own plump hand on the delicate one that held the crutch, saying, in her cordial young voice:

"I 'll come and take you to drive sometimes, for you are too pale, and you 'll get ill sitting here at work day after day. Please let me; I 'd love to; for I feel so idle and wicked when I see busy people like you that I reproach myself for neglecting my duty and having more than my share of happiness."

Lizzie thanked her with a look, and then said, in a tone of interest that was delightful to hear:

"Tell about the wreath you want; I should so love to do it for you, if I can."

Belle had forgotten all about it in listening to this sad little story of a girl's life. Now she felt half ashamed to talk of so frivolous a matter till she remembered that it would help Lizzie; and, resolving to pay for it as never garland was paid for before, she entered upon the subject with renewed interest.

"You shall have the flowers in time for your ball to-morrow night. I will engage to make a wreath that will please you, only it may take longer than I think. Don't be troubled if I don't send it till evening; it will surely come in time. I can work fast, and this will be the happiest job I ever did," said Lizzie, beginning to lay out mysterious little tools and bend delicate wires.

"You are altogether too grateful for the little I did. It makes me feel ashamed to think I did not find you out before and do something better worth thanks."

"Ah, it was n't the boots or the cake or the roses, dear Miss Belle. It was the kind looks, the gentle words, the way you did it all, that went right to my heart, and did me more good than a million of money. I never stole a pin after that day, for the little rose would n't let me forget how you forgave me so sweetly. I sometimes think it kept me from greater temptations, for I was a poor, forlorn child, with no one to keep me good."

Pretty Belle looked prettier than ever as she listened, and a bright tear stood in either eye like a drop of dew on a blue flower. It touched her very much to learn that her little act of childish charity had been so sweet and helpful to this lonely girl, and now lived so freshly in her grateful memory. It showed her, suddenly, how precious little deeds of love and sympathy are; how strong to bless, how easy to perform, how comfortable to recall. Her heart was very full and tender just then, and the lesson sunk deep into it never to be forgotten.

She sat a long time watching flowers bud and blossom under Lizzie's skillful fingers, and

Digitized by Google

then hurried home to tell all her glad news to Mamma.

If the next day had not been full of most delightfully exciting events Belle might have felt some anxiety about her wreath, for hour after hour went by and nothing arrived from Lizzie.

Evening came, and all was ready. Belle was dressed and looked so lovely that Mamma declared she needed nothing more. But Marie insisted that the grand effect would be ruined without the garland among the sunshiny hair. Belle had time now to be anxious, and waited with growing impatience for the finishing touch to her charming toilette.

"I must be down stairs to receive, and can't wait another moment; so put in the blue pompon and let me go," she said at last, with a sigh of disappointment; for the desire to look beautiful that night in Somebody's eyes had increased four-fold.

With a tragic gesture, Marie was about to adjust the pompon when the quick tap of a crutch came down the hall, and Lizzie hurried in, flushed and breathless, but smiling happily as she uncovered the box she carried with a look of proud satisfaction.

A general "Ah!" of admiration arose as Belle, Mamma and Marie surveyed the lovely wreath that lay before them; and when it was carefully arranged on the bright head that was to wear it, Belle blushed with pleasure. Mamma said: "It is more beautiful than any Paris could have sent us;" and Marie clasped her hands theatrically, sighing, with her head on one side:

"Truly, yes; mademoiselle is now adorable!"

"I am so glad you like it. I did my very best and worked all night, but I had to beg one spray from Estelle, or, with all my haste, I could not have finished in time," said Lizzie, refreshing her weary eyes with a long, affectionate gaze at the pretty figure before her.

A fold of the airy skirt was caught on one of the blue clusters, and Lizzie knelt down to arrange it as she spoke. Belle leaned toward her and said softly: "Money alone can't pay you for this kindness; so tell me how I can best serve you. This is the happiest night of my life, and I want to make everyone feel glad also."

"Then don't talk of paying me, but promise that I may make the flowers you wear on your wedding-day," whispered Lizzie, kissing the kind hand held out to help her rise, for on it she saw a brilliant ring, and in the blooming, blushing face bent over her she read the tender little story that Somebody had told Belle that day.

"So you shall! and I 'll keep this wreath all my life for your sake, dear," answered Belle, as her full heart bubbled over with pitying affection for the poor girl who would never make a bridal garland for herself.

Belle kept her word, even when she was in a happy home of her own; for out of the dead roses bloomed a friendship that brightened Lizzie's life; and long after the blue garland was faded Belle remembered the helpful little lesson that taught her to read the faces poverty touches with a pathetic eloquence, which says to those who look, "Forget-me-not."

MARCH.

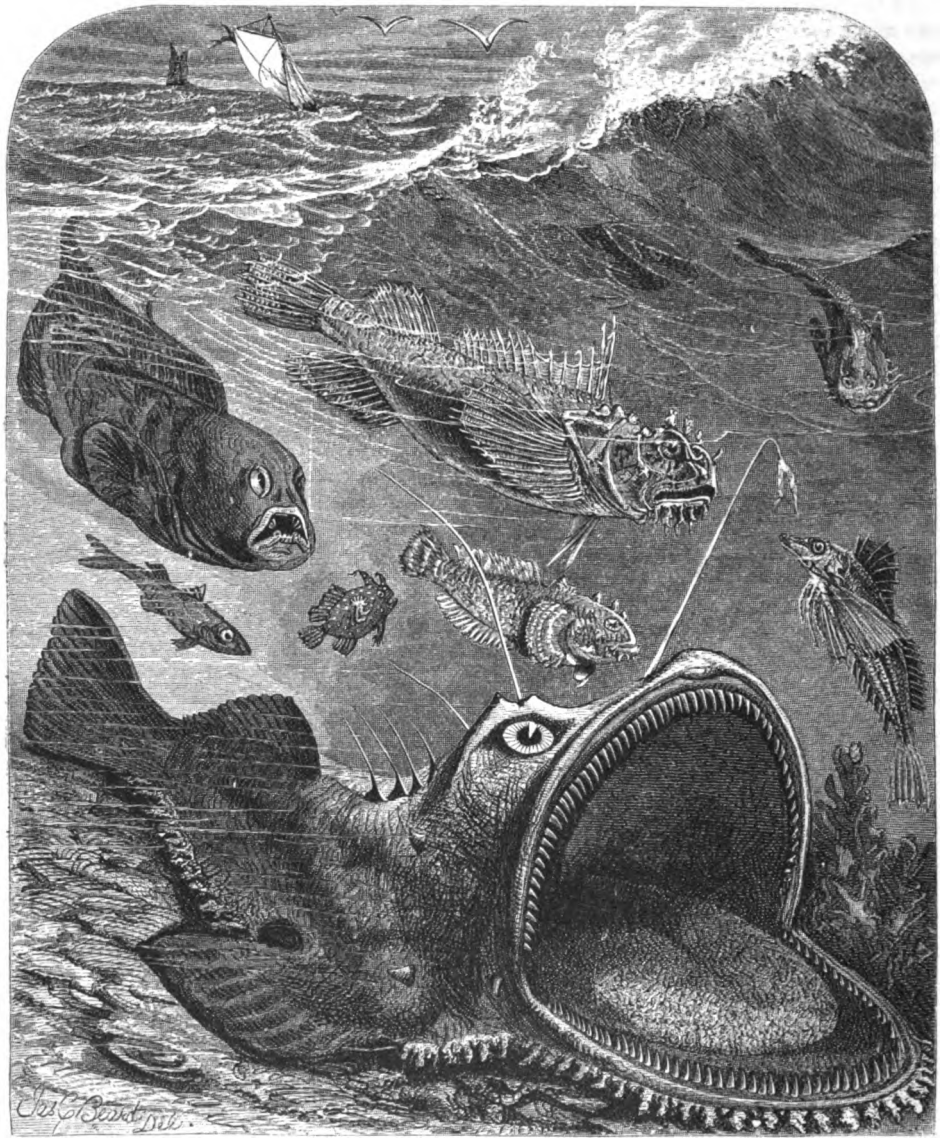
In the snowing and the blowing,
In the cruel sleet,—
Little flowers begin their growing
Far beneath our feet.
Softly taps the Spring, and cheerly,—
"Darlings, are you here?"
Till they answer: "We are nearly,
Nearly ready, dear."

"Where is Winter, with his snowing?
Tell us, Spring," they say;
Then she answers: "He is going,
Going on his way.
Poor old Winter does not love you,—
But his time is past;
Soon my birds shall sing above you,—
Set you free at last!"

Digitized by Google

SOME CURIOUS FISHES.

IN this picture Mr. Beard has drawn for us some very remarkable fishes,—not fancy fishes either, but real ones, true to life and drawn without exaggeration. Now, instead of our describing the names and habits of these fishes, referring to them by their position in the picture. If you can only write about one fish, we shall be glad to have you do so. Send your letters as soon as you can, as



SOME CURIOUS FISHES.

picture to our readers, we would like them to describe it to us. We hope all boys and girls who take an interest in natural history will investigate this matter and tell us, as far as they can, the those received after March 15 are not likely to be examined. In the May number of ST. NICHOLAS we shall tell you what *we* know about these curious creatures.

Digitized by Google

SNOWED IN.

An Incident of the Great Storm of the Winter of 1872.

By Martha M. Thomas.

"When will you be home, father?"

"The day after to-morrow. If I start immediately, I can be there by eight or nine o'clock. The snow looks as though it might be deep. I shall put Bob and Grey to the sleigh, and take Jack with me."

"It will be so lonely, and, somehow, I wish you were not going."

The girl stooped and opened the stove door, furtively wiping her eyes with her apron.

"So do I, Beckie, but I must go. I am Huston's principal witness, and should feel very sorry if, for want of my testimony, he lost his farm."

"I know it is right, and I should not care so much if Jack would be here, but ——"

"I shall stop at neighbor Giles' and get Aunt Lizzie to come over; she said she would do so. Joe is to bring her, and stay and milk and do the feeding while I am gone."

Beckie brightened up at this.

"Let Jack get ready, while I put some wood and coal in the shed to be handy, then I will take a bite and be off."

Mr. Wilson was a New England man, who, finding some difficulty in making a living out of his "stony potato patch," as he called the few acres he owned in his native state, had emigrated to the West and settled on one of the rich prairies that there abound. He had married a thrifty, active girl, the daughter of a neighboring farmer, and he now owned a large farm, with comfortable house and outhouses. His dwelling was rather isolated, being some distance from any traveled road.

His wife had died six months previous, leaving him with five children. Jack, the eldest, was turned of fourteen. Beckie was in her thirteenth year. James was ten; Will, eight; and the baby, a girl, was seven months old.

Since their mother's death, Beckie had tried to supply her place to the other children. She had taken all the care of the baby, and was, as her father called her, a "little mother." Mr. Wilson had been summoned to the county town, as witness on a trial involving the ownership of a friend's farm, and although the weather was stormy and cold, he felt that he must go.

"Keep up the fires, Beckie," he said, while eating his pie; "there is wood and coal enough in the shed to last until I get back, and take good care of Jamie and the baby."

"Yes," she replied; adding, "How it does snow, and it has grown colder!"

When they had started, Beckie stood until they drove out of the yard and the curtain of fast-falling snow almost hid them from her sight.

"I never did see it snow so," she said to Jamie. "I wish Joe would come,—he is such good company."

A silent hour passed, interrupted only by Will's laugh, as he lay on the floor playing with baby. Beckie began to feel uneasy, for the short winter day was drawing to a close, and neither Aunt Lizzie nor Joe had come.

"I have been watching the snow, Beckie. I cannot see the garden fence, the flakes fall so thick. I hope father and Jack will be safe," said Jamie, as she stepped into the sitting-room to get the broom. She had gone into the shed for something, and was surprised at the depth of the snow. She went to the window and looked out.

There was not a goose nor a duck to be seen. The chickens had been driven from under the lilac bushes, where they usually took refuge in a storm.

Again she wished Aunt Lizzie and Joe would come. She began to feel a sort of dread too, and was a little frightened at the aspect of things. Every moment the storm increased in violence. Outside things were buried in the snow; a gloom was creeping over the whole landscape. She could scarcely distinguish objects she knew to be only a few yards distant.

She opened the door again, and went out into the shed. As she did so, she heard the favorite cow, Crumpies, lowing, give a long, low bellow.

"She is at the cow-house door and wants to get in," she said to herself; "I will milk her, for Joe may not come, and baby must have her supper."

She took down an old coat of her father's and buttoned herself in it, drew on Jack's cow-hide boots, tied up her head and ears in a comforter, then, opening the door into the sitting-room, she told Jamie to stay in there and look after Will and the baby, took her milk pail and started. She stopped, aghast, when she reached the door of the shed, confounded at the depth of the snow. She plunged into it, but found she could not go on.

Beckie was a girl of courage, besides which she had a spirit of adventure. She did not think there was any especial danger. It was a dreadful storm,

Digitized by Google

there was excitement in breasting it, and it would be something to tell of afterwards; besides, she must have the milk for baby—that was the paramount idea now. As she recovered from her first plunge she thought of a kind of snow-hoe her father had made, and she stepped back into the shed, and, with some difficulty, extricated it. It was a long stout stick, at the end of which was fastened a broad, flat piece of board, like a hoe, only many times larger. Cutting a piece of the clothes line that hung there, she tied her milk pail by it around her waist; then putting the handle of her snow-hoe against her breast, holding it with both hands, she pressed on, making a track for herself. As she went by the dog-kennel the animal barked and jumped towards her, and she stopped in the deep snow and unchained him.

The gloom had so increased, she could scarcely distinguish an object in the barn-yard. Reaching the gate between the two yards, she was tempted to go back, but again she heard Crumpies' lowing, and she pushed on, although it was hard work. The wind and snow came so violently she could scarcely stand up against it, and would have fallen but for the snow-hoe, which supported her.

At length she reached the cow-house. Crumpies and another cow stood there. Fortunately the snow had, in a measure, drifted away from the cow-house door, and was piled against a fence a few feet off. With two or three digs of her snow-hoe she cleared it away, so as to open the door sufficiently for the animals to go in. Passing in herself, she had to sit down a moment before she could do anything, although the gathering gloom there alarmed her.

In an excitement, and with a fierce anxiety about getting back, she went to work and milked both cows, threw them corn, ran into the barn for hay, and then she thought of the horses in the stable; she gave them oats, shook the hay in their mangers, and was hastening out, when she saw the milk cans which her father had left on a bench there. She seized them, and pouring the milk into them, put the tops on securely, and tied them around her waist. It was dark, almost, in the barn, and she got out as quickly as she could, fastened the cow-house door, and once more was amid the raging elements.

Confused, she stood, scarcely knowing which way to go. There was no sign of the path she had made. Could she fight her way back? The fury of the tempest had so increased, it seemed as though nothing could live in it. She was almost numb with cold;—but the children! the baby! With no spoken words, but with the spirit of Peter's "Save me, I perish," in her heart, she attempted to press on.

Blindly she went, staggering under the weight of the milk, which she clung to as life for baby, the flakes dashing in her face with a force that almost took her breath, and the wind rocking her as though she were a reed.

She was so cold she could not stand this much longer. She would soon drop. She would be frozen to death, she knew; but even as she thought this, she pushed on. She must be near the gate; she tried to see it, but there might as well have been a wall before her.

The wind swept by in a fearful gust that rocked her back and forth, although she was walled up, as it were, on each side. What was that it had bared just in her path? The roof of the dog-kennel? Yes, it was; and she was then inside the yard, only about thirty feet from the shed. She put her hands straight out before her, and, with all her strength, made her way forward. Would she never get there! She could not stand it much longer. Just then, her outstretched hands came with stinging force against the shed. She gave a cry of joy; staggered along, feeling for the opening; found it; and, for a second, stood there gasping.

Even in that instant it seemed as though she would be covered up. The storm shrieked and howled like an army of demons.

She never could tell how she reached the kitchen door, and got within. All she did know was that she was aroused by Jamie's crying; that she found herself upon the kitchen floor beside a mass of snow; her milk safe; and that it was quite dark.

She was not conscious that she, a girl of thirteen, had accomplished a feat that night which many strong, brave men had lost their lives in attempting,—the feat of going a dozen yards in that storm.

She was very weak, and her limbs ached, and she could not drag herself to the stove to renew the fire, now low. Jamie put in fuel, while she shivered and trembled. It seemed as though her blood had frozen in her veins. The baby was crying. She attempted to get up, but fell back, and burst into tears. Frightened at her appearance and manner, Jamie began to sob, and this aroused her.

"Get the baby's bottle, Jamie, and warm her some milk."

Jamie wiped his eyes, and did as she told him.

Jamie fed the baby, and she sat by the stove, leaning over it. The children must have their supper; but she felt herself totally unable to drag herself about. She remembered some highly spiced blackberry cordial her mother had made and kept for sickness. Jamie got her some. She drank almost a tea-cupful, then dragged herself to the settee, and laid down. She fell asleep, and was only awakened by Will's tugging at her dress.

Digitized by Google

"Beckie! Beckie! I want some supper; and it is so dark!"

She got up so much revived, that she hastened to get a light, put the tea-kettle on, and set the table. When she tried to draw in the shutters she could not move them; the snow was banked up against the windows, and fell in on the floor. It was with difficulty she could close the window again.

Beckie was so very anxious that she could not eat any supper. Will had a good appetite; but Jamie complained of a headache, and said he did not want any. Beckie persuaded him to come to table and drink a cup of tea. She took the baby up, and sat there feeding it until they were done; then she laid it in its cradle, for it had gone to sleep.

After getting coal and wood for the night, from the shed,—and there was not much there,—she went up stairs to see if there was any fire. She slept up there with the baby, and the boys' bed was down in their father's room. Turning the damper in the stove, the room was soon warm. She told the boys to get into one of the beds in her room, heard Will say his prayers, undressed the baby, and went to bed herself.

Wearied with the day's exertions, she slept soundly. It was later than usual, and intensely cold, when she got up next morning. Her first glance out the window showed they were buried in snow. As far as her eye could reach, there was a trackless waste of white, unbroken by a single object. The barn appeared half buried, the coal-shed was not to be seen; but the storm had abated. Her first thought was of father and Jack. Had they reached H—— in safety? Her next thought, as she proceeded to make the fire, was, what should they do for fuel? There was only that little pile in the kitchen.

She went down stairs. Every window was blocked up. She made a fire to get breakfast, and then opened the door. A sheet of white faced her. She closed it quickly, fearing the snow would fall in upon her; and, utterly appalled, sat down and cried. What were they to do? No one could get to them. They had not more than enough fuel to last during the day.

Presently she dried her tears, and sat for a few moments thinking. Then she got up, lighted a lamp, and went about preparing breakfast, drawing the table as close to the stove as possible.

When she went up stairs the children were awake. Jamie fretted, and complained of his head and his throat; he coughed, and had fever. She told him to lie still and she would bring him some coffee; and she and Will went down to their meal.

She had determined what to do; and, after soothing Jamie, and telling him to lie still and try to sleep, and giving Will a picture book to amuse him, she began her preparations. She must move up stairs and keep but one fire. Besides the small quantity of coal, there was very little oil. All was darkness down stairs. The wind seemed to have blown the snow before it across the prairie, and walled them in.

She carried a bench up stairs, and set it in the hall, and on this she put her dishes and eatables; took the baby's cradle and a crock of milk up (how glad she was she had the milk!), moved a stand and trunk out of the room, and put a table in their place.

It was a dreadfully weary day; and she was glad when the time came to get dinner. The difficulties of cooking on the little chamber stove occupied her; and Will was immensely amused at the small table off which they had to eat. There was a noise at the door, and when they opened it Rover, the dog, walked in. He had been left down stairs, and forgotten. Will fed him, and he stretched himself beside the stove, wagging his tail whenever they spoke to him.

Jamie would eat nothing,—he was really ill. Beckie saw that, but she did not know what to give him. The baby and he occupied her attention all the afternoon.

She got supper ready early and put Will to bed. She was very much alarmed about Jamie, and frightened when she saw how little coal there was left; not more than enough to make a fire in the morning. What should she do? They must have fire. She went into the cellar and knocked a couple of barrels to pieces, and carried the staves up stairs.

She slept little, for Jamie tossed and threw his arms out over his head, and the cover off him, and called "water! water!" every few moments. She had to keep up the fire for fear he would get cold; and when daylight came, and she awoke from an uneasy sleep in which she had fallen, there was only a couple of barrel staves left.

She must keep the children warm, and she said to herself, "I will do it if I must burn up all the furniture in the house."

Dressing herself warmly, she again visited the cellar. There was an old barrel in the corner she had overlooked; on removing some bits of iron from it, she found about a bushel of coal. She carried this up stairs, and with the staves of the barrel, soon had a bright, warm fire, and a good breakfast set out for Will and herself. Jamie was so ill he did not notice anything; and the baby, who was always good, slept. From the window was to be seen only the same dreary waste of unbroken snow.

All her energies this day were taxed to keep the fire going. She dressed Will and the baby as

Digitized by Google

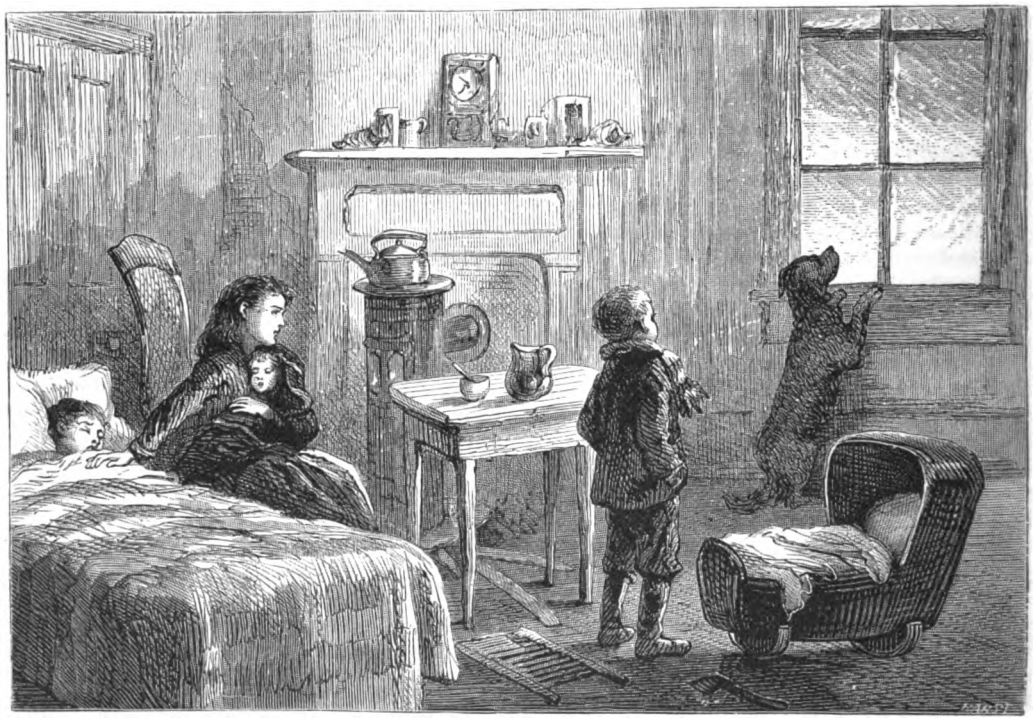
warmly as possible, and collected and burnt every available small article in the house. The potato masher, the wash-board, the tubs, the shelves in the cellar and the kitchen, the steps leading to the cellar, the clothes-horse, the bread-board and rolling-pin were all split in pieces, and carefully put in the stove, with bits of coal to make them last longer. Before dark they went to bed, for there was not more than enough oil in the house to last a couple of hours. Jamie did not any longer know her; he lay muttering in delirium.

The morning dawned, and it was the same as before. All night—although nearly overcome with drowsiness and fatigue—she had watched Jamie; bathed his hot head, and put water to his lips. It was all she could do. Help must come with the day. She would not give up.

She used the last of the fuel to make up the fire, and managed to make the kettle boil. After she had taken some coffee and Will had eaten his breakfast, she left him at play with Rover, and went below stairs; and there sitting down, had a hearty cry. She believed Jamie was dying. She did not know what to do for him. What should she do? Why did not father come? Was he dead? Then she thought, "He will come if he is alive. The children must not see me cry." She wiped her eyes. "I must split up this table to burn."

She lifted the axe and struck a piece off the edge—another—then she heard Rover bark; again and again he barked. "Will is making him, and he will disturb Jamie," she thought, and she dropped the axe and ran up stairs.

"Beckie! Beckie!" called Will, as she opened the door, "Rover is so funny, he jumped up at the window and keeps wagging his tail and barking."



SOME ONE IS COMING!

A look out the window showed her something moving over the prairie towards the house. She could not tell what it was for the showering of snow that accompanied it.

"Some one is coming! Some one is coming!" she exclaimed.

As it neared, the dog sprang up and down, resting his paws on the window sill, and barking louder and louder, and Will stood beside him, making little springs and screaming:

"It is father, Beckie! It is father!"

"We can see best now in the other room; wrap this shawl around you." Beckie darted through the door, and threw open a window in the adjoin-

Digitized by Google

ing chamber. Rover sprang up, put his head and most of his body out—looked as though he wished to leap—then drew back, as though afraid, and barked more furiously than ever.

Now the barn hid the object—it was in the barn-yard. It seemed to move slowly and take time—a long time to the eager lookers-on—to advance. Rover barked frantically; and, as if in answer, a voice from the moving mass, in which they began to distinguish figures, called:

"Beckie! Beckie!"

"It is father! It is father! Yes, yes!"

She ran down and opened the kitchen door. Now she could hear but could not see them. She ran back again and called out, and then down into the kitchen. They were working outside. In a few moments something scattered the snow right and left—she was covered with it—and her father burst into the kitchen.

"Beckie! where are you all?"

"Here, father!" She was hanging on him.

"All safe?"

"Yes; but Jamie is so ill."

He made a step towards the sitting-room door.

"We have no fire;" she pointed to the table. "I have burnt up almost everything."

He had Will in his arms; he stepped to the door.

"Men! they have no fire; she was chopping up the table." He turned to her. "Where are Jamie and the baby? I was afraid you would all be frozen to death!"

He went up stairs, took up the baby and kissed it, looked at Jamie.

"Thank God it is no worse!" he said.

The men were building a fire in the kitchen, and there was soon another blazing in the sitting-room.

Mr. Wilson's first care was to attend to Jamie. He was accustomed to prescribe for his children when they were ill, and he had medicine in the house. Soon he was seated, with Will on his knee and Beckie close beside and leaning against him, the fire burning brightly, while she told her story.

He pressed her close to him, kissed her, patted her head, and called her a heroic little mother. O, how proud she was! Then he told her how he and Jack had been caught in the storm. They had lost the road and were unable to tell where they were, but kept on, on for their lives; at last he became so exhausted and cold, the reins dropped from his hands, and he fell to the bottom of the sleigh. Then Jack, who was warmly wrapped in an extra bear robe, seized the reins and drove, they could not tell whither. Night began to come on. After a time they heard some one calling, and answering, found they had approached a dwelling, the owner of which, lantern in hand, had come out to unloose his dog, and had heard Crumpies' bell, which was tied on one of the horses.

They were taken into the house. Mr. Wilson was so exhausted he had to be put to bed. Upon inquiry they discovered that instead of being near H——, as they supposed, they were not half way there; they had been going round and round in a circle.

The next morning they were appalled at the extent of the storm. Troubled and anxious concerning his children, Mr. Wilson had in vain endeavored to get help to go to their assistance. There was no one there to help him; and the day was spent in digging their way to the barns and outhouses, relieving the cattle and procuring fuel. The day after, they succeeded in putting together something that answered as a snow plough, and accompanied by Mr. Staines and his son, at whose house they had been sheltered, and joined by others whose homes they passed, had made all haste possible to the children's assistance. They were obliged to stop one night, but had started again at daylight next morning. Calling at Mr. Giles' he had learned that Joe and "Aunt Lizzie" had started, but, affrighted at the storm, had turned back. Then his anxiety was increased; for he knew, from the out-of-the-way situation of the house, there was scarcely a probability of any aid but his reaching them.

"I feared to find you all dead; and but for you, 'little mother,' it would have been so."

A few days afterwards, when Jack reached home, he gave an account of the suffering and loss of life which the storm had caused,

Long will they remember the great snow storm of the winter of 1872.

Digitized by Google

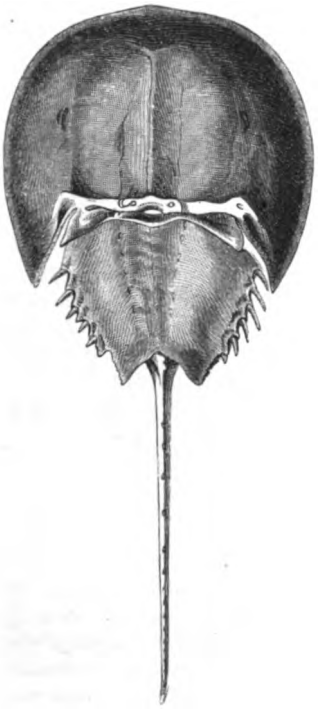
AN ODD FELLOW.

BY HARRIET M. MILLER.

ODD—I should think so! why, he carries his house on his back, and has his teeth on his legs!

That's a tough story, but—dear me!—it's nothing to what you'll have to believe when you come to study the curious creatures that live in the sea.

As to carrying his house about with him, that is nothing new, all crabs and turtles do that, but I must admit he's the only fellow I ever heard of who



HORSE-FOOT CRAB.

has teeth on his legs. If you and I are not acquainted with him, it is merely because we haven't been prying into the domestic manners of the crab family all these years, as some scientific gentlemen have. They have known about him these many years, and he has even got into the dictionary. Look in Webster's big dictionary, at the word Limulus, and you'll see a picture of him. Limulus, you must know, is his grand Latin name, which he doesn't wear at home in the sea. There he is called Horse-foot Crab, or King Crab.

And there's another droll thing about him,—he's just the shape of the bottom of a horse's foot, with a long sharp tail striking out at the heel. He's a funny sight when he is digging—and digging is his special delight, I can tell you. This shell is in two pieces; the front piece bends down and shovels up the dirt, the back piece bends down the other way, and the hard sharp tail braces against the ground, while all his feet—eight or ten there are—throw out the dirt on both sides. It doesn't take long for him to burrow into the mud out of sight.

But I haven't told you about those useful legs, which do the work of jaws, besides their regular business of carrying their owner about.

There are five pair of them, besides a short pair in front, called feelers, or antennæ, if you want the book name. The first four pair are furnished with sharp teeth—lots of them, sometimes as many as a hundred and fifty.

When this comical gentleman wants to eat, he seizes a soft worm, or some other sea delicacy, with his two hind feet, and holds it up to his mouth, which is conveniently placed among all these useful legs. Then the hundred and fifty sharp little teeth go to work, and rasp the food into bits, and the mouth takes it in.

How do you suppose all this was found out? A naturalist, who was curious to see what the horse-foot did with the food that he always pulled under his shell, waited till he was hard at work at his dinner, and then very coolly turned him over on his back. Mr. Limulus was too busy to mind, so he went on eating, and the naturalist saw the whole performance.

But I haven't told you half the wonderful things about him. When he is first hatched he is a quarter of an inch in diameter, has no tail, and has a shell just the right size for him, of course. When he gets bigger he outgrows the shell, as you youngsters do your clothes, and he has to get out of the old suit. It's a very droll sight to see him come out of himself in that way. He don't have so much trouble about it as lobsters and some other crabs do—he just splits open the front edge of his shell, and pulls himself out. But you know he has been growing some time since that baby suit fitted him, and the fact is, he has been very much crowded these last few days. So when he gets fairly out of the shell, he swells out an inch or two bigger than he was before, and in a short time he has another shell big enough for him, besides a little sharp tail.

So he goes on as long as he lives, throwing off his old shells and getting new ones.

Digitized by Google

This interesting little fellow is well supplied with eyes, having two large ones up high on the shell, to see all about with, and two more in front.

I must tell you how Mamma Horse-foot makes her nursery. In May or June, when she has, perhaps, half a pint of eggs under her shell, and when the tide is in—that is, the water is up high on the shore—she comes up on the sand as far as she can without getting out of the water. She then digs a hole, and puts the eggs into it—and that's just all she does about it, and she never sees one of the babies.

The next wave covers these eggs up with sand, the hot sun hatches them out, and the little ones know everything belonging to a crab's education, and can take care of themselves the minute they come out of the shell. But the drollest part of the business is the behavior of Mr. Limulus. He wants to see that the eggs are properly laid in the sand, and he doesn't want the trouble of walking, so the lazy fellow jumps upon Mamma Limulus's shell, and lets her carry him up, and back again in the same way. That's most as lazy as our noble red men, who sit and smoke while their wives work for them.

While I am writing of crabs, I want to tell you a story about some cousins of the king crab family.

It is about the land crabs of St. Domingo. The Spanish had the town, and the English wanted to get it away. After some fighting, the English, who were in ships, sent a party ashore in the night to surprise the soldiers, and seize the town.

As they were forming on the shore, they heard a great clashing and clattering, and they thought the whole Spanish army was after them; so they ran to their boats and fled.

In the morning it turned out that the noise was made by the crabs, who come out of their burrows in the sand at night to seek their food.

In honor of this exploit, the people have every year a great feast, in which a solid gold crab is carried about the town in procession. It is called the Feast of the Crabs.

PETER PARROT.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

PETER in the window sits,
  Turning round his cool, red eye,
  Looking strange, and cross and shy.
As from ring to perch he flits,
  Hanging there by claw or beak—
  Sometimes looking up to speak.

"Pretty Polly," oft he says—
  Half in question, half to see
  If his simple vanity
Finds an echo in my praise;
  Sometimes he will laugh and cry
  At the people passing by.

Then he stops to sneeze or cough;
  All his red, and green and gold
  Cannot fright away the cold,
Cannot keep the winter off;
  Ruffled feathers, rough and dim,
  Tell Jack Frost hath bitten him.

Much I wonder if he thinks,
  Sitting in the pallid sun,
  Of that life, so long since done,
Where the long liana's links,
  Swinging slow, from palm to palm,
  Cradled him in tropic calm.

Does he hear the bell-bird's cry,
  When we think him half asleep?
  Or, do forest odors creep
Through his troubled memory,
  Telling tales of happy hours,
  'Mid a thousand gorgeous flowers?

Does he ever seem to see
  Gayer brethren of his kind
  Flying on the torrid wind—
Perched on every stately tree,—
  Toucans, paroquets, macaws,
  Chattering on without a pause?

Does he see the monkeys swinging
  Here and yon along the vines;
  Or, when cool the moonlight shines,
Hear the Indian shrilly singing,
  On the river's gleaming breast,
  Floating homeward to his rest?

Pretty Polly! homesick bird!
  Or, is all my pity wasted?
  Are these joys, that once you tasted,
Vanished like a song half heard?
  Are you just as pleased to squall
  From the window, "Pretty Poll?"

Digitized by Google

WRECKED AT HOME.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

THERE were ten of us. The amount of fun that ten hearty boys can get from common things has never been ciphered out. Arithmetic will not reach it. Fairport is a small and very old town on Penobscot Bay. In my day, the Fairport boys were said (by outsiders, mind) to be the very worst boys in the State of Maine. They were ever in mischief—or fun, which in those times was about the same thing. Still, it does not seem to me, even now, that we boys deserved the name for badness that we got. There was no malice nor dishonesty in the fun of the Fairport boys of Eighteen Hundred and Something—for this was a good while ago. Tying up door-knockers, ringing the door-bell at unseasonable hours of the day or night, firing the old cannon in the abandoned fort, nailing up the school-house door, or hoisting Farmer Gray's old horse into the hayloft, did not seem grave crimes.

Boating, fishing, going in swimming, hunting for clams, and general prancing about the wharves of the old town, and the shores of the sea-washed peninsula on which it sleeps, were the chief delights of the boys of that period. The boy who, at the mature age of twelve, could not row cross-handed, bait a cod-line, or steer a boat, was not of much account. When we could beg, borrow, or otherwise make off with a boat, we were happy. My heart aches as I think of the anxious mothers who worried, day after day, about the graceless scamps who disobeyed orders and went skylarking on the water. The same kind Providence that watches over the life of the sailor clinging to the icy rigging, far up aloft, and at sea, seems to hold a hand of safety under the seaside boy.

"AS WE MERRILY TUMBLED OVER THE RISING WAVES."

But when there were ten of us hungrily looking around for something uncommonly daring, you must guess that there was danger ahead. Ben Dennett was the eldest; fifteen years old in May, he thought himself fit to lead in all adventures. His plan was to go down to the Lower Fort and fire off one of the rusty old twenty-pounders that lay slumbering peacefully in the grass.

"Nice fun!" roared Rufe Parker. "Where 's your powder?"

"Where 's your money to buy it with?" yelped little Bill Keeler, who was known to have four-and-sixpence in bank.

Somebody else, Hal Stevens, I think, suggested Tilden's orchard; but it was notoriously early in the season, and Jerry Murch, who hated castor oil, said that green apples were not fit for a pig to eat.

"Then don't eat 'em, piggy," snapped in Dandy Blake,—a disagreeable little prig, who was always saying smart things.

Symptoms of a row were quelled at once by Ben Dennet, who, after turning two or three hand-springs to collect his thoughts, shouted, "I've got it! I've got it! Let's go over to Grampus Rock!"

Breathless at the boldness of this plan, nobody said a word, though everybody's eyes snapped at the bare idea of it.

How to get there:

Grampus Rock lies two miles off the mouth of the harbor, almost in sight of the town, and only partly hidden by a bend in the bay, which shuts in the rock from the houses on the hill-top.

But it is a great place for gulls' eggs in the early summer; and two or there of us had been there with our big brothers or other grown people.

Digitized by Google

There were traditions, too, of the fragments of the wreck of the bark Grampus being found among the rocks; or there might be treasures in the clefts of the tall crag, which still bore the name of the old merchant bark, cast away there years ago; doubloons, perhaps, or Spanish dollars and pieces-of-eight, such as were dug up on Grindle's farm, upon the Doshen shore.

Delicious thought! But how to get there?

"My pa has gone off the Neck," piped little Sam Snowman; "we might take his boat."

Old Snowman's boat was a big, clumsy thing,—once a ship's jolly-boat,—and now rather rotten. We knew her well enough. More than once, led on by faithless little Sam, we had stolen away in the crazy old thing. But nobody was afraid; and we agreed to try her once more.

Separating into small squads, so as not to attract the notice of the few people who lounged in their store doors or sunned themselves on the wharves, these ten young scamps met under Stearns's wharf, where the boat lay fast to the steps. Stepping gingerly over the oozy planks, and well bedaubed with slime, we tumbled into the *Red Rover*,—as we there and then named her,—sculled her softly along from wharf to wharf, carefully keeping out of sight, until we reached the last pier, near Stevens' cooper-shop, then boldly pushed out into open water, secure from pursuit—if not from observation.

Was there ever such a lark!

There we were—ten of us—masters of the *Red Rover, of the Bloody Seas*, as Jem Conner, who had "The Pirate's Own Book" at his tongue's end, called our craft. We resolved to hoist the black flag; and Jerry Murch's jacket, which was "almost black," as well as very seedy, was held aloft on an oar; but that bit of wood being needed for rowing, we hauled down our colors. The tide ran out swiftly,—for it was still on the ebb,—and we got on famously, though the short, chopping waves bothered us somewhat. By hard tugging and much squabbling over the steering oar, we managed to keep the *Red Rover's* head against the wind, which blew freshly from the south. Ben Dennett insisted that he should steer, and, being the biggest boy, he managed to keep hold of the oar most of the time, while the rest of us took turns at rowing.

"SIT DOWN, OR YOU'LL GET PITCHED OVERBOARD."

But little Sam Snowman thought he ought to steer; it was his father's boat; and if anything happened to her, he would "catch it."

"Yes; and you 'll catch it anyhow, you young monkey," growled Ben, who had quite a bass voice, and actually wore suspenders. The rest of us had trousers "buttoned on," which gave him a leading part; so he steered; and nice work he made of it.

It was jolly to see the sleepy old town grow dim and dimmer in the summer air as we merrily tumbled over the rising waves. Down past Hatch's wharf, where a lobster schooner lay reeking in the sun, past the white lighthouse at the point, past Otter Rock, brown with kelp and washed with the waves, we dropped, Jem Conner making a formal declaration of war against Weeks's salmon weir as we rowed by it.

Tommy Collins, who had never been so far from home, and whom we

Digitized by Google

had vainly tried to run away from, had a sudden qualm of homesickness, and began to cry, much to the disgust and astonishment of all on board.

"Belay your deck-pumps there, youngster!" shouted Ben Dennett. "What did you come here for, you little beggar, if you wanted your ma?"

"Oh, avast heaving, skipper!" put in Jem Conner. "Don't you see Tommy's only making believe cry?"

This ingenious turn put all in good humor.

Tommy, comforted by a slate pencil and a piece of spruce gum, which generous Jack Adams produced from his trousers pocket, wiped away his tears, or, as Jack put it, "Stowed his brine;" for sailor talk was the rule now, as became a crew of pirate boys.

"Fellers!" said Jem Conner, flourishing a hatchet, the only loose piece of property found on board, "Fellers! be bloody, brave and desperate, and we shall be the terror of the seas. My Uncle Joe has gone to Long Island in the *Post Boy;* and if we catch him we 'll pour a broadside into him, and cut him down to the water's edge."

"Oh, blow your Uncle Joe!" said Jack Adams—whom we usually called, "The Bloody Mutineer," on account of his namesake of the mutineers of the ship *Bounty*,—"sit down and trim ship, or you 'll get pitched overboard." Jem sat down, abashed; for the *Red Rover* was rolling fearfully, and little Tommy Collins, deathly seasick, was whining and whooping over the side of the boat.

We would have put back, but the tide was still running out. Besides, the tall gray and white crags of Grampus Rock were now looming overhead. The sea grew smoother, but the current, which strikes the rock at low tide with great force, set us sharply toward the outer point of the reef that reaches out to the north-west.

"Hard a-starboard!" yelled Bill Keeler.

"WE WERE SHIPWRECKED"

"Helm a-lee!" screamed Rufe Parker.

"Down! down with your hellum!" said Jerry Murch.

Bewildered by these contradictory orders, and overpowered by the crowd of boys who rushed aft to take the steering-oar from him, Ben yawed the boat wildly around; the tide took her hard and fast on the rocks; she heeled over, went to pieces, and in a jiffy we were all overboard. Each boy scrambled among the weedy rocks, Ben Dennett swimming with Tommy Collins on his back, though the water was only knee-deep.

There was a rush of waves, a stifled scream or two, and ten boys were flung on the reef, very wet, and too astonished to laugh or cry.

We were shipwrecked.

Jack Adams was the first to speak, "Here's a go."

THE CASTAWAYS.

Digitized by Google

Those are the very words he said. "I wish I had something to eat," whined Rufe Parker. Rufe was always stuffing himself. Then two or three of the smaller boys began to cry. But Tommy Collins, to our great surprise, took things very comfortably. He said he was glad to be ashore, anyhow. My private opinion was that he had n't been homesick at all. He was only sea-sick.

But we were in a bad fix. The town was two miles off, and only the lower edge of it in sight. We mites of boys could not possibly be seen on that great rock. Our boat was in fragments on the shore; and our hearts sank as we thought of Old Snowman's wrath. Poor little Sam whimpered when one of the boys reminded him how he would "catch it," now. Some of us began to think we might never get home where we could "catch it." And how lovely the far-off town looked as we gazed back at it. Sunning itself in the green and elm-covered peninsula, home never seemed so beautiful before. A great lump rose up in my throat as I looked on the dome of horse chestnut trees that hid my father's house. Would my little white bed be vacant to-night? Would I ever sleep in it again? Could Aunt Rachel, from her long, red house down by the wharf, see the poor little midget who sorrowfully roosted on the wet crags?

But what boy is long in the dumps about anything? We, at least, could climb to the tip-top of Grampus Rock; and climb we did. The exertion warmed us, and gave us new life. We danced about in the warm afternoon sunshine, and laid new plans. We were not Robinson Crusoes exactly, but ten Robinson Crusoes, which was much more jolly. True, our spirits sank when we reflected that there was no water on the rock, nor any game, not so much as a gull, nor an egg. We had been deceived. The rock, rough and splintered as it was, was as bare of eggs as the sea itself. Here and there were knots of dry sea-weed, packed in the crevices, ill-smelling bones which the fish-hawks had left; and around the base of the rocks were mussels and limpets in plenty.

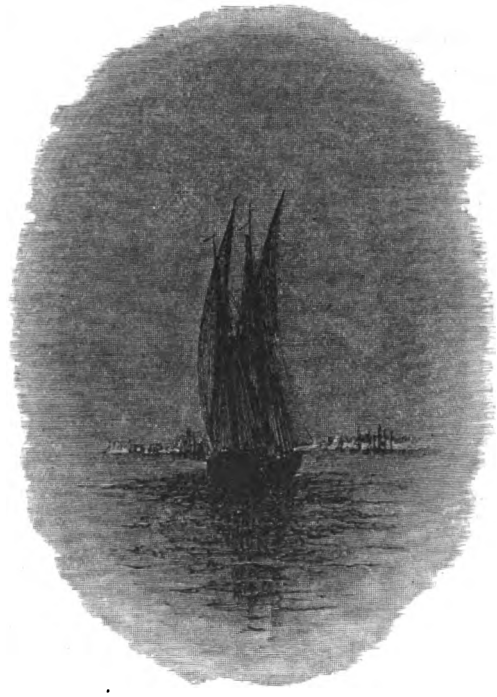
"Hurrah! boys!" shouted Jack Adams, "we can live on mussels—at least for a day or two," he added, somewhat sobered by the prospect.

A passing pinkey, beating against the tide, raised our hopes. As she neared our rock, we jumped up and down on the sloping summit, yelling to attract attention. On, on she came, cutting the green water as she luffed up to the wind. Our shrill cries were heard, and Captain Booden—how well we knew him—growled surlily back at us, put up his helm, fluttered the sails of the *Two Brothers* in the breeze, turned and sailed away, wondering what those young monkeys were up to now, sky-larking on Grampus. The next tack took him far below us, and the little craft soon stretched away into the dim blue depths of Somes' Sound.

The sun slowly sank behind the Camden Mountains. The rosy sky grew gray. Night was coming on faster than we had ever known before. It was no longer fun to scramble among the rocks. We were chained to our prison; and Bill Keeler, who, now that he is grown up, writes poetry for the magazines, said, looking up into the darkening sky, "I would I were yonder eagle; how I would fly me from hence!"

"'T aint an eagle; it 's a loon," growled Ben Dennett. But little Sam cried outright.

We crawled down to the water's edge again. It was less lonely to huddle together under the lee of the rocks and gaze at the distant town than to stay on the peak, where the night wind began to blow. Two of the boys got to fighting about a soft place in the rock, which both wanted. This roused us for a moment; but when Jem Conner had punched the heads of the quarrelers, and crawled into the coveted place himself, we grew silent again.



"IT 'S GITCHELL'S BOAT!"

Tommy Collins got on his knees, and repeated, "Now, I lay me," and several other little prayers. Though we said nothing, we all thought it was a good thing for us that somebody was not ashamed to pray.

But the rebellious little hearts on Grampus mostly

Digitized by Google

thought it a very hard case that we should be forgotten so soon by the people on shore; for we believed we were forgotten; and many a hungry little rogue grew homesick, as he tried to guess what his folks at home had for supper as they gathered about the table, and wondered where the truant was.

The lights twinkled across the bay, mocking the poor little chaps huddled under the rocks, sore, weary and not well clad to endure the chilly breeze that comes breaking in from the sea.

The new moon swam lightly down in the west; the bay grew stiller yet, and the lapping of the tide on the reef was all the sound they heard.

"A sail! a sail, sail, sail, ahoy!" deliriously shouted Jerry Murch.

Sure enough; right in the wake of the glimmering lights of Fairport, was a large sail-boat. The little company of limp and languid boys was all alive in an instant; even Tommy Collins darted up in the dark shadow of the rock, and shouted, "Saved,—by golly!"

"It 's Gitchell's boat."

"'T aint; it 's Hatch's."

"*I* say it 's Morey's."

"Pooh! I tell you it 's Gitchell's."

In the midst of the dispute (for every boy had a natural pride in his marine knowledge), the boat, which had been standing directly for Grampus, glided along shore, sank into the uncertain shadows and was seen no more.

We were not saved after all; and we fell into great dismay.

(Concluded next month.)

MAKE-BELIEVE.

By S. S. H.

"We 'll play it 's Christmas, Bessie,
And we 'll have a Christmas tree,
And when it 's all, *all* ready,
We 'll call Mamma to see.

"Don't you remember Christmas?
That was the way, you know,—
We could n't see a single thing,
And we did want to so!

"'T was just to s'prise us, Bessie,
And, now, won't it be fun
To make Mamma a Christmas tree,
And call her, when it 's done!"

Then Amy stuck the duster-brush
Through the cane seat of a chair,
And she and Bessie went to work—
A merry little pair.

They hung its drooping branches
As full as they could hold;
Trimmed them with motto-papers,
Yellow and green and gold.

With many a gleeful whisper,
And many a cautious "hush!"
Did Bess and Amy make it gay—
That pretty duster-brush.

"Oh! oh!" cried Amy, at the last;
"I never did! Did you?
Just see the sp'endid little things,
And gold a-shinin' through!

"We have n't any candles,
But we 'll play the whole day-light
Is 'cause there 's lots of candles
All lit, and burning bright.

"Let 's call Mamma now, Bessie;
And, oh! how s'prised she 'll be
To see we 've got a Christmas,
And made a Christmas tree!"

Digitized by Google

RASCALLY SANDY.

By Robert Dale Owen.

I am now more than seventy years old; but I remember very well that, in my earliest years, I was a self-willed youngster, and that I sometimes gave way to violent fits of passion. Perhaps you, my young friends who read St. Nicholas, would like to know what came of this when I was about seven years old. I have recently told the story for grown-up people in a book which I called, "Threading my Way," because it speaks of what I thought and did when like you. I had not been very long in the world, and so did not know much, and was groping about, as a traveler might who is not sure of the right road and is trying hard to find it.

I 'm going to tell you that story, not just as I told it there, but a little more as I think you would like to hear it. It is the same child, only, as it is going into younger company, it is somewhat differently dressed for the occasion.

I had an excellent father and mother.

We lived in those days, and for many years after, at a very pretty place called Braxfield House. It was on the banks of the Clyde, which, your geography will tell you, is one of the principal rivers of Scotland. The house stood on a piece of rolling land, with blue grass pastures, where many sheep fed; and the slope from the pasture to the river was covered with thick woods, through which gravel paths wound back and forth.

Our house was about half way between New Lanark—a village where my father had a large cotton factory, in which many children worked—and the ancient shire-town of Lanark. When you read about Sir William Wallace, in the history of Scotland, you will hear a good deal about Lanark. They used in old times, to have near by, on what was called "The Moor," *wappin schaws;* that means, "weapon shows," or reviews of armed soldiers.

Now, as there was no post-office in the village, one of our workmen, called James Dunn, an old spinner, who had lost an arm by its being caught in the machinery of the mill, was our letter-carrier —the bearer of a handsome leather bag, with gay brass padlock, which gave him a sort of official dignity with us young people.

If James Dunn had lost one arm, he made excellent use of the other; making bows and arrows and fifty other nice things for our amusement, and thus coming into distinguished favor. One day he gave me a clay pipe, showed me how to mix soap-water in due proportion, and then, for the first time in our lives, we children witnessed the marvelous rise, from the pipe-bowl, of the brightly variegated bubble; its slow, graceful ascent into upper air; and, alas! its sudden disappearance, at the very climax of our wonder. My delight was beyond all bounds; and so was my gratitude to the one-armed magician. I take credit for this last sentiment, to make up for the crime which was to follow.

We had in the house a sort of odd-job boy, who ran errands, helped now and then in the stables, carried coals to the fires, and whose early-morning duty it was to clean the boots and shoes of the household. His parents had named him, at the fount, after the Macedonian conqueror, the celebrated Alexander the Great, of whom you have read, or will read by and by; but their son, unlike King Philip's, was nick-named Sandy.

Sandy, according to my recollection of him, was the worst of bad boys. His chief pleasure seemed to consist in inventing modes of vexing and enraging us; and he was quite ingenious in his tricks of petty torture. Add to this that he was very jealous of James Dunn's popularity; especially when we told him, as we often did, that we hated *him.*

One day my brother William, a year younger than myself, and I had been out blowing soap-bubbles ("all by ourselves," as we were wont to boast, in proof that we were getting to be big boys), and had returned triumphant. In the courtyard we met Sandy, to whom, forgetting, for the moment, by-gone squabbles, we joyfully related our exploits, and broke out into praises of the pipe-giver as the nicest man that ever was. That nettled the young scamp, and he began to abuse our well-beloved post-carrier as a "lazy loun that hadna' but yin arm, and could do naething with the tither but cowp letters into the post-office and make up bairns' trashtrie" (by which he meant a lazy fellow, with one arm only, who could do nothing but empty letters into the post-office, and make up trash for children).

This made me angry, and I suppose I must have given him some bitter reply; whereupon Sandy snatched the richly prized pipe from my hand, broke off its stem close to the bowl, and threw the fragments into what we used to call the "shoe-hole:" not a very proper name for a small outhouse, hard by, where our tormentor discharged his duties as shoe-black.

We hated to be set down as tell-tales, so we did not say a word about this to father or mother. But

Digitized by Google

when, an hour later, I burst into tears at the sight of James Dunn, I had to tell him our story. He made light of it, wisely remarking that there were more pipes in the world; and, shouldering his post-bag, went off to the "auld toun."

You may imagine my joyful surprise when, on his return, he gave me another pipe.

I took it up to an attic room of which I had the run when I wished to be alone; locked the door, with a vague feeling as if Sandy were at my heels; sat down and gazed on the new treasure. The very same as the pipe I had tearfully mourned! brand new, just from the shop. But the delight its first sight had given me faded when I thought of the sacrifices that dear, good man had been making for my sake. It was so generous of him to give me the first pipe! I had no idea whatever of its money value; to me it was beyond price. Then here his generosity had been taxed a second time. Again he had been spending for me out of his wages, which I supposed must be small, since he had only one arm to work with. And who had been the cause of all this woful sacrifice? That vile, cruel, rascally Sandy! To him it was due that James Dunn had felt compelled to make a second purchase,—to the stinting, perhaps, of his poor wife and children! And—who could tell?—the same cruel ill-turn might be repeated again and again. Ah! then my indignation rose, till I could hear the heart-beats.

I remember distinctly that no plans of revenge had arisen in my mind caused by the destruction of my first pipe, however enraged I was at the perpetrator of that outrage. It was only when I found one of my dearest friends thus plundered, on my account, that my wrath, roused to white heat, gave forth vapors of vengeance.

I brooded over the matter all day, so that I can't plead that what I did was on the spur of the moment. Toward evening my plans took shape; and, ere I slept, which was long after I went to bed, every detail had been arranged. My adversary was a large, stout, lubberly fellow, more than twice my age; and I had to make up in stratagem for my great inferiority in strength.

Next morning, before the nursery-maid awoke, I crept slyly from bed, dressed in silence, went down stairs to the courtyard, and armed myself with a broom: not one of your light, modern, broom-corn affairs, but a downright heavy thing, with a stout handle and heavy wooden cross-head, set with bristles. It was as much as I could do to wield it.

Then I took a look at the enemy's camp. No Sandy yet in the "shoe-hole!" I went in, set the door ajar, and took post, with uplifted weapon, behind it.

I had long to wait, Sandy being late that morning; but my wrath only boiled the more hotly for the delay. At last there was a step, and the door moved. Down with all the might of rage came the broom—the hard end of the cross-piece foremost—on the devoted head that entered. The foe sank on the ground. I sprang forward—but what was this? The head I had struck had on a beautiful white lace cap! It flashed on me in a moment; I had struck not the Sandy I hated, but our kind, good housekeeper, Miss Wilson!

Miss Wilson was a nice, orderly, painstaking, neatly-dressed lady, thirty-five or forty years old. She understood all about keeping house and managing servants; and she was very gentle too, and much inclined to make pets of the children around her. Next to James Dunn she was our greatest favorite. I am afraid one reason why we loved her was rather a selfish one, My mother had allowed her to have us children all to tea with her every Sunday evening, on condition that each cup was to be two-thirds of warm water; but nothing was said about how much sugar we might have.

Now, in that country, and in those days, young folk, both gentle and simple, were restricted to very frugal fare. For breakfast, porridge (that is, oatmeal mush) and milk; for supper, bread and milk only. At dinner we were helped once sparingly to animal food, and once only to pie or pudding; but we had as many vegetables and as much oatmeal cake as we chose. Scottish children under the age of fourteen were rarely allowed either tea or coffee; and such was the rule in our house. Till we were eight or ten years old we were not admitted to the evening meal in the parlor.

Miss Wilson's tea-table furnished the only peep we had of the Chinese luxury.

Thus the Sunday evening in the housekeeper's parlor (for Miss Wilson had her own nicely furnished parlor between the kitchen and the servants' dining-hall) was something to which we looked eagerly forward. On that occasion we had toast as well as tea; and the banquet sometimes ended with a well-filled plate of sugar-biscuit, a luxury dearly prized because it was so rare.

These weekly feastings gave rise among us to a somewhat singular name for the first day of the week. We took this, not from the sermons we heard, or the catechism we learnt on that day, but from the nice things on Miss Wilson's table; somewhat irreverently calling Sunday the *toast-biscuit-tea-day*. I am not certain whether this new name of ours ever reached my mother's ears; for Miss Wilson was too discreet to retail the confidential jokes which we permitted ourselves in the privacy of her little suppers.

Under the circumstances, one may judge of my

Digitized by Google

horror when I saw on whom the broom-head had fallen. The sight stunned me almost as much as my blow had stunned the poor woman who lay before me. I have a dim recollection of people, called in by my screams, raising Miss Wilson and helping her to her room; and then I remember nothing more till I found myself, many hours later, in the library; my mother standing by with her eyes red, and my father looking at me more in sorrow than in anger.

"Would n't you be very sorry, Robert," he said at last, "if you were blind?"

I assented, as well as my sobs would allow.

"Well, when a boy or man is in such a rage as you were, he is little better than blind or half mad. He does n't stop to think or to look at anything. You did n't know Miss Wilson from Sandy."

My conscience told me that was true. I had struck without waiting to look.

"You may be very thankful," my father went on, "that it was n't Sandy. You might have killed the boy."

I thought it would have been no great harm if I had, but I did n't say so.

"Are you sorry for what you have done?"

I said that I was very, *very* sorry that I had hurt Miss Wilson, and that I wanted to tell her so. My father rang the bell and sent to inquire how she was.

"I am going to take you to ask her pardon. But it 's of no use to be sorry unless you do better. Remember this! *I have never struck you. You must never strike anybody.*"

It was true. I cannot call to mind that I ever, either before or since that time, received a blow from any human being; most thankful am I that I have been spared the knowledge of how one feels under such an insult. Nor, from that day forth, so far as I remember, did I ever give a blow in anger again.

The servant returned. "She has a sair head yet, sir; but she 's muckle better. She 's sittin' up in her chair, and would be fain to see the bairn." Then, in an undertone, looking at me: "It was a fell crunt, yon. I didna think the bit callan could hit sae snell."

I ought here to tell you that servants and other working people in Scotland generally speak in a curious dialect, called "broad Scotch," as you may have seen, or will some day see, in Walter Scott's novels. The servant meant to say that "Miss Wilson's head still pained her, but she was much better, and would be glad to see the child;" adding, "That was an awful blow on the head; I did n't think the slip of a boy could hit so hard."

When I saw Miss Wilson in her arm-chair, with pale cheeks and bandaged head, I could not say a single word. She held out her arms; I flung mine round her neck, kissed her again and again, and then fell to crying long and bitterly. The good soul's eyes were wet as she took me on her knee and soothed me. When my father offered to take me away I clung to her so closely that she begged to have me stay.

I think the next half hour, in her arms, had crowded into it more sincere repentance and more good resolves for the future than any other in my life. Then, at last, my sobs subsided, so that I could pour into her patient ear the whole story of my grievous wrongs: Sandy's unexampled wickedness in breaking the first pipe; James Dunn's unheard-of generosity in buying the second; the little chance I had if I did n't take the broom to such a big boy; and then—

"But, Miss Wilson," I said, when I came to that point, "what made *you* come to the shoe-hole, and not Sandy?"

"I wanted to see if the boy was attending to his work."

I then told her I would love her as long as she lived, and that she must n't be angry with me; and when she had promised to love me too, we parted.

It only remains to be said, that about a month afterwards, Sandy was quietly dismissed. We all breathed more freely when he was gone.

Digitized by Google

ELFIN JACK, THE GIANT-KILLER.

BY J. S. STACY.

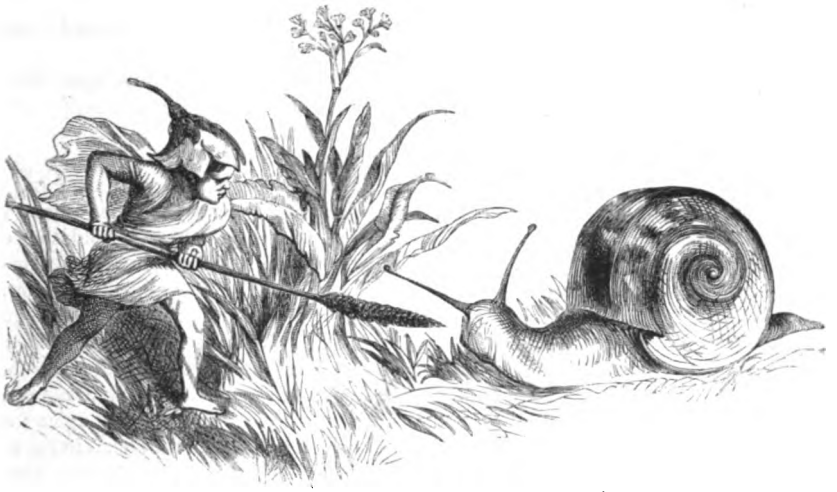
Do not think the story
Of the giant-killer's glory
Is only known and cherished by yourselves,
O, my dears;
For his deeds so daring,
And his trick of scaring
All his foes, are quite familiar to the elves,
It appears.

In the starlight, tender—
In the moonlight's splendor
Do they gather and recount every deed,
It is said;
How he met a hornet,
Who was playing on a cornet,
Out of tune, and he slew him with a reed,—
Slew him dead!

How, growing ever bolder,
With his reed upon his shoulder,
And an acorn-shield upon his little arm—
Well equipped—
He sought a mighty giant,
Who was known as "Worm, the pliant,"
And after giving battle, fierce and warm,
Left him whipped.

Digitized by Google

How he saw a spider
With her victim, dead, inside her,
Told her, in a voice of fury, to begone
From his sight;
How he killed her when she 'd risen
To her cruel, fatal prison,
And nobly freed her captives, so forlorn,—
Gallant knight!



Ah, but the elves are proudest,
And ring his praises loudest,
When telling of a snail, grim and hoary,
In his mail.
With those fearful horns before him,
Jack gallantly upbore him,
And killed him with a thrust (to his glory)
In the tail!

List in the starlight, tender,—
List in the moonlight's splendor,—
For a whirring, like hurrahing, in the glen,
Far and near.
'T is the elves who, looking back
To their giant-killer, Jack,
Tell his story to each other, funny men!
With a cheer.

Digitized by Google

MAKING SNOW.

BY JAMES RICHARDSON.

"OH, Kitty! come and see what a *nawful* heavy frost! It 's all over everything,—ever so thick."

"Why, you little goosey! That is n't frost,—it 's snow."

"*Snow?* What is snow?"

"Just think, papa, Tommy does n't know what snow is!"

"Tommy was a baby when the snow was here last winter, and he does n't remember it. You must tell him."

"Why snow is,—nothing but snow! Everybody knows what snow is, papa."

"Tommy does n't, you see. Tell him."

"I 'll get some for him. See, Tommy, this is snow."

"It 's white, like frost,—and cold,—and wet."

"But it is n't frost,—it 's snow. It came out of the sky last night."

"Did it? I did n't see any when I went to bed. And it is n't frost?"

"*No*, I tell you; can't you believe me?"

"It turns to water, like frost. See, it 's all melting."

"Just listen to him, papa! He won't believe a word I say."

"Do you know what frost is, Tommy?"

"Yes, I know. It 's fine ice, like you scraped for me the other day."

"Very well; now let us see if snow is anything like that. I will scrape some frost from the window, and Kitty will bring some snow from out-doors. Just a little, Kitty, on this piece of paper. That 's right; thank you. Now let us look at the two. Both are white; both are cold; and see! both are turned to water by the warmth of the stove. What is the difference?"

"There is n't any difference."

"Oh, yes, there is, Tommy. Snow falls out of the sky,—I 've seen it,—and frost does n't."

"What makes it?"

"It is n't made; it just comes."

"What makes it come?"

"Did you ever see such a boy to ask questions, papa?"

"A very good boy to ask questions, Kitty. I hope he will always ask them as sensibly. Let me try to make the matter clear to him. I think we 'll get on best down in the big kitchen, where they are boiling clothes for the wash and filling the place with steam."

"What has steam to do with snow, papa?"

"Very much, as I 'll show you presently. Here we are! Now, Tommy, can you tell us what we 've come for?"

"You 're going to show us about snow,—how it makes itself,—are n't you?"

"I 'll try. You see all this steam rising from the boiler. Do you know what it is?"

"It 's steam."

"Yes, but what *is* steam?"

"Tommy does n't know, papa; but I do. It 's water-vapor. You told me that a good while ago."

"See, Tommy; when I hold this cold shovel over the kettle it turns some of the steam back to water again. The shovel is all wet now."

"Where does the rest of the steam go to?"

"The air drinks it up,—dissolves it, just as your tea dissolves the sugar put into it,—and you can't see it any more. But the cold door-knob or the cold window-glass brings it out again; see how wet they are. That is from the steam in the air. You will remember, Kitty, what I told you about the dew that forms on the grass on cool summer evenings, and how in the fall, when it is colder, the dew freezes and makes frost. Here by the stove it is so warm that the dew cannot freeze on the windows and nails and door-hinges. Further away, a little frost forms around the cracks where the cold air comes in; and see! here in the corner, where it is very cold (it 's so far from the stove), all the nails have frost on them, and the window panes are covered with it."

"But how does the *snow* come?"

"Be patient, Tommy, and I 'll show you directly."

"You know, Kitty, that there 's a great deal of steam or water-vapor in this room, though you cannot see much of it. You know, too, that anything cold will turn the steam back to water again, and if it is very cold it will freeze the water and make frost of it.

"Now, suppose the cold thing would n't let the frost stick to it, the frost would have to fall to the floor and then it would be snow.

"Cold air acts that way; it freezes the vapor, but cannot hold the frost. On very cold days I 've seen a real little snow storm made in a hot, steamy room just by opening a window or a door.

"May be it 's cold enough for it to-day. We can try, anyhow, and if we fail we can try again some colder day.

Digitized by Google

"Here, where the air is warm and steamy, I 'll open the window at the top so that the cold wind will blow in. Look sharp, now!"

"I can see them! I can see them! Real snow-flakes! Oh, Tommy, see! Is n't it funny to make a snow storm in the kitchen?"

"Look again. There 's no snow flying outside; but as soon as I open the window a little, and the cold air rushes in, the snow-flakes appear."

"What makes them go out so quick?"

"The warm air in the room melts them as soon as they fall into it."

"Is that the way the snow is made up in the sky?"

"Precisely. Yesterday it was warm and wet, you will remember. There was a great deal of water-vapor in the air. Last night it grew cold, suddenly. A cold wind blew down on the warm, wet wind that had come up from the sea and chilled it,—as the cold wind coming in at the window chilled the air in the room,—and froze its vapor into snow. That is what made the snow storm last night.

"You need n't look so wise, Tommy. You 'll understand it better when you 're bigger."

"I nunderstand it *now*, papa. The wind blowed and—and it made a nawful big frost; did n't it?"

"A very big frost, Tommy."

"That 's what I said!"

BROKEN!

Digitized by Google

EMPRUNT DE PEINE.

PAR J. S. S.

IL y a plus de deux cents ans vivaient en Castille un beau prince et une belle princesse qui possédaient tout ce qu'un bon cœur humain peut avoir—excepté de la peine. Il semblait qu'il ne pouvait leur en arriver. Ils étaient jeunes, pleins de santé, joyeux; ils avaient des parents bons et très riches, et de plus ils comptaient des amis qui avaient pour eux une sincère affection, ce qui est un très rare bonheur pour les personnes de sang royal. Souvent la princesse disait:

"Ferdinand, qu'est-ce que la peine? Comment la sent-on?"

"COMMENT VOUS SENTEZ-VOUS, FERDINAND?"

Et Ferdinand répondait: "Hélas! Isabelle, je ne le sais pas."

"Demandons à nos parents de nous en donner, poursuivait Isabelle; ils ne nous refusent jamais rien."

Mais le roi et la reine frémirent à leur demande:

"Non, non, chers enfants," s'écrièrent-ils, "vous ne savez pas ce que vous demandez. Priez que ces mauvais souhaits disparaissent de vos cœurs!"

Mais le prince et la princesse ne furent pas satisfaits de cette réponse. Ils s'adressèrent en secret au plus puissant de leurs courtisans et, à leur grand étonnement, essuyèrent un refus accompagné d'un sourire et d'une révérence cérémonieuse.

Ils se rendirent même auprès du bouffon de la cour.

"Ah! c'est une très précieuse chose que la peine!" dit le bouffon. "On ne peut l'acheter, et elle ne peut s'obtenir par une simple demande. Mais vous pouvez l'emprunter."

"Bon!" s'écria le couple enchanté. "Nous en emprunterons pour le moment."

"Mais," ajouta le bouffon, "si vous en empruntez, il faudra rendre en même monnaie."

"Hélas!" soupirèrent le prince et la princesse, "comment pourrons-nous, si nous n'avons pas de peine qui soit à nous?"

"Eh bien! en voilà de la peine!" prononça le bouffon, et il s'esquiva.

"Qu'a-t-il voulu dire par ces paroles?" dit le prince, presque à bout de patience: "mais il ne faut pas s'en occuper, ce n'est qu'un fou."

Digitized by Google

Puis, désespérés, les deux enfants allèrent trouver leur fidèle bonne qui était restée au palais depuis leur naissance :

" Chère Catherine," dirent-ils, " nous n'avons jamais eu de peine. Les prêtres disent que c'est le commun lot des mortels. Avez-vous eu le vôtre ? "

" Oh, oui ! mes mignons, j'ai toujours eu de la peine au delà de mes désirs ! " répondit tristement la vieille femme en branlant la tête.

" Oh ! oh ! donnez-nous en, donnez-nous en, bonne Catherine," demandèrent à l'envi le prince et la princesse.

Mais Catherine leva les mains en signe d'horreur et s'éloigna en chancelant et en marmottant des prières.

Alors le prince et la princesse descendirent dans le jardin et s'assirent sur un banc de mousse.

" Personne ne nous donnera ce que nous avons demandé," dit Isabelle ; " c'est très dur."

" Oui, très dur," répéta Ferdinand en prenant la main de sa sœur.

" Nos parents ne nous avaient jamais rien refusé auparavant," reprit Isabelle.

" Jamais," répondit Ferdinand.

" Ni les courtisans," ajouta Isabelle.

" Ni les courtisans," répéta Ferdinand.

" Ni notre chère vieille bonne," dit Isabelle, avec un sentiment étrange dans les yeux.

" Ni notre chère bonne."

" C'est de la méchanceté."

" C'est de l'insolence."

" C'est de l'ingratitude."

" Une très grande ingratitude."

" C'est de la cruauté ! " acheva Isabelle en sanglotant ; et mes yeux sont tout remplis de larmes ! " Comment vous sentez-vous, Ferdinand ? "

" Très mal, Isabelle. Je pense que mes yeux se mouillent aussi de larmes ! "

A ce moment-là le jardinier en chef venait de leur côté. Il courut à eux.

" Mon cher prince et ma chère princesse ! " s'écria-t-il en se mettant à genoux devant eux ; " vous pleurez ! Ciel ! Penser que ces nobles et beaux enfants pouvaient avoir de la peine ! "

" De la peine ! " répétèrent en chœur Ferdinand et Isabelle. " *Cela* est de la peine, Carlos ! "

" Assurément, je pense," répondit Carlos, fort intrigué.

Alors le prince et la princesse se levèrent vivement en battant des mains et ils coururent au palais heureux comme deux oiseaux. Leur vœu était enfin exaucé.

[We shall be glad to see translations of this story from all of our young friends who are studying French. The best one received before March 15th shall be printed in our May number.]

NIMPO'S TROUBLES.

By Olive Thorne.

Chapter V.

THE FIRST SUNDAY.

The next day was Sunday, and Nimpo was up early, feeling the responsibility of getting the boys and herself ready for church and Sunday-school.

With all her desire for liberty, she never had so wild a dream as staying at home from church.

In fact, in that village, one who deliberately stayed at home when he was able to stand, was looked upon as a desperate sinner.

Nimpo did not feel prepared to face the public opinion of the whole town, especially as she was sure Mr. Binney,—the minister,—would notice her absence and speak about it.

Mr. Binney was a very good man, and very earnest in doing good ; but his ways were very odd, and he was a perpetual terror to Nimpo.

He was a tall, thin man, with reddish hair and whiskers. The whiskers began where the hair left off, and so his pale face was always framed in a sort of golden halo, which alone made it something awful. But this was nothing to his eyes. They were very large, and of that sharp kind that seem to look right through one.

Nimpo used to feel that they could spy out anything in her secret heart.

I said he had odd ways, and I 'll tell you how he would do, that you may see why she was afraid of him. When he met her anywhere, he would fix those awful eyes on her, and say, in a loud, abrupt way, " Whose girl are you ? "

" Mr. Rievor's," Nimpo would say, trembling.

" What 's your name ? "

" Nimpo."

" Nimpo ! — a heathenish name ! Did your father give you that name ? "

" No, it 's a nickname ; my real name is Helen."

Digitized by Google

"Then, why did n't you say your name was Helen? Helen, how old are you?"

"Twelve years," Nimpo would say.

"Helen, have you given your heart to the Lord?" would come next.

"I don't know," poor Nimpo would say, almost wishing the earth would open and let her in, and feeling the most frantic desire to run away.

At this uncertain answer would come an awful look, and these solemn words:

"Twelve years old! and don't know whether you 're a Christian! I must pray for you."

And if it was in a house, down he would go on his knees and pray for her, till poor Nimpo would feel that she was the most wicked wretch in the world, and not know what to do about it either.

Now, this,—though meant, of course, in the greatest kindness,—was simply shocking to Nimpo, who felt that the deepest secrets of her soul were rudely torn out and held up to the view of the world.

You may be sure she always ran away when she saw him coming; crossed the street, dodged around a corner, or slipped out of the back door to avoid him, for he always asked the same questions.

Then his sermons,—an hour long, as they were,—had a strange fascination for her. One especially she remembered so well, that when she was grown up it seemed as if he had preached it a dozen times. It was on the parable of the two men, one of whom built his house upon a rock, and nothing could shake it, while the other built his on the sand, and the storms beat upon it and it fell.

The first time Nimpo heard it she went home feeling very anxious, and getting Rush to help, she dug a hole by the side of their house, to see if its foundation were on a rock.

Well, on the Sunday I 'm telling about, though she had to wear a clean gingham dress and her school shoes, she dressed Robbie, helped Rush put on his collar and tie his black neck-ribbon, and got ready herself.

As a last touch, after her hat was tied on, she took up her clean handkerchief by the middle fold, and shook it out so that the four corners hung together, and held it thus very carefully in her left hand.

Then she went to a corner of the garden and picked several bunches of green caraway or fennel, to keep her awake in church. These she held with her handkerchief, and taking Robbie's hand, she called to Rush to bring her Sunday-school book from the table, and away they went to the Sunday-school and church.

Sunday-school was at nine o'clock and church at half-past ten. So they did not get home till nearly one o'clock.

Then they ate a lunch of pie and doughnuts, with, perhaps, a glass of milk. And at half-past two they went to church again.

After that, the rest of the day was spent in reading Sunday-school books, getting next week's lesson, eating supper, and perhaps taking a nap.

Sometimes, when their mother was at home, if they were very quiet and would promise to walk slowly, they were allowed to take a walk to the graveyard.

But Mrs. Primkins thought that was wicked; so after they had read their thin little Sunday-school books twice through (Nimpo used to wonder if they were so thin because the children were so very good that there was n't much to say about them), and had looked at all the pictures in the big Bible, they were very glad to drag themselves off to bed at eight o'clock.

I tell you thus carefully about Nimpo's Sundays, because I want you to see how the world has become wiser since she was little, and how much more pleasant the blessed day is made for you.

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. PRIMKINS PUTS NIMPO TO WORK.

MONDAY morning came, and Rush got ready for school.

"I 'm not going to school to-day," said Nimpo.

"Well, I am," said Rush. "It 's awful dull here, and I can have some fun with the boys."

And off he started.

Now, Nimpo felt rather lonesome; but one of the things she thought her mother was especially cruel about, was making her go to school every day. So, of course, the only way to enjoy her liberty was to stay at home.

Mrs. Primkins saw what she intended to do, and resolved to take her in hand. So after breakfast she said, coolly:

"Nimpo, I expect you to do your own washing while you are here. I have enough of my own, without washing such a raft of things as that." And she pointed to the pile of clothes Nimpo had put out.

It was rather a formidable pile,—three or four dresses, three or four linen suits for Robbie, as many for Rush, besides under-clothes, and such things.

Nimpo looked at it in dismay; but Mrs. Primkins went on:

"There 's a pail you can take; here 's a piece of soap; and you 'll find hot water on the stove."

Now, Nimpo knew no more about washing than a butterfly; and her heart rebelled; but she did n't quite dare to say anything. So, gloomily she went to work. She filled the pail with water, seized a pair of Robbie's knickerbockers, and began.

Digitized by Google

She rubbed and rubbed, and she soaped and soaped, and not a speck could she get out of these clothes. Her back ached; the skin seemed scalded from her hands; her dress was soaked from waist to hem.

But there was Augusta Primkins, not much older than she, up to her brown elbows in suds, and working away with ease. So Nimpo's pride helped her, and she endured as long as she could. At last, when the pain of her raw fingers became intolerable, and the perspiration ran off her face in big drops, and an extra swish of the knickerbockers sent half the pail of suds over her clothes, she blazed up.

Throwing down the garment with a tragical air, she burst out with:

"Mrs. Primkins! my mother does n't intend to educate me for a washerwoman. I will send my clothes to Mrs. Jackson!"

"I don't think your schoolin' is gitting much attention, since you come here," said Mrs. Primkins, dryly. "I don't think children git much good running around, trapesing all over the country, with nothing to do. Satan always finds some work for idle hands to do. So, if you don't go to school, why, you 'll have to work in my house. There 's no two ways about that. I 'll wash your clothes now; you can do up the dishes."

Nimpo stalked from the wash-room into the kitchen, feeling that minding her was intolerable, yet too well brought up to think of serious rebellion.

She washed the odious blue-edged dishes, feeling all the time an aching desire to pitch them out of the window. Then she went up stairs, threw herself on the bed and had a good cry.

After awhile, she felt better, and got up and changed her wet clothes.

"I guess I 'll go to school, if the mean old thing 's going to make me wash dishes," she said to herself.

So in the afternoon she went to school. Miss Osgood was glad to see her, and so were the girls; and, to her own surprise, she felt happier than she had since her mother went away.

While they were bending over their geographies, rocking back and forth and moving their lips, apparently studying with all their might, Anna Morris, who sat next to Nimpo, and was her "best friend," whispered softly:

"Do you know Helen Benson 's going to have her birthday party next Saturday?"

"Is she, truly?" asked Nimpo.

"Yes; true 's I live and breathe and draw the breath of life," said Anna; "and most all the girls are invited; I am."

"I wonder if she is n't going to invite me!" said Nimpo.

"Oh, of course she will, only you was n't here this morning. She is n't going to have any boys; her mother won't let her."

"I 'm glad of that," said Nimpo; "boys are so rude."

"I aint; I think it 's real mean."

At recess, the birthday party was the great subject of conversation; and as soon as she saw Helen Nimpo received her invitation.

The invitations were not much like those which young ladies of twelve years get now-a-days, engraved or written as ceremoniously as their mammas', enclosed in a dainty envelope, and sent by a servant.

Helen just said to Nimpo:

"O, Nimpo, I want you to come to my party, next Saturday."

"Well, I will," said Nimpo; and that was all.

The great question, "What are you going to wear?" came up next; and that was as important to these girls, with only one Sunday dress, as it is to you with your many.

Nimpo had no reply to make to the question. *Her* Sunday dress was ruined, and she did not know what she should do.

The girls pitied her, and had plenty of suggestions to make. One advised her to hunt up a white dress which she had outgrown, and let it down; and another offered to lend her a dress of her older sister's, which would only need tucking up and taking in under the arms. But Nimpo was too proud to accept any such offer.

"If mother was home," she sighed, as she walked slowly home, "she would get me a new dress; I know she would."

As she passed her father's store, she went in, partly to see if any letters had come from her mother, and partly because she always did go in. Cousin Will happened to be in a pleasant mood,—he was n't always,—and so Nimpo told him about the party and her spoilt dress.

"If mother was here, she 'd get me a new one," she ended.

"I dare say she would," said Cousin Will, pitying the unhappy face of his little cousin, "and I 'll tell you what I 'll do, Nimpo. If you can find anybody to make your dress, I 'll take the responsibility of letting you have one out of the store."

"Oh! will you?" cried Nimpo. "Oh, I 'll be so glad! But who can I get?" she added, soberly, a moment later. The ladies in that primitive town made their own dresses. They did n't have forty tucks or ruffles on them, I can tell you.

"Could n't Sarah make it?" suggested Cousin Will.

"I don't know; perhaps so; she does sew sometimes; and come to think it, she told me she

Digitized by Google

used to sew for her old mistress. But she is away off at her sister's."

"Not so very far,—only a mile through the woods. Rush knows where, for he and I went there once to get her."

"Well, I 'll go over and see her now," said Nimpo, excitedly. "Where 's Rush?"

"He 's out, behind the store!" said Cousin Will.

Nimpo soon found him. He was delighted with the proposal to go to Sarah's.

They started off at once, calling a moment at Mrs. Morris' to get Anna to go, too.

Of course, all you young people know how delightful are walks in the woods; so I need not describe that part of it, only to say that they stopped so often to gather flowers, moss and other treasures, that when they got to Mrs. Johnson's, their arms and pockets and aprons were full.

Mrs. Johnson,—Sarah's sister,—lived in a long, low cabin made of logs, in the woods. She had a husband and six or eight children, and the entire family had run away from the South a few years before.

Sarah was busy, helping her sister spin, and was quite surprised to see Nimpo.

"How do you git on, boarding?" was her first question.

"Not very well," said Nimpo; "but, Sarah, I 've come to see if you can't make me a new dress to go to Helen Benson's party?"

"La sakes now!" exclaimed Sarah. "Whar 's that new blue frock y'r ma done made fur ye?"

"I spoiled it,—fell in the creek," said Nimpo.

"Go 'long, now! What ye s'pose y'r ma 'll say?"

"I don't know," said Nimpo, penitently; "but will you make the dress? Cousin Will says I may have one, if you 'll make it."

"Lor'! ye oughten ter spile y'r cloze so. I don't see how I kin do it, no ways."

"Yes, Sarah," spoke up her sister; "make it fur the po' child. I kin help ye."

Nimpo turned gratefully to the speaker,—a big woman, with a fat black baby in her lap.

"Oh, thank you!"

And so it was settled that Sarah would make the dress; and Nimpo agreed to "bring the stuff aroun'," the next day.

"Sarah!" said Rush, "now let 's have a story."

"Oh, oh, do!" cried Nimpo and Anna, in a breath; for Sarah was a famous story-teller.

"You say you 'll come over, some day, and tell me 'bout the party," said Sarah, "an' I 'll tell ye a story, that 'll make y'r ha'r stan' up."

"Oh, yes; we 'll promise *sure*," said Nimpo, eagerly, "if you only will tell us the story right off."

CHAPTER VII.

SARAH'S STORY.

SARAH'S stories were wonderful things. To be sure, they were apt to be a little startling, and generally ended by scaring her listeners half out of their wits; but that only made them more delightfully exciting.

By this time the Johnson children, getting a hint of the coming treat, began to crowd around, and Sarah began:

"Now, all you young uns must sit 'mazin' still if I 'm gwine to tell a story."

Nimpo and Anna were already occupying the only spare chairs. Rush sat on the wood-box, and the biggest Johnson girl on a keg, while the rest of the children squatted around on the floor, making a close semicircle about Sarah.

Sarah's virtue as a story-teller was in her face and manner. She was very black, with large rolling eyes, a very long face, a monstrous mouth, great white teeth, and long thin hands, which had an uncanny white look on the inside, as though the color were coming off.

Perhaps you don't think hands have much to do with story-telling, but they had with Sarah's, I can tell you.

Quieting her audience with threats of "claring 'em all out the house," she began in a low, solemn voice:

"Onct upon a time, way down in Ole Kentuck', there lived a MAN! He was a-w-f-u-l rich, and had heaps an' heaps o' nice things in his dark cellar. Bottles an' bottles o' wine, bar'ls an' bar'ls o' cider, an' lots an' lots o' hams, bar'ls and bar'ls o' bacon, an' bins an' bins o' apples, an' jars an' jars o' sweetmeats, an' boxes an' boxes o' raisins, an' O! piles o' good things to eat, in that dark cellar."

Sarah paused to see the effect. Rush smacked his lips, and the eyes of the whole Johnson family rolled in ecstasy at the delightful picture.

"But he was a-w-f-u-l stingy! Not a speck of all these yer goodies would he guv to a-n-y body. Lor'! he al'us kep the key in his own pocket, an' if he wanted ham for dinner, he went down in that yer d-a-r-k cellar, an' cut a slice, nuff fur hisself. An' if he wanted wine, he jes went down an' fotched a bottle, an' al'us locked the do' arter him, an' n-e-v-e-r guv Sam the fustest speck!"

"Who 's dat ar?" asked one of the children.

"You shet up! I 'll crack ye over the head, if ye don't stop cuttin' up sich shines!" Sarah replied.

The interrupter shrunk behind his mother, and felt snubbed.

"Well, now," Sarah went on, rolling her eyes,

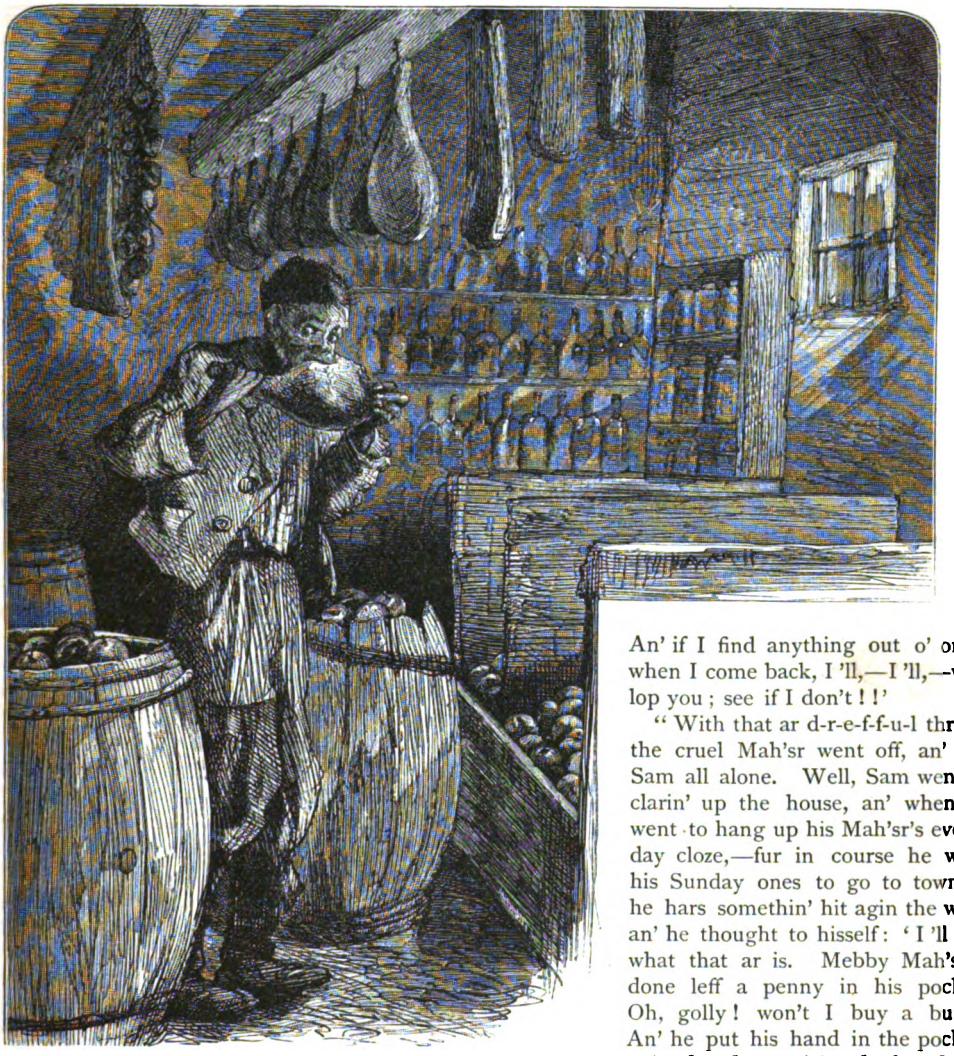
Digitized by Google

"that ar Sam was a po' nigga,—the only nigga the stingy man had; an' he was that stingy he never half fed him no way. He guv him a leetle corn-meal fur hoe cakes, an' onct in a g-r-e-a-t while a leetle teeny bit uv a thin slice o' bacon. So Sam got thinner an' thinner, till he was near a shadder, an' his fingers were l-o-n-g and b-o-n-y."

And Sarah held up hers and clawed them in the air, till the children could almost see Sam and his bony hands.

"Well, one day this bad man had to go 'way off to the big city, an' he had n't got nobody to leave in the house but jes Sam. So he done measured out jes so much corn-meal, an' he said: 'Now Sam, I shall be gone away three days, an' that 'll have to last ye till I get back. I 'll warrant ye 'd like to jes eat it every scrap the fust day, an' ax fur mo',—it 's jes like ye,—but not a snojen do you get till I come back, fur I 've locked everything up. An' if I find anything out o' order when I come back, I 'll,—I 'll,—wallop you; see if I don't!!'

"With that ar d-r-e-f-f-u-l threat, the cruel Mah'sr went off, an' left Sam all alone. Well, Sam went to clarin' up the house, an' when he went to hang up his Mah'sr's every-day cloze,—fur in course he wore his Sunday ones to go to town,—he hars somethin' hit agin the wall, an' he thought to hisself: 'I 'll see what that ar is. Mebby Mah'sr 's done leff a penny in his pocket. Oh, golly! won't I buy a bun!' An' he put his hand in the pocket, an' *what do you s'pose he found?*



SAM IN THE CELLAR.

"THE CELLAR KEY!!!"

Sarah, looking wildly at her listeners, said these thrilling words in an awful whisper, with a roll of the eyes and a dropping of the jaw, that made it still more horrible.

"'Oh, Lor'! here 's the key!' said Sam to hisself; 'what s-h-a-l-l I do?' An' then he thought awhile. But, sakes! chillen, 'pears like the Debil is

Digitized by Google

al'us waitin' fur chances, an' so he popped into Sam's head to jes go an' *look* at the good things. 'I won't touch ary bit,' said Sam, 'fur Ole Mah'sr 'd find out if one apple stem 's gone,—but I 'll look.' That was the fust wrong step, chillen. Ye know how hard it is to defrain, if ye look at the things ye oughten ter. Well, this yer onreverent nigga c-r-e-p-t down stairs an' unlocked the do', an' p-e-e-p-e-d in,—trem'lin', fit to drop. He more spected to see Ole Mah'sr behind a bar'l. But it was as s-t-i-l-l as the grave, so he c-r-e-p-t in. There hung the l-o-n-g rows o' hams,—so juicy an' sweet; and Sam went up an' thought to hisself, 'Now, I 'll jes smell of one.' So he smelled of it, an' it was so nice seems like he could n't help jes touch it with his finger an' clap his finger in his mouf, an' then he did it agin. Ye know, chillen, how the ole Debil stan's side o' ye an' helps ye on. Arter Sam had tasted onct or twice, he seen a t-e-e-n-y bit of a ham, way off in the fur corner, an' he said to hisself, 'I don't b'lieve Ole Mah'sr 'll ever miss that ar one,—'t aint much 'count no way.' An', chillen, he was that hungry he could n't help it, I do b'lieve. He snatched that ham, an' he eat an' eat an' eat till he could n't stuff another moufful, an' hid the rest behind a bar'l. Then he went on an' went on till he come to the apples,—bins an' bins o' b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l red apples! And he smelt of 'em, an' then he eat an' eat an' eat till he could n't stuff another moufful. Then he went on an' went on till he came to the shelf o' sweetmeats, an' he looked at 'em an' smelt of 'em, and finally he snatched a jar, tore off the cover, an' eat an' eat an' eat till he could n't stuff another moufful.

"An' then he could n't eat any more, sure nuff, an' he went out an' locked the do'. But he never had so much to eat in his life, an' 'pears like he was stuffed so full he sort o' lost his reasons. He went out an' laid down on a bench in the sun, an' he said to hisself, 'Lor'! aint it nice to have nuff to eat fur onct; there 's poor Jim, I don't s'pose he ever had nuff in his life.' An' then a w-e-r-y wicked idea come into his head. So, byem by he got up an' went over to Jim's,—he lived next do',—an' he tole him soon 's it was night to come over, an' he tole him to fotch Sally. Sally was the house gal, a likely wench, an' Sam liked her. An' then he went to Tom's and tole him to come too; and finally, chillen, he 'vited quite a 'spectable company. Then he went home, an' he went into the woodshed an' fotched in big sticks o' wood, an' he made up a mose won'erful fire, an' swept out the big kitchen clean an' nice, tho' he was n't extra neat now, Sam was n't. 'Bout ten o'clock his company 'gan to come, the ladies all dressed up fine in some of their Missis' things,—low neck an' short sleeves, an' ribbins an' white gloves. O, go 'way! yer don't see no sich things up har! An' the gemmen! Lor', chillen, if ye could see the fine long-tailed blue coats, with buttons shinin' like marygolds, ye'd laff fit to split y'r sides.

"Arter the company was all there, an' talked a little 'bout the weather an' sich topics o' conversation, he axed 'em, 'Would n't they like a little defreshment?' They was very polite, an' said, 'No, thank ye,' an' 'I 'd ruther be 'xcused.' But he went to the cellar, an' he took'd out g-r-e-a-t plates o' apples an' g-r-e-a-t pitchers o' cider, an' Tom helped him; an' they fotched out Ole Mah'sr's tum'lers, an' he filled 'em all up; an' he fotched out a w-h-o-l-e jar o' sweetmeats, an' a g-r-e-a-t dish o' honey, an' pickles,—oh, Lor'! such heaps o' things! An' all the time Sam said, so polite, 'Ladies an' gemmen, hep you'self, there 's mo' in Mah'sr's cellar!'

"An' they did hep theirselves, an' they eat an' eat an' eat till they could n't stuff another moufful. An' while they was all stuffin', an' Sam was gwine round with a bottle o' wine in each hand, sayin' so polite, 'Ladies and gemmen, hep you'self, there 's mo' in Mah'sr's cellar,' he happened to look up!

"THERE WAS HIS MAH'SR!!!"

As Sarah said this she gave a horrible yell, and sprang forward, clutching in the air, as though to seize them; and her spell-bound listeners screamed, and some of them fell over backwards.

Delighted with the effect of her tragedy, she waited till they gathered themselves up, with awe-struck faces, to listen to the end.

She lowered her voice to a ghostly whisper.

"The Mah'sr sprang to get Sam, but Sam let out a screech nuff to raise the dead, an' clared out thro' the do' 's tho' the Debil was arter him. The rest of the company slunk out 'thout axin' to be 'xcused, an' was in bed every soul of 'em in two minutes, an' snorin' fit to raise the roof. Sam's mah'sr run till he got done tired out, an' then he dragged hisself home."

Sarah stopped. After waiting a few minutes, Rush asked, in a scared sort of a voice, what became of Sam.

Sarah rolled her eyes, shook her head, dropped her jaw, and said, slowly:

"He n-e-v-e-r was heard of agin."

"Run away?" suggested Rush.

"S'pose so. Mebby up Norf this very day, f'r all I know." And Sarah turned to her work.

Her audience drew long breaths, and tried to resume their usual feelings, as though it were a common day.

But Sarah's stories invariably lasted longer than other people's. They seemed to do away with

Digitized by Google

common everyday life, and the children could n't get over them.

But they were all the more delightful for that; and Nimpo, Anna and Rush took their leave at once, and walked home very quickly through the woods, which were now rather dusky, looking around nervously at every sound, half expecting to see the bony, half-starved Sam, or his fierce master.

But they were not afraid! Of course not,—they laughed at the idea of such a thing,—only Sarah's stories always seemed so real.

(To be continued.)

THE TRIO.

By Mary A. Lathbury.

Nannie Clover! Nannie Clover!
Mind the leaf to turn it over.
Don't be careless, Billy, don't!
You can sing well, but you won't.
Don't keep time with *all* your feet;
Softer, mind! when you repeat.
Ready now! and let it ring,
One,—two,—three,—sing:

'Mary had a little lamb,
Mary had a little lamb,
Mary had a little l-a-a-mb,
It's fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went,
And everywhere that Mary went,
And everywhere that Mary we-ent,
The lamb was sure to go."

Silly creatures, what a bother!
Making eyes at one another.
Mind your notes, and look at *me*,—
I 'm the leader, don't you see?
Faster, Billy! Louder, Nan!
Wake the echoes if you can.
Let us make this trio ring,—
One,—two,—three,—sing:

"Bah! bah! black sheep,
Got any wool?
O yes! master,
Three bags full:
One for the master,
One for the dame,
And one for the little boy
That cries in the lane."

Digitized by Google

WHAT THE STORK SAW.

BY HETTA LORD HAYES WARD.

IT is a serious thing to be the head of a family, said the stork mother, as she sat brooding over her three yellow eggs in the big nest on the top of one of the tall chimneys of Strasburg.

"It would be more serious if there were no family. Something may happen to the eggs, after all," said the stork father, as he stood on one leg and looked at his wife earnestly.

"You must not speak of such a thing now, and don't stare at me so, dear. It distracts my mind," said Mrs. Stork, settling herself more carefully over the eggs.

"Suppose," said the stork father, uneasily, "suppose a storm should come and blow off the nest, or suppose some one should tear it down; suppose the chimney should fall, or—or suppose the eggs should prove addled!"

"They certainly will, if you disturb me at this rate," interrupted the mother.

The stork father said nothing more, just then, but changed his leg soberly, and looked at his wife as before.

He was very tall, and had dark circles round his eyes, and such a high forehead! You would have known he was uncommonly wise, though he said nothing.

"How can you have the heart to stand there stone-still, staring away, when you know I wish for some fresh meat? At home, before I was married, such toads and such snakes as we used to have! O, if I only had a snake now!" said the mother; and she snapped her beak as if she already tasted one.

"Don't think about it, dear. It will make your stomach uneasy," said the stork father, soothingly. "Perhaps I may find a rat somewhere." And he rose in the air, gave one great flap with his wings, and sailed on over the roofs toward the cathedral that rose tall and grand above the big and little houses of the queer old city.

It was still and cool inside the cathedral always. The beautiful round window in front caught the white sunbeams without, and changed them to strange, lovely colors, and then scattered them, all the year round, like summer flowers, on the floor below. Kings and queens, nobles and grand ladies, walked there with bowed heads, and forgot, for a little while, their crowns and kingdoms, their titles and brave attire, in thinking of the heavenly kingdom and the white robes of saints.

The tired kitchen-maid and the poor beggar knelt in the light of the colored windows, as if on banks of heavenly flowers, and forgot hunger and thirst, pain and labor.

No wonder the white stork flew towards the cathedral. On and on he sailed; then slowly swept in great circles above the tall spire, and, at last, dropped gently down.

The people came in crowds from the open doors. The stork raised his long neck, at last, and looked.

"I thought as much," said he; and slowly lifted himself on his great wings, and dropped down on a neighboring roof, where he perched himself gravely on one leg, like a crippled soldier. One would have thought him asleep, he stood so still; but, suddenly he gave a hop, flapped his wings, and sailed away from the cathedral back towards the nest on the chimney.

"You have been gone so long," said the stork mother, peevishly.

"But I found a rat on my way home, my dear."

"That may be very well; but will it keep my legs from aching? Besides, you knew I wanted a snake." Yet she rose from her nest and swallowed the rat, at once.

"Pray, don't get excited. Remember the children's dispositions, my dear," said the stork father, soothingly, as he seated himself on the nest; "I saw something to-day."

"Saw something? That rat was really very refreshing; and my legs feel much better after stretching them a little. I think I can sit down again soon. You saw?"

"I saw our Dr. Felix."

"That is nothing; he sits at the window, always!"

"Is he there now?" asked the stork father.

"Why, no!" answered the mother, stretching her long neck and looking over the side of the nest down to a little window in the roof "but he has not returned from the lectures."

"Lectures!" said he. "I have been to the cathedral!"

"You always go to the cathedral," said his wife, reproachfully.

"It is elevating," answered the stork, gravely; "besides, I saw Felix, and he carried a rose."

Digitized by Google

"A rose!" cried Mrs. Stork, eagerly. "Where did he get it?"

"That is the question," answered the stork father, slowly.

"You are very provoking," said she; "you know I can't leave the nest now; and I see so little of the world at this season." And her brown eyes had a liquid look, and the circles under them grew darker than ever.

"Don't, dear," said the stork father. "One never knows surely about such matters, so don't speak of it; but he followed the gardener's daughter. She came from the cathedral with a basket on her arm, when the great clock struck twelve. There was a pink kerchief around her throat, and the throat was white as a lotus flower. Her hair was yellow as the pyramid sands, but her eyes were blue as the sea."

"A vain, foolish thing, most likely. Poor Felix!" said the stork mother.

"A good child and pure. Happy Felix!" said the wise stork father.

"Something may happen," said she.

"You are too anxious, altogether. Nothing can happen, my dear; love is everlasting," said the stork father, solemnly; and he looked at his wife, who was very still and modest, though she was sure the father had said something wise and sweet, which she, as a wife, might well be proud of, if she chose.

"You may tell me more to-morrow; now I will go back to the eggs and think about it," and she spread her great soft wings over the pale yellow eggs in the nest.

The stork father stood close by. It was quite enough for him to look at the mother. In spite of his serious air he was very happy and contented.

By and by Dr. Felix came home and looked from his little window in the roof up toward the nest. The mother covered the eggs with her warm feathers, while the stork father stood guard on one leg, with his head curved back to his wing. It was a pretty picture in the moonlight.

THE STRASBURG HOME OF THE STORK FAMILY.

Digitized by Google

"One of these days I will have a nest," said Dr. Felix.

The days grew warmer and longer in Strasburg. The great cathedral stood in the yellow sunshine like a golden stair climbing up to heaven; only, at night, when the moon shone, the steps were silver instead of gold.

A whole month passed by, and one day the mother said, "Hark! surely I hear something under my wings."

"The children!" gasped the father, breathlessly; and when they looked, two of the shells were broken. The third egg was whole.

"No doubt it will hatch if I keep it warm to-day," said Mr. Stork.

"No," said the stork mother, decidedly, "it is addled; I was sure it would be that day with all your supposing. One must never suppose in hatching-time. It is addled, my dear; it will never hatch." And it never did, though the stork father sat on the nest one whole day.

"It is not worth while to fret. Four make a very good family," said Mrs. Stork, comfortingly, as she looked at the father and the two young ones; "a very fine family, indeed, my dear, to be educated and provided for."

After that the old birds had a great deal to do, as is always the way with all good fathers and mothers.

Mr. Stork took long journeys for food, while the stork mother taught her children beautifully at home. At first she sang to them a lovely note, "Breke-ke-kex-ko-ax ko-ax," over and over again, just like the voice of the frogs in spring. She had eaten so many by the cataracts of the Nile, that it was easy to sing that tune. The song was very useful, for, besides soothing the children, it taught them all the stork lore about frogs and snakes. When they grew older, and their legs and morals needed training, they took gymnastics every day, and learned the ten plagues of Egypt by heart, giving great attention to the second.

"They are a credit to you, mother," said Mr. Stork, one day, proudly, "to say nothing of their standing on one leg and their morals; only see how red their stockings and beaks are growing."

"They do very well at their gymnastics, considering their age," said Mrs. Stork, "only they must use their beaks less. Children should be seen and not heard. They will learn in time to give a stronger flap, more like their father's, my dear," and the mother sat down on the nest while the stork father balanced himself, as usual, and the two young storks stood one on each side of the mother.

The cathedral rose dimly behind them. Dr. Felix, at his window below, looked out into the soft sunshine, with a very fresh pink rose in his button-hole. He always wore pink roses now.

"One of these days,—one of these days," said

THE FATHER-STORK AND THE LITTLE GIRL.

Dr. Felix, and he nodded to the old storks, gaily, as if he were telling them a secret, and the stork father and mother looked at each other and understood all about it.

"It is old as the sphinx: love is everlasting," said the stork father. Then the mother and the stork children all nodded gravely.

The summer grew warmer and warmer in Strasburg, and one day there were great clouds of smoke and dust beyond the city.

"We must be moving soon," said the father, "for the north wind begins to blow. The children are well grown and must see the world. See that they practice well to-day, my dear," and he raised himself slowly, poked forward his head, stretched his long red legs well out behind him, and flew away beyond the city.

His plan was to get a fine young snake for his children, but he searched a long time in the fields before he found any. Once, after taking a few turns in the air, he alighted close by a bright-eyed little girl. The little girl had her child in her arms, and the stork father, rejoicing that he understood her feelings so well, tried to stand as politely before

Digitized by Google

her as Dr. Felix would have done. But the little mother, after looking at him shyly for an instant, hugged her doll with both arms and ran skipping away.

That day the people ran up and down the streets with troubled faces; "The Prussians! we are besieged!" they cried to each other.

"Besieged!" said the stork mother, sneeringly. "We have wings as well as legs, and can fly over walls and guns," and she clapped with her beak like the snapping of a Frenchman's pistol. The stork father said nothing, which was safe. He had seen a great deal that day and did not care to talk.

"We will go to-morrow," said he the next morning, as he flew away. "To-morrow, remember!" and he was gone.

The stork mother sat on the nest while the two young storks stood tall and straight beside her. She was very proud of them. Their red stockings were clean, their great beaks sharp and long, their breasts were round and snowy, their white wings, trimmed with black, were strong, and they flew with a great flap like their father.

There was a strange rumbling and crackling around the city.

"It is thunder," said the stork mother, and she at once began talking to the children to calm their minds.

"To-morrow," said she, "to-morrow we will leave the old nest, fly over the cathedral and over the walls of the city. Then we will join our brothers and cousins, and fly together over the cold mountains yonder, home—home to Egypt, the old land of your fathers—the land of the great Nile. On its banks, among the tall reeds, we shall find thousands of snakes and frogs—big fat frogs, long sweet snakes;" and the stork mother stretched her long neck forward, as if she were making room for one.

"To-morrow," said she, "to-morrow," but she said nothing more, for at that moment there came a sudden roar and rumble, with a sharp stinging *whiz*, a line of fire ran through the air, and when the dazed mother stork looked about her, the nest was gone. It had fallen on the roof, and the two tall children lay still beside its torn and ragged edge.

"They are asleep," murmured the mother, and she stood patiently and watched them all day long.

"They are asleep," said she again, when the stork father came home at night; so they both stood and watched all through the darkness.

"Such a long sleep!" said the stork mother in the morning, and she stroked them with her smooth red beak; but the young storks slept on quietly. Then the father moved them with his foot, but they never ruffled a feather.

They slept soundly, poor stork children. All that day, all the next day, the stork father and mother stood motionless by the broken nest.

That night Dr. Felix came for a moment to the little window in the roof—he wore a uniform now—but the rose was blood-red and it drooped.

"What ails the storks?" said Dr. Felix, and he climbed up over the roof and looked into the nest. "Poor things! they must have been dead a long time," and he took away the lifeless children and buried them in the little court below, while the two storks watched, hovering about the tall chimney. "This is only the beginning—there will be worse than this," said Dr. Felix.

Worse! That very night deep thunders rolled and crashed when the sun went down, while heavy walls and houses fell. Women and children shivered in dark cellars underground, and even the great cathedral trembled.

When morning came the storks were gone. The mother came back at night, flew around the tall chimney, alighted gravely at last, and looked long at the empty nest, then rose slowly on her great wings and sailed away

Spring came again and with it the storks to Strasburg. The old nest was gone, so was the tall chimney, and the pointed roof with its little window, and the face that had looked from it.

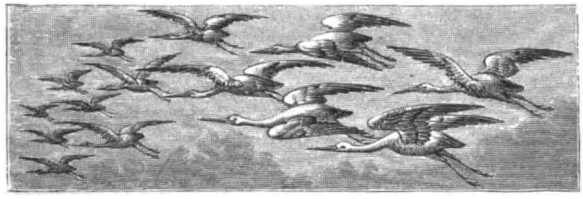
The two storks stood on the chimney of a cottage near a garden. It was the garden of the dead, "God's Acre." There were little children in the garden planting bright flowers on the graves.

"He shall have the brightest," said the boy, "for he died fighting for Strasburg."

"And she, too," said the girl, "for she loved him, and she died."

"Poor Felix!" said the stork mother from the roof of the cottage.

"Love is everlasting! Happy Felix!" said the stork father. And the stork was right.



Digitized by Google

SOME COSSACK RIDERS.

Digitized by Google

COSSACK HORSEMEN.

AMONG the Cossacks, a warlike tribe of Southern Russia, are found some of the finest horsemen in the world. From early youth most of the males of this nation are accustomed to riding; so that in time, a seat in a saddle becomes as familiar to them as a seat in a chair is to us. The feats which are related of some of them, especially those in the army, where expert horsemanship is more highly appreciated than elsewhere, are marvelous, and they sometimes give daring exhibitions of their skill in riding which quite put to shame the feats of horsemanship we see at the circus. In our performances the trained horses gallop evenly around the smooth surface of a ring, covered with sawdust or tan-bark, and there is a riding-master with a long whip, whose duty it is to see that the horse never falters or swerves, but keeps steadily on at an even pace, while the rider performs his feats upon the back of the animal, frequently standing on a large flat board which takes the place of a saddle. Of course, it is by no means an easy thing to stand on such a board while a horse is galloping around a ring, much less to turn somersaults and jump through hoops; for these feats demand years of patient practice, and few persons become skillful circus-riders without plenty of falls and hard bumps.

But this riding is nothing to that of the Cossack, who springs to his feet on the saddle of his horse, and then urges him at full speed over the rough roads and fields,—here, there, away in a straight line, around in a circle, cracking his whip and waving his arms, while the horse gallops as freely as though his master were firmly seated on his back with his feet in stirrups.

It must be a splendid way to ride, especially when several of these Cossacks are in the field together, dashing across each other's courses, racing and chasing and flying along with their heads so high up in the air that they must feel almost like birds on the wing.

But it is to be feared that there is not an American boy in the land, let him try as hard as he may, who could ever learn to ride like that. At any rate, if there were one who thought he could do it, his mother would be to be pitied if she should happen to be standing at the back-door where she could see him galloping, Cossack fashion, over the fields.

FAST FRIENDS.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Author of the "Jack Hazard" Stories.

CHAPTER VIII.

GEORGE OPENS HIS HEART AND HIS TRUNK.

"HOW do you expect to find your relations? You have no clue," said George.

"No," replied Jack, "but I must have been advertised, and had a reward offered for me, when Mother Hazard was taking me up the river. I mean to hunt through the newspapers of a dozen or thirteen years ago, and if I find the advertisement of a lost child with yellow curls, pink frock, and so forth, I shall be pretty sure I am that child. That's my business. Nothing else could have sent me away from so good a home at such a time."

"You'll be better off than I, if you find your relations," said George, almost enviously; "they'll give you money if you need it."

"That's just what I meant to avoid," said Jack; "I'm not going on this expedition for any selfish purpose. I took all the money I could raise, so as to be independent of my relations, if I should find them. I felt that I ought to hunt them up. Think what grief and anxiety they must have suffered on my account,—lost in the streets of a great city and never heard from! Besides, I wish to satisfy myself and know who my relations are. Now think of my landing in New York without a shilling in my pocket!"

Again Jack gave vent to his wrath against the thieves who had robbed them. Then, turning suddenly, he looked George full in the face.

"Come! now tell me *your* plans."

"Mine? Oh!—I—" George stammered and blushed again.

"Yes. You've something in view. It's one of

Digitized by Google

those things that float in the air," said Jack; "I feel it. You need n't try to make me think you have n't some scheme you hope to put through."

"But it 's so uncertain," hesitated George.

"No matter. So is my business. So is almost everything in this world. But don't tell me, if you don't want to. I thought perhaps you would like to have me know of it, since we 've got to work together,—fast friends, you know."

George drummed on the deck with his foot, and cast down his eyes like a guilty wretch, as he said, still blushing:

"I 've,—got,—some,—poems,—in my trunk."

"Books?" queried Jack.

"N-o-o. Y-yes. I 've got some books of poetry. You 've seen some of them. But I don't mean those. I mean verses,—manuscripts."

"Copied?" said Jack.

"No." George gained courage and looked his companion in the face, with trustful, deep blue eyes, full of truth. "Some I composed myself."

"You! A poet?"

"I hope so; at any rate I make verses enough," replied George, with a smile of singular sweetness, and a certain inspired look, which gave Jack a new insight into his character.

Jack was hugely astonished. "There was something about you,—I wondered what it was. I see now! A poet! Why did n't I think of that?"

"Don't speak so loud," said George, in a low tone.

"You must show me your poetry," Jack continued.

"I will, some time."

"But what are you going to do with it in New York?"

"I will tell *you* what I have never breathed to a living soul! not even to Vinnie!" said George. "It 's only a vague idea in my mind, and I think, very likely, it will come to nothing; for I 'm not a very big fool! I shall try to have my poetry printed in a volume."

"And get some money for it?"

George was almost ashamed to own that his muse was so sordid; "but even a poet must have bread," he explained.

"But can you sell verses in that way?" said Jack. "Won't you be obliged to wait till the book sells before you get your money for it?"

"If I do," George answered, "I hope, in the meanwhile, to print in the newspapers something I may get pay for. I know some writers are paid."

"Have you ever printed anything?"

"O, yes; pieces in the *Vanguard*,—our county newspaper."

Jack looked with awe and admiration upon a young poet whose verses had actually seen the light of print.

"Show me some of those pieces!"

"I had them cut out; they were in my pocket-book. I wonder if the thieves will read them!" said George. "I 'll get some of the pieces out of my trunk, if you like," he proposed, encouraged by Jack's interest and sympathy.

Jack accompanied his friend, to help him get at his trunk. A mass of manuscript was soon unearthed from under a pile of books and shirts.

"You won't want to read many of these now," said George. "Here is 'Golboda: a Romance of the African Coast.' You might begin with that. It 's in the style of the 'Lady of the Lake.' Then, here is 'Mo-da-wee-kah: an Indian Tale,' in irregular metre, something like Byron's 'Siege of Corinth' and 'Parisina.' I have n't decided which I shall make the leading poem of my volume; I should like your opinion. Then, here are 'Fugitive Leaves,'—songs and ballads and fragments."

"And did you write all these?" said Jack, wonderingly, as he turned the pages. "How could you ever do it?"

"O, it 's the easiest thing in the world. I composed the whole of 'Mo-da-wee-kah' while plowing our summer fallow, and wrote down, each night, before going to bed, the lines I had made during the day. I can't read a poem that I like, but a burning desire seizes me to go and write something in the same style. For that reason, I 'm afraid some of these pieces will sound like imitations. For instance, here 's a fragment,—'Isabel,'—which reads so much like Coleridge's 'Christabel,' that I shall be afraid to include it in the volume."

Jack read a little of "Golboda," and was surprised to find the lines so smooth, and the rhymes so musical. But he could n't keep his mind on it very long; and, without suspecting that the fault might be in the poem, he accused himself of being over-anxious about their situation. Besides, a thought had suddenly struck him.

"It 's good!" he said. "George, you are a poet! It does sound like the 'Lady of the Lake,'—and I don't see but it 's almost as good."

George, who had been watching him with keen anxiety, and had felt his heart sink at the reader's first symptoms of weariness and inattention, smiled at this doubtful compliment.

"But, George, I 've an idea!"

"What?" said George, with a nervous tremor.

"You 've got some things in your trunk, here, which you can shove up."

"Shove up?" George stared.

"Yes," said Jack, confidently; "up the spout."

"The spout? What 's that?"

"Don't you know? There are pawnbrokers' shops in all large cities, where you can borrow

Digitized by Google

money on anything,—from a key-bugle to a jack-knife; from a pocket Bible to a suit of clothes."

"I had n't thought of that! And can you always get your things again?"

"Yes; by paying back the money, within a certain time, with interest. What else have you? What can you spare the best?"

"I shall hate to part with my books!" said George, "or my clothes, or—I don't know; perhaps I can *shove up*, as you call it, this flute, as well as anything."

"A flute! Do you play the flute?" said Jack, with joyful surprise.

"Yes, a little."

"Oh! Forrest Felton plays the flute, and I have begun to learn. I wish you could keep that. There's nothing like a little music to comfort a fellow, when he gets lonesome. Can you play dancing tunes?"

George modestly confessed to some slight skill of touch. Then, suddenly, Jack exclaimed, "By gracious!"

"What now?" George inquired.

"Another idea! Shut your trunk, and bring along your flute, and I 'll tell you!"

CHAPTER IX.

HEAD AND HEELS.

GEORGE followed with some curiosity, while Jack led the way back to their favorite nook at the bow.

"Now let me hear you play a few tunes."

George, after some hesitation, blushingly put the flute to his lips, and played *Mrs. Macdonald*, with much grace and sweetness. Encouraged by Jack's applause, he then played the *Copenhagen Waltz*, and *Fisher's Hornpipe*. Jack was delighted; and, during the performance of the last piece, sprang to his feet, in a little open space of the deck, before the capstan, threw himself into a jaunty attitude, and began to dance, keeping perfect time to the music, with his shoes, upon the smooth floor. A crowd was beginning to gather about them, when Jack finished with a surprising flourish and shuffle and whirl, and tumbled himself down on the ropes by his friend's side.

"That's complete!" exclaimed George, whose eye and ear had been charmed by the rhythmical sound and movement of the dance. "Where did you learn so much?"

"On the canal, when I was a little shaver. I used to amuse the boatmen and stable-keepers with my dancing tricks. I learned them of the drivers," said Jack, a little out of breath.

"I 've seen drivers dance; but I never saw anything quite so neat!" his friend declared.

"I could do such things *once*, very well," said Jack, wiping his forehead. "But I 've been mostly out of practice since I left the canal. Last fall, I danced a little to Forrest Felton's playing. Moses Chatford found it out, and, at noontimes, last winter, I did a double-shuffle, once in a while, in the school-house entry. Lucky for us!"

George did not quite comprehend the force of the remark.

"Don't you see? There's money in it!" And, to his friend's astonishment, Jack proceeded to unfold his idea. "We can draw a crowd, easy enough! We 'll go up on the passenger-deck, and I 'll dance to your playing, and then pass round the hat for pennies."

"I never could do it in the world!" said George, abashed at the bare suggestion.

"But you must!" urged Jack. "It's our only chance. I don't fancy it any more than you do; but it will be evening by the time we reach New York, and we may be too late for the pawnbrokers' shops, and to-morrow is Sunday, and any honest business is better than starvation or beggary."

"But this is only a kind of beggary," George objected, while the sweat started out on his face at the thought of making a public spectacle of himself.

"We have a good excuse for doing it," Jack argued. "I shall have the hardest part. And I 'll pass round the hat. Playing the flute won't be bad."

George remembered that the poet Goldsmith once gained the means of subsistence, on a foot journey through Germany and Switzerland, by playing the flute at the doors of peasants, who lodged and fed him for his music; and after much bashful hesitation, he consented to Jack's plan.

"We 'll wait till after dinner," said Jack. "Passengers will be better-natured when they have been fed, and more inclined to give their pennies. Besides, they will begin to be tired of the boat later in the day, and want some amusement."

George, who would not have thought so far as that, gave his companion credit for wonderful sagacity.

They had a few crackers in their coat pockets, and of these they made a frugal repast, while their fellow-passengers (except those who had likewise brought provisions aboard), in answer to the steward's bell, thronged to the steamboat table. As the two friends ate, they discussed the probable success of their scheme, and arranged their programme.

The day was fine and not too cool, though so early in the season. The Catskill mountains were long since passed, and the celebrated scenery of the Hudson was growing a little monotonous, when our two youthful adventurers, at just the right

Digitized by Google

moment, made their appearance on the upper deck. It was thronged with passengers, occupying stools and benches, or walking up and down.

Jack found a clear space on one side, and said to his friend, "This will do. Put your back against that pillar. Now, don't think of anything but me and the music."

George's cheeks were a-fire with blushes, and his heart was beating violently. It took him some time to gain confidence and breath to begin. He was also greatly embarrassed by the conspicuous shortness of his sleeves, as he put up his arms, holding the flute to his lips. He had never felt so awkward in his life. But resolution, which he did not lack, overcame self-distrust and bashfulness, and he blew a few wildly sweet premonitory notes. Then he struck into the *Fisher's Hornpipe*, while Jack, standing near, nodded approvingly, and beat time with his finger. Then Jack began his part.

In a minute there was a ring of spectators around the two performers, and a crowd pressing up from behind. On one side stood George, flute to lips, his back against the pillar; and in the midst was Jack, his head thrown back, now a little on one side and now on the other, his face animated, his hands on his hips, one of them holding his hat, his whole body lithe and agile, feet flying, and heels and toes striking the floor with surprising rapidity and precision. The old spirit of the canal driver seemed to have come back upon him, and there was something almost saucy in his appearance.

The end of the dance was greeted with a murmur of satisfaction, and Jack immediately passed around his hat.

"Gentlemen," said he, "this is n't exactly our trade, but we 're driven to it by necessity. We had our pockets picked when we came aboard at Albany, as some of you noticed; and we 're trying to raise a little money to pay for our supper and lodging."

The gentlemen, pretty generally, put their hands into their pockets, and a good many pennies, together with a few small silver pieces, fell into Jack's hat. He did not confine himself to the ring, but, breaking through it, gave everybody within sound of the flute a chance to contribute.

GEORGE WITH HIS FIFE, AND JACK WITH HIS HEELS

In the meanwhile George, finding the public attention directed from him, gained confidence, and played *Sweet Home*, and one or two tender Scotch airs, with much beauty and feeling. What he lacked in brilliancy of execution,—and he was by no means a brilliant player,—he more than made up in expression. He was surprised to find himself playing so well; his audience inspired him; a feeling of triumph filled his heart.

In a little while, Jack returned, with a joyful countenance, and dropped at his friend's feet a hat well ballasted with clinking coin.

Digitized by Google

"Now, my friends," said he, gaily, "if you will be so obliging as to stand back a little, and make a larger ring, you can all see and hear just as well, and others will be accommodated. Besides, some of you are standing before the ladies, on those benches; and I am sure you are too polite to wish to do that."

George struck up a lively air, to which Jack danced a "double-shuffle," putting in his most difficult and astonishing touches. By this time it had become noised around that these were the lads who had had their pockets picked, and the curiosity excited by their novel situation drew, perhaps, quite as many spectators as the skill of the performance. The next time Jack, with glowing face and sparkling eyes, passed round the hat, he was greeted with many a kind question and pleasant joke, and, what was more to his purpose, a generous contribution of small coins. At the same time, the remarks he heard about himself amused him.

"That boy will make his way in the world!"

"Smart as lightning!"

"If his head 's as good as his heels, he 'll do!"

A lady, dressed in black, seated on one of the benches, dropped, with trembling fingers, a York shilling into his hat, and questioned him, with motherly eyes full of affectionate interest.

"Did you never dance for money before?"

Jack felt that he could honestly say no, though he remembered that when he was a canal-driver and danced for the boatmen, they sometimes tossed him a penny.

"How much money did you lose by the pickpockets?"

"I lost forty dollars, and my friend lost almost as much."

"And you are poor boys?"

"That was all the money we had in the world."

The lady felt in her pocket, and dropped another shilling into his hat. As she was plainly clad, and had not at all the air of a rich person, Jack remonstrated.

"Don't give us anything because we are poor boys," he said, blushingly. "Though that is true enough, we are not beggars. We only ask pay for our entertainment, if anybody has been entertained."

"I have n't half paid you for my entertainment," the lady replied, with a tender smile. "You interest me. How long have you two been traveling together?"

"Only two or three days. I fell in with him by the way."

"Have you parents? Is your mother living?"

"I'm alone in the world," was Jack's reply, as he passed on.

Near by stood the old gentleman who had befriended the two boys; and he now shook Jack cordially by the hand.

"I want to pay you back the money you lent us, and thank you again for your kindness," said Jack, with grateful emotion. "We're in luck, you see."

"I see,—and glad I am!" said the old gentleman. "But never mind about the money just now. You may need it, after all. You have n't got through your troubles yet."

And he firmly refused to receive back the loan.

"I knew they were honest boys!" Jack heard him say, as again he passed on.

CHAPTER X.

MR. FITZ DINGLE'S GENEROUS OFFER.

"THIS will do for the present," Jack said, returning to his friend. "We don't want to make nuisances of ourselves."

They withdrew from the crowd, and, returning to the nook in the bow, sat down to count their money. It was all in copper cents, York sixpences and shillings (old-fashioned six and a-quarter and twelve and a-half cent silver pieces, called fourpences and ninepences in New England), dimes and half-dimes, which, carefully counted, and placed in separate piles, were found to amount to the snug little sum of four dollars and eighty cents.

"Now, what do you say?" said the exultant Jack. "Two dollars and forty cents apiece! Not a bad job, hey?"

"I never would have believed it!" exclaimed George, gleefully. "It seems too good a joke! I thought I should burst with laughter once, when I thought of it, in the middle of a tune! Did n't you notice I almost broke down? What would Vinnie say?"

And he shook with merriment, while he tried to keep a sober face, and pulled down his coat-sleeves.

The boys were observed by two or three passengers and boat-hands; and presently they saw a portly gentleman, in bright kid gloves and a white waistcoat, with a hooked nose, a florid face, and a defect in his left eye, moving somewhat pompously toward them.

"Good pile, eh?" he said in a hoarse bass voice, with a leer of pleasantry. "Ha! ha! pretty well!"

He winked knowingly at them; and the boys noticed that the lids of the defective eye stuck together after the operation, remained so for a second or two, then peeled slowly apart, and came open in a most comical fashion. Indeed, the man's whole appearance, with his red face, his leer, his light kids and his white waistcoat,—out of season, and giving him an air of coarse gentility,—struck the boys as grotesque and absurd.

Digitized by Google

"We have several piles," replied Jack, coldly,—for he did not greatly fancy the man's acquaintance.

"I see! And you've got something better; did ye know it?" He winked again shrewdly, and added, while the comical eye was slowly coming open as before, "You've got a fortune in your heels!"

"Have I?" said Jack, interested. "I did n't know it."

"I know it," replied the man. "And shall I tell you how I know it?"

"If you please," said Jack, puzzled and curious.

"Because I've a professional eye!" the man answered, with another extraordinary leer and wink.

Jack had a mind to ask, "Which eye?" as if uncertain whether it was the twinkler, or the one which happened just then to be glued up again; but he thought he would not be saucy; so he simply asked, "What's that?"

"I'm professional," said the man. "You understand!"

"Indeed!" said Jack, though he did n't understand in the least.

"Certainly," with a flourish of the gloved hands, while the white waistcoat swelled prodigiously. "In the artistic line. I could give you an opening. I am proprietor of a troupe."

"IT'S JUST THE PLACE FOR YOU, YOUNG MAN."

"A troop of what?" asked Jack, watching with a sort of fascination the peeling open of the comical eye. "Horses?"

"Artists!" said the man, impressively.

"Oh! Painters?" said Jack, whose idea of an artist was somewhat old-fashioned. As this suggestion was met by a violent leer and puffing of the waistcoat, he added, "What sort of artists?"

"Well," said the man, strutting to and fro before the boys, with his gloved thumbs hooked into the arm-holes of his waistcoat,—"'hem!—at the present time,"—he paused, and turned his good eye on Jack again—"to be plain,—nigger minstrels."

"Negroes?" said Jack; for the colored minstrel business was rather a new thing in those days.

"Not the genuine article,—ha, ha!" said the man, resuming his walk. "No! Imitations. Genuine art, if not the genuine article!" and he laughed at his own joke. "One of the most elegant places of amusement in the metropolis. I've the best bones in the country,—I don't hesitate to say in the whole world."

"The best bones?" queried Jack, who could n't see how this man's bones differed from those of any other person possessing a sound constitution.

"The best bones; the man who plays the bones,—you understand; and certainly the best low comedy tenor in New York; and now I want a person for the clog dance. It's just the place for you, young man. Good pay to begin with, and a fortune in your heels—as I said before—after I have developed you into a great artist."

"What do you call good pay?" asked Jack.

"Two dollars a week is good pay at first. Here is my card."

It was a bit of enameled pasteboard, on which Jack read, in fancy letters, which seemed affectedly fine, for the name of so coarse a man:

LUCIUS FITZ DINGLE,
COLORED ARTIST TROUPE,
BOWERY HALL.

"What should I have to do?" inquired Jack.

"Black your face and hands, dress in character,—plantation darkey,—dandified colored gemman,—and dance three or four dances in the course of the evening. I warrant you a big success!" And

Digitized by Google

the good eye twinkled with professional delight at anticipated audiences, while the other struggled vainly to get open.

Jack exchanged glances with George, who looked dismayed at the thought of parting with his friend; then answered quietly and firmly:

"Thank you, sir; I don't think I 'll black my face and sell my heels for two dollars a week, just now."

"I 'll say three dollars, if you 'll engage for the season," added Fitz Dingle. "You 're a mere boy, you know."

Jack still shook his head.

"Very well; three dollars for the first week; then, if you like to stay, an increase of a quarter a week."

But Jack had made up his mind.

"Well, come and see my show, anyway. You 'll find it extremely popular and attractive. And bring your friend."

So saying, he handed Jack a couple of red tickets, each bearing the inscription:

COMPLIMENTARY.

FITZ DINGLE'S COLORED MINSTRELS.

ADMIT ONE.

And, urging his "young friend" to think of it, with a flourish of the kids, and a persuasive leer and wink, the professional gentleman stepped gracefully from the stage,—his bad eye having already retired behind the curtain.

The boys laughed; and Jack, who had, during the scene, mechanically divided the little piles of coin into two equal portions, now pushed one of them towards George, with one of Fitz Dingle's red tickets.

"There 's your share," said he.

"It 's more than my share," George declared. "We should n't have a penny, if it had n't been for you."

"But half is yours; you remember our agreement," Jack insisted.

"Well, keep it all for the present, and pay expenses," said George, who hated to have anything to do with matters of money.

"Carry all these coppers? They would tear my pockets out!" said Jack.

"Well, I 'll help you bear the load."

George took up the ticket and looked at it.

"Shall we go and see Fitz Dingle's elegant entertainment?"

"Some time—may be. And who knows," added Jack, "but I shall be glad to take up with his offer? We 've already seen that when a fellow breaks down, a pair of heels aint bad to fall back on!"

(To be continued.)

A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.

Digitized by Google

ABOUT SOME QUEER LITTLE PEOPLE.

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

A HUNDRED and fifty years ago, or thereabout, while George the First was still King of Great Britain, there was a story of some voyages printed in England which everybody read with a great deal of wonder.

There never had been such voyages made before; there never had been such people seen as this voyager had seen.

A man, who said his name was Richard Sympson, sent the story of these voyages to the printer or publisher, and told him, and told the public, that he knew the man who wrote the story, and that he was living in Nottinghamshire, in England, and that he was a friend of his, and connected with him, on the mother's side. And, besides this, he said that he was a truthful man, and that his neighbors believed what he said. He knew the house in which he had lived, too, and knew who his father was,—which was not very strange, since he was connected with him, as I said, on the mother's side.

The name of this voyager was Lemuel Gulliver; and he was so much thought of among his neighbors (Mr. Sympson said), that it came to be a proverb among them, when anyone told a thing that was very, *very* true, to add—"It 's as true as if Mr. Gulliver had said it."

Well, this Mr. Gulliver said he studied physic in Leyden, and married Mary Burton, who lived in Newgate street, and that he got four hundred pounds in money by his wife. I don't see any reason to doubt this. He went as surgeon on a good many ships, but nothing happened to him very extraordinary, until he sailed in May, 1699, in the Antelope, for the South Seas. (I knew a ship, once, called the Antelope.) This Antelope was commanded by Captain William Prichard; but that does n't matter much, since Mr. Gulliver does n't refer to Captain Prichard once again.

They had a very hard time of it, a good many of the sailors dying off, and on the 5th of November—a little while before Thanksgiving Day, in New England—the ship drove on a rock, and split.

Ships do so very often when they drive on rocks.

Six of the men got clear, with Gulliver, and rowed, until the wind upset the boat. The six men were drowned; but Gulliver touched bottom, and walked a mile through the water, till he reached land. Then, being very tired, and, as he says, "Having taken half a pint of brandy aboard ship," he was very sleepy, and lay down to doze. This, about the brandy, is, I dare say, not more than half true.

He says he must have slept about nine hours, and when he waked he felt stiff, and could n't turn over. He tried to lift his arm, but he could n't. Presently he found out that there was a cord across his breast, and another across the middle of his body; and then he found that his legs were tied, and his arms; and it seemed to him,—though he could n't tell certainly,—that his hair was fastened to the ground. This was all strange enough; but it was stranger yet when he felt something walk up over his left leg, and come on, across his body, almost to his chin, so that by turning his eyes down, he could see a little fellow, about six inches high, formed just like a man, with a bow and arrows in his hand. One would have been enough; but when he felt forty more walking over his legs and arms, and pulling themselves up by his hair, he roared out,—as I think you and I would have done.

At this, they all scampered; and some of them hurt themselves badly by tumbling off his body, though this Mr. Gulliver did not know until some time afterward. The poor voyager, who was thus lying on his back, struggled a little, and so he came to get his left arm loose, which was very lucky for him, because these little people, who were much frightened, began to shoot arrows at him, and would most certainly have put out his eyes, if he had not covered them with his hand.

But, by little and little, he was able to look about him, and saw there were thousands and thousands of these queer small people in the fields around.

Afterward, when he had made signs that he was hungry and thirsty, they brought him food, a wagon load at a time, which he took up between his thumb and finger; and their casks of wine,—no bigger than a teacup,—he emptied in a way that made them wonder. (Of course, if these people were only six inches high, their wine-casks must have been small in proportion; every one must see the truth of that.) But these little people had put drugs in the wine, so that Mr. Gulliver slept very soundly after it,—so soundly that he did n't know at all when they brought an immense cart or truck (which they used for dragging vessels), and slung him upon it, and with fifteen hundred of the king's horses drew him to town. There they chained him by one leg, near to the entrance of an immense temple, with a door four feet high—so that he was able to crawl under cover when he awoke.

Of course, all the little people round about came to see Mr. Gulliver, whom they called "The Man-

Digitized by Google

LILLIPUTIANS EXAMINING THE MAN-MOUNTAIN'S POSSESSIONS.

Mountain;" and the king, who had a majestic figure, since he was taller by half an inch than any of his subjects, appointed officers to show the Man-Mountain, and the officers in this way made a great deal of money out of Mr. Gulliver. Officers almost always make money out of somebody.

He caught their language after a time, though they could n't have spoken louder than our crickets,

Digitized by Google

—if as loud. The name of this strange country was Lilliput; and Mr. Gulliver was introduced to all the distinguished people there,—at least he says so,—and has a good deal to say about the queen and the princesses, and how he amused them. Travelers are apt to. He helped them, too, very much; and when a people living upon a neighboring island called Blefuscu threatened war, and collected a great fleet of vessels to attack the Lilliputians, Mr. Gulliver kindly waded over one morning, and, tying a cord to all the ships' bows, drew them along after him, and gave them up to his imperial majesty of Lilliput. He had to put on his spectacles, however, while he was in the water, to keep the Blefuscudian soldiers—who were collected on the shores by thousands—from shooting out his eyes.

The King of Lilliput was, of course, delighted with this service of Mr. Gulliver, and made him a prince on the spot; he also thought it would be a good thing if Mr. Gulliver should, some day, wade across again, and drag over the rest of the enemy's ships; but the Englishman did not think very well of this, and I suspect this difference led to a little coolness between him and the king. It is certain that a good many of the high officers took up a dislike of Mr. Gulliver, as well as some of the ladies of the court. The long and the short of it was, that he found himself out of place among the Lilliputians, and so went over afoot to the island of Blefuscu, where he soon was on very good terms with the emperor of that empire, though he had drawn away his ships.

One day, however, Mr. Gulliver espied in the offing an English boat bottom side up, and by dint of wading and tugging, with the aid of several Blefuscan men-of-war, he brought it to land. There he repaired the boat, the emperor kindly consenting, and furnishing a few hundred mechanics to aid him. Then he stocked the boat with provisions, taking some live sheep and cattle, and set off homeward. He ran great danger of being wrecked; but, finally, fell in with an English merchant vessel, Capt. John Biddel, commander, who kindly took him on board, and asked him how he happened to be at sea in a yawl?

Mr. Gulliver told him, and described the people he had been with. Capt. Biddel did n't believe him, and thought him crazy. Whereupon Mr. Gulliver pulled some of the Blefuscan sheep and cattle out of his pocket, and showed them to him.

Capt. Biddel could n't say anything more. Mr. Gulliver arrived home safely; found his wife well, and his boy Johnny (named after his uncle, who had left him some land at Epping) at the grammar school.

This same Mr. Gulliver made three or four more voyages, and always had the luck to fall in with most extraordinary people,—some of them being ninety feet high; and he was for a considerable time in the waistcoat pocket of a farmer. Fortunately, he kept a journal, or else wrote out the account of his travels when they were fresh in his mind. But his friend, Mr. Sympson, did not print his travels until a good many years after. When they were printed, people in England were very much astonished; and some curious ones went so far as to go down into Nottinghamshire to have an interview with Mr. Gulliver. But, bless you, he was n't there. He was n't anywhere, the Nottingham people said. And some went so far as to say there was no Mr. Sympson.

Who then?

There can't be travels unless there 's a traveler,—that 's certain. If Mr. Gulliver did n't bring away those small cattle in his pocket from Blefuscu,—which Capt. Biddel saw, and Capt. Biddel's mate saw,—where did he bring them from? or if Mr. Gulliver did n't fetch them himself, who did?

Everybody asked, and for a good while nobody knew. At last it all came out. There was no Gulliver, and there was no Sympson,—only Dean Swift, a queer sort of Irish clergyman, who saw, in his own library, everything that Gulliver professed to have seen. And this Dean Swift was as strange a creature as any that Mr. Gulliver saw.

He was a child of English parents, though he was born in Ireland, and lived most all of his life in Ireland.

Sir William Temple had married a relative of Swift's mother, and therefore he was befriended by Sir William Temple, and through him came to know a great many distinguished people of England,—the king among the rest. He had a university education, and a powerful and acute mind, and enormous ambition. These things would have made him a distinguished man, even if he had never known Sir William Temple and never known the king.

But he was an utterly selfish man, and though he was admired by thousands, he was loved by very few.

That queer story of Gulliver, I have told you of, was written by him,—not so much to amuse his readers as to ridicule the people he had met about the court of England. He loved dearly to ridicule people whom he disliked; and I think he disliked nearly the whole human race.

He wanted to be a bishop; but Archbishop Sharp told the queen that he was unfit to be a bishop; and I think Sharp was right.

A man who is doing his best only when he is saying (or writing) harsh, witty things of other people, is not the man for bishop, or clergyman either.

Digitized by Google

He loved (or professed to love) two accomplished ladies. He married one of them privately, but would not declare his marriage. Both of them died broken-hearted before Dean Swift died.

Remorse, I think, overtook him afterward. He grew so petulant and irritable, that no one wanted to live in the same house with him. Then came moodiness and melancholy. For a year he said never a word to anyone. At last that great mind of his,—which was joined with no heart at all,—broke down, and went out, at his death, in gloom and silence. He will always be remembered for the great intellect he had, and for the pure English which he wrote; and always he will be remembered for the badness of his heart.

If he were alive to-day, we might like to have him make our dictionaries for us, or go to Washington for us; but of a certainty—knowing him as we do—we should never want him to preach Christianity for us, or to sit down with us at our firesides.

THE KINDERGARTEN CROW.

By Charles Barnard.

Nobody knew how it happened. Every morning the floor of the school-house entry was wet, as if some one had been carrying water in a very leaky dipper. Nobody did it. Not one of the scholars could tell anything about it. There it was every morning. A wet place on the floor.

Then something else happened. The tin dipper that hung by the water pitcher was found in the stove nearly melted away. At any rate, no one could ever drink a drop out of it again.

Who did that? The teacher asked every one and nobody could tell anything about it, and really it was all very strange indeed.

It was a Kindergarten School. A Kindergarten School is the best place in the world. They have games there, and they tell stories about birds and trees and animals of every kind. Now, the teacher in this school could tell "the very primest kind of stories," and on the day the drinking dipper was found in the stove, she called all the scholars into the school-room and said that she had something to tell them. Of course, it must be a story. Every one sat still and prepared to hear something very wonderful.

And so it was—very wonderful indeed. The teacher said she had a crow in the house! A crow! A real, live crow? Yes, a regular crow. What is a crow? A bird. What color is he? Black, with black eyes and a great beak. Did you ever see a crow? Yes, in the woods, but never in the house.

Sometimes they tame crows, but they are not pleasant pets. Why not? Because they love to pick up things, bits of thread, or a thimble, or even a spoon, and anything else they can find. How very queer! What ever can a crow do with a spoon or a thimble? No, a crow does not really want the things he finds, but he always picks them up and carries them away, and he hides them in the top of a tree, or in some dark corner, where no one can find them; and as he cannot tell any-

Digitized by Google

one where they are, the things are lost. Crows always are likely to be at such mischief; and, in fact, they make very unpleasant companions.

"But what do they do so for? Nobody knows. It must be only for mischief and to make trouble. Now, this crow I have is full of mischief, and I don't know what I shall do with him. To-day he stole the dipper and hid it in the stove."

"Ho! ho! It is n't a real, truly real, crow! Say, teacher, now, it is n't a real crow? Is it?"

"Well, I don't know," resumed the teacher. "It acts like a crow. Every day it spills water in the entry-way. Nobody but a crow would do that. Crows like to make trouble, and I think there really must be a black crow in the school-house. I have not found him yet, but I expect every morning to see him hopping up the stairs, or to find him perched on the top of the door, and winking his black eyes at the scholars."

"Say, teacher. I guess I saw him."

"You! Johnny! Did you see him?"

Johnny felt pretty badly, but he said he did n't mean to do any harm, and he would n't do it again —no, never. And he did n't.

So they never found the crow in the Kindergarten after all.

MAMIE'S LECTURE.

"ITTY dirl! what oo doin' in my papa's d'essin' tase? Don't oo know it's welly naughty for itty dirls to det into d'essin' tases? Itty chil'ren sood be seen, not heard. I 'll tell my mamma 'bout how you went an' dot into my papa's d'essin' tase. Tissent no bizness for itty dirls. I 's'amed of oo!"

Digitized by Google

HOW THE SNOW CAME.

By Annie R. Annan.

Dainty sheets and spread all crumpled,
Brown and yellow locks all rumpled,—
Boys, you know!
Bolster rolled up like a billow,—
Poppies smothered in a pillow
Might look so.

One plump leg out for an airing,
Always heedless in its daring
Where it goes;
Moonbeams through the frost-panes trickle,
And with stealthy fingers tickle
Five pink toes.

What do sleepy poppies dream of?
Why, of course, they take the cream of
Day-time joys;
Things first thought of when they wake up,—
Sleds, for instance, are what make up
Dreams of boys.

Out of doors the trees, beseeching,
All their naked arms are reaching
To the stars.
"Cover us, dear snow, all over,
For we miss the warm sweet clover,"
Pray the flowers.

"Not a night-cap when we 're freezing,—
Bless us! we shall soon be sneezing,"
Cry the pumps;
"And hereby we give you warning,
You will find us by the morning
In the dumps."

Midnight only! What is ailing
All the stars that they are paling
From the sight?
And the dim moon needs a snuffing;
May be a great wind is puffing
Out her light.

Ah! this snow-flake tells the story!
Now the spoiler of her glory
Is confessed.
Thickly now the flakes are dropping,
Like white doves that, never stopping,
Seek their nest.

Heigh-ho, laddies! leave your dreaming;
Here 's a world with sunshine teeming,
Waiting you.
All the pine trees have on mittens,
And the posts have milk-white kittens
On them, too;
And the pump, who looks half crazy,—
Night-cap sidewise,—tips a lazy
"How d' ye do?"

Winter roses for your getting;
Fields of white for sower setting
Gleaming near,—
Oh, a fair new world of beauty!—
Preaching: Gladness is a duty
God holds dear.

THE LAST PIE.

By Alice Chadbourne.

"Aunt Delia, do tell me some more about the funny times you had when you were a little girl. You were always getting into such scrapes!"

"Scrapes!" repeated Aunt Delia, in a solemn voice, but with laughing eyes. "How can you talk so? But, Puss, I believe you have had the whole story of my pranks (as you call them), big and little, at least, half a dozen times."

"Oh, no, I hope not. I 'm sure there 's *one* left. You were always doing something; and it takes little girls so long to grow!" Aunt Delia went on sewing. Pretty soon she looked up with a smile.

"Did I ever tell you about my last pie, Annie?"

"Your last pie? No, auntie. I *knew* there was something!"

"Well, when I was a child, I thought nobody could make pumpkin pies equal to my mother's; and, indeed, now I 'm a woman, I cannot say that I think very differently. Perhaps the pumpkins were

Digitized by Google

better in those days than they are now. Perhaps it was that grand old brick oven. Perhaps it was my mother's skillful fingers; or, it may have been all three together; but certain it is, try as hard as I may, I cannot make my pumpkin pies look or taste like your grandmother's. What a great store of these dainties used to come out of that generous oven! spicy and sweet, shining and golden; but we all were very fond of them, and though there were always so many, they were sure to disappear in a discouragingly short space of time.

"One day I happened to be alone in the kitchen, just after the whole ovenful of pies had been put on the table. All at once, I had an idea. I thought how glad mother always was when she had a nice lot of things baked up for us to eat, and how nice it would be, when she thought the pies were all gone, if I could bring out one and put it on the supper-table. I might do this if I could only hide one away somewhere. But where could I put it, without mother's seeing it? At last I thought of a place,—a grand place, I fancied. 'Way up on the highest shelf in the pantry, stood an old-fashioned tin-baker, in which mother sometimes baked biscuit for tea. She used it only once in a while; so there was n't much danger of her finding my pie there.

"It was a difficult matter to mount up so high with my savory treasure, and to do it without discovery; but I was quick of hand, and light of foot, and with the aid of a chair, a tall stool, a table and a box, I succeeded. The delicious pie was safely hidden away in the innocent-looking baker, and everything was in order again before mother came back to the kitchen, and began to carry the rest of the baking into the pantry. I helped, thinking, gleefully, of the surprise in store for her. There were so many pies, she did not notice that one was gone.

"Some time after this, I came home from school one afternoon, to meet a surprise, myself. Running into the sitting-room to give mother a kiss, I found her sitting close to a strange gentleman on the sofa, and looking so overjoyed, I instantly made up my mind that the visitor must be my uncle, who had gone away to sea, a good many years before, and had never been heard from since. I was a romantic little body then, and, though there had been no reasonable ground for hope, I had dreamed so many extravagant dreams over my uncle and his return, that I found it very easy to believe I was looking at him now, and waited in breathless eagerness for my mother to tell me all about him. I did not wait long; but was greatly disappointed to find it was not Uncle Sewall, after all, though, oddly enough, it was my mother's cousin, who had lived in her home, and been just as dear to her as Uncle Sewall himself. He had exactly the same names, too, first and last, as her brother; and mother had n't seen *him*, either, for a long, long time, and did n't know that he was alive. So, on the whole, it was almost as nice, for me, as I had hoped. I called him 'uncle,' and learned to love him very dearly after that; but the first day I felt a little shy with him, and, when mother went out to get tea ready, I went, too.

"How mother's eyes shone that night, and how briskly she stepped about! Dear mother! everybody loved her, she was so bright and genial.

"We put on the finest table-cloth, and mother brought out the pretty china tea-set that father brought home from sea. Then she made a raspberry short-cake, because her cousin Sewall was always so fond of it.

"'But the pumpkin pies are all gone, Delia,' she said, regretfully. 'I am so sorry! There never was anything Cousin Sewall enjoyed more, in the way of eating, than one of my pumpkin pies; and the last batch was unusually good. I wish he had come a little earlier in the week.'

"I did n't say a word, but I felt exultant enough, I can assure you. How wise I had been! I had provided for this grand occasion, as well as if I had foreseen it! And, when mother went into the sitting-room again, while the tea was drawing and the cake was baking, I just got my chair and stool and table and box, climbed up a second time, made my descent, pie in hand, without accident, and had the satisfaction of seeing it safely landed on the tea-table, concealed from view by a clean white napkin, for I did not wish the important secret to be found out till the very last moment.

"By this time it was pretty dark, and we were obliged to eat by lamplight. I always liked to have the curtains drawn and the lamp lighted, when we ate supper. It was cosier.

"Cousin Sewall praised the tea and the short-cake; said it tasted exactly as mother's short-cake used to taste when he was a boy, and mother told him how sorry she was that her pumpkin pies were all gone, she knew he liked them so much.

"That was a triumphant moment for me. I don't suppose I shall ever feel just the same again, if I live to be ever so old.

"'No, mother, there is one left,' I said, trying to speak as if the matter were common-place enough, but not succeeding. '*This* is the last one!'

"'I should hope it was, if the rest of them were like that!' cried Tom, as I carefully lifted the napkin from my precious pie.

"Certainly I never wish to feel again just as I did at that particular instant. There was the pumpkin pie, to be sure, conspicuous on the dainty tea-table, but covered, *every bit of it*, with snow-white mould!

"'That 's frosting I don't like,' said Tom.

Digitized by Google

"'Why, Delia!' exclaimed mother, in astonishment, 'what does all this mean?'

"'I hid it away. I thought you would be so glad. I was in such a hurry, and it was so dark I did n't see it was spoiled. Oh, dear!' and dropping my head in an agony of shame and disappointment, I burst into tears.

"I believe they all, even teasing Tom, tried to be sober, out of pity to me, but it was impossible not to laugh; and supper ended in a tempest of glee, in which I, at last, joined with the rest. Cousin Sewall consolingly said that he would very cheerfully take the will for the deed; but he was a dear lover of fun; and, to the end of his days, I never saw him without his asking after the welfare of my *last pie!*"

HANS RYITZAR'S BREAKFAST.

(Translation of German Story in February Number.)

THERE was once a man whose name was Hans Ryitzar. He was so absent-minded a man, that he would ring at the door-bell of his own house and ask if Mr. Ryitzar was at home; and he often did many other things equally ridiculous.

One day he was standing on the sidewalk, earnestly considering the subject of his breakfast. Where was he to get anything to eat? He was very hungry, and he had not a cent in his pocket. He had started out in the morning for a long walk, and it was too far for him to go home now.

The more he thought of his unfortunate condition the more doleful he became; and he looked so miserable, that one of his friends, who was passing on the other side of the street, came over to ask him what was the matter.

Hans looked up and said, in a mournful voice: "I am hungry. I have no money, and it is too far to go home for my breakfast. Is not that enough to make me sad?"

At that moment the friend caught sight of a big sausage sticking out of Hans' coat-tail pocket.

"Oh!" said he, "I understand; you forgot to bring any breakfast with you?"

"Yes," said Hans; "I knew I should be away all day, but I never thought of breakfast."

"That 's very bad," said his friend, who was a merry fellow, "and I am sorry that I can't help you, for I have no money with me."

"Yes, that makes things worse," said Hans, thoughtfully. "I suppose I shall be sick."

"There is only one thing that I can think of to advise you to do," said his friend.

"And what is that?"

"Perhaps you will not like to do it," said the other.

"If it is right and just, and will not bring shame to an honest man, I will do it," said Hans, "for I am very hungry."

"I think the action will be strictly virtuous," said his friend; "but you may not wish to perform it."

"Why not?" asked Hans.

"Because you have not done so before," answered his friend. "It is a very easy thing. All you have to do is to put your hand into your coat-tail pocket and pull out a big sausage which I see there, and which is, no doubt, accompanied by some bread, for I notice the pocket is stuffed very full."

Hans looked up in amazement, and then he put both hands to his pocket, and, with some trouble, pulled out a great sausage and half a loaf of brown bread.

With one of these in each hand, he stood confounded, while his friend went away, laughing heartily.

Hans now fell into another reverie, and while wondering how all this could have happened, he entirely forgot all about his breakfast until it was near evening. Then he thought he might as well go home and get a warm supper, instead of eating that cold bread and sausage, which he would give to the dogs, a large number of which, attracted by the food Hans had been holding in his hands so long, were now jumping and barking around him.

But he forgot to do this, and walked home with the bread and sausage in his hands and all the dogs following him.

When he reached his house, the supper-bell was ringing; but happening just then to look at the food that he carried in his hands, Hans forgot everything else in the world, and seating himself on the door-step, he ate every morsel of his sausage and bread.

TRANSLATIONS OF FRENCH STORY IN JANUARY NUMBER,—"JOHN MARTIN'S SNOWBALL,"—were sent in by Bessie Maud McLean, Nora A. Bradbury, Mary H. Stockwell, Elaine Goodale, Rachel Patterson Gregory, Gracie Hitchcock, Anna W. Olcott, Astley Atkins, Ella Truesdell, Annie Mabel Harris, "Juanita," Hattie E. Angell, "St. Mark's," Thisbe Bronson, Irene Hooper, and Sallie W. Butler.

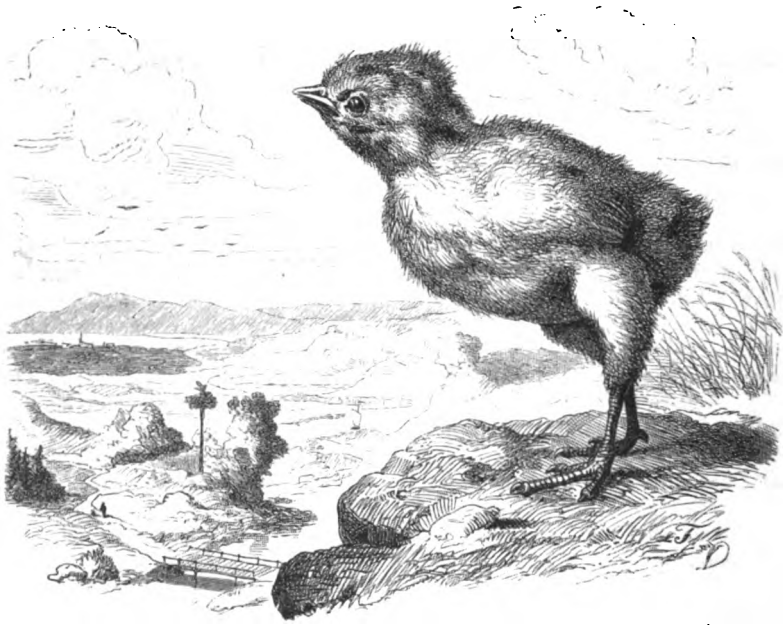
TRANSLATIONS OF GERMAN STORY IN FEBRUARY NUMBER were received from Ellis W. Hedges, Mary L. A. Price, and Walter Jordan. Mary L. Bridgman sends a translation of "Half a Loaf is Better than No Bread," in December Number.

Digitized by Google

RED-TOP SEEING THE WORLD.

"PEEP! peep!" cried poor little Red-top. "I ran away from my mamma, and now I am lost—peep! p-e-e-p! What shall I do?

"And—peep, p-e-e-p!—a bad boy came at me with a stick, to kill me all dead; and I had to squeeze through SUCH a small hole in a fence! A brown toad lived there. He tried to bite my nose off, but he could not find it—peep, peep! And—peep, peep!—a dog, who had a long tail, made fun of mine. He said, 'Bow, wow, wow! what a tail! why, it 's no tail at all!'—peep, p-e-e-p!



"Then I ran up here, where I can see the whole world. Dear me, how big it is! I am so cold, and I want to eat a worm! My mamma knows how to scratch for them—I don't. Oh! where is she?—peep! Mamma, mam-ma—peep! Oh, if I could find her, I would never, NEVER run away again—peep! p-e-e-e-e-p!"

Digitized by Google

GOOD OLD SAM.

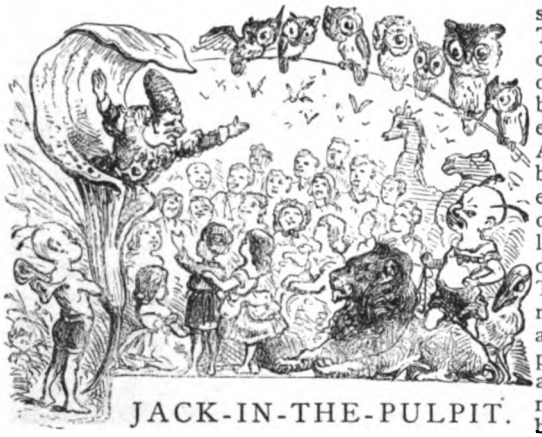
IN WORDS OF FOUR LETTERS.

"Come, dear old Sam," said Will, "you gave me a fine trot down the lane; now I will give you as much to eat as you want."

Two big ears went up in the air at this; for Sam was just as fond of oats and hay as you are of cake and pie. Then Mrs. Duck ran to the pond and said to Mr. Duck, "Oh, what a nice boy that is! Sam was good to him, and now he, in his turn, is good to Sam. I want to be good too; so I have come to tell you, that if we run, we may be in time to pick up all the nice bits that Sam lets fall."

Now just look at them all! Sam, Will, and Mr. and Mrs. Duck! all kind and good! Will you try to be kind and good too? I am sure you will. It is the best way to live.

Digitized by Google



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: Delighted to see you. These March winds make such a blustering time of it, starting as they always do right out of the middle of February, that I hardly can hear myself think. After all said and done, March is a sort of rocket, that shoots into the year with a whizzing, "I am Spring!" and when you kneel in the grass to look for her, you find only the dry stick. But, to business. What do you want to hear about this time? All sorts of things, eh? Well, we 'll start off with

BUTTER, FROM A CLASSICAL POINT OF VIEW.

THE school-teacher says that the word butter is derived from the Greek, "buturon," which comes from "bous," a cow, and "turos," cheese; so, according to him, "butter" is broken Greek for cow-cheese. Like as not. I always did think there was something Greece-y about butter.

THE GEOLOGIST AND THE FARMER.

THERE lately lived in England a judge, who also was an enthusiastic geologist. His great delight, when he was not obliged to preside at court, was to go into the country and dig for fossils; petrified things, you must know, plants, shells and animals, that, in the course of ages, have had such a hard time of it that they 've turned to stone. Well, one day, a farmer, who had once seen the judge presiding at the bench (meaning in court), happened to find him seated by the roadside on a heap of stones, which he was busily breaking in search of fossils. The farmer reined up his horse, gazed at him for a minute, shook his head, and exclaimed, in mingled tones of pity and surprise, "What, Doctor! be *you* come to this a'ready?"

Somebody told this story in my hearing the other day. A pretty good one, I think. If it is n't, it 's old enough to know better.

A VERY BIG LEAF AND FLOWER.

I SUPPOSE thousands of my young friends read in the December number of ST. NICHOLAS an account of the Talipat Palm. Well, a very knowing bird has been telling me some interesting facts about the Talipat. He says a single leaf of this wonderful tree sometimes measures forty feet around the edge. Think of that! He insisted that on the Malabar coast, where storms are fierce and sudden, one may often see ten or fifteen men finding shelter in a boat, over which is spread a single palm leaf, that effectually protects them all from wind and rain. And when the storm is over, the precious leaf can be folded up like a lady's fan, and is so light as to be easily carried by a man under one arm. The tree often reaches the height of two hundred feet. It lives from eighty to a hundred years, but blossoms only once during the whole period of its existence. The flower, *thirty feet in length*, bursts at maturity, with a loud explosion that may be heard miles away, and in dying scatters the seeds that are to produce the next generation of trees. Jack don't ask you to believe this without looking into the matter. The books *do* say that it is true, but the best way is to go and measure this big flower for yourselves; but you need n't bring it back for Jack to wear in his button-hole.

LEARN FROM BABY.

JACK heard a very strong young farmer say one day that his baby brother had taught him a capital lesson,—that was to *stretch* himself often. Baby did it for some wise reason, he knew; so he had followed the example. Stretching makes you grow, makes you supple and active, and is altogether a good thing. Follow the baby's plan, my dears; stretch your arms, legs, neck and body for a few moments, morning, noon and night, until further notice.

THEIRS BY RIGHT.

I GAVE a peacock a good talking to the other day for being so vain. But he made me understand that vanity was his principal merit. "For," said he, "how in the world would we peacocks look if we did n't strut? What kind of an air would our tail feathers have if we did n't spread them?" I gave in. A meek peacock would be an absurdity. Vanity evidently was meant specially for peacocks.

CHARCOAL AND DIAMONDS.

I KNOW a chimney swallow who has gone pretty deeply into things,—and what *do* you think? He says charcoal is carbon and diamonds are carbon, and that they 're just the same, chemically! Think of it! ugly black charcoal and beautiful, flashing diamonds! Inquire about this, please.

TAKE IT BACK.

SEE here! I have been intending for some time to set you young folks straight on the goose question; "As silly as a goose," indeed!

Why, a goose is n't a silly bird at all; not half so silly as your ostrich, who puts his head under his wing, and then thinks nobody can see him.

Geese are as sensible, steady-going birds as I'd wish to see. Yes, and grateful, too; they like kindness as well as you do.

There 's a true story told in Germany, that shows they can be depended on if they 're well treated; and, I dare say, if feathered geese would stoop to writing their own autobiographies, we'd know of more such instances. Here is the story:

Digitized by Google

An old, blind woman was led every Sunday to church by a gander, which she had been in the habit of feeding. Taking hold of her gown with its bill, it led her through the village and across the fields, into the church, and when she had seated herself it retired to feed in the churchyard until service was over, when it led her home.

One day the clergyman called at her house, and during a conversation with her daughter expressed his astonishment at her allowing her mother—so old, blind and frail—to venture abroad.

"Oh, sir!" she exclaimed, "we are not afraid of trusting mother out of sight as long as the old gander is with her!"

A NEW RIDDLE.

HERE is a new riddle from J. S. T. Who can guess it?

I see with every man a thing
No man on earth has ever seen;
Yet calm reflection still would bring
It face to face with him—I ween
'T would be before him plain as day,
Yet not be what he saw, I say.

LOOKING AND SEEING.

IT is n't everybody who looks at a thing that knows how to see it. A young fellow who lives near our meadow has traveled around the world. He says he did it in six months, and saw everything that there was to be seen. Dear me! Why, once a wise man said it would take him years to look thoroughly at a square foot of grass field. There are great odds in folks. Don't you think so, my dears? Think about these two "lookers" and how differently they did their seeing.

THE REASON WHY.

LITTLE MAY lives near our creek, and often she comes down to the meadow to talk with her big brother, when he 's at work. He 's a very knowing man, I can tell you, for the reason that he keeps his eyes and ears open when he 's out of doors, and when he is indoors he fills all his odd moments with reading.

Well, May came crying to him, the other day, to tell him how she had broken her mother's beautiful china vase. The vase was very cold, and May poured hot water into it. The poor child could not see how so simple a thing should have broken the delicate china into pieces. He tried to explain to her how all the tiny particles of the china had drawn closer together with the cold, while, if the vase had been standing by the fire they would have moved a little bit farther apart from each other; for cold contracts, while heat expands. (This you littlest folk will read about in your Natural Philosophy, some time.) Now I, being a Jack-in-the-Pulpit, could see that the vase was ever so little smaller by standing in the cold, and that pouring in the hot water would make it expand too quickly, or cause unequal expansion by the boiling water expanding the inner surface before the outside had caught the idea, thus causing it to break. But May, being only a little girl, did not have eyes sharp enough to see this, though they are as bright as bright can be; the difference in the size of the vase in the cold or in the heat is so very, very small! But she will remember now not to pour hot water into cold china or glass, or cold water into hot china or glass, unless (now this is the great secret the big brother told to little May) she first puts into the vase, or whatever it may be, a silver spoon. The metal, he said, draws the first shock of the heat or cold to itself, and thus the glass will not be broken. Was he right?

SOMETHING JACK HAS NOTICED.

AS to that last paragram, I 've often noticed something that the big brother did n't mention, which is, that in cold weather little folk, and big folk too, are apt to huddle closer together (especially in sleigh-riding times) and in warm weather they 're not so likely to do it. So I suppose it would be safe to say of a crowd, that heat expands it and cold contracts it. Don't take this for an up-and-down scientific fact, my dears, until I 've had a talk with the owls about it.

MEN-FASHIONS.

DO you know that some of the most striking fashions of the ladies were at first worn by gentlemen? A raven friend of mine, who spent three years in a baron's library, and ought to know, says that *muffs* were originally carried by gentlemen; also that *hoops* under the skirt were first worn by them. He says the encyclopedias all say so. Look it up, little girls. My friend Raven may be mistaken, but I 'm afraid he is right.

A WISE LAW FOR JUDGES.

HERE is a little story from history:

One day the Abbé of Muncy came and presented to Saint Louis, king of France, two magnificent palfreys,—one for himself, the other for the queen.

When he had presented them he said to the king:

"Sire, I will come to-morrow to speak to you of my affairs."

The next day the Abbé came again, and the king listened to him, attentively, a long time.

When the Abbé had gone away, Joinville, the king's adviser, came to him and said:

"Sire, with your permission, I would ask you if you have listened more graciously to the Abbé of Muncy, because of the two palfreys he gave you yesterday?"

The king reflected a long time, and then said:

"In truth, yes."

"Sire," said Joinville, "do you know why I asked you this question?"

"Why?" inquired the king.

"Because I would counsel you to forbid all your judges to receive gifts from those who must plead before them, for it is certain if they accept gifts they will listen more willingly and with more kindness to those who bestow them, since even you have so listened to the Abbé of Muncy."

On his return to Paris, the king made a law forbidding judges to receive any presents.

SPECIAL DESPATCH.

I FORGOT to mention a moment ago that the answer to that new riddle is (whisper): *His own face.*

Digitized by Google

THE LETTER BOX.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., January 17, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy only eight years old; but I think I must write and tell you how much I am pleased with you. I wish you would come every week. My sister and I had to laugh about Bertie pulling the cat's tail. And then about the boys making a pond in the garret. I like that story ever so much;—it is real funny to see the water running down on the baby's head. Is it true about the Brighton cats? We have a nice big cat, named Tom. I wish I could send you his likeness to put in ST. NICHOLAS, so that all the boys and girls could see how pretty he is.

From your friend,
HARRY YOHE.

Very glad to hear from you, Harry; and from E. M. W., Georgie M. R., W. C. F., "Busy Bee," Nora A. B., and all the other friends, young and old, who have written to us about ST. NICHOLAS. Yes, Harry, the Brighton cats are really alive; and they stood for their portraits just as you see them in ST. NICHOLAS.

ELAINE'S mother sends a poem from her little girl, who, she says, is "barely ten years old." It opens with this verse:

"How enchanting 't is to ride
With my mother by my side,
Underneath the evening skies of June,
Shining with a myriad stars,—
Silvery Saturn, glowing Mars,—
And the gleaming,—golden gleaming of the moon,
How it puts my heart and voice in tune!"

Dear little Elaine! don't write verses yet, cleverly as you do them for one of your age. There is time enough for that. Put your "heart and voice in tune," dear, by frolicking in the open air; by enjoying your dolls and playmates, and by being a sweet, merry, good little girl,—and not by leaning over your desk writing verses. You 'll be all the better poet for it by and by.

CLARA HANNUM writes: Is it correct to call the spectators of a pantomime *the audience?*

We think it is not. Although an assembly of persons drawn together to enjoy any public amusement is commonly called an audience, there is no authority for such a use of the word when the performance is to be seen and not heard, as in the case of a pantomime The word audience (from the Latin, *audio*, to hear) implies that those who compose it have assembled to hear something. If they attend merely to look on, they are spectators.

ELLA MARVIN.—The editor cannot give you the information you ask for concerning the authorship of the Saxe Holm stories.

HENRY T. W.—Yes, if you assume the part of a monitor in your school, under the teacher's orders, and with the full knowledge of your schoolmates, you should do your duty and report "even your best friend," if he break the rules. But ST. NICHOLAS feels sorry for you and for every right-minded boy or girl who is ever put in such an unpleasant position.

TOM AND CLARKE MCE. (brothers) write that they have resolved to keep a careful list of all the books they read through. Fortunately, as they are very young they can remember at least the names of those they have finished up to this date. They think the list will be very interesting to them if they live to be men, and keep it written up faithfully, especially if they always put down what they "*think* about the book as well as its title." They are right. Many a grown person, now-a-days, would be glad to have such a record of his or her reading. We hope that many of our girls and boys will follow Tom and Clarke's example, and that they will, every Christmas, send ST. NICHOLAS a copy of their year's list. ST. NICHOLAS has a particular reason for making this suggestion.

MINNIE L. G. says that she has made ninety-seven nouns out of the letters of the word "ILLUSTRATION," and asks the boys and girls of ST. NICHOLAS to try what they can do.

WILLIAM G. H.—If you wish to cut India rubber for the little machine you are making, you will find it is very easily done if you wet your knife-blade.

J. R. KNOX.—Common proverbs have frequently been set in very humorous rhymes. Those you send us are good, but we think you can make them better. Suppose you try. As an example of what can be done in this line, we give the following from *London Punch:*

"Observe yon plumed biped fine!
To effect his captivation,
Deposit particles saline
Upon his termination."

"Cryptogamous concretion never grows
On mineral fragments that decline repose."

"The earliest winged songster soonest sees
And first appropriates the annelides."

TIMOTHY P. writes to ST. NICHOLAS: I find in the Letter Box of the last volume of *Our Young Folks*, p. 381, this editorial reply to M. Caro Whittemore:

"The authorship of the line, 'Though lost to sight, to memory dear,' is not known."

Now, it occurs to me that M. Caro Whittemore may be a reader of ST. NICHOLAS and may still desire to have her question answered. To the best of my knowledge and belief, the oft-quoted line alluded to originated with Ruthven Jenkyns, and was first published in the *Greenwich Magazine for Marines* in 1701 or 1702. The *Machias Republican* (1873) asserts this as a fact, and quotes Jenkyns' entire poem, as follows:

Sweetheart, good by! the fluttering sail
Is spread to waft me far from thee,
And soon, before the fav'ring gale,
My ship shall bound upon the sea.
Perchance, all desolate and forlorn,
These eyes shall miss thee many a year;
But unforgotten in every charm—
Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear.

Sweetheart, good by! one last embrace!
O, cruel fate! two souls to sever;
Yet in this heart's most sacred place
Thou, thou alone shalt dwell forever.
And still shall recollection trace
In fancy's mirror, ever near,
Each smile, each tear, that frown, that face—
Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear.

Many thanks, Mr. Timothy; but who originated the *Greenwich Magazine for Marines?*

HELEN E. S. writes: I lately had occasion to "hunt up" some facts for a composition; and, as the other girls in our class were very much interested in them, I

Digitized by Google

take them out of my composition again and offer them to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS.

Nearly all Yankee boys and girls, I suppose, know that in France the people say: "*Comment vous portez-vous?*" for, "How do you do?" and that this means, word for word, "How do you carry yourself?"

The Germans, when they wish to be very polite, use the third person plural, and for "How do you do?" they ask, "How do *they* find themselves?" The Dutch, who think much of good eating, often on meeting an acquaintance say, "How do you fare?"

The Swedes say, "How can you?" which must make people blush who have been guilty of bad deeds. The Poles have several ways of greeting a friend. Sometimes they ask, "Art thou gay?" "How hast thou thyself?" The Russians, too, are not confined to one form, and often say, "How do you live on?"

The Persians, Arabs and Turks use very polite phrases; and the Persians will ask, "Is thy exalted high condition good?" "May thy shadow never be less." The Arabs say, "May your morning be good." In Egypt, they say, "How goes the perspiration?"

"TWO COUNTRY GIRLS" want ST. NICHOLAS to offer dolls for premiums,—elegant dolls, with full outfits, beautiful dresses, furs, bonnets, parasols, fans, lockets, bridal costume, and everything perfect. "Thousands of little girls would try for it," they add. That might be. But we should be very sorry to see the publishers of ST. NICHOLAS doing such a shocking—we were going to say *wicked*—thing as to send out to our little girls any of these horrid puppets in full dress, that are now-a-days sold in the fashionable shops as dolls. Dolls they may be, but not doll-babies; not something to love and fondle and take care of in true mother style, or even to punish and subdue as naughty little Mary Anns or willful Sabina Janes, when occasion demands. No real, motherly, doll-loving little girls—unless their heads are turned by the folly of their elders—wish to have for their doll-baby a stiff little figure of a full-dressed fashionable lady, flounced and curled, with perfume on her little *real* lace pocket handkerchief and a miniature eye-glass dangling from her absurd little belt. Now, do they? We have seen such dollies borne stark and stiff in the arms of misguided little girls; but we think it always a pitiful sight.

HALF A LOAF IS BETTER THAN NO BREAD.

(A metrical translation of the French story in the December Number of ST. NICHOLAS.)

BY LUCY C. BULL.

BUT few young people of our day
The true source of this proverb know
Which I will tell in verse below,—
'T was full seven hundred years ago.
Now list to what I say:

In ancient and heroic days
There lived the subject of my praise,
A duchess,—noble, pure and bland,
The wisest lady in the land,—
Fair Caroline Van Swing.
Four noble children clustered round
Her parent knee, sedate and fond,
A hungry little ring.

So, to the castle kitchen large,
The noble mother led her charge;
And she, herself, the duchess grand,
Prepared the meal with her own hand.
For oft she said, with sense:
'I am a duchess, it is true,
But am I not a mother, too?"
To which the four, by hunger pressed,
Impatient, crowding round, distressed,
Respond with eloquence.

But in that dark and early time
The children of that distant clime
Had ne'er experienced
Nor known the sweet, delicious taste
Of milk condensed,—a modern waste,—
So dear to childish hearts and lips,
That now the child of luxury sips:
But they had bread condensed.

Then took the loaf the noble dame;
The children crowded round to claim,
With eager looks, their share.
She seized the knife with which her sire
Had made so many brave expire,
Then brandished it above her head,
And cut in halves the tempting bread
With firm, determined air.

But instantly, how sad to tell,
The half upon the carpet fell,
And from his corner near the flame,
The hungry dog, who watched the dame
Meanwhile with anxious eyes,
Sprang out and seized it in his jaws,
And trotted off on stealthy paws
Amid the children's cries.

For say,—what hungry set would want to
Have such a dog as Athelponto
Before their very faces steal
A portion of their favorite meal?
An outrage, to be sure.
Fearing to see her bread no more,
The dame slipped quickly to the door,
And at the dog, with rage inflamed,
She threw the portion that remained,
His wicked fault to cure.

Then Athelponto turned his head,
And dropped from out his mouth the bread,
While uttering plaintive howls.
And at that moment chanced to pass
Along the road an idle ass.
His greedy eye the bread espies;
He quickly gobbles up the prize,
In spite of cries and scowls.

Unto the house the dog returns;
His guilty conscience pricks and burns.
He, with his tail between his legs,
The pardon of his mistress begs.
A humble dog is he.
She sees her children's frowns and tears;
Their disappointed sobs she hears.
"Alas! my dears," the duchess said,
"The wretch has stolen all our bread,
And nothing left have we!

"But still console yourselves, my dears,
And cease your sobs and dry your tears,
Though we have nothing left.
For had I kept the other part,—
Although to lose it breaks your heart,—
I could not then have thrown it on to
The head of wicked Athelponto
To punish thus his theft.

"For surely, dears, you all must own
The half is better far than none!"
"Oh, yes, mamma, we truly feel
Quite glad to go without our meal
For such a righteous cause."
What children, in this later day,
Who read my words, can safely say
That they their ease would sacrifice
To truth and principle so wise
Without parental laws?

The saying of the duchess grand—
From year to year, from land to land
Has passed; but changed the sense.
The world is not so brave and good
As in the days of noble blood,
The days of Caroline Van Swing,
The noble dame of whom I sing,—
A dame without pretence.

The above is by a girl only twelve years old; and although we are not in favor of urging children into the literary field, still when we ask merely for prose translations and get such a remarkably good poetical one from a little girl, we can but print it.

Digitized by Google

BOOKS AND MUSIC.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Jas. R. Osgood & Co. *Doing His Best*, by Trowbridge; and *Lucy Maria*, by Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

From Scribner, Armstrong & Company, New York. *Saxe Holm's Stories ; Diamonds and Precious Stones*, a Popular Account of Gems, translated from the French of Louis Dieulafait by Fanchon Sanford, with 126 illustrations; *From the Earth to the Moon, and a Trip Round it*, from the French of Jules Verne; *My Kalulu*, by Henry M. Stanley.

From the Am. Tract Society, New York City. *Very Little Tales* and *Four Cousins*, both by S. Annie Frost; also, *Little Margery*, by Mrs. H. M. Miller; and *The Hard Problem*.

The Magic Spectacles, from E. H. Swinney, New York.

Seven Historic Ages, by Arthur Gilman. Hurd & Houghton.

Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag, by Louisa M. Alcott. Roberts Bros., Boston.

Young People's History of Maine, by George J. Varney. Dresser, McLellan & Co., Portland, Maine.

Work and Reward, by Mrs. Holt. Published by Nat. Temp. Pub. Society, City; also, from the same house, *Zoa Rodman*, by Mrs. E. J. Richardson.

MUSIC RECEIVED.

S. T. Gordon & Son send the following pieces of new music, all extremely simple, effective and suitable for young players. *A Collection of Standard Gems*, simplified for Piano-forte, without octaves, by Henry Maylath; *Amaryllis*, Air du Roi Louis XIII.; *Heimweh* (Jungmann); *Vienna Bloods Waltz* (Strauss); *Pique dame Gallop* (Suppé); *Hunyady Laszio*, Hungarian March (Erkel); *The Happy Children*, Six Easy Dances for Piano-forte, Valse, Polka, Polka-Mazurka, Tyrolienne, Galop, Schottische, by Jos. Rummel; *A Collection of Standard Marches*, arranged for the Piano in an easy style and without octaves, including Mendelssohn's Wedding March, Meyerbeer's Coronation March, and March from Tannhaüser; also, *Spring, Gentle Spring, Waltz*, the twenty-first of a Collection of Popular Pieces for the Piano-forte *(Friendship's Gift)* simplified by E. Mack.

THE RIDDLE BOX.

A RIDDLE.

I'M green and still, and take my ease
  In thickest shadows lying;
I'm fixed as fate, and yet a breeze
  Will always set me flying.

I'm deep as ocean; dark as sin;
  I'm treacherous and gloomy;
And still so airy, light and thin,
  A body can see through me.

I'm made of silk; I'm lined with grass;
  It is my pleasant duty
To wait on many a laughing lass,
  And press the cheek of beauty.

SOPHIE MAY.

LITERARY ELLIPSES.

(Blanks to be filled by English authors.)

I.

A LITTLE child, —— —— and full of grace,
Threw back her —— and showed her smiling face;
Meek as the —— she by a ribbon led,
As o'er the —— in the —— dawn see fled
Fleet as the —— when to the —— the ——
Called, and the sportsman —— not at morn;
Against her —— —— more than paltry gold,
I could not —— my heart, however cold.

II.

YOU need not —— my inquiring friend,
If, asking me if I am on the mend,
You find me still in no —— frame;
Upon an —— lay all the blame;
And though it may not —— seem, to mope,
I could not —— my pain to please the ——.

J. P. B.

WORD SQUARE.

AH! thou wert deemed *my first*, Cassandra, fair,
When with dishevelled hair,
In dark habiliments of woe attired,
And by *my next* inspired,
Thou didst, in vain, to Troy reiterate
Her swift impending fate.
No prouder walls than hers henceforth shall rise
'Neath oriental skies;
No citizens more true in act and word,
No royal race *my third*.
Troy was; her towering walls of massive stone
All into dust have gone,
Since too secure, wise admonition scorning,
She heeded not thy warning.
'T is ever so with prophet, sybil, seer,
Mere scoff and jeer;
Call mad, *my fourth*, and oft the life-blood spill
Of messengers of ill.
So when *my fifth*, assailed by Cæsar's hosts,
Her lofty rampart boasts;
Or when *my sixth*, a cruel tawny race,
Dared Rodger's guns to face!

HITTY MAGINN.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 32 letters:

My 15, 4, 12, 5, 16, 25, is a young animal.

My 29, 32, 14, 20, and my 17, 10, 2, 3, 9, are animals, the fur of which is quite valuable.

My 6, 32, 18, 27, 7, 25, is sometimes considered a locality and sometimes a condition of being.

My 23, 1, 11, 19, 20, 7, is a very useful stone.

My 31, 3, 22, 21, 13, is dismal.

My 24, 5, is a pronoun.

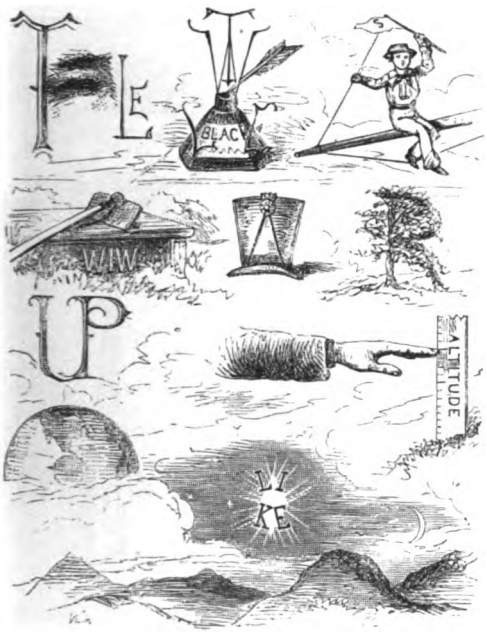
My 31, 28, 26, is a vehicle.

My 17, 8, 30, 31, is coarse woolen cloth.

My whole is a recipe for good looks. A. N.

Digitized by Google

REBUS No. 1.



ANAGRAMMATIC ELLIPSES.

(Fill the blanks with the same words, transposed.)

1. He looked —— —— —— —— of the church, and saw persons bowed in ——.
2. —— in sowing, make —— in reaping.
3. A person learning to —— —— care not to fall.
4. The —— set the gem —— —— —— of gold.
5. It —— me to see the dignity she will sometimes ——.
6. She will let no unkind word —— from her ——.
7. She —— carefully and sews a —— ——.
8. Such a —— of criticism from parishioners I 'm sure —— —— —— stand. J. P. B.

CHARADE.

My first you will certainly find on the farm,
If the crops have been good this year;
My second you sometimes will find in the brooks,
When the season is cold and drear;
My whole by the builder is carried aloft,
By the architect skillfully planned,
For the mansion, the court-house or palace, perhaps,
An ornament graceful or grand. JAN.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

FOUNDATION WORDS:

The father of the Pleiades.
An admirable musician.

CROSS WORDS:

A town of Thrace.
One of Helen's suitors.
The priests of Pan.
Presides over the Muses.
A terrestrial god.
LORAIN LINCOLN.

ENIGMA.

I AM a word of nine letters, of which my 1 and 2 form a portion of each of the zones; my 2 and 3 are the beginning of order; my 3 and 4 are half of a sort of bread; my 3, 4 and 5 are three-quarters of a road; my 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 make a duty that generally devolves on the cook; my 4 is an exclamation of surprise or pain; my 5 an article in frequent use by people who do not know exactly what they desire; my 5 and 6 make an adverb denoting similitude; my 6, 7 and 8 are the beginning of every act of dishonesty; my 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 mean a star, and also a beautiful winter flower that was first brought to our country from China. The same letters are also five-eighths of the Greek name given to the planets between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. My 9, 8, 6 and 7 give relief to the traveler, and my 7, 8, 5, 3 and 6 to the sorrowful; my 3, 5, 1 and 8 mean to destroy; my 3, 2, 4 and 7 make a part of every tree and plant; my 4, 5 and 3 an article useful to sailors and fishermen; my 3, 5, 7 and 6, the housekeeper's pest; my 2, 5, 7 and 6, a kind of grain highly esteemed in Scotland; my 6, 8, 5 and 9 mean to burn; my 5, 7 and 8 express what you did with your dinner last Christmas; my 5, 3 and 8 denote existence; my 8, 5 and 3 make something that belongs to you, though you never saw it in your life, that you could not sell for a farthing, yet would not part with for a million; and my whole is the name of one famous in Persian history. F. R. F.

CROSS WORD.

My first is in sugar, but not in sweet;
My next is in counterpane, not in sheet;
My third is in me, but not in you;
My fourth is in green, but not in blue;
My fifth is in barter, but not in sell;
My sixth is in scream, but not in yell;
My seventh is in hat, but not in cap;
My eighth is in sleep, but not in nap;
My whole is said to have the power
Of turning all it touches sour. A. S.

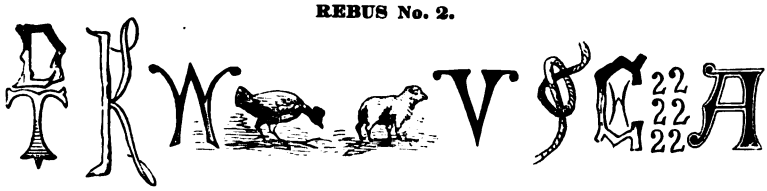
OUR CHRISTMAS DINNER.

The first course consisted of a linden tree and some poles; the second of a red-hot bar of iron, a thin wife, a country of Europe, and an ornament used by Roman ladies, accompanied by a vegetable carefully prepared as follows: One-sixth of a carrot, one-fourth of a bean, two-sevenths of a lettuce, and one-third of a cherry. We had for dessert a pudding made of the interment of a tailor's instrument, some points of time events, and small cannon shot from Hamburg. GRACE.

BURIED POETS.

1. At Stockholm espionage is not practiced.
2. Along the Po peacocks were strutting.
3. On the way from Moscow perished the greater part of Napoleon's army.
4. Give me my pencils, pens, eraser and scissors.
5. A single sou they had not.
6. He is not wayward.
7. A crab being hungry ate up a snail. M. H. G.

REBUS No. 2.



Digitized by Google

PICTORIAL WORD PUZZLE.

Prefix the same syllable of three letters to each of these pictures, and so make a word of each one of them.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

REBUS No. 1.—Smoke-Stack.

CHESS PUZZLE.—Commence at the left-hand corner at the bottom of the page at "hail"—then tracing the syllables as a knight would move, you will have.

		mor			
hail				phy	

Thus you will find these lines:

Hail, Morphy! bloodless victor, hail!
Thou mightier than Napoleon.
His triumphs were the price of blood;
His wars by many generals won,
While thou upon the chequer'd board,
With never erring certainty,
Alone, unaided, leadest on
Thy troops to glorious victory.

REBUS No. 2.—"How slow yon tiny vessel ploughs the main."

CHARADE.—St. Nicholas.

QUERIES.—Why, moisture. Earth.

CONCEALED PROVERB.—"Where there 's a will there 's a way."

"CULPRIT FAY" ENIGMA.—"On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell."

PARAPHRASE.—"Fair words butter no parsnips."

REBUS No. 3.—"Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage."

THREE EASY CHARADES.—Back-sliding, Eye-ball, See-saw.

TEN CONCEALED RIVERS.—Nida, Seal, Seine, Agri, Aron, Dan, Nera, Dee, Erne and Arno.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

1. H
2. M O P
3. H O U S E
4. R O O S T E R
5. H O U S E W I F E
6. C R O W I N G
7. F L I N G
8. O F F
9. E

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Slate, late, ate, te (tea). 2. Wheat, heat, eat. 3. Goat, oat, at.

PUZZLE.—B-L-I-N-D.

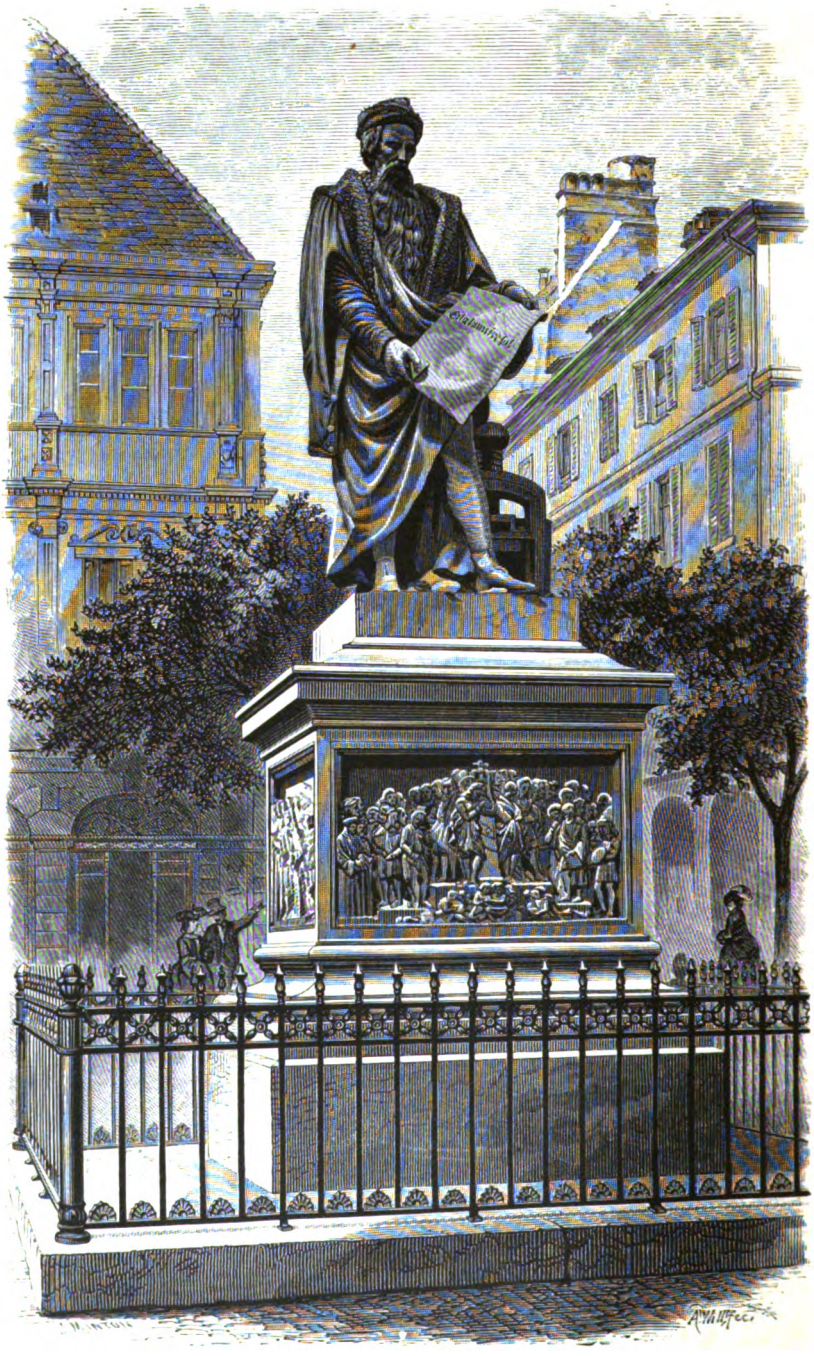
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER have been received from Anna W. Olcott, Louise Smith, Hattie E. Angell, "Juanita," "St. Mark's," Worthington G. Ford, F. W. Hobbs, Joseph F. Bird, S. Walter Goodson.

Mr. T., A. C. P., Susie Brent, T. Donath, R. P. H., S. S. Wolcott, Lucy D. Donaldson, and Mrs. H. C. S. send the correct answers to Chess Puzzle in February Number; and answers to other riddles in the same number have been received from Ormsby Seeley, Willie A. Durnett, Louise F. Olmstead, Hobart Park, and Willie Boucher Jones.

S. W. C. finds in the Geographical Rebus, in November Number, ninety-five names in addition to those given by us.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



STATUE OF GUTENBERG,

AT STRASBURG, GERMANY.

Digitized by Google

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. I. APRIL, 1874. NO. 6.

WHO PRINTED THE FIRST BIBLE?

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

IN the year 1420 there was living in the city of Haarlem an old gentleman, who kept the keys of the cathedral, and who used, after dinner, to walk in the famous wood that up to this time is growing just without the city walls. One day, while walking there, he found a very smooth bit of beech bark, on which—as he was a handy man with his knife—he cut several letters so plainly and neatly that after his return home he stamped them upon paper, and gave the paper to his boy as a "copy." After this, seeing that the thing had been neatly done, the old gentleman—whose name was Lawrence Coster—fell to thinking of what might be done with such letters cut in wood. By blackening them with ink, he made black stamps upon paper; and by dint of much thinking and much working, he came, in time, to the stamping of whole broadsides of letters—which was really printing.

But before he succeeded in doing this well, he had found it necessary to try many experiments, and to take into his employ several apprentices. He did his work very secretly, and enjoined upon his apprentices to say nothing of the trials he was making. But a dishonest one among them, after a time, ran off from Holland into Germany, carrying with him a great many of the old gentleman's wooden blocks, and entire pages of a book which he was about to print.

This is the story that is told by an old Dutch writer, who was president of Haarlem College, and who printed his account a hundred and fifty years after Lawrence was robbed. He says he had the story from the lips of most respectable old citizens, who had heard it from their fathers; and, furthermore, he says that he had a teacher in his young days, who had known, long before, an old servant of Lawrence Coster's, and this servant would burst into tears whenever he spoke of the way in which his poor master was robbed and so lost the credit of his discovery.

The Dutch writers credit this story, and hint that the runaway apprentice was John Faust, or John Gutenberg; but the Germans justly say there is no proof of this. It is certain, however, that there was a Lawrence (Custos, of the cathedral) who busied himself with stamping letters and engraving. His statue is on the market-place in Haarlem, and his rough-looking books are, some of them, now in the "State House" of Haarlem. They are dingy, and printed with bad ink, and seem to have been struck from large engraved blocks, and not from movable types. They are without any date, but antiquarians assign them to a period somewhat earlier than any book of Faust, or of Gutenberg, who are commonly called the discoverers of printing.

John Gutenberg, at the very time when this old Dutchman was experimenting with his blocks in Holland, was also working in his way, very secretly, in a house that was standing not many years ago in the ancient city of Strasburg. He had two working partners, who were bound by oath not to reveal the secret of the arts he was engaged upon. But one of these partners died; and, upon this, his heirs claimed a right to know the secrets of Gutenberg. Gutenberg refused, and there was a trial of the case, some account of which was discovered more than three hundred years afterward in an old tower of Strasburg.

This trial took place in the year 1439. Guten-

Digitized by Google

berg was not forced to betray his secret; but it did appear, from the testimony of the witnesses, that he was occupied with some way of making books (or manuscripts) cheaper than they had ever been made before.

But Gutenberg was getting on so poorly at Strasburg, and lost so much money in his experiments, that he went away to Mayence, which is a German city, farther down the Rhine. He there formed a partnership with a rich silversmith, named John Faust, who took an oath of secrecy, and supplied him with money, on condition that after a certain time, it should be repaid to him.

Then Gutenberg set to work in earnest. Some accounts say he had a brother who assisted him; and the Dutch writers think this brother may have been the robber of poor Lawrence Coster. But there is no proof of it; and it is too late to find any proof now. There was certainly a Peter Schöffer, a scribe, or designer, who worked for Gutenberg, and who finished up his first books by drawing lines around the pages and making ornamental initial letters, and filling up gaps in the printing. This Schöffer was a shrewd fellow, and watched Gutenberg very closely. He used to talk over what he saw and what he thought with Faust. He told Faust he could contrive better types than Gutenberg was using; and, acting on his hints, Faust, who was a skillful worker in metals, run types in a mould. This promised so well that Faust determined to get rid of Gutenberg, and to carry on the business with Schöffer,—to whom he gave his only daughter Christine, for a wife.

Faust called on Gutenberg for his loan, which Gutenberg could n't pay, and in consequence he had to give up to Faust all his tools, his presses, and his unfinished work, among which was a Bible, nearly two-thirds completed. This, Faust and Schöffer hurried through, and sold as a manuscript.

There are two copies in the National Library at Paris; one copy at the Royal Library at Munich, and one at Vienna. It is not what is commonly known as the Mayence Bible, but is of earlier date than that.

It is without name of printer or publisher, and without date. It is in two great volumes folio, of about 600 pages a volume. You very likely could not read a word of it if you were to see it; for it is in Latin and in black, Gothic type, with many of the words abbreviated and packed so closely together as to puzzle the eye. Should you chance to own a copy (and you probably never will), you could sell it for enough money to buy yourself a little library of about two thousand volumes.

It was certainly the first Bible printed from movable types; but poor Gutenberg got no money from it, though he had done most of the work upon it. But he did not grow disheartened. He toiled on, though he was without the help of Schöffer and of Faust, and in a few years afterward succeeded in making books which were as good as those of his rivals. Before he died his name was attached to books printed as clearly and sharply as books are printed to-day.

Of course they are very proud of his memory in the old Rhine town of Mayence, where he labored; and they have erected a statue there to his memory —from a design by the great Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen. On the site where he worked there is now a club-house, and the gentlemen of the club-house have erected another little statue to Gutenberg in the inner court of their building.

But Strasburg is as proud of him as Mayence; for, in Strasburg, the burghers of that city say he studied out the plans which he afterward carried into execution at Mayence. So, in Strasburg, in 1840, they erected another statue to his memory, by David, a French sculptor. It is of bronze, and is one of the imposing sights of the city,—an honor to the great father of the art of printing. A photograph of it, taken last summer, has enabled the artists of ST. NICHOLAS to give you the effective frontispiece which graces the present number of your magazine.

When you go to Strasburg don't forget the cathedral, which is big enough to take a New York steeple under its roof. Don't forget the clock, which is as large as an ordinary house. Don't forget your dinner (with a *paté de foie gras*); and don't forget the statue of Gutenberg on the Gutenberg Platz.

FAC SIMILE OF THE TYPE USED IN GUTENBERG'S BIBLE.

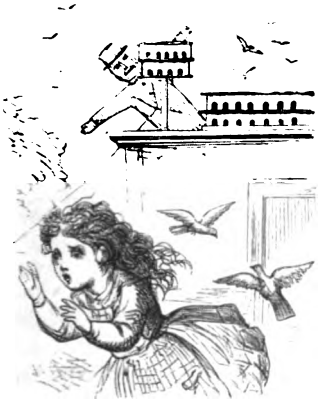
Digitized by Google

THE ADVENTURES OF A MAN-KITE.

The man-kite receives his finishing touches.

He starts on his adventures.

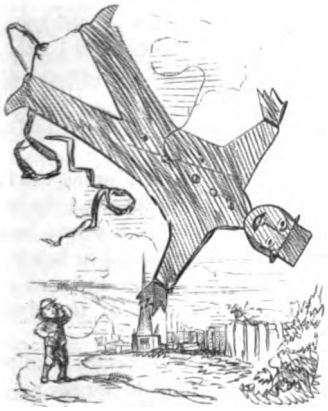
Little Miss Moffit is at home.



He pays her a flying visit.

Miss Scrimpkins was never more interested.

"Good day, Miss Scrimpkins!" says the man-kite.



The man-kite becomes undecided in his plans.

He finds an uneasy resting-place.

Where he can reflect on the vanity of earthly greatness.

Digitized by Google

TAKEN AT HIS WORD

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

HEROD'S STORY.

"There, go!" said I; "and I don't care if I never see you again!"

I am almost an old man now, with grey hairs and rheumatism, and an objection to draughts; so old that I wear my rubbers in dry, cold weather, and don't take off a comforter before May, and don't go out after dewfall in the summer, and don't keep track of the last engagement, and don't think much about the church sociables and whom I shall take to a lecture.

You can think how old that must be! But old as I am, I remember just how I said those words; where the accent fell; how they sounded; how the wind caught them and blew them around the corners of the house; and how they seemed to come around and knock on the windows, to be let in again, after I had shut the door. Nothing has happened to me in all my life since they were spoken that has helped in the least to make me forget them.

It may be only an old man's notion, but sometimes I am forced to wonder if anything will happen in the next life that can make me forget them.

There is this about a next world's life, girls and boys: It is no fun, to my mind, to carry a thing on into it that you want to forget and *can't* forget. And we all know how dreary anything is when there 's "no fun" in it.

There was fun enough in what I have to tell, at the first of it. At least Trollo thought so, I suppose. Trollo was my brother. He was a little chap, eight years old. I was fourteen. They all had gone off and left us alone in the house, and Trollo had plagued me half out of my senses. That 's the way, you know, it seemed to *me*. It seemed to *him* quite different, I 've no doubt.

This is how it happened.

My sister Mary lived in New Haven. That was fifteen miles away. Mary's husband had got into some trouble about money, and father thought he would go on and see about it; and Mary's baby was sick with something or other, and mother thought she would go on and see about that.

Mary's husband was always getting into trouble about money, and Mary's baby was always getting sick; but they did n't often come on poor Mary together. At any rate, father and mother thought they would go on; and as they would be gone only over the second night, and because I was fourteen years old, and because Trollo said he would be good, and because Keziah Phipps said she would come over and "do" for us, and stay nights, unless "the old man got his back up,"—and because, on the whole, we did n't very much care, but thought it would be rather nice, and that if Keziah Phipps' old man *should*, by any providential accident, "get his back up," we would make molasses corn-balls, with vanilla in them,—we were left alone.

It was dark and cloudy, the day they went away. Mother said she was afraid it was blowing up for a storm; but father said he thought not. And he told me to be sure and not let the fire go out, nor the pigs go hungry, nor the horse go unblanketed; and mother kissed us both—but she kissed Trollo twice—and told me to take good care of Trollo, and let the cat sit by the fire; and then the stage rattled away with them, and Trollo and I stood looking after it.

"I wish they 'd come back to-morrow; don't you, Herod?" said Trollo.

My name was Hurdley. But Trollo used to call me Herod, just to see what I would say; and when he found I did n't say anything, he called me so because he had got into the way of calling me so; and by the time he 'd got into the way of calling me so, I did n't much mind, but rather liked it. Only when the boys laughed at it, or I felt cross, it used to seem an ugly name. But Trollo had a gentle, little, pleasant voice, and generally I liked the sound he gave it.

I said no, I did n't wish they were coming *right* back; for I was thinking about the vanilla corn-balls. And Trollo said he did n't know as he did either.

"But you 're to be good, you know," said I.

I felt very old and superior to Trollo, and I rather liked it to feel that I could order him around for two days.

"I had n't said I was n't, had I?" said Trollo, firing up to begin with.

Then I fired up a little, and told him he was to behave himself, at all events; and that was the beginning of it. I thought afterwards it would have been nicer in me not to have preached at him before he 'd had a chance to behave one way or another. But I did n't think of it at the time. Boys don't, you know.

So we both sulked a little, and Trollo went to school; but when he came home to dinner we 'd got over it, or very nearly. We only quarreled about his piece of pie. I said it was bigger than

Digitized by Google

mother let him have. And we got the foot-rule and a tape-measure, and measured it off. Then he ate it down in three mouthfuls, to pay me for that.

I did n't go to school myself. I was to stay and watch the house, and look after the horse, and so forth; for it was only two days, and I could study at home, and such a thing might never happen again. And Keziah Phipps came over and got dinner and went away again, and came again to supper, and stayed all night. Keziah Phipps was our nearest neighbor; she lived a quarter of a mile away. Ours was rather a lonesome house, with pine trees in the front yard and a long stretch of fields behind, where the snow drifted; it always drifted in the road by our house, too. We lived on a very windy road.

It was a cold day, and the wind blew pretty high. Trollo came in from school the last time that afternoon with red cheeks, and as full of mischief as he could hold. He stamped off the snow in the entry and flung his mittens at me when I told him not to. One of them hit me in the eye.

Trollo was a good aim—a lithe, little quick-eyed chap, always up to something.

"Oh! I did n't mean to!" he said, when the mitten hit.

But I was mad. It did n't hurt me much; but I 'd been having a cold time with the horse and had spilled the pigs' supper, and, I suppose, did n't feel like myself exactly, from not going to school as usual, but loafing around and sitting by the fire so much. At any rate, I was mad. So I shook him.

He did n't say much, and I don't think he cared much. He 'd come home as wild as a witch, and there was n't anything he was n't ready to do to make mischief that night. And because I was mad, he would n't mind me.

He tied his rubber boots to the door-bell. He stuffed his wet mittens down my neck. He set the cat into the platter with the turkey bones, and then set platter, cat, bones and all upon the table, when Keziah Phipps had begun to eat. He ran out with a new squash pie to give to the horse, and dropped it and fell on it before he got there. He put salt in my tea, and sugar on my pickles, and green wood on the fire; and when I scolded him, he whistled.

Then, after tea, we sat down to study. Somehow, everything that Trollo did seemed to me to be wrong that night. He banged his boots against the table-leg. He would n't put on his slippers. His nails were dirty; he would n't clean them. He asked Keziah for another piece of cake, and, after all he had done, he got it. He sang "Hail, Columbia!" on a very flat squeak for twenty minutes. He sat down on the cat. He would n't brush his hair. He got Keziah to show him his sums. He flung sofa-pillows at the ceiling, and they came down on the custard batter. He seemed to me the most disagreeable boy I ever knew. When he went to bed, I told him so.

I remember just how he looked, standing—with our little brass bed-lamp in his hand—in the entry, to say good-night. It was one of those old-fashioned, one-wicked lamps, that gave almost no light. His face looked dim and odd behind it in the dark entry.

He started to say something, but gave it up and did n't speak,—only laughed,—and trotted off up stairs, kicking his boots off and letting them drop down through the balusters. He was a merry, happy-go-lucky little chap. If he minded anything, he would n't say so. If you were cross to him, he might plague you; but he would n't scold a great deal himself.

The next morning it was much the same. It was a very dark morning, and snowing in a slow, hard way. We woke late, and I had to hurry Trollo up. I don't suppose I was very gentle. And he threw pillows at me, and when I ordered him down to see if Keziah had got breakfast, he hid my tooth-brush. I need n't have ordered him around so much, but I thought that was part of the fun of having father and mother gone. I rather liked it to be able to say "you must" and "you must n't" to Trollo. It did n't occur to me to wonder how Trollo liked it.

Well, it was one thing and another between Trollo and me till school-time. Such little things they seem now! But they did not seem little to me then. I was cross and cold. And I was afraid Keziah Phipps' old man would n't get his back up, after all, and we should n't get our corn-balls. And everything hit me, somehow, just the crooked way. You know how it is on a cold morning. Not that I want to excuse myself. I would n't excuse myself for the wide, wide world, for what I said to Rollo at the last.

He 'd plagued me about his luncheon,—for it was so snowy Keziah thought he 'd better stay over till afternoon,—or I thought he plagued me. He nibbled at the pie, and took a squash cooky Keziah made for me. And when I told him how much trouble he was, he said:

"Hee-he-hee-e-e-ee!"

He had a funny way of laughing out, like a waterfall or a little bell, or a little shower. When I felt pleasant, I liked to hear him laugh. When I did n't, it did n't make me any pleasanter.

"It 's nothing to laugh at," said I.

"Hee-hee-he-ee-ee!" said Trollo.

I did n't say anything to that, but hurried him

Digitized by Google

along a little to the door. I did n't push him *exactly*.

"Come, Herod!" said Trollo; "le' me alone, and say good-by!"

"My name is *not* Herod!" said I, with an awful air.

"Oh, well," said Trollo, "don't let's be so cross. I wished you were coming, too. Just see it snow!"

He stood a minute on the steps, turning his face towards the road—the pretty, mischievous little round, red face! It looked graver, somehow, that minute, as he stood looking at the storm. And he spoke back in his gentlest, prettiest little way, as he went down the steps and waded into the snow that had already begun to drift in shallow, greyish piles against the fence.

"Good-by, Herod!" said Trollo.

But still I felt a little cross; and he called me Herod. And I did n't want to give in to him that way, I suppose. However it came about, I called after him down the walk:

"There, go! And I don't care if I never see you again!"

Trollo did not answer. The wind blew in between us. He trudged off stoutly into the storm, his little red tippet flying in the wind across his shoulder. The snow whirled up, and in a minute or less I lost sight of the little tippet, and came in and shut the door.

I shut the door, but I did not shut away the words I had spoken to Trollo. As I told you, they seemed to me to come back and knock on the window to be let in again. If I could, I would have unsaid them, I think, even then. I wished I had said something a little different, somehow.

I passed rather a lonesome morning. The storm grew worse. Keziah Phipps warmed over the hash and a piece of squash pie for me, and went home early. She said may be she should n't come over again. "The old man was riley about it to-day, anyhow—his potatoes burned yesterday—and then it did set in and snow at such a rate!" But she 'd come if she could, for she 'd promised my ma, and I could heat up the coffee myself, for she 'd cut the bread and butter.

So I said, "Very well," and I did n't urge her to come, for I was thinking about the corn-balls. I hoped Trollo would get home in good season, and we 'd have some fun. I opened Keziah's old umbrella for her, and kicked her a little path to the gate, and then came back and stood in the door till she had got out of sight, and then I came into the house alone.

It did seem lonesome, do the best I would. My footsteps echoed up and down the stairs. The doors slammed after me and made me start. The fire winked at me, as if it were going to sleep. I built it up, and put things in order a little, picking up some slippers and an old mitten of Trollo's, that he had left kicking around. I wished that Trollo would come. It gave me an unhappy feeling to see the little slippers, as if I had been homesick.

I went to the barn for company before long, and fed the pigs and shook down hay for Hautboy—that was the horse—for the night, although it was early, and locked everything up, and came back again, wondering what I should do next. I wished that Trollo would come.

I had been in the barn some time, and when I crossed the little side-yard to come from the barn to the house, I was surprised to see how the storm had gained. It was blowing, by that time, a furious gale; the wind came up in long waves like an incoming tide. It took my breath as I stood in the barn door. The air was grey and dense with snow and sleet. There was a deep drift in the yard at the corner where I crossed. I waded through to get to the house. It came almost to my waist. I could hardly get the door together. I wished that Trollo were at home.

I wished so again when I had got into the house by the fire. It looked so deadly cold out of doors. I wondered how anyone could see his way to walk in that great whirl of snow and wind. And such a little fellow—only eight years old!

I looked at the clock. It was almost four. Just about that time he would be starting to come home. The school-house was a mile and a-quarter away, beyond the church and beyond the town. Trollo had rather a lonely road to come, and a very windy one, as I said. There were two ways, where the road branched off. He might take one or he might take another; but both were bad enough.

I began to think that I should feel better to go and meet him. But I remembered that he would have started long before I could get there, and that I could not tell which way he would come. If he came alone, he would come by the church. When he came with Jenny Fairweather, he came the other way. Jenny Fairweather and Trollo were rivals in the spelling class, but the best of friends outside of it.

So I gave up the idea of going to meet him, for if I missed him, and he came home cold and found me gone, I should be sorry, I thought. I ran up into the attic once, to see if I could see anything of him. It had begun to grow a little dark. I thought I could see as far as the church clock, for I often got the time by the attic window. But I could not even see the church. I could not see the road. I could see nothing but wind and snow. It seemed to me as if I could *see* the wind. From the attic window, the whole world seemed to have become a

Digitized by Google

whirlpool of wind and snow. Oh, for a sight of the little red tippet! a glimpse of the round, red, mischievous little face!

It seemed to me still as if those ugly words were blowing about in the storm, and had come up to the attic window, and were knocking and knocking to be let in.

"I don't care if I never see you again!"

"I—don't—care if I—never—see you—again!" I actually tried to open the window and let them in,—I felt so uncomfortable in the attic. But the window was frozen and stuck.

I went down stairs and tried to amuse myself by putting the molasses candy on to boil. Keziah Phipps had not appeared, and I thought it as good as settled that the old man's back would be up to-night. She would not come. We would have the candy. Trollo would be so pleased! He would come in wet and cold. I would have a good, hot fire. I would get him some dry stockings. Perhaps we would roast some apples in the ashes. Trollo always liked to roast apples. We should have a nice time that night. He should see that I *was* glad to see him again, after all! He should know that I *did n't* think him the most disagreeable boy I ever knew. I should n't say much about it, for it was not our way. But he should know.

So I put the molasses on, and then I went to the window to look for Trollo. Then I got out the bread and butter and coffee, that they might be ready for his supper; and I went down into the cellar and picked out the biggest Baldwin I could find, to roast for him. Then I went to the window again. I was very restless. I could not keep away from the window. The storm was beating against the house in an awful way.

Half-past four. Trollo had not come. Five. No Trollo. Quarter past five. Where *was* Trollo?

It came upon me very suddenly that it was dark, and that Trollo ought to have been at home half-an-hour ago,—three-quarters, perhaps. It came *into* me, like the thrust of a sharp knife, that something had happened to keep the child away. Had he gone home with Jenny Fairweather? Had he not started at all? Had he got angry with me because of what I said, and gone on to Keziah's to frighten me? Or had he started, and *not* got anywhere? Where *could* he be?

I was too restless, wretched and anxious by that time to sit any longer, asking myself questions to which I got no answer. I determined to harness up the horse, and start out to find my brother.

It took me some time to do this, for Hautboy was of the opinion that the barn was the warmest place for a horse of any sense that night. He would not take the bits, and made me trouble. I had to hunt up a barrel and stand on it to reach his head,—for I was not tall of my age. It was quite dark by the time I got harnessed and drove out into the yard.

I drove as fast as I could, but that was scarcely over a walk. The long, dim, bleak road stretched, a solid drift, before me. Hautboy broke it angrily, tossing the snow back into my face, and blinding me again and again. I took the road to Jenny Fairweather's, as nearly as I could make out where the road might be. I thought I would inquire there first.

"Surely Trollo must be there!" I said to myself, as I drove along. "Trollo will be there!"

I looked out into the drifts as I rode along. An awful fear had crept into my heart. I would not own it to myself. I said, "He will be at Jenny Fairweather's." But I looked at all the drifts. Sometimes I poked them with the butt end of my whip. Sometimes I called out. I did not call Trollo,—for, of course, Trollo *must* be at Jenny Fairweather's. But I thought I would shout a little,—it did no harm.

I knew the Fairweathers' by the light in the sitting-room behind the red curtains. I drove up close to the back door, and went in without knocking. I carried the reins in with me, so that Hautboy should not overturn the sleigh in the drifts, from being restless. I knocked with my whip on the sitting-room door.

Mrs. Fairweather came to the door. She held a light, and had her hand up before her eyes to shield them. I could see into the sitting-room. Jenny Fairweather sat there alone, studying her atlas at the table. My heart gave a sickening bound; but I spoke up—or I tried to—manfully:

"Is Trollo here, Mrs. Fairweather?"

"Trollo! No! Where is he?"

"That 's what I don't know. He has n't come home from school at all. I thought he must have come with Jenny. I thought you had kept him on account of the storm."

"Why, he started when I did!" said Jenny. She, too, came to the door and looked at me. "He started, but he went the other way. I came with Tommy Larkins. Trollo did n't come with us at all. He went the other way, alone."

"Where can he be?" exclaimed Mrs. Fairweather.

I did not answer. I could not speak. Mrs. Fairweather and Jenny followed me to the door. They said things that I did not hear. I only remember telling Mrs. Fairweather that he must have gone to some of the neighbors, and that I should drive up the other way; and I remember her saying that I must have help,—the child must be found! And that she wished she and Jenny were men, to go with me.

Digitized by Google

I got into the sleigh, and started out again into the storm.

I was now very cold; but I did not think much about it. I whipped and whipped poor Hautboy, and we blundered along,—freezing, frightened, stumbling,—into the other road. I could just see the church. I thought if I could get as far as the church, I would go to the first house I came to and get help. I shouted as I went along, and called out Trollo's name. But I could scarcely hear my own voice. I could not see. I could not breathe. My hands were stiff. I dropped the reins two or three times. The wind blew savagely up the other road. It blew in our faces. Hautboy did not like it. He puffed and backed and bothered me.

The first thing I knew, the horse stood still. I whipped him, but it did no good. I shouted, but he would not stir. I got out to see what was the matter. We had stuck in a mighty drift, which came to the creature's haunches.

So fast and so frightfully our old-fashioned Connecticut storms come down!

I turned around as well as I could, and Hautboy put for home. I sat still, in a stupid way, in the sleigh. I let the reins hang, for I could not hold them. I felt very numb and sleepy. I wondered if I were freezing to death. I thought how I should look, when Trollo found me in the morning; how Hautboy would get as far as the barn-door, and stick, with the sleigh; how I should be sitting up there, straight under the buffalo, half in, half out the door.

Then I thought that, perhaps, Trollo would never find me at all. Stupidly, I seemed to think that Trollo was frozen too. In a dreamy, meaningless way, I remembered telling Trollo that I hoped I should never see him again; and I wondered if, when *he* was freezing, *he* remembered it too.

All at once I felt myself aroused. Something had happened. Hautboy stood stock still beside a fence. He whinnied, and turned his neck to look at me.

"What is it, Hautboy?" said I, sleepily. I managed to get out. Had we got home? Had we gone on to Keziah's? What had happened?

We had got home—or nearly. We were just outside the gate, in an enormous drift. I could see the light in the kitchen and the cat sitting in the uncurtained window.

That brought me to my senses. Perhaps Trollo had got home. I called out as loud as I could: "Trollo! Trollo! Oh, *Trol*-lo!" Did something answer me? Did Hautboy whinny? Was it the cat mewing in the window? Or was it—? Oh, what was that?

Whoa, Hautboy! Whoa! Whoa, sir! Whoa! You 'll tread on it! You 'll crush him! Back, sir! Back!

It is under your feet—across the drift! I have my hand beneath it! I can lift it up—the still, cold thing! The awful precious thing!

I have it in my arms. Oh, Hautboy, I 'm so weak! Don't tread on me! We shall drop back beneath the drift! Back, sir! back! Good pony. Good old fellow. There!

Oh, Trollo, here we are! Here's the door-latch! We are getting up the steps. It 's warm inside; and I set the candy on, and I went to meet you, Trollo. Oh, Trollo, can you hear?

Can he hear? Can he ever hear again? Does he know that I hold him; that I love him; that my heart is breaking, while we crouch by the stove that he may feel the red-hot glow? Does he stir? Do his eyelids move? Has Heaven taken me at my word?—that dreadful word! Shall I never see him move again?

Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do? All alone in the house this awful night with this awful little burden in my lap! If any grown-up soul were here, they would know how to save the child!

I do the best I can. I rub him and rub him with my numb, cold hands; I get hot water—for the fire has kept like a furnace, thank God! I fetch water and mother's blankets, and I get him upon the old lounge, and I rub and rub and wrap him and breathe on him. Now and then I speak to him, but I get no answer. Once or twice I think I will say my prayers, but I only say, "Our Father," for I can think of nothing else.

There! While I am rubbing and sobbing, curled on my knees in a little helpless heap beside the lounge,—oh, there! he *did* draw a little, little breath. He chokes and stirs; his eyelids flutter.

I remember then that there is brandy on the lower cupboard shelf. I spring to get it, calling, "Trollo! Trollo!" lest he drop away and lie still again before I can get back. I get it, somehow, down his throat. I keep on calling, "Trollo! Trollo! Trollo!" How long before it happens I cannot say; how it happens I do not know; but while I am kneeling and sobbing, calling and spilling brandy wildly down his neck, and doing everything wrong, and nothing right, except to love him and to hate myself, as if my heart would break with love and hate, a little feeble, pleasant voice speaks up:

"Her-od?"

"Oh, Trollo, I *did* want to see you all the afternoon! I did! I did!"

"Yes, Herod; I *hoped* you 'd come to meet me, Herod."

Digitized by Google

"Oh, Troilo, just look here! You *know* you 're not the most disagreeable boy I ever ——"

"Oh, yes, I know. It is n't any matter, Herod. I 'm warm as toast, I guess, only a little queer, somehow. But the pains aint *very* bad. Did Keziah's old man get his back up? Did you put the candy on?"

Our poor candy has bubbled and boiled away to a burn on the stove. But little want have we of candy this long, strange night. Trollo is very weak and suffers much. I cannot leave him to get help. I do the best I can. Towards morning he feels better, and I crawl out to look at Hautboy, who has broken his harness and got safely under cover. In the grey, cold dawn in the breaking storm I crawl into mother's bed beside my brother, and we drop asleep heavily, holding hands.

We sleep long and late,—I don't know how late it is. I am wakened by Keziah Phipps; she has fires going and hot coffee, and she throws up her hands and says: "Laws mercy on me! What is the matter? What has ever happened to you?"

And when she knew what it was that happened, she says we are to lie in bed till our ma comes home, and she makes beef-soup for Trollo, and cries into it, so that he makes faces when he drinks it.

Trollo is very weak, but pretty well. So when the broth is gone, we both lie still. By and by Jenny Fairweather comes over to see if Trollo has been found, but we feel too weak to see her. Then, by and by, we hear the whistle of the early train,—well belated this morning,—by which father and mother will be hurrying home to see how we have stood the storm.

"OH, WHAT WAS THAT?"

We do not talk much. We lie very still, holding each other's hands in bed.

Only once, I say, "Trollo?" and Trollo says, "Well, Herod?" and I say, "If I live to be an old, old man I shall never forget this night. Shall you?"

Trollo says, no, he does n't think he ever shall. Then I say again, "Trollo?" But when he says, "What, Herod?" I only hold his hand a little closer, for I cannot speak.

Digitized by Google

FAST FRIENDS.

By J. T. Trowbridge.
Author of the "Jack Hazard" Stories.

Chapter XI.

ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK.

The boys were now in gay spirits, and the last part of their voyage down the river was as delightful as the outset had been gloomy.

"I wish this was to last a week!" exclaimed George, who had a poet's passion for the water, and whose eye could not gaze enough on the brown cliffs of the Palisades, rising precipitately four or five hundred feet above the western shore. Besides, his was a dreamy, rather inert nature; he loved repose, and dreaded responsibility and the uncertainty of change.

But swiftly the steamer plowed her silver furrow; and the lofty, columnar fronts of the Palisades cast broader and deeper shadows across the great river. Then the river, widening fast, left them behind, and spires and shipping, city roofs and wharves, began to appear. On the left was New York, with Jersey City opposite, on the right; and the mighty flood of the Hudson—here an arm of the bay—flowing between, alive with passing and repassing sails and ferry-boats, and sparkling in the last beams of the setting sun.

"See that!" murmured Jack, pointing to a steamer having a dozen lake and canal boats in tow. No more was said, but George knew his friend was thinking of the way he made his first voyage up the river.

A little after six o'clock the boat reached her pier. Then came the excitement and bustle of landing. Jack took his light valise in one hand, and with the other helped George carry his trunk ashore. On the wharf they were beset by porters and hackmen clammering for patronage. George was quite distracted by their vociferous appeals, which he thought himself obliged politely to decline; and he was soon glad to take Jack's advice.

"Don't pay any attention to 'em! Look straight at your nose, and come ahead!"

In fact, as soon as it was seen that here were two young fellows who knew their own business, and could take care of themselves and their baggage, they were allowed to pass unmolested.

They crossed the street, dodging between thundering carts and coaches, and carried their baggage down the basement stairs of a low, dark eating-house on a corner opposite. There they made a pretty good supper for thirty cents, and had four dollars and fifty cents left of their late earnings. Getting permission to leave the trunk and valise there for an hour or two, they then sallied forth in search of a boarding-house.

"How to find one is the question," said George, quite bewildered by the turmoil and hubbub of the vast city, upon which the night was shutting down.

But Jack had an idea.

"The grocery stores will know where the boarding-houses are." And with this clue they began their search.

Boarding-houses proved plentiful enough, but the trouble was to find them amid so many distracting streets, the very names of which they had never heard before. In some places it was so dark that they could not see the numbers, and had to inquire at several doors before the right one was found. At these George, if he happened to go first, knocked in good country fashion.

"Why don't you ring?" asked Jack, who found him at one, vainly pounding and bruising his knuckles, until he quite despaired of getting a response.

"Ring—how?" cried George.

Jack showed him; and then and there, for the first time in his life, our young poet from the rural districts had experience of a door-bell.

"Never tell anybody I was so green!" he said, as they walked on, blushing very red in the gleam of the gaslight.

One boarding-house was too ill-kept and musty for their taste; another too elegant for their means; and a third, too full even to make room for a couple of boys. At a fourth, they were somewhat abashed by the demand, from a staring and uncombed young woman, who answered their ring:

"Be's ye married gintlemen, wantin' board for yerselves an' wives?"

"I—rather—think not!" replied Jack. Then, recovering his wits a little, he gave George a sly punch, with, "I have n't any wife,—have you?"

"Not that I know of!" said George, in an unsteady voice.

They were then explicitly informed by the uncombed young woman that the said boarding-house took only "married gintlemen an' their wives," and that it was a "pair of ill-mannered monkeys that would stand laughin' in a dacent body's face." George would have explained that they were not smiling at her; but the door was already slammed.

Digitized by Google

At length they found in Duane street a house that suited them quite well, both as to style and price of board, though George thought two dollars a week high; and the little room they were shown was far up in the house. The landlady assured them, on the contrary, that the room was "very low indeed," all her boarders being first-class, and her house quite genteel.

She was a much-wrinkled, sallow, care-worn woman, and she looked so weary as she stood holding the lamp for them, that they made haste to close the bargain, and let her go.

They then returned for the trunk and valise, which they carried along the ill-lighted sidewalks, often changing hands or stopping and sitting down on the baggage to rest. The distance seemed immense, and their arms and shoulders ached well before they got back to their lodging. Again the sallow landlady held the lamp for them, while, with prodigious sweating and panting, they lugged their awkward load up several flights of stairs to their little attic. Then they set down the trunk on one side and the valise in a corner, and thanked her, and wiped their foreheads.

Such was the arrival of our young heroes in the great metropolis.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BOARDING-HOUSE—LOCKED OUT.

THE landlady placed the lamp (which smoked badly, and gave but a dim light) on a small pine table by the head of the bed, but did not immediately withdraw.

"I am obliged to ask you for a week's board in advance," she said in a feeble but quite business-like tone of voice. "That's my rule," she added, as the boys hesitated and looked at each other.

"Certainly," said George, with his hand in his pocket. "Can you use——"

"Small change?" continued Jack, also with his hand in his pocket.

"Anything that's money," replied the landlady, with a faint smile, which changed, however, to a look of surprise and dismay, as she saw a pile of great copper cents tumbled out on the table, together with smaller piles of silver coins. "Mercy on me! have n't you got nothin' else?" she inquired.

The boys were sorry to own that their means were thus limited.

"Well, I'll send Bridget with a basket. Or—no—I'll take it!" She made a bag of her apron, and went out heavily freighted with the said "small change."

George sat down on his trunk; Jack took the chair (there was but one); then they looked at each other, and grinned.

"Does it seem to you as if we were really in New York?" said George, who had anticipated something so very different. "Think of us lugging our trunks through the streets and up these stairs, and then paying off the old lady in coppers and sixpences! Is n't it ridiculous?"

"I don't mind that," said Jack. "But how are we going to pay our next week's board in advance? Lucky if we have even the coppers and sixpences to do it with!"

"She won't trust us a day, now she has seen the bottom of our pockets," replied George.

"We have just half a dollar left," remarked Jack. "And we should n't have that, if our debts were paid."

"How glad I am I did n't take Vinnie's money!" cried George. "She has five or six dollars, which she has earned by helping the neighbors in times of sickness. If I had done as she wished, the pickpockets would have that, too. But she made me promise to write to her for it; I shall hate to, though!"

"Let's hope you won't have to!" exclaimed Jack, springing up. "Come, I'm rested. What do you say to a look at the city before going to bed?"

"I'd like to see some part of it besides the back streets we lugged our trunks through!" exclaimed George. "Broadway is close by,—just at the upper end of this street."

They went out, and were soon walking up and down the great thoroughfare, dazzled and charmed by the life and brilliancy, the throng of people, the endless vistas of street lights, and the glittering magnificence of the shops. In the present enjoyment they forgot the dubious future; they rambled on and on, until the crowd slowly melted away, and the shops began to close; then they had a mile or more to walk home.

When at length they turned into Duane street, they found it silent and deserted, their boarding-house dark, and the door locked.

Jack rang the bell gently, at first, then with more and more vigorous pulls; and George even returned to his primitive style of knocking with his knuckles, and (when they were sore) of pounding with his fist. All in vain; the house remained as dark and still as before.

Thus several anxious minutes elapsed, and the boys grew alarmed.

"You don't think it possible that we are thundering at the wrong house, do you?" said George, stepping backwards, and looking up at the windows.

They could not see the number on the door; but

Digitized by Google

Jack said he was sure of the house, because it was just opposite the end of a narrow little park, which adorned (and, I believe, still adorns) that part of the street. It was certainly their boarding-house; and another thing was no less certain,—they were locked out.

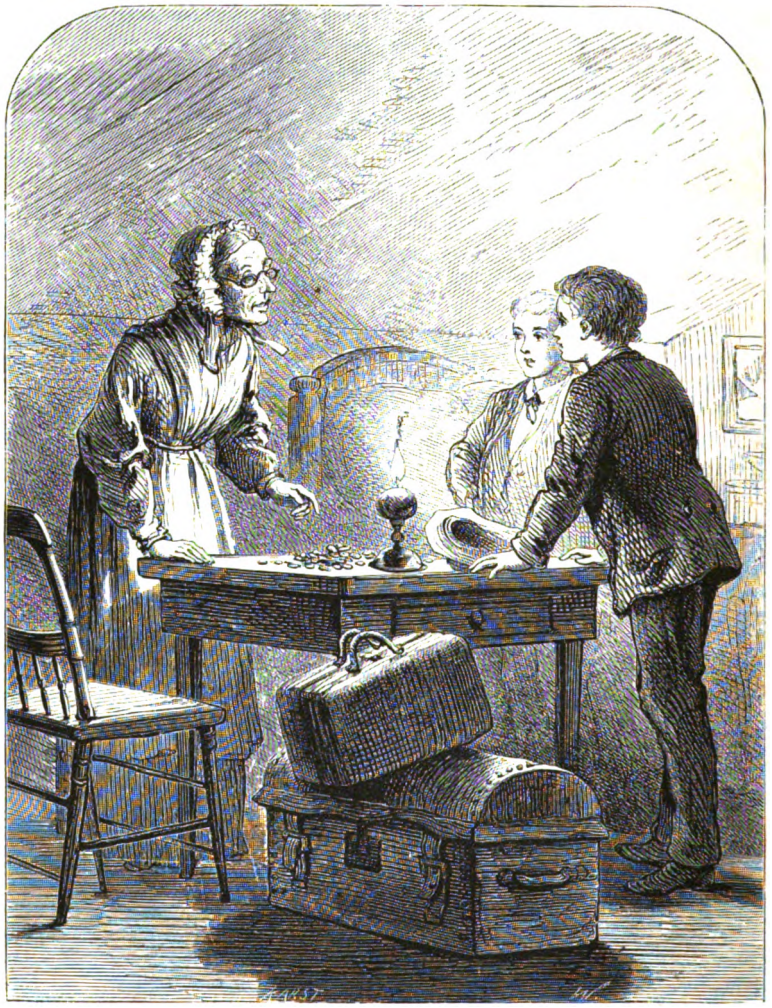
"Ring again!" cried George, with an energy that surprised his friend. "There's a light up there, in the top story. We'll bring somebody, or pull the house down!"

They could hear the bell tinkling faintly; but still there was no response.

"This is beautiful!" said Jack. "We may have to crawl into a coal-shed, or an empty hogshead on some wharf, after all; or else spend the last of our money for cheap lodgings."

"After we've paid her in advance!" cried George. "I'd climb up and break into that parlor window for three cents!"

"I would n't!" replied Jack. "I got into a scrape by breaking into a house once, and I made up my mind I never would break into another, even if it was the White House at Washington, and I was President of the United States."



"MERCY ON ME! HAVE N'T YOU GOT NOTHIN' ELSE?"

"Look here!" said George, "I believe that's the light in our own room; we left the lamp burning, you know!"

"We are supposed to be in there,—abed and asleep, as everybody else in the house is," said Jack.

Just then a solitary pedestrian came sauntering down the silent street, on the same side where the boys were. Seeing their predicament, he stopped

Digitized by Google

and regarded them with an air of amused curiosity.

"What 's the matter with the door?" he said to Jack.

"There 's nothing the matter with the door," Jack replied; "it seems to be a pretty good door; but it 's locked, and we want to get in."

"Why don't you ring?"

"We have been ringing—rather!" said George; "but everybody seems to be deaf or dead."

"Perhaps you don't understand it," said the man, with an air of slyly enjoying the situation.

He stepped up to the door, fumbled with the handle a moment, and then exclaimed: "Why, your door is open!" And, indeed, so it was.

"I don't see through that!" cried Jack. "There must be some trick about these city doors I 'm not up to."

George thought it must have been opened from the inside by some person who had glided away. The stranger offered no opinion, but continued to smile with much amusement as he stepped back to let the boys in.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MYSTERIOUS GENTLEMAN.

THE entry being quite dark, he kindly inquired if they knew the way to their room.

"Not so well as we should, to find it without a light," replied George.

"Perhaps we can make a light." The stranger stepped into the entry, struck a match on the sole of his boot, and held it to light them up the first flight of stairs. They were then bidding him good night, with many thanks, when he said: "You have n't got to your own room yet, have you?"

"No, it 's away up in the attic."

"Who keeps this house?" he inquired, as he followed them up. They told him it was Mrs. Libby. He struck another match on his boot-sole, and as it was lighting, observed, "Mrs. Libby may be a very worthy woman, and she may keep an excellent house, but I shall tell her she ought not to lock her lodgers out, or have such dark entries."

As he insisted on showing them in the same way up the third flight, they hastened on to their room in order to get the lamp and, in return for his kindness, light him down again. But he quietly entered with them, smiling, and looking about him in a very leisurely manner.

"I 'll light you down to the door, when you are ready," said George, who stood holding the lamp.

"I 'm in no hurry," he replied. "I want to breathe a spell, after coming up so many flights."

"Sit down," said Jack, offering the chair.

"Thank you. But where will you sit? Mrs. Libby ought to furnish two lodgers with more than one chair!"

Jack seated himself on the trunk. George, after some hesitation, replaced the lamp on the table, and sat down on the bed. Their visitor also seated himself, placed his hat on the floor, crossed his legs in a very comfortable manner, looking so much as if he had come to stay that the boys regarded him with growing surprise and uneasiness. They could now see that he was a man about forty-five years old, well dressed, somewhat round-shouldered, with neatly combed hair and whiskers and a marvelously pleasant countenance.

He sat and talked for a few minutes about the discomforts of city boarding-houses, and then astonished the boys by coolly pulling off one of his boots. He then asked them some friendly questions about themselves,—how long they had been in the city, what they thought of it, and the like,—and then quite filled them with consternation by kicking off his other boot.

George thought he would give him a polite hint by asking the time of night.

"It 's early yet," said the cool gentleman, pulling out his watch. "Not quite twelve o'clock."

"If you are not going soon," said Jack, "perhaps I had better step down and see that the door is fast." He certainly thought that would start him.

"I looked out for that," said he, smiling blandly. "The door is all right."

The boys were now more than ever puzzled and disturbed.

"Do you live on this street?" Jack inquired.

"Certainly," he replied, appearing as if he understood perfectly well their perplexity, and rather enjoyed it.

"Near here?"

"Rather near."

"Sha' n't we—see you home?" faltered George.

"You are very kind. But I know the way." And the cool gentleman began—very coolly—to loosen his cravat.

Jack, unable to keep his seat on the trunk, now came and stood by the bed near George.

"We don't want to turn you out," he said, as civilly as he could; "and we 're certainly very much obliged to you; but it is getting late for country boys like us, and if you have no objections ——"

"O, not the slightest in the world. I think I 'll go to bed, too." And the gentleman proceeded to wind his watch.

"How shall we get rid of him?" whispered Jack.

"I don't know! He 's a regular old Man of the Sea!" muttered George.

"*I* leave *my* boots outside the door to be blacked," observed the visitor, as he gathered up the

Digitized by Google

articles he had kicked off, and set them out in the entry.

"I don't just see where you are going to sleep," said George, thinking it time that question was settled. "Our bed won't very well hold more than two."

"I should n't think it would. And you did n't for a moment imagine I was going to sleep with you; did you? I am going to sleep alone!"

"For my part, I should like to know where!" cried Jack.

"I think I can find a place. Let me take the lamp just one moment! Mrs. Libby must have plenty of rooms."

As the cool gentleman had already taken the lamp, and seemed about setting off in search of apartments, the boys started after him in no little alarm.

"She told us this was the only vacant room!" cried George.

"Did she?" The man smiled with the same curious, amused expression, which had puzzled the boys from the first, and, taking up his hat with one hand, while he carried the lamp in the other, still moved towards the door. "Mrs. Libby may be a very truthful woman," he said; "but I think I can find a place to sleep."

"What shall we do?" whispered George. "Why did we ever let him into the house?"

"It 's too late to ask that; he 's in!" replied Jack.

"He must be insane!" said George.

"More likely drunk!" muttered Jack. "We must watch him."

The stranger marched deliberately into an adjoining room; the boys followed him, and hardly knew whether they were glad or sorry to find it unoccupied. Then he hung up his hat, slipped his feet into a pair of pumps, and then lighted a lamp which he found on the table.

"This is some lodger's room!" exclaimed George.

"It certainly looks like it; and a very good room it is. I think it will suit me very well. Now I 'll return your lamp, with many thanks."

"Do you know Mrs. Libby?" demanded Jack.

"I think I ought to. I board with her."

"And you—the front door—this room—" stammered George, just beginning to see through the joke.

The lodger smilingly pulled off his coat. "My name is Manton; and this is my room. I was in it when you brought your baggage. I knew you at the door, and let you in with my latch-key. Good night, young gentlemen! Don't stumble over my boots!"

The boys rushed back to their room, strangling with mingled mirth and chagrin, shut the door, put down the lamp, and held their sides.

"I rather think," said George, "we have been badly sold! What do you think?"

"I think ——"

But Jack's voice grew inarticulate, and he tumbled on the bed in a spasm of laughter.

CHAPTER XIV.

MORNING IN THE CITY.

BOTH boys, accustomed to early rising, were up and dressed betimes the next morning, refreshed by their brief but sound sleep, and eager for new experiences.

They looked down from their lofty window upon the quiet street, and remembered that it was Sunday. The sunshine was stealing over the city roofs, slanting softly down across the fronts of dingy brick, and even gilding the gutters with beams as pure and fresh as were those falling upon their far-off country homes. The air was deliciously cool and enticing. A few doves flapped past quite near the open window. Robins and sparrows were singing in the trees of the little park below. The vast Babel was strangely silent and at rest; only the noisy cart and rattling bell of a stout milkman, driving from door to door, and a newsboy crying the Sunday papers, broke the stillness of the solitary street.

Scarce another lodger was astir when George and Jack passed once more down the stairs up which they had lugged their baggage, and afterwards been lighted by Mr. Manton's matches, the night before. As there were as yet no signs of breakfast, they went on to the street door, fastened back the night-latch so that they could get in again, and went out.

I am sure that neither of them ever forgot that first Sunday morning's walk in the city. George afterwards celebrated it in verse, contrasting the early Sabbath coolness and quiet with the fashionable throngs of church-goers filling the spacious sidewalks of Broadway some hours later, and the roar and rush and heat when, on week-days, the tide of life and traffic was at its height.

They went as far as the Battery, and were enchanted with their stroll about the grounds, beautiful in the first bright green of spring, and above all with the view of the water. A gentle south wind was blowing, and the harbor seemed alive with light waves, frolicking in the sun and dashing against the battery wall. There were ships riding at anchor, steam ferry-boats plying across the East river to Brooklyn, and across the North river to Jersey City, a brig under full sail coming up the bay, and tugs and sail-boats plowing and tacking

Digitized by Google

to and fro. A shipload of Dutch emigrants, mostly in wooden shoes,—the women in petticoats and the men in short trowsers, but large enough for meal-bags,—were landing at a wharf near by; not the least novel and interesting sight, especially to George, who had seen far less of the world than Jack.

Fascinated by the scene, the boys would hardly have known how to leave it, had not a keen sense of hunger reminded them of breakfast. Then they had a walk of over a mile back to their lodgings in Duane street. They were glad enough to hear a loud hand-bell ringing vigorously in the lower entry as they opened the door; and were disappointed, afterwards, to learn that it was only the "first bell." Breakfast was half-an-hour later.

"My boarders aint gener'ly in no hurry for their breakfas'es, Sunday mornings," remarked Mrs. Libby, to whom they applied for reliable information on that important subject.

Her rooms were well filled with "gentlemen boarders," as they were politely called; there being not a "lady boarder" in the house. Several had already assembled in the parlor,—where the boys went, to wait for the second bell,—and were eagerly looking over the columns of "wants" in the Sunday papers. They had generally a clean-shaved, clean-starched, Sunday-morning appearance; and Jack—judging from their bleached faces and style of dress—declared they were all "citified."

"By Cæsar!" suddenly broke forth one,—a pale young man in very tight pants,—spitefully hitting his newspaper with the tips of his fingers.

"What is it, Simpson?" asked a seedy but carefully-brushed old gentleman who had no newspaper, and seemed to be waiting for a chance at somebody else's.

"Here 's that humbug advertisement again,—you know,—confidential clerk on Chatham street,—up two flights."

"I went for that situation," remarked the old gentleman.

"So did I!" "So did I!" cried two or three others.

"I thought *I* 'd like to be a confidential clerk," said Simpson;—"saw the advertisement the first thing Tuesday morning, made a rush for Chatham street, found the place, and a crowd of about a hundred there before me, all wanting to be confidential clerks! They blocked both flights of stairs and extended out into the street. I waited two hours—concluded 't was no use—and came away."

"I waited at least three hours," said the old gentleman. "I finally got to the office, and gave in my application and address to a man at the desk. Thought, of course, I was too late. Now, you don't say the advertisement is in again!"

From this talk, and much that followed, the boys were appalled to learn that nearly all Mrs. Libby's "gentlemen boarders" were out of employment, seeking situations in the city.

"There 's hundreds of places advertised, but I don't see as anybody ever gets 'em," said a bilious young man, whom the others called Tarball. "If I don't hear of something this week, hanged if I won't enlist in the navy!"

"What 's become of that young fellow—Parsons, I believe was his name?" asked a tall young man who sat facing one of the windows. He wore a stiff standing collar, which compelled him, when he wished to turn his head and address the company, partly to turn his whole body, and partly to give his chin a cant, lifting the edge of it over the piece of starched linen. "I have n't seen him for a week."

"O, Parsons got to the bottom of his purse ten days ago," replied Tarball. "It 's the third time he has come down from the country to find business in town, spent all his money, and had to go back again. I tell you, there 's no chance. You are one of the lucky ones, Timkins!"

Timkins was the tall one in the stiff dicky; and his luck (as the boys learned afterwards) consisted in his having secured a clerkship, much to the wonder and envy of his fellow-boarders. This may account for the fact that he was the only person in the room who had a newspaper and was not diligently reading the "wants."

"Have *you* come to town to get business," he suddenly asked, putting his chin up and his eye down, as he turned to look over his dicky at George and Jack on the sofa.

"I hope I shall find something to do," replied George, blushing, as if ashamed of such presumption.

Simpson sneered and flung down his paper in disgust. "By Cæsar! just as if there was n't enough fellows looking for places in town already! The cry is still they come!" He laughed bitterly. "What they 're all thinking of—I can't understand!"

With all his diffidence, George had a fiery spirit, and this insolent language roused him.

"May I ask," he said, "what you are thinking of, sir?—for I believe you are looking for business, like a good many others."

"O, Simpson thinks he has the only right to be hunting a situation, and that all the other unfortunates are in his way!" laughed Tarball grimly. "But I, for one, sha' n't be in his way long!"

"As if a few more or less would make any difference with me, while there are thousands—yes, sir! thousands on thousands—out of business, and crowding into the city to find something to do!" Simpson walked the room in his tight pants, and

Digitized by Google

grew eloquent. "They are fools, sir! We are all fools! And what I would say to these young gentlemen,"—turning to George and Jack,—"what I would say to my own brother,—is this word of warning,—No use! Go back to your country homes, if you have any; dig, plow, blow the bellows, carry water, cut wood, do anything; but don't expect to find genteel employment in town. Thank Cæsar! there 's the breakfast bell at last!"

And the tight pants led a clattering procession down Mrs. Libby's back stairs. George and Jack brought up the rear, their appetites somewhat impaired, like their hopes, by the dark prospects and discouraging conversation of their fellow-boarders.

(To be continued.)

THE SLEEPING BLOODHOUND.

(From a painting by Sir Edwin Landseer.)

PROBABLY most of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS are familiar with many pictures of dogs, horses, deer and other animals, by the late Sir Edwin Landseer, one of the greatest of modern painters. Like most other great men, he loved dogs and horses and all good, brave animals, and he painted them in their noblest aspects. Few of us can expect to see such magnificent stags and grand dogs as he drew. This picture of "The Sleeping Bloodhound" is very fine, even in the engraving; but could we see it as it was painted, with all the true colors of the hound,—with his shining skin, so smooth and soft that it would seem as if we could press our fingers into it, and his long ears so flexible that we could take them up in our hands,—we might know how well Landseer painted dogs. But he will paint no more. Only a few months ago the news of his death came to us from England.

Digitized by Google

LITTLE GUSTAVA.

By Celia Thaxter.

Little Gustava sits in the sun,
Safe in the porch, and the little drops run
From the icicles under the eaves so fast,
For the bright spring sun shines warm at last,
And glad is little Gustava.

She wears a quaint little scarlet cap,
And a little green bowl she holds in her lap,
Filled with bread and milk to the brim,
And a wreath of marigolds round the rim:
"Ha! ha!" laughs little Gustava.

Up comes her little grey, coaxing cat,
With her little pink nose, and she mews,
"What's that?"
Gustava feeds her,—she begs for more;
And a little brown hen walks in at the door:
"Good-day!" cries little Gustava.

She scatters crumbs for the little brown hen.
Then comes a rush and a flutter, and then
Down fly her little white doves so sweet,
With their snowy wings and their crimson feet:
"Welcome!" cries little Gustava.

So dainty and eager they pick up the crumbs,—
But who is this through the doorway comes?
Little Scotch terrier, little dog Rags,
Looks in her face, and his funny tail wags:
"Ha! ha!" laughs little Gustava.

"You want some breakfast, too?" and down
She sets her bowl on the brick floor brown;
And little dog Rags drinks up her milk,
While she strokes his shaggy locks, like silk.
"Dear Rags!" says little Gustava.

Waiting without stood sparrow and crow,
Cooling their feet in the melting snow:
"Won't you come in, good folk?" she cried.
But they were too bashful, and stayed outside,
Though "Pray come in!" cried Gustava.

So the last she threw them, and knelt on the mat
With doves and biddy and dog and cat.
And her mother came to the open house-door:
"Dear little daughter, I bring you some more,
My merry little Gustava!"

Kitty and terrier, biddy and doves,
All things harmless Gustava loves.
The shy, kind creatures 'tis joy to feed,
And, oh! her breakfast is sweet indeed
To happy little Gustava!

Digitized by Google

THE CHURCH-COCK.

By Z. Topelius.

[Translated from the Swedish by Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown, the translators of the "Schwartz" and "Topelius" novels.]

[You shall now hear a remarkable story, which might be called "Pride Goes Before a Fall," but each and all may think what they choose. One can be proud and haughty if never more than a caterpillar; how much the more, then, when one has the honor of being a church-cock!]

There was once a church-cock, who sat on a very high tower. Whence he came, and how he had got so high up in the world, it is not easy to say. It is believed that his papa was no ordinary cock, but a carpenter, who could carve eagles and dragons out of wood, and that he made the cock and hoisted him to the tower with a rope, as the cock was solid and could not learn to fly.

Perhaps this was not so; perhaps the cock was formerly premier cock in the mighty fairy queen Gilimiliadolga's hen-house, and in his arrogance rose against his ruler, and, as a punishment, was transformed into a wooden cock and nailed fast to the tower. This no one can tell precisely. In short, there he sat on the tower, very high up,—yes, higher than the highest roof and the highest tree for seven miles around. And so high did he sit, that the whole earth under him seemed not much larger than a pancake, and human beings looked like flies on the pancake.

The church-cock was very large. He had a high red comb above his beak, green eyes, large as a plate, and a very exuberant tail. In his crop there was certainly room for three bushels of rye, so portly was he. Consequently, you can imagine that he was somewhat consequential. Because he was so large, and occupied so lofty a position, he fancied that no one in the whole world was so high a lord as he. All cocks are arrogant; you can tell it by their airs, when they swell their feathers on the dunghill and stretch their bills in the air, as if they wished to cry to all they saw, "What sort of a pigmy are you?" But the church-cock was one of the very worst. You will see that such never end well. Many a proud cock has lost his neck when his owners have been preparing for a dinner-party; and afterwards he has, without ceremony, been plucked and laid in the oven and eaten up, like any other poultry, with gravy, pickles, and cranberry sauce.

Perhaps the church-cock knew that he was not fit to be beheaded and eaten, and that made him more haughty than other cocks. He had one quality that is very common in the world, and that was to constantly turn according to the wind. He could therefore look around him in all directions. But, wherever he gazed with his great green eyes, he saw his equal nowhere on earth. He therefore began to believe that he was considerably better than all others, and that the whole world ought to be subservient to him. Thereupon he thought to himself:

"I am a great cock; a very stately and illustrious cock am I. My equal among cocks does not exist. I am a veritable cock majesty. It is evident that the church was built expressly on my account, and in order to afford me a place worthy my high rank. Why should people assemble here around the church every Sunday, if not to truly admire and worship me? Yes, it is certain that I am a great cock, a mighty cock; a highly aristocratic and remarkable cock am I!"

But aristocratic people sometimes have a very tedious time of it, and so had the church-cock. Fly he could not, he was not willing to work, and did not need to eat. What should he do? It was not without a certain envy that he occasionally regarded the pastor's hens, which sometimes tripped as far as the foot of the tower, and scratched up the sand to find a kernel.

One day it happened that a crow flew over the church, passing quite near the cock, who sat there sulky and cross, provoked that any one should presume to fly almost as high as he was pleased to perch.

"Quoa! quoa!" screeched the crow, "how-do-you-do, my good cock?"

"B-r-r-r!" said the cock, whirling around with the wind and turning his tail to the crow, "I think you might at least call me 'Your Excellency.'"

"Just hear that!" said the crow. "Well, does not Your Excellency find it rather tedious in the long run to sit there alone and do nothing? It seems to me that Your Excellency might marry."

"I marry!" said the church-cock; "where should I find a hen so high-born and aristocratic that I could woo her without detriment to my rank?"

"Your Excellency is right," answered the crow; "such a hen is not easy to find, for I do not remember that I have ever heard of a church-hen. But Your Excellency should at least undertake some

Digitized by Google

work. That is what I do. It shortens time and it makes one cheerful and happy in mind."

"Work!" snarled the cock, and he looked at the crow with much contempt; "great and illustrious people are never in the habit of working. It is not proper."

"Ha! ha!" thought the crow to herself, as she flew away, "you stare and stare around you, Herr Cock, and yet know so little how it goes in the world. I have often seen the high and aristocratic have more work and more care than the humble. But such inflated simpletons as you, believe aristocracy to consist in not doing one blessed thing, but to sit like a stock, make others wait upon you, and die of dreariness. It is plain that the church-cock is several hundred years old, and thinks just as many thought before in his youth. But now one realizes better than ever that all must work and be industrious, if they wish to be happy and contented. The cock does not understand that. Because he is so desperately lazy, he says it is not proper."

And so it was, indeed. The cock was lazy and proud; that was the whole matter. For several hundred years he had sat up there on the pinnacle of the tower and not done a hand's turn; he had not even crowed. He was so lazy that he had not stirred from the spot for all the hundred years; so one can imagine how lazy he was. A good beating might perhaps have incited him to zeal and activity. But who would have dared to do such a thing? We shall hear how it went with him.

One fine day, when the church-cock, as usual, sat staring into the blue firmament and looking very sage, although he thought just nothing, he saw, with surprise, a large crowd of people around the church. "What can it be?" said he to himself; "it is not Sunday to-day." He soon found out what it was.

It was the great rope-dancer, Karamatti, who had stretched a rope between the church tower and the town-house opposite. On the rope hopped a little boy and a little girl, who danced with each other and performed wonderful movements. "Oh, pshaw!" said the cock; "is that all? I supposed that it was some new solemnity which the stupid people were observing here in my honor."

Just then the little Karamatti threw a kiss to the spectators, and then climbed like a cat up the church tower; for, as in olden times, there were iron spikes driven in the spire, one above the other. On these iron spikes the little Karamatti now climbed up higher and higher, until finally he was near the cock. "Oh, ho!" said the cock, flaming with rage.

But Karamatti did not allow himself to be intimidated, and with one bound he was up on the cock's back, seated himself astride of it and shouted with all his might, "G 'lang, old horse! G 'lang!"

Then the cock opened his eyes wide and felt terribly affronted; he, who in his pride believed no one in the whole world to be his equal. And now there sat a little rogue on his back, shouting, "G 'lang, old horse! G 'lang!"

At first the cock expected that the whole church would tumble down out of astonishment at such impudence. But the church stood still in its place; and now the cock, in his great humiliation, began to writhe and turn in all directions. What should he do? He had neither learned to fly nor crow; therefore, he now had to put up with his injured pride when all the people below cried "bravo! bravissimo!" and considered it a great thing for little Karamatti to ride the church-cock. Yes, that is the way it is in the world; when any one is proud and lazy, some little Karamatti in the end comes and bestrides him, as he did with the church-cock. Rest assured of that.

But the church-cock did not become much wiser from the experience. There he remained on his spire year after year; one generation after the other sang its psalms to God's glory in the church underneath, and lived its time, and then went into the grave, and new human beings came instead and sang the same old psalms in the same old church. But the cock sat just as lazy and just as puffed up on his tower, and expected, all the while, that eventually some wonderful good fortune would befall him on account of his great aristocracy. Perhaps he expected to be gilded with the brightest gold, and to shine like the sun, or he expected to, some day, be appointed grand cock sultan of the whole world. Who knows? He waited, and waited, and never did the great good fortune come.

At last he became very old and rotten, so that one bit of wood after the other fell off of him when the wind blew. One day there was a severe storm. A gust of wind came sweeping over the church, blew away the whole cock from the tower, and carried him through the air to the sea. Then the cock, dizzy as he was from the unusual journey, had to repent, for the last time, that he had not learned to fly and crow; for, had he been able to do so, he would not have been blown into the sea, but would have flown to the roof of the town-house, and have crowed there, so that the magistrate and the whole place would have been struck with amazement. But, as it was, he was blown into the sea, and tossed to and fro by the waves, so that the fishes gaped at him and wondered what sort of sea-goblin he was. Finally, he was cast up on a beach, and there he lay helpless.

On the beach was a little cabin, in which lived

Digitized by Google

an old woman who had two children, a boy and a girl. The children were one day building little dams by the shore, as cells for the tiny fishes which there swam in and out. As they went farther along, to collect suitable stones, they happened to catch sight of the poor old church-cock; and at that time he was right pitiful to behold. The waves had entirely washed off the paint, and he had rubbed against the stones, and so lost both beak and tail.

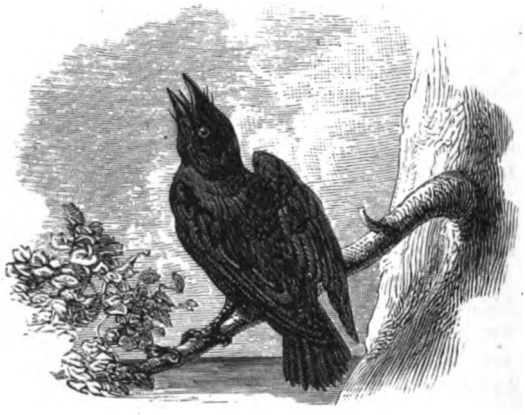
Then the children said: "How lucky we are! Mother is always complaining that the crows and sparrows make havoc among the peas. But here we have a splendid scare-crow. Come, let us take a rope and haul the great creature to the garden."

And so the church-cock, in his old age, was stuck up on a fence-post as a scare-crow, instead of being gilded and proclaimed grand cock sultan of the whole world. Then it happened that the crow who, in his days of prosperity, had called him "Your Excellency," came flying by one day to make a repast among the peas. When she saw the scare-crow there, she flew away with all speed. But, in her flight, she happened to turn around, and recognized her old acquaintance.

"Quoa! quoa!" screeched the crow; "your humble servant. Just look at His Excellency, who has become a scare-crow! Well, well; pride, pride; that 's the way it goes in the world."

"Hold your bill!" croaked a sensible raven, who sat on a pine stump near by. "The poor cock has been proud and lazy, and, therefore, it has gone ill with him. But now he is old and unfortunate; and the old and unfortunate must not be treated with disrespect. None of us know how it will go with ourselves in our old days."

The cock heard all this. But he could not answer a word, for he was without a bill, and sat fastened to a fence-post. There he probably sits to this day.



NOT AT ALL LIKE ME!

By Margaret Eytinge.

Two little monkeys were swinging one day
In the top of a cocoanut tree.
Said one little M. to the other, "Ahem!
You don't look at all like me,—
Not at all, not at all like me.

"*My* nose is turned up much higher than yours,
And my eyes they are wondrously small,
My fingers are longer, my tail it is stronger,—
Oh, no! you 're not like me at all,—
Don't frown; but, indeed, not at all.

Digitized by Google

"You need n't be mad, it is n't *my* fault,
That so strongly I favor my Ma:
She 'd a sweet monkey-face, and was belle of this place
Before she married my Pa,—
Yes, and after she married my Pa."

Not a word said her friend, but she threw out her arm,
With a look of deep indignation,
And she *whacked* the "belle" till she tottered and fell,
And that ended the conversation,—
Quite ended the conversation.

A GIRL'S VISIT TO THE GEYSERS.

By Susie Cogswell.

[Our young readers will be glad to read a little girl's account of a real visit to the famous Geysers, or boiling springs, of California. This description was not written all at once. It ran through nine school compositions, each followed by "To be continued," until, at last, the ninth composition reached "The end." We have taken out the to-be-continueds, but in other respects the account stands as the little traveler wrote it.—Ed.]

One foggy morning, papa, mamma and I started from San Francisco, to visit the Geysers.

We got on board the steamboat, and sailed up the Sacramento River till we came to Valejo, where we took the cars and rode up the beautiful Napa Valley, which was full of great big oak trees, vineyards and orange orchards. About eight o'clock at night we arrived at Calistoga, where we stayed all night, and which was about half way to the Geysers.

The next morning we got up early, and walked about the place. Among other curious things, we saw a grotto, composed entirely of petrified wood, which had been brought from a neighboring forest. All these big stumps of trees looked like ordinary trees, but when we went up to them we found they were solid stone; and before we went away a gentleman very kindly gave us some pieces as specimens.

Then we went to what looked to us like a summer house, but in it we found a spring of clear, hot water, bubbling out of the ground. A gentleman filled a bowl with it, and put salt and pepper in it and gave it to us to drink. It tasted just like soup. It was so hot we had to let it cool before we could drink it. They had just boiled three eggs in the spring.

If we had tried to dig down a few feet anywhere near the hotel, we would have come to warm water.

I forgot to mention that when we rose in the morning we saw vapor rising from many points, and we found it came from places where they had dug down in the ground.

Just then the stage drove up. It was open, and had six horses harnessed before it. We had a very pleasant party, and drove on rapidly for six or eight miles, through two or three beautiful valleys, till we came to a place where we had to change stages and take four horses, as our road was cut out of the side of a mountain, and went winding slowly up the side. We had a precipice on one side of us and a high wall on the other. When we were about half way up the mountain we came to a beautiful little spring, where we stopped to water the horses and to get a drink ourselves, and where we gathered some very pretty flowers. Near the spring we found a beautiful green stone, which papa said was soap-stone. Then we got into the stage, and went on till we came to the highest point, which was 7,400 feet in height, when we made a rapid descent of eight miles in thirty minutes. We fairly swung around the sharp turns,—Pluton Creek, 100 feet below, on one side, and a mountain overhanging us on the other. A few moments brought us into Pluton Valley, when through the trees we saw the Geyser Hotel.

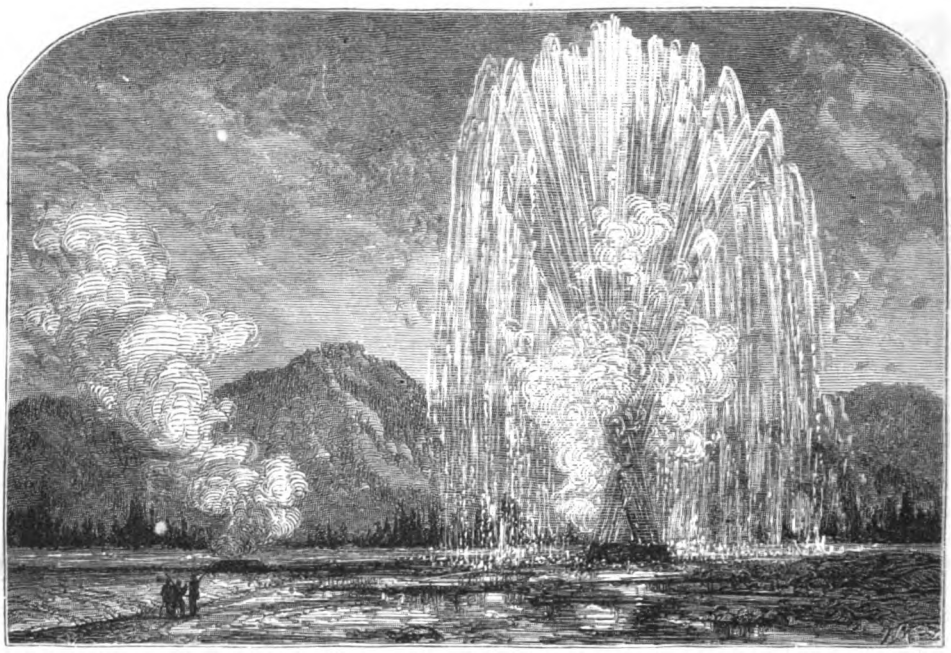
This was a beautiful little hotel, nestled down among the mountains, and, after our long, dusty ride, it looked very refreshing to us. We were very tired, so the landlady told us it would rest us to take a bath, and we could have one of either sulphur or steam; so we walked through a lovely little path in the woods till we came to the sulphur bath-

Digitized by Google

house. We went in and looked at it, but mamma said the smell was so unpleasant that we would go and see the steam bath. So we crossed a little bridge over Pluton Creek, when we saw the steam bath-house. This was a little house erected over a hot steam spring, which came out of the side of a mountain. We went in standing straight up, which nearly took away our breath. We ought to have gone in stooping down, and raised up slowly; but we did not know it till afterwards; so we went back to the sulphur bath.

After our bath we returned to the hotel, where we took dinner. After dinner, mamma and papa took a walk in the woods. They brought back some very handsome specimens of sulphur, and other things. We sat down on the stones till nearly sunset, and then returned to the hotel and got our supper. After supper, I went out and had a splendid swing.

The next morning we got up at half-past four o'clock, to go through the Geyser cañon. I had read about the wonderful Geysers in the Yellowstone Valley, where they have an enormous spreading one, called the Great Fan Geyser, and another very, very high one called the Giantess, and ever so many others; but papa told me that I must n't expect to see anything quite so wonderful as those. Still, we were glad enough to go. So the guide gave us each a long cane, which they called an Alpine stick, and off we started. We entered the cañon by crossing the creek, and saw, on each side of us, great high mountains. The first thing we came to was a spring of clear, cool water, which had a great deal of alum in it, and which was called Eye-water Spring, as it was said to cure almost any disease of the eye. This spring was overhung by beautiful trees. Walking a few yards farther on, we came to an awful, rocky place, dark and slippery, and which is called "The Devil's Laboratory," because so many different kinds of chemicals are found there. I cannot describe this as it ought to be, for I do not know the names of all the minerals. Coming out of this, we went through a narrow gorge, hot and terrible with the steam that came out of the ground and from the side of the mountain,—so hot and so slippery with sulphur, that all the party had to run very quickly over it, and the guide had to carry me across, after which we all had to rest.



THE FAN GEYSERS IN THE YELLOWSTONE VALLEY.

We then went on a little further, till we came to a spring of boiling water, as black as ink. This was called "The Devil's Inkstand," the water of which can really be written with; and what made it more curious was, that on each side, not more than a yard from it, was a spring of pure, clear, cold alum water. After walking a short distance on, we came to the most wonderful spring of all. This was called "The Witches' Cauldron." This

Digitized by Google

was ten feet across, and filled to the brim with black boiling water, which was bubbling, foaming and seething in the most horrible manner, and sending up a volume of steam which could be seen for miles. This spring was fathomless; and an egg could be boiled hard in it in two minutes and a-half, and if meat should be dropped into it it would be reduced to broth in two minutes.

After leaving this spring we had to pass through ever so much steam, issuing in short puffs from the side of a mountain, and which were called "The Steamboat Springs." Then we came to a spot where two streams met, and ran side by side until they formed a letter V. The remarkable part of it was that one was hot and black, and the other clear and cold.

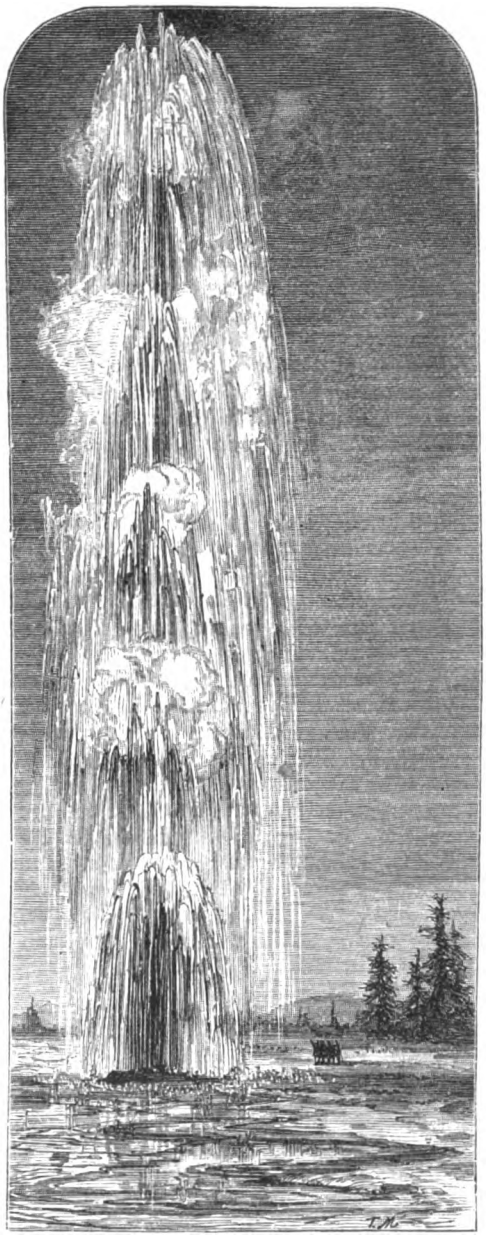
We now began to climb up over rocks and stones, slippery with steam and sulphur, till we at last got up 1,500 feet, to a projecting point of the mountain, called "The Devil's Pulpit." After looking at the surrounding country, and having rested a little, we went down the other side, when we came to a beautiful valley. Walking on a short distance farther, we stopped at a lovely little spring, overshadowed by great big oak trees, from which hung creeping vines. This beautiful spring was called "The Fairy Pool," and was as clear as a mirror, reflecting the grand old trees above. After all the party had taken a drink from it we again commenced our journey, and in a short time came in sight of "The Devil's Tea-Kettle."

This was a steam spring, from which the steam came with such force that it sent up balls of mud about as big as a hickory nut, and it rushed through a whistle, which was placed over the mouth of it, so strongly as to make it sound like a locomotive whistle, and which could be heard for a great distance. All around this spring the ground was composed of ashes, and we could push our canes in it down to their very tops, and papa said that he had no doubt but that the whole Geyser cañon was an extinct crater of a volcano.

We now commenced our journey back to the hotel, and on our way we found some very pretty wild flowers, which we gathered and pressed.

Shortly after we reached the hotel, where the landlord told us that all the springs we had seen possessed very healing qualities, and some wonderful cures had taken place there.

After we had taken our breakfast the stage drove up. We all got in and commenced our journey back to San Francisco, where we arrived about ten o'clock that night, very tired and sleepy, but very much delighted with our journey and all the wonderful sights we had seen.



THE GIANTESS GEYSER : THE YELLOWSTONE VALLEY.

Digitized by Google

LIFE-SAVING ON THE COAST.

By William H. Rideing.

This is a talk about stormy nights and suffering men; about the ravages of wintry seas on a long coast, desolate with sand-hills and rugged with cliffs. Yet, as in all pictures there must be light to produce shade, so in this there are many brave deeds to brighten it. You, no doubt, think, that life in a light-house must be curious and grand,—poetical, some of the girls will call it; but as strange, as grand, as poetical and surely as adventurous is the life of the men stationed on the coast to aid vessels in distress. A hardy, courageous, practical set of heroes they are,—on duty night and day, peering seaward from their lonely watch-towers in search of whom they may save. Think, my children, how noble is the occupation that has saved two hundred lives in a single night, as when the "Ayrshire" went ashore near Long Branch, and that number of souls were safely landed through a terrible surf.

You ask me if these men are not sometimes called the coast-guard. In America we have no service under that name. In England the coast-guard-men are simply the policemen of the coast. They are employed by the government to prevent smuggling and to protect the revenue. But here we have the Revenue Marine Bureau,—a somewhat similar organization,—which has a large fleet of steamers on patrol around our coast. From this branch of the government grew the life-saving service of the United States; but for many years it was so neglected that the number of lives lost on the coast was a reproach to our humanity. Our shores were strewn with melancholy wrecks. Survivors, cast up by the sea, perished from cold or hunger, when timely assistance might have quickly restored them. Noble vessels, freighted with precious cargoes and more precious lives, went ashore, almost within sight of our homes, and, through the want of apparatus, no aid could be sent to them.

France had her "Central Society for Saving the Shipwrecked;" England, the "Royal National Life-Boat Institution;" Germany her "Association for Saving Seamen in Distress;" and here, along the great line of our coast,—from Maine to the Florida Reefs,—there were only twenty-four life-saving stations, and these were so poorly managed that they were worth little. But we are not a mercenary or cruel people; and when our mistake was seen we began to mend it.

Congress made appropriations for the purpose, the old life stations were rebuilt and supplied with new implements, and many additional ones were established. In all, there are now eighty-two, and in a year or two more the coast of the Atlantic States—from north to south—will be lined with stations only three or four miles apart. Out on remote points of land you will find them sometimes miles away from other human habitations. The strongest timbers are used in their construction,—all as staunch in their fastenings as the timbers of the stoutest man-o'-war. Across their threshold, the frozen, wounded sufferers of a wreck find nourishment, warm clothing and medical treatment. Blessed are the men who attend them,—friends of ours we may proudly call them, because they are the friends of all the plucky fellows afloat. How well they do their duty, you may judge from this fact:

Out of 235 lives imperiled in wrecks last year, the life-saving stations rescued 234. The only soul lost was an old man, who died from exposure.

I have only given you an idea of the extent of the service, thus far; and if you are determined to see a life-saving station you must start with me, on a frosty afternoon, from New York to Sandy Hook. In imagination, I mean, you must go over the journey that I made last autumn.

The sail across the bay is cold and dreary; the land is wrapped in snow, and a savage wind is blowing to the leeward. Leeward, as many among you know, means towards the land. Some ocean steamships and a crowd of sailing craft are hurrying into port. The sea is already white and heavy with foam. Vast clouds are lowering and rolling at no great height. It is a threatening day, and at the signal stations warning flags are hoisted. Sandy Hook looks deserted; the light-house, fortifications and telegraph station are bleak and lonesome. We pass, from here, down the coast some ten miles,—still a waste of sand, yellowish grass and straggling shrubbery,—until we come to Seabright. A pretty name, this, and a pretty place in summer; but now barren and forlorn. A wild child of the sea, with one of her father's fishing nets trailing behind her, is the only living creature we meet. Some distance away, we see a red building, with a flag raised above it. From our point of observation the surf seems to be beating up to the doors, but as we approach we find that it is several yards from the water limit. It is painted red, with a number in front, and, ugly as it is, it looks hospitable in the surrounding waste. This is Life-Saving

Digitized by Google

Station No. 3, in District No. 3, comprising the coast of New Jersey; Charles West, Keeper. Entering through a small door facing the sea, we reach the kitchen,—a rudely finished apartment, in which the crew are stretched at leisure. Leisure, well earned, it is; for, passing into the boat-house, where the apparatus is kept, we find everything in the neatest order,—not a speck of rust or dust. The greatest space is occupied by the boat, itself—a wonder of durability and beauty, raised on a light carriage, by which it is drawn to the water's edge, and launched, over rollers, into the surf. You also notice a curious object, which startles you by its resemblance to a torpedo boat. It is the life-car. The lower half is not unlike an ordinary open boat in form; but the upper part is covered by a convex deck, raised at both ends. In the middle you find a hole large enough to admit a man. Peep in, if you choose. It is like the inside of an empty steam boiler,—dark and unventilated; but people on the borders of Death-land do not demand a palace car to carry them into a place of safety; and into this queer vessel four persons are often crowded. Presently, we shall see how it is sent on board a wrecked ship to bring the passengers and crew ashore. But you must remember that all stations are not supplied with the life-car. It can only be used on a smooth beach, as at Seabright; and on the coast of Maine it is superseded by the "breeches buoy." What the "breeches buoy" looks like, you may guess from the name. It is simply a pair of water-tight trowsers, stitched up at the bottoms to prevent the feet from coming through. From the waist, upwards, the body is exposed; but the buoy is moved quicker than the life-car, as it is lighter and only brings one person ashore at a time. It is suspended to the line between the vessel and the shore by rings, and it is hauled in and out by the life-saving men.

In a corner of the room, near the rocket apparatus, you see two bundles of what seems to be shapeless India rubber cloth. At our request, a man exhibits them, and tells us that they are life-saving dresses, invented by Captain J. H. Merryman, inspector of the service. He puts one suit on: first, the trowsers, and then the jacket. Inserted in the neck there is a small tube, with a mouth-piece, through which he fills his strange armor with air. His face is uncovered, but the head is protected by a hood, fitting so closely that the water cannot enter nor the air escape. In appearance he is now like a submarine diver. Out of the house, he leads us to the water's edge, and then he plunges into the surf. He is soon out of his depth, but the dress supports him—head and chest out of the water,—without interfering with his movements in the least degree. Two of the dresses are supplied to each station, and are used by the men in rescuing bodies from the water.

Over the kitchen and boat-house are the sleeping-rooms and a storehouse. Here, too, all the fittings are staunch and comfortable, as it is necessary they should be, since neither the keeper nor the surfmen are allowed to leave the station-house during the winter months. At this isolated place they are constantly on duty, and very seldom unoccupied. From time to time they are drilled in the use of the apparatus and in the management of their boat in the surf. But they are not novices. Perhaps you observed some of the faces as we came through the kitchen,—ruddy with the bloom of a hundred

LIFE-SAVING DRESS.

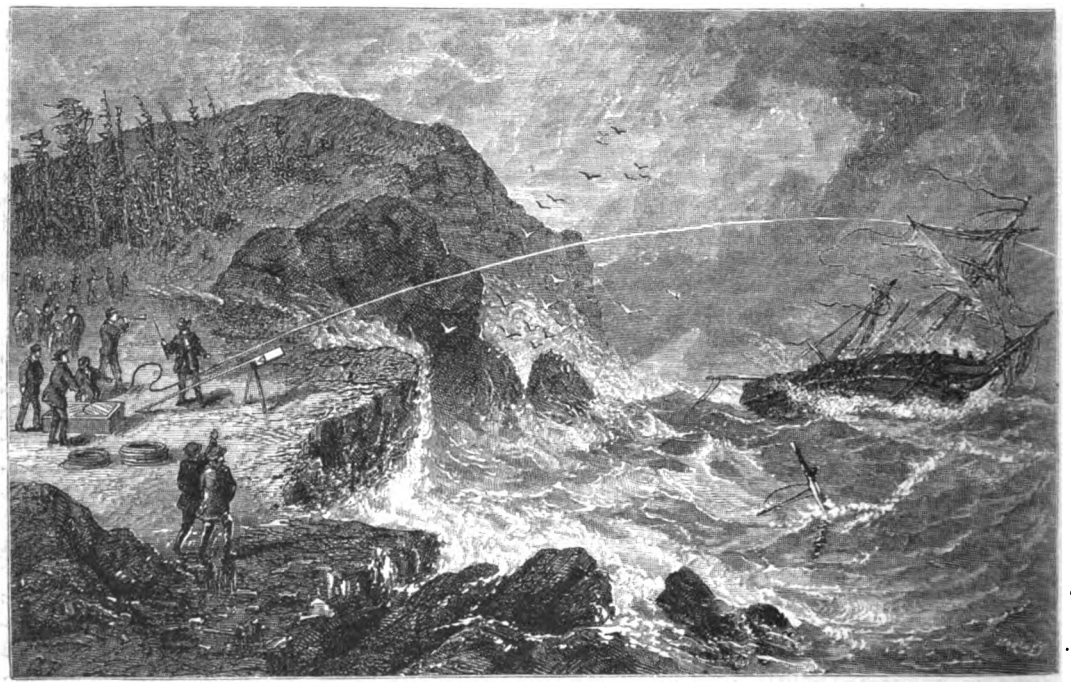
storms. In fact, they are chosen for their recognized experience and valor as surfmen; and they are drilled simply to keep their joints from stiffening and their eyes from wandering. The many manœuvres of assisting a vessel in distress are practised at least once a month, and actual service is sometimes rendered as often. A log is kept of all events occurring on the surrounding land and water, and the beach is traversed day and night in search of wrecks. The day patrolman starts along the beach from his station-house until the signals of the next station are in view. The night patrolmen are two in number. One follows the beach towards the next station to the right of his own, and the other towards the next station to the left.

Digitized by Google

Provided only with a lantern and red signal light, each man tramps along until he meets the patrolman of the next station. It is a terribly lonely mission. The surf is moaning at his feet with unalterable grief, and he hears no friendly voice until his duty is done. It is like entering some enchanted realm of darkness. On one side of him is the restless sea; on the other, wastes of sands; before him, the thin ray of his own lantern. Many a brave man would flinch from the terrors of such solitude; but the patrolman finds companionship in the steady flame of the light-houses, and even in the sorrows of the waves themselves. But when the sky and stars are hidden by black storm-clouds, and the wind shrieks into his ear, O, it is so lonely for him, my children! Yet it may be his fate to find one lonelier and colder than himself. In his path he may meet a moist human form pressed into the sand,—some poor waif that has been lost at sea. Or in the threatening distance, far away over the foaming breakers, he may see a suffering vessel, piteously signaling for aid. Now his energies are braced for good work; now there comes to this hero the consciousness that the weary tramp has not been in vain, and that there are lives to save. For a moment, only, he delays to prove that he has not been mistaken. Eagerly he peers through his night glass, and discerns a ship, beached on a shoal, about three hundred yards away. Then the crimson signal in his hand shoots its splendor into the night, at once telling the watch at the station that there is work to do, and the shipwrecked that succor is at hand.

The patrolman has been fully instructed, and he hastens with all speed to assist in preparing the apparatus. As he hurries homeward he faintly hears the excited shouts of his mates as they unhouse the boat, and frequently he sees the brightly colored Coston lights illuminating the isolated refuge on the sands, as they bear their messages to the adjoining stations. A fine display of fireworks, you would think them; but to the life-saving men they are imperative orders. First, a red, a white and a green light are burned in quick succession, to attract the watch at the next station, and as soon as one white light is seen in answer, a series of orders are given by the same beautiful means. Thus, a red light announces danger, and a green light that aid is required from the next station by the station signaling. A red and a green light in succession mean, "Bring your boat and equipments." A green and a red light—the previous signal reversed — mean, "Bring your life-car and lines." A red and white light, "Bring your rocket apparatus," and so on; different combinations of colors conveying different instructions.

The boat-carriage has very broad wheels, to prevent it from sinking in the sand, and two stout

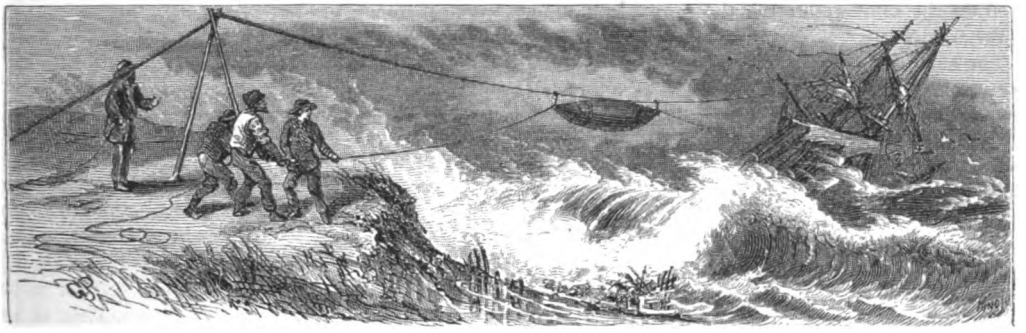


THROWING A ROCKET TO A WRECKED VESSEL.

Digitized by Google

horses gallop with it along the beach until they are opposite the wreck. Life-car, rocket apparatus and lines are ready. The men assemble, eager for service and urged on by their commander. All their nerves are strung, and all their devotion is stirred. The vessel is tossing and groaning in the sand, and every moment may be worth a dozen lives. Quickly the boat is rolled off the carriage on the shore. Her brave crew gather around her gunwale. They are dressed in heavy oil-skin clothes, from which the water rolls harmlessly; and some of them have life-preservers around their waists. But these things interfere with the freedom of their movements, and they throw them aside and face the gale in their thick flannels. Most of them are in the prime of life. There is not an under-sized man among them. Each is fitted by nature to contend with a giant, and beat him. Seven such fellows are not often seen together; and, as they brace themselves for work, you may well wonder if they can be matched. All our admiration is called forth by the strength they display as they bend to push their boat into the water, at the word of their commander. They do not tremble or hold back, yet the terrors of death are before them. The surf, roaring at their feet, taunts them with its power. As far as the eye can reach, the only prospect is a foaming waste, from which the spray rises in a thick mist. Can the boat live in such a surf? Undaunted, the men wait for a sea that will launch her. On it comes, proudly, defiantly, mightily. Its curling head is raised high. It leaps wildly forward, with the weight and force of an iron wall. The majestic crest bubbles in white wrath. It towers high above the ranks, like an invincible general leading his army to battle. The men hold their breath as it advances, and watch its motions with a steady eye. Onward it hurls itself, gaining volume in its path; onward into the death-struggle on the shore, until, struck by a savage gust of wind, it breaks and drives the boat away from it with an impetuous roar of scorn. The men are thrown, bruised and sore, on the beach. Still their courage remains, and they renew their attempts, until the commander decides that it is hopeless to contend longer. The life-car, alone, must be used.

The rocket apparatus has been arranged, and is firmly planted in the sand. It is a long tube, mounted on a tripod, and is fired by a percussion cap. About four hundred yards of very light cord are smoothly coiled at the base, and one end is attached to the rocket. A small trigger is pulled, and the rocket leaps through the air, and over the distressed ship, bearing the line with it. Happily, it falls across the deck, and is hauled in by the sailors on board. When the shore end is reached, a block, holding a stouter rope and a board containing the following words, in English and French, are found attached:



LIFE-SAVING CAR.

"Make the tail of the block fast to the lower-mast, well up. If the masts are gone, then fasten it to the best place you can find. Cast off small line. See that the rope in the block runs free, and show signal to the shore."

The men on the beach wait patiently until a rocket or light is displayed in answer, and the life-car is then dispatched on its journey. It is suspended to the ropes by rings, and is hauled across the waters by the men on the shore. In ten or fifteen minutes it is alongside the vessel, and is filled with wrecked people. Again a signal is displayed, and the life-car makes its return journey,—sometimes riding over the waters; sometimes high and dry, and sometimes submerged by the heavy sea. It is so constructed that it contains enough air to give four people breath for at least fifteen minutes, but otherwise it is not ventilated. Here it comes gliding nearer the shore. "Steady!" the commandant cries to his men, who are pulling with all their might and main. "Steady!" The car touches the sand, and is dragged out of reach of the water. The trap-door is opened, and three women,—wet, cold, terrified, but still alive,—are safely landed. Only thirty-one minutes have passed since the first

Digitized by Google

rocket was fired, and, thereafter, lives are saved at the rate of over forty an hour until not a soul remains on the wreck.

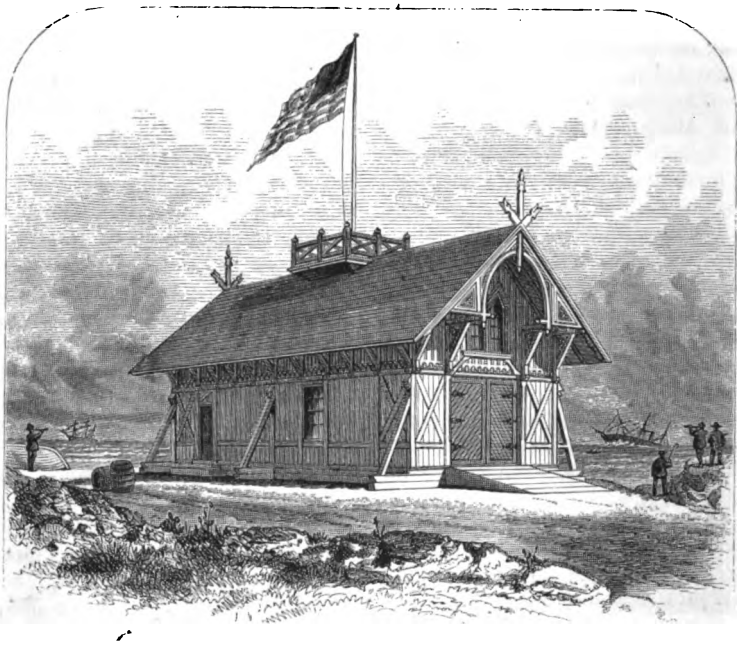
At the stations large fires are blazing, ready to welcome the survivors, who are also provided with warm clothing and other necessaries.

So far I have only spoken about surf-boats, which are not the same things as life-boats. Both are used for the same ends; but they are very different in other respects.

The surf-boat is built of cedar, and is so light that two men can carry it. The best life-boat is very heavy, and is built of iron. It is self-righting and self-bailing,—that is to say, should it be capsized, it would right itself and throw off all water that it had taken on board. Some very wonderful improvements have been made in boats of this kind, recently. I saw some experiments, about two months ago, with a life-boat only twenty-five feet long, seven feet in beam, and three feet three inches in depth. Twelve men stood on her gunwale, or at one side, and she did not take in a drop of water. Forty-seven men were then placed in her and her sides were still nineteen inches out of the water. The men were next ordered out, and told to jump in hurriedly, as they would do in case of a sudden alarm; and the boat stood even that test without shipping more than a few quarts of water.

A smaller life-boat, of the same pattern, was then tried. She was dropped from a crane twenty-one feet high, into the water. She fell perfectly flat, with a noise resembling a clap of thunder, but, on examination, was found perfectly buoyant, without a joint or rivet started. The boats of the life-saving institution of England saved 21,000 human beings from 1824 to 1872; and some of our American stations are furnished with patent boats of nearly the same model. But old surfmen are full of prejudice against new inventions, and work with more confidence in a simple boat of the old style.

All the cargo of a wrecked vessel is not lost, as you may suppose. After the lives of the passengers and crew are rescued, the next duty of the life-saving men is to save the cargo. Last year property to the value of $832,230 was imperiled in their districts, and of this the value of $581,201 was recovered. But peremptory orders are given forbidding any attempt to save merchandise until all human beings are out of danger; and the captain may throw overboard any articles brought into his boat which may imperil it or the lives entrusted to his charge. There are also professional wreckers, who raise sunken ships and secure the cargo. You must not confuse them with the wreckers of old, about whom you may have read in romances; for they are a very useful and honest class of men, and use large steamers and wonderful machinery in their operations. Of these I shall have an opportunity to tell you something in another article.



IMPROVED LIFE-SAVING STATION AT NARRAGANSETT.

Digitized by Google

MRS. POMEROY'S PAGE.

By Mary E. Bradley.

Did you notice him when he opened the door for us, just now—a cunning little chap, with a curly head, and a blue sailor suit? Perhaps you thought he was Mazie Pomeroy's little brother, or something?—people do, sometimes, because Mrs. Pomeroy always keeps him dressed so nicely, and not in "buttons," either.

He is n't the least relation, though; only her little page; and it 's quite a story, the way we found him. I had something to do with it, you see,—quite a good deal; in fact,—for it all came about through an accident that happened to me last summer, when Lizzie Prior and I were spending the long vacation with Mazie. Mrs. Pomeroy has a cottage at Long Branch, you know, and she was kind enough to invite Lizzie and me to go down with Mazie for the holidays.

We were to stop a week in New York before we went to the Branch, just to get our little fineries together. Mazie was clever with her needle, and she had the idea of an astonishing bathing-dress that was to take the shine out of everything on the beach. Lizzie and I followed her lead, and we were all three up to our eyes in blue and gray and scarlet flannels,—making a great litter of scraps and cuttings, too,—when Catharine came up stairs, one morning, with a little object of a child behind her.

Catharine is the parlor-maid, and she wanted her mistress; but Mrs. Pomeroy had gone out to buy a lot of things we needed for our work,—Hercules braid, and smoked pearl buttons, and oiled silk for caps. Mazie asked her was it anything particular that was wanted, and where under the sun had she picked up that creature,—meaning the child, who was the most ridiculous object you can imagine, and set us all to laughing at the first glimpse. It was dressed in such an absurd way, with a boy's hat on its shaggy head, and a boy's jacket, with the sleeves cut off, round its waist, and under that was a girl's little faded cotton frock, so short that it hardly covered the child's knees. Its slim bare arms, and its long pipe-stem legs, made you think of a young Shanghai before its feathers are grown; and altogether there was such a comical look about it that we could n't help screaming,—though we are not so hard-hearted as to laugh when it hurts anybody's feelings, I want you to know.

It did n't hurt this monkey at all. In fact, it seemed as much amused with us as we were with it; and stared and grinned in the drollest way while Catharine was explaining that it had come to beg for rags to sell; and did anybody know what they would n't be coming after next? But it was Mrs. Pomeroy's orders that no beggars were to be sent away, and *she* did n't know what to do about it.

"Why, give her the rag-bag, of course," said Mazie.

But Catharine did n't know whether there *was* a rag-bag, and looked as if she thought it beneath the dignity of the house to keep such a thing. Mazie did n't know, herself; but I happened to have seen one hanging in the hall closet once when I wanted to get rid of some scraps, and I told Catharine where to find it.

So she went to fetch it, and came back presently with a large calico bag, pretty well stuffed with the snips and pieces that Mrs. Pomeroy's dress-maker had left. The ridiculous child was perfectly delighted when all this trash was emptied into the big basket she carried, and we were so amused with her grimaces, that we went upon our knees and picked up all the scraps of flannel that were scattered on the floor, to add to her treasure.

"Now, then, what are you going to do with the rags?" I asked her, as I stuffed the last handful into the basket.

"Take 'em home to Mum," she said, with a beaming face.

"Who 's Mum? Your mother?" asked Lizzie.

"Mum 's the woman. Haint got any mother."

"Is the woman good to you? Do you like her?" asked Lizzie again.

The object "shook her flaxen head," like "the lady from over the Rhine," and *un*-civilly answered:

"No, she aint!"

"What makes you so glad to get the rags for her, then?" cried Mazie.

"'Cause we get whacked when we don't bring 'em," she said, coolly. "There 's Jinny, an' Sally, an' Mary-Ann an' me, an' some of us gets whacked every night for not fetchin' enough. Mum 's a hard hitter, too, *she* is."

The girls looked at each other, and Lizzie cried pitifully, "You poor little monkey! She starves you, too, I dare say,—the horrid woman!"

"Well, she don't feed us werry high,—Mum don't," was the answer, with a confidential nod at Lizzie. "Cold mush for brekfus, an' wotever you can pick up in the street for dinner, aint none too fillin', miss. You know how it is yourself."

This was more than we could stand, of course. We

Digitized by Google

screamed with laughter at the idea of Lizzie "knowing how it was herself;" and Mazie, as soon as she could get her breath, ordered Catharine to take the child down stairs and feed her.

"Give her all she can possibly eat, and a whole lot of gingerbread and sponge-cake to take home with her," said Mazie.

"And here, you oddity!" cried Lizzie, "there 's a quarter for you to keep. Mind you don't give it to Mum, though."

Such eyes as that creature made! I wish you could have seen how they flashed like fire, at first, and then softened all over, and the way she snatched Lizzie's hand and kissed it—actually kissed it! Mazie and I found some pennies to keep the quarter company, and Catharine carried the child off at last to be fed in the kitchen. Of course, it kept our tongues going for awhile afterwards, and there was n't much sewing done, until Mazie remarked, sarcastically, that she thought we might take in orders for bathing dresses, we were getting on so fast. And then we all picked up our thimbles and went to work again.

Nearly all, at least, but my thimble was not to be found. I could n't remember exactly where I had laid it down; yet, as I had never left the room, it must be somewhere around, we all agreed. However, after scattering everything about, and upsetting the work-basket, and rummaging the table-drawer, and turning things inside out, generally, there was still no sign of it.

I began to be worried; for the mischief of it was, I had been using Mrs. Pomeroy's thimble; and, besides being a very handsome one, she thought everything of it for another reason. It was made of a lump of Californian gold that her only brother had dug with his own hands; and not long after he had it made for her, he had lost his life at the mines. It all happened, of course, long before any of *us* were born; but the thimble was one of Mrs. Pomeroy's precious things still.

I had no business to have touched it, either. It was just a piece of laziness not to go up stairs for my own; but this lay in a work-basket conveniently near, and I slipped it on my finger without thinking, which is nothing new for me, I suppose; for mother says my thinking generally does come when it 's too late to do any good.

It was certainly so this time; for after all our rummaging,—and Lizzie has eyes that could find a needle in a haystack,—we had to give it up in despair. The thimble was n't in that room, and none of us had left the room since it was seen on my finger. So there was only one conclusion,—somebody had carried it off; and the same thought flashed upon all of us at once. It was that wretched little rag-beggar!

"And to think of our giving him quarters and pennies!" cried Mazie.

"And sponge-cake and gingerbread!" exclaimed Lizzie.

"What do you say *him* for?" I snapped out crossly. "The horrid little object was a girl, and so much the worse."

"So it was," said Mazie, innocently. "But, do you know, it did n't seem to me in the least like a girl. It talked and looked like a boy."

"As if that made a bit of difference!" I said, peevishly. "Boy or girl—it 's all one. The little wretch has stolen Mrs. Pomeroy's thimble, and whatever am I going to do about it? Lizzie, why did you let me touch it? You ought to have known better!"

Now, Lizzie is the most amiable creature in the world; but this attack took her by surprise.

"How could I help your touching it?" she exclaimed. And Mazie cried indignantly:

"Why, Jet! are n't you ashamed of yourself, to blame Lizzie?"

So they were both down upon me, and I was down upon myself, for that matter; and when Mrs. Pomeroy came back with the pearl buttons and things, she found us all looking as sober as a funeral. We had asked Catharine and the cook, and we had hunted up stairs and down; but it was all no use, any more than my crying like a baby, which I could n't help, either.

Mrs. Pomeroy was lovely about it, as she is about everything. It 's her "nature to," and I wish it was mine. She brushed the tears off my cheeks with her lace handkerchief, and said I was not to cry. That accidents would happen, and she might have lost it, herself, in exactly the same way, and she did n't blame me in the least. Still I knew how sorry she was, in spite of her being so sweet, and I blamed myself enough, I can tell you.

We could n't talk of anything else, and the whole story was told over and over, till, before we knew it, it was one o'clock, and the luncheon-bell rang. I thought I should n't eat a mouthful when I went down, but there was a great dish of strawberries, and the most delicious frozen custard; and one must feel pretty bad, you know, to refuse *those* on a hot June day. I did n't refuse them, neither did Mazie nor Lizzie; in fact, we had a second helping, and were getting quite cheerful over it, when suddenly a great outcry came from the kitchen regions. We heard a scream from cook, and a sort of scattering rush out into the basement hall, and then a screech, as if they had pounced upon a chicken.

Lizzie started up breathlessly. "If it should be that child!" she exclaimed. "Mazie! Jet! Don't you know that voice?"

Digitized by Google

We sprang up without asking to be excused, and rushed out into the hall, where the first thing we saw was cook struggling up the basement stairs, and dragging, sure enough, our poor little Shanghai with her.

"I 've got her, miss! I 've got her!" she screamed. "I spied her goin' past the windy, an' I jumped at her 'fore she had time to run."

"I warn't agoin' to run—now!" cried the child, trying to shake herself out of cook's grasp. "I was a-comin' here a purpose to give the young lady her thimble wot I found in the rags. You lemme go, I say!"

And all in a second she had twisted herself out of her old jacket, that she left in cook's hands, and darted away to Lizzie.

"Here 's your thimble"—stuffing it into her hand—"it 's gold, aint it? 'Mum tried to grab it when it rolled out o' the rags, but I hooked it an' run, cos I thought you 'd be wantin' it. Guess you dropped it in the basket with them rags you picked up off the floor."

So there it was, as clear as daylight. I had let the thimble slip off my finger,—it was rather large for me, anyhow,—when I was stuffing those flannel scraps into the basket, and the poor little monkey that we had been abusing for a thief, had rescued it from Mum's clutches, and braved her wrath to restore it to us!

It seemed at first so impossible to believe, that we could only stare at each other, and say, "Did you ever?"

Mrs. Pomeroy was the first one to give the child a word of praise or thanks.

"You 're an honest little girl," she began, "and a brave little girl. You shall certainly——."

But, before she could finish her sentence, that child interrupted her.

"I aint a honest little girl—I aint a brave little girl—I aint a girl at all!" he jerked out. "I 'm a boy, I am, an' I don't care what Mum says, I aint agoing to have no more nonsense about it."

And he held up his head and spread out his comical little legs with such a lord-of-creation air, —well, you never saw anything like it, and it 's no use trying to describe it, or to express our amazement. Catharine declared afterwards, that it made her feel all over in spots, whatever that means; and cook said that "it bate Banagher, to see the impidence of a little spider like that." But Mazie turned to me in her innocent way:

"I told you it talked like a boy," said she; "now you see."

Well, we inquired, of course, why "it" wore a frock, and made a pretence of being a girl; and we were informed, with a condescending air, that it was "just a notion of Mum's. *She* said girls was more noticed than boys, and ladies would ruther give 'em the rags." His own mother was dead, he went on to explain, and Mum had kept him two years, and made him beg for her. But he was going to "cut it" now, and do something else for a living. "He 'd have to keep out of Mum's way after this, or she 'd make jelly of him. An' if the lady could give him a old pair o' trowzes, he 'd be werry much obliged, an' he would n't trouble her no more."

Mrs. Pomeroy asked him what he meant to do for a living, and, as his answer was not perfectly satisfactory, she concluded to keep the monkey in the house till Mr. Pomeroy came home. He was made very comfortable in the kitchen, with a plate of strawberries and unlimited bread and butter; and to come to the end of my story, he has been very comfortable ever since.

The Pomeroys are the best people in the world, I do believe. They took pains to hunt up "Mum," and find out whether she really had any right to the boy; and she had n't, and was an awful old creature besides, and everything the little "what-is-it" said was true. So it ended in his being sent to some respectable people in the country, to be civilized a little; and when we came back from the Branch there was such a good report of him that Mrs. Pomeroy brought him home, and made him her little page. He opens the door for us whenever we go over to see Mazie, and gives us all a beaming smile. But Lizzie is his adoration. He considers her an angel, Mrs. Pomeroy says, on account of that quarter, I suppose; and was quite disappointed when he discovered that the thimble was n't hers after all.

One of these days, when he 's a little bigger and stronger, he 's to be Mr. Pomeroy's office boy. And, after that, what 's to hinder his being a lawyer and a statesman, and a member of Congress, may be? Would n't it be funny, though? and all to grow out of a thimble!

Digitized by Google

ISHAM ENTRENCHED HIMSELF BEHIND A LARGE LIMB."

Digitized by Google

THE WRONG BIRD.

By Paul Fort.

About three miles back of the little village of Gramville, on the Putan River, not far from its junction with the Osouri, lived one of the happiest boys in the world. His name was Isham Ricks; his father and mother were two colored persons; his home was a very small and rather dilapidated log-cabin; his week-day clothes consisted of one shirt, one pair of trowsers and one suspender; and on Saturday night his mother generally washed the trowsers and shirt for Sunday.

In the establishment of the Ricks family, meal-time came very irregularly. It was often quite impossible, judging merely by the time of day, to tell whether a meal was breakfast, dinner, or supper; and as one meal was generally very much like another, there was often no other way of finding out.

Still it made but little difference to the Ricks family. When his mother called him to come and eat, Isham was always ready. He did n't care whether it was dinner or supper. You might have called it *déjeuner à la fourchette*, if you liked, and it would have been all the same to him, if you only gave him plenty of bacon gravy.

There were but two things that caused Isham sorrow. One of these was to have his mother come to the door of the cabin and call out, "You Isham!" Then he knew she wanted him to do something,—to go after water, to cut wood, or something of that kind. When she called out, "O! Isham!" then he ran gladly, for he knew it meant corn-bread and bacon fat. Now, as Isham's nature did not crave work, he very much disliked the sound of "You Isham!"

Another thing that sometimes troubled this generally-jolly little black boy, was hot water and soap.

But we will not enlarge upon this topic now. Isham was almost always free to do as he pleased, and he was fat and happy.

He fished in the creek, he set traps for hares, and he climbed trees for bird-nests (for which he would have been whipped had his father been the right kind of a man). On the whole, bird-nesting was Isham's greatest delight. He could climb the tallest trees, and go out on branches where it would make you tremble to see even an opossum venture. He had brought home eggs of nearly every kind of bird that could be found on the Putan River, and the whole ones were strung on a string and hung up over the fireplace at home. If he had had anything but his pockets to carry his eggs in, his string would have been longer, but a great many eggs were broken, of course, before they reached the cabin; and Isham's mother sometimes remarked, late of a Saturday evening, that she "washed more egg out er dat boy's breeches pockets, ebry week, dan would a hatched a gang o' turkeys,—ef dey 'd been turkey eggs, and had been kep' in de shell."

One day in spring, when Isham's mother had looked all the morning as if she were on the point of singing out "You Isham!" the boy was glad to get an invitation from Uncle Andrew Barnes to go with him to the mountain to get tan-bark. Uncle Andrew had a pair of old mules and a wagon, and he wanted Isham to mind the team while he collected the bark.

The "mountain" was four or five miles away, and was covered by a forest, and it was always a rare treat to Isham to go there.

About noon the old mules stopped beneath a big tree near the foot of the mountain, and, after a "snack" of ash-cake and potatoes, Uncle Andrew went to work cutting and stripping oak-bark from the trunks of trees he had cut down on a previous visit, and Isham set about minding the team.

This he did by unbuckling one of the lines and tying the mules fast to a black-gum tree, waiting, however, until Uncle Andrew had commenced work at a little distance.

"Dar now," said Isham. "Ef dey pull dat tree up by de roots dey 's smarter mules dan I takes 'em fur."

So off he went, bird-nesting.

He did not find his search very encouraging, for he rambled a long distance without discovering any signs of a bird's nest. But at last he was rewarded by seeing a large bird fly from the top of a tall tree that stood by itself in a somewhat open place in the forest.

Isham instantly ran to the tree, and peering up through the branches, his quick eyes perceived a great mass of sticks and twigs, that he knew must be a nest. But what a whopper! It seemed big enough to hold him, and his father and mother besides.

"Dat dar big bird must a been a turkey," said Isham. "What a pow'rful dumb turkey dat ar is, to bil she nes' up a tree! Laws a massy! S'pose she 's done gone and laid it full o' eggs!"

This thought had no sooner darted through his brain than Isham began to climb the tree. He

Digitized by Google

went up rapidly; barefooted and active, he climbed like a young monkey.

When he had nearly reached the top, Isham noticed, in a big crotch in the tree, a part of the skeleton of some animal, apparently that of a sheep or a pig; and as he looked up, he saw other bones projecting out from the edge of the nest.

"Whew!" said Isham. "'T aint a nest, may be? P'rap it 's nuffin but a pig's berryin' groun'! No, 't aint! Dey could n't git up so high."

At this instant there was a rush and a whir in the air, and right at Isham came an enormous eagle!

With wings outspread, eyes flashing, and great talons and beak ready to tear him to pieces, the eagle dashed at him; but, quick as a flash, Isham entrenched himself behind a large limb. For a moment he was too much frightened to open his mouth; but as the eagle made lunge after lunge at him, which he avoided only by slipping around the limb, he cried:

"Go 'way dar! *Uncle Andrew!* O, *Wuncle And*——! Stop dat! Git out! Uncle AN-D-R-E-W!!"

The eagle did not seem to mind this shouting, but continued his attack, without, however, gaining any advantage, Isham being so very nimble.

Then the eagle offered a little truce, and flew up to his nest to see if anything there had been disturbed.

Now Isham thought his chance had come, and he began to slide quietly from behind the limb.

But as soon as he moved, down came the eagle, and Isham was glad to take his former position of safety.

The eagle soon left him again, but the poor boy was afraid to move.

He knew now that it was n't a turkey that had attacked him, nor even a buzzard. He did n't think about eagles, but had an idea that it was some kind of an elephantine chicken-hawk. But he did not puzzle his brain about what it was. He was only anxious about what it was going to do, and he was very much afraid that his bones would be added to those in the nest above.

Now he yelled louder and louder for Uncle Andrew; but his voice disturbed the eagle, which again came down to offer war.

Isham began to be desperate.

"You git out, dar!" he cried. "Ef I could git a stick, I 'd bat you head in!"

But there was no stick convenient.

Just as he was considering the propriety of defending himself with some sheep-ribs that were stuck in a crotch near him, Isham heard a shout from below.

Uncle Andrew had heard his cries, and had come at last.

"Look out dar, you Isham!" cried Uncle Andrew; and up came a big stick, hurled with all the strength of Andrew's strong arm. Isham dodged, and so did the eagle. Then up came another stick, and another, and a heavy stone, and a mass of roots and earth, and anything that Uncle Andrew could lay hands upon. Isham came within an inch and a-quarter of having his brains knocked out, but the eagle got the worst of it. Several of the missiles struck him, and, astonished at this sudden attack, he flew away.

Isham lost no time in getting down out of that tree.

"You done got de wrong bird dat time," said Uncle Andrew, grimly.

Isham hung his head.

"I mus' go mind dem mules," said he; and away he ran.

After that, Isham lost his taste for bird-nesting. He would not go up a tree after any nest, no matter how small it was. This adventure made such an impression upon him, that the fear of meeting an eagle was added to his two chronic sorrows; and as for eggs, he lost all taste for them, and gave the string he had collected to little 'Lijah Allen.

WOOD-CARVING.

By George A. Sawyer.

Part III.

I shall describe in this article a little picture-frame, which, I trust, will be good practice for our young workmen. I give a reduced sketch of the finished frame, and full-sized outlines of the separate parts, so that they may be traced on paper and used directly as patterns.

This frame is made of a single piece of thin wood of any available kind. I have used cigar-box cedar with good results; or thin walnut would be satisfactory, only the wood should be not much thicker than ordinary cigar-box stuff. And it requires a piece six and a-half inches long, by five

Digitized by Google

and a-fourth wide to make a frame suitable for a cabinet-sized photograph. Cut the wood, if possible, a trifle larger than this, say one-sixteenth of an inch, to allow for accidents. Trace on paper the full-sized pattern, No. 2, and copy the half figure shown. Then turn the paper around, match the dividing line, and trace the figure again, so that when finished it will complete the whole figure. Then transfer the tracing to your wood, and you are ready to begin sawing.

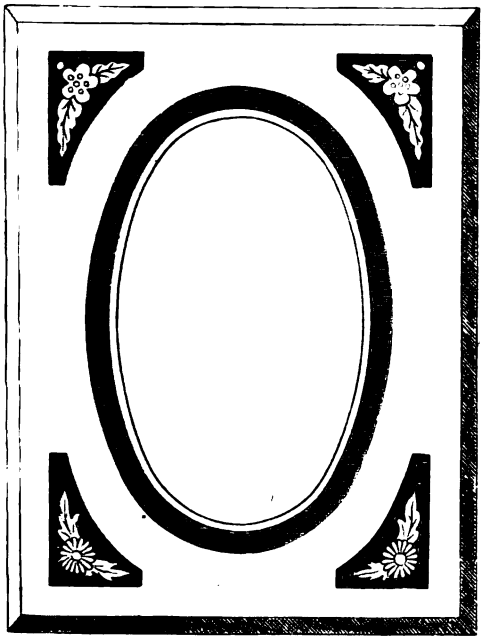


FIG. 1. DESIGN FOR FRAME (REDUCED).

Drill holes through each of the panels and the oval centre-piece. Insert your fine saw and saw out the pieces. Drill the holes in the left-hand corners of each figure and set the saw in the saw-frame, sidewise, so that the frame will be on the right-hand side, and out of the way, and you will have no difficulty in cutting out these figures, being always careful to hold the saw as nearly upright as possible and to make the cut at right angles to the surface of the wood.

The outside edge of the frame and the inside edge around the oval should be somewhat rounded, or leveled off; and this may be done roughly with a knife, and finished with sand-paper. The edges of the corner panels require only dressing with files and sand-paper.

We want now a piece of veneer of any kind of wood which will contrast well in color with the frame. Rosewood answers well; or if you have a difficulty in procuring veneers, which can be had at almost any cabinet-maker's shop, you may use thin pasteboard, covered with tinted or gilt paper. This piece of veneer or pasteboard, which should be a little larger than the frame, is to be

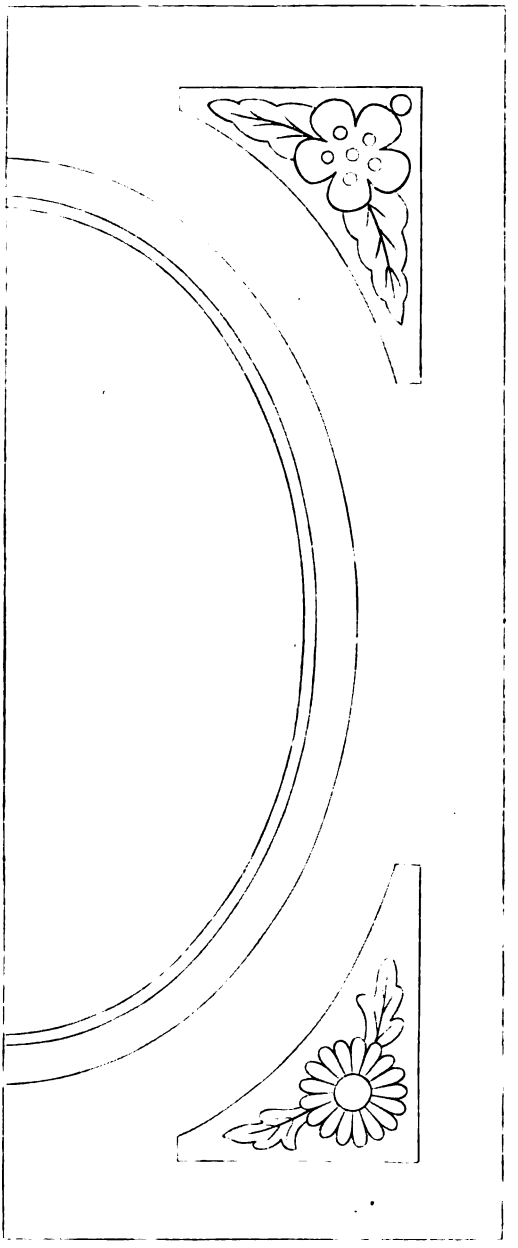


FIG. 2. OUTLINES OF FRAME (FULL SIZE).

glued or pasted to the back of the frame, and an oval cut out about one-fourth of an inch smaller than the oval of the frame, leaving an edge of this width all around the inside to form what is called a

Digitized by Google

mat, and which will give relief and beauty by its contrast of color and surface.

In glueing the veneer, or pasting a paper mat, put the glue or paste on the frame itself, and not on the veneer or paper, and do not put it on any thicker than is necessary to barely cover the wood. Lay the frame down on the veneer, and put a heavy weight upon it, or screw it up between clamps. Scrape off all surplus glue which is pressed out, and then trim off the outer edge of the veneer, which, you remember, was to have been cut a trifle larger than the frame, until it is even with the outer edge of the frame.

We now need some strips of any kind of wood, about three-eighths of an inch thick, and of the same width. These are to be glued to the back of the frame around the edges to make a recessed space, into which is put first the glass, then—if you use a veneer instead of pasteboard—a narrow mat of white or gilt paper, which is shown by the inner oval line in Fig. 2. Then the picture is put on this mat, and all secured by a thin pasteboard or light wooden back.

Figure 2 also shows the two styles of carvings for the corners. These should be made of white holly, as this is the finest-grained and most available wood for the purpose, and the wood should be a trifle thinner than the wood of which the outside of the frame is composed. Trace on writing paper the outlines of the figure, and mark it on the wood and saw it out. Then, with a pencil, make a rough copy of the lines of the flowers on the wood, and with knife, files, and the little chisels in the handle of tools, previously described, carve out the figures as best you can. I am sorry that no written description will tell exactly how this is done, but, with the figure as an aid, I hope it will not be a very difficult task.

I can offer, however, a few hints. Use only very sharp tools; always cut with the grain of the wood, and stop a trifle short of the mark, finishing up to it with renewed care. The stamens of the hawthorn blossom must be cut around with the point of the knife, and each petal gouged out carefully from outside toward the inner. Cut all the leaves a little lower down than the flowers, to give the latter greater relief; and do this also with the petals of the daisy, leaving the centre of the flower raised a little, and rounding off the edges.

After the carvings are finished, give the whole frame a good rubbing with fine sand-paper, and glue the carvings into their places, being careful to have them in the middle of the panels. The whole frame may then receive two or three coats of shellac varnish, or it may be rubbed with raw linseed oil, though the latter will stain the holly if it touches it.

My attention has been called to the language used in my last article, in regard to treadle machines, which, it is said, "must be used very carefully." This expression may create a misapprehension, which I desire to correct. The machines need really no more careful management than a sewing machine, which, indeed, in their action they closely resemble, and I can safely recommend them.

ROOM FOR ONE MORE.

Digitized by Google

WRECKED AT HOME.

By Noah Brooks.

Part II.

Left alone on Grampus Rock, with all sign of rescue fading away into the night, things looked pretty dismal for the ten shipwrecked boys. Some of us had never slept away from home before in our lives,—unless, perhaps, when we lay in hay-mows and barns, on the "night before Fourth o' July." For on that night, at twelve precisely, it was the custom of the entire boy population of Fairport to ring the church bell—the "town bell" we called it—and build a bonfire on the Common. These amusements were forbidden, being destructive to the sleep of the older people, to say nothing of burning fences and dry-goods boxes. So we escaped from home and hid away in hay-lofts, until the hour when the clangor of the town-bell and the flames of bonfires should banish sleep from the entire town for the rest of the night.

"I say, fellers," said Jack Adams, "this is like sleeping out night before Fourth o' July."

Bill Keeler whimpered: "But we aint got no fire." Bill's grammar always was a little shaky.

Fire! There was an idea! If we only had a fire, it would not be so lonesome. But there was nothing to burn, it seemed; and Dandy Blake said that fish-bones and sea-weed would not catch afire, even if we had matches.

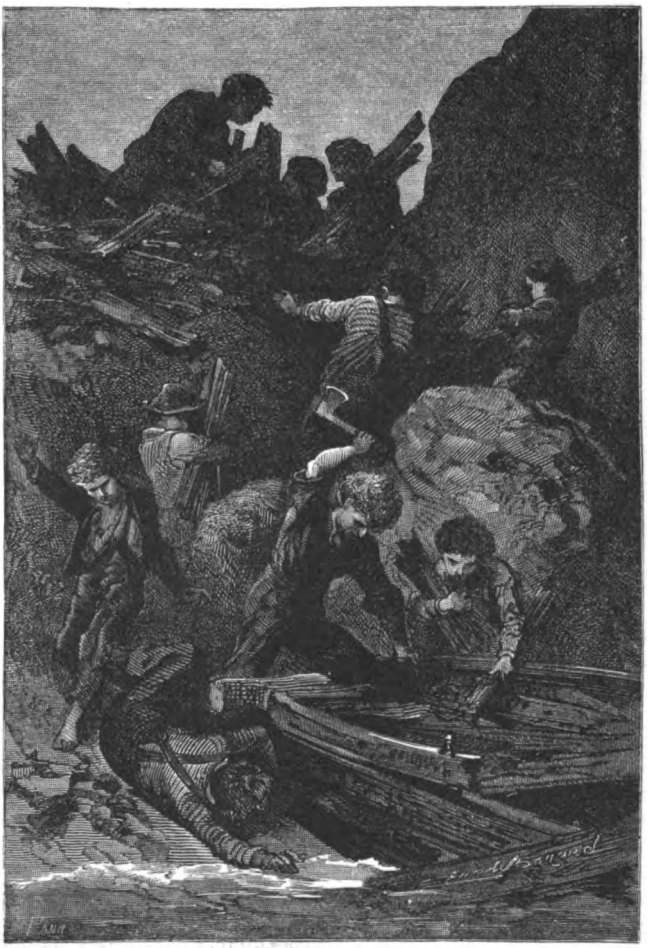
Matches! Who had any matches? It would be strange if, out of ten boys, at least one-half did not have some stray matches among the odd lumber stored in their pockets. There was a general rummaging, and pockets turned inside out gave forth nails, twine, chalk, fish-hooks, sinkers, knives and other such valuables; and in Ben Dennett's vest pocket,—for Ben wore a real waistcoat,—were found three matches! In Rufe Parker's jacket was found one more. It had worked through a hole in his pocket, and slipped down into a corner of the lining, where it was captured with great triumph.

But what to burn? Here were the matches, but no wood.

"Let 's burn the boat!" cried Jem Connor.

Little Sam burst into tears. "You shan't burn my father's boat," he said.

"Pho! there 's nothing left of her but small pieces. We are in for it now, and it 'll be no worse to make a fire of the old thing than to make a wreck of her, anyhow."



"WE RUSHED AT THE WRECK LIKE HUNGRY WOLVES."

"And we shall catch it, anyhow," added Bill Keeler, gloomily. "So we may as well be hung

Digitized by Google

for an old sheep as a lamb." Still, the idea of burning even the fragments of old Snowman's boat was a little appalling, even to us shipwrecked young mariners.

"I move we burn the *Red Rover*," said Jack Adams, removing his battered cap by way of making himself presiding officer. "All in favor of that will say 'aye,'—contrary-minded, 'no.' It 's a vote," he added, as a shrill chorus of ayes rose on the chill air.

A melancholy procession of boys took up the line of march over the rock to the other side, where the main part of the wreck still lay. The old hatchet was found under the after-part of the boat, where it had been left. Armed with this, Ben Dennett struck the first blow, shivering off a huge chunk of pitchy pine in an instant. This set an example, and we all rushed at the wreck like hungry wolves, each one tearing away a slice, Sam Snowman vieing with the rest in the work.

With great glee,—laughing and joking at our misfortune,—we lugged the wood over the ragged spur of rock to the leeward, where we were out of the wind. Some slivers of dry pine and fragments of newspaper from somebody's pocket served as kindling. One of Ben Dennett's matches was carefully scratched on a dry stone under his cap, the entire company crowding around to keep off the air. It fizzed a little, sputtered, choked Ben so that he gasped for breath, then—it went out. Three were left. Another and another were scratched, each boy holding his breath; and each went out irresolutely. Ben had wet his matches when he went overboard.

Rufe's one match was all we had left. Little Tommy began to tremble with fear and cold as that was produced and anxiously drawn across the surface of a smooth, dry stone. It fizzed, crackled into a clear flame, and in a moment a bright yellow blaze was leaping up from the little knot of pine and dry sea-grass. Each boy gave a great hurrah of joy; and we had a jolly fire.

We brought over, bit by bit, the entire wreck of the once proud *Red Rover of the Bloody Seas*, and prepared for the long night before us. Some of the fragments of the old craft had floated away and were lost. Some were rescued from the detached rocks, where they had lodged. Jerry Murch waded out into the swirling tide and secured a piece of the broken gunwale, which he particularly coveted. Leaving the rock to return, he cut his bare foot on a sharp shell, and, giving a little howl of pain, tumbled over into the current, which bore him swiftly away.

Speechless with terror, and with mouths wide open, the boys stood helplessly looking at their comrade as he was swept out from Grampus. But Ben Dennett, dropping his armful of wood, dashed into the water, struck out bravely, grasped Jerry by his long, red hair and dragged him into shallow water. As they regained the shore, Jerry, dropping his bit of timber, which he had held all the time, rubbed his head ruefully, and said, "You need n't have pulled a feller's hair so."

"That 's the way always to save a drowning man," said Ben. "Aint it so in story-books? You know the hero seizes the other hero by his flowing locks, and all that sort of thing."

But the rest of the boys executed a sort of war-dance around the heroic Ben, doing him honor for saving two lives that day. We had not forgotten that he took Tommy Collins on his back when we were wrecked; and nobody thought it less heroic because the water then was only knee-deep.

The roaring fire put a different look on things right away. Basking in the cheerful blaze, we watched the limpets broiling on the hot stones, for we were ravenously hungry, and even these tough morsels of shell-fish tasted very nice. There was no water, and the hot, salty limpets made us somewhat thirsty. But the Fairport boys were not used to whimpering much; and though some of them licked their chops, as they looked across at the little stone farm-house at the entrance of the harbor and remembered the nice brown pans of milk in the dairy, nobody complained.

Some of the little fellows were dozy, but not one of us thought of going to sleep. It was pretty clear that we could not be found until daylight; and Jem Conner's suggestion that we put our fire on top of the rock so that it might be seen from town, was scouted as a wild and extravagant project.

"Who would see the fire so far off? And who would bother themselves about us, anyhow?"

That was boy-reasoning. Yet, at that very moment, and all through that anxious night, the island-dotted bay, the rotting wharves, the marsh and the spruce-covered pastures were searched painfully by anxious men and mothers, who could not give up their children for lost.

Unconscious of the pother which our absence was making in the distant, unsleeping town, we little midgets perched ourselves on the rocks about the fire, and told stories.

"Give us 'The Drummer-Boy,'" said Bill Keeler.

This was one of Rufe Parker's stories, inherited from his grandfather's time, but common property in Fairport. Every Fairport boy knew the story of the drummer-boy's melancholy ghost; but Rufe always told it well.

"No, don't let 's have that; it 's a ghost story," said little Sam Snowman, glancing around the gloomy picture with a scared look.

Digitized by Google

"Oh! bother the ghost," said Ben. "I 've heard it lots of times. Heave ahead, Rufe. Who 's afeared?"

As Ben was the hero of two rescues from drowning, he was allowed to have his way, and Rufe then told his tale.

"It was a wild and gloomy night in the month of March —"

"No, no," broke in Jem Conner. "'It was a tempest-tossed and weeping night in the month of March.' That 's the way it goes. I 've heard it lots of times."

"'T aint, neither," replied Rufe, angrily. "And I just want to know who 's telling the story,—you or I?"

"Oh! shut up, Jem," said several of the boys; and Rufe, somewhat heated in this interruption, went on:

"It was a wild and gloomy night in the month of March" (with a withering glance at Jem), "when the British abandoned Fort George, situated on the heights of Fairport. They went away in such haste that they forgot a little drummer-boy, aged fifteen, who was in prison in the dungeon,—the which you may now see in ruins in the lower left-hand corner of the fort, as you go in from the side towards town; but the roof 's fallen in, so that you can't see all of the dungeon, but you can see where it was, and us fellers have been in there many a time, and know it 's so."

RUFE TELLS HIS STORY.

Taking a long breath, Rufe proceeded: "Well, this poor little drummer-boy, aged fifteen, when he heard the soldiers marching away in a hurry, jumped up and beat 'The Retreat' on his drum, which he happened to have with him; but in vain. Though he beat his drum with uncommon energy, and made a deuce of a row, he could n't attract the attention of his departing comrades, who marched off in double-quick time, for the Americans were after 'em,—and so left their unfortunate drummer-boy shut up in the dungeon—aged fifteen."

"But he was aged fifteen once before," interposed Tommy Collins, whose eyes were as big as saucers.

"Oh, cork up, youngster!" said Ben Dennett. "Heave ahead, Rufe."

"A great many months, mayhap years, passed away before the dungeon in old Fort George was visited by anybody. The war — Oh! I forgot to say, in the right place, that this was in the Revolutionary War. The war was over, and some people thought they would explore the dungeon, to see if, mayhap, they might find some curiosities, and, mayhap, some stores of gold and silver. But there, in a dark and dismal corner, their tin lantern,—for they had one of those tin lanterns from Rowell's store,—their tin lantern showed them a heap of skeleton bones bent over a rusty, dusty drum. *It was the little drummer-boy, aged fifteen!*"

Proceeding in a ghostly whisper, and glancing around on his terrified audience, so as to mark the effect, Rufe went on:

"When Fort George was evacuated, it was the fifteenth of March, Seventeen Hundred and Something or other; and now, on the fifteenth of March, every year, his ghost comes to the old dungeon and beats his ghostly drum. People don't remember it, sometimes; but when it is another wild and gloomy night in the month of March, they hear from the old fort the hollow rolling of the drum. Then they say, 'It 's the fifteenth of March,' and so it is. And, last March, me and Bill Williams hid behind Oliver Bridges' house, and we heard the drum, just as sure as a gun. It was an uncommon wild and gloomy night, just like this" (the stars were shining thickly in the sky while Rufe was talking); "and, if we 'd waited, we would have seen the ghost of the little British drummer-boy, aged fifteen."

Some of the chubby faces about the fire grew pale as this blood-curdling story was concluded.

Digitized by Google

The place seemed more lonely than ever, while the boys listened to the soft lapping of the waves on the rocks and the far-off note of the sea on the wide shores of the bay. It was late,—how late nobody knew; we had nothing but the stars to tell the time. Most of us were dreadfully sleepy; but everybody was too much afraid to sleep. What might not happen in the darkness and silence of the night?

As we boys crouched together about the flickering fire, suddenly cries of distress and horror were heard from the other side of the rock. There were sounds of groans and shrieks for an instant; then all was still. Again, the yells and cries grew more and more sharp, as of a person in mortal anguish; then they sank away in a sobbing groan. Every boy stood at once on his feet, his eyes starting from his head, his form motionless; and not a word was said. Bill Keeler's seal-skin cap actually rose three inches on the top of his head, held there by his white hair, which stood on end with terror. You could have hung your hat on Rufe Parker's eyes, they stuck out so.

Nobody stirred. Jack Adams was the first to speak:

"Let 's go and see what it is!"

And away he dashed, like a brave old mutineer of the ship *Bounty*, as he was, before his comrades could still their chattering teeth long enough to say "No." Every boy followed Jack, each one afraid of being left behind.

"THE HALF-AWAKENED BOYS STOOD EAGERLY WATCHING."

Half-way over the rock, there came another loud, wild cry. This time we heard the startling words:

"Help! help! help!"

And jumping down on the other side, the whole mob of boys tumbled over Jem Conner, who was lying under a crag, howling in his hands, speaking-trumpet fashion, and making all these unearthly noises just for a lark.

"Oh, you scarecrows!" said he. "Before I 'd be fooled so!"

He had stolen away while Rufe was telling the ghost story; and he knew just about when to come in with his chorus of groans and yells. He had the tale of the drummer-boy all by heart.

"Pshaw! who was afraid? We knew it was you," said Jerry Murch.

"Of course, we did," said little Snowman, his teeth still rattling like a pair of castanets.

But Jack Adams said it was a mean joke,—so it was,—to try to scare a lot of little fellows like that. Jack was almost always right.

Finding their way back to the fire, the excited boys sang a few mournful little songs about Old Dog Tray, who was gentle and was kind, and whose tail hung down behind, just like any other Old Dog Tray; but it was a very dull business. One by one they sank off to slumber, and all was still save the low wash of the waves, the solitary cry of a night-hawk overhead, and an occasional snivel from a heap of legs and arms where some of the poor little old soldiers were dreaming of home.

Once, towards morning, there was a general alarm. One of the boys, awaking from a troubled sleep, caught sight of a sail creeping down by Nautilus Island. He sang out, hastily, "Sail ahoy!" But the little craft was too far off to hear his hail. The half-awakened boys stood disconsolately about, rubbing their aching limbs and eagerly watching as the sail, ghostly in the grey dawn, faded away in the mist and disappeared behind Holbrook's. We left the water's edge, and, seeking our uneasy bed once more, slept brokenly until sunrise.

It seemed a moment after,—but it must have been several hours, for the sun was rising over Kench's Mountain,—when I was awakened by the rattle of oars pulled noisily into a boat, and the sound of voices. Starting up in the chilly air, I beheld Gitchell's boat, her keel just grating on the rocky beach of our island. In the bow stood Old Gitchell, with the painter in his

Digitized by Google

hand. He saw the boys rising, one by one, from the rocks. The remark he made was, "Wal, I swan to man!"

Uncle Oliver, Capt. Bakeman and 'Si Redman were in the boat. They had been searching for us all night. The harbor had been explored in every direction; and now, towards morning, the whole distance as far up as Nigger Island having been covered, they had extended their search to Grampus, but with faint hopes of finding the young brood so far out to sea.

We were rescued. And nothing in life ever tasted so good as the half-warm water which we found in a small keg on board. There was nothing to eat, though Old Gitchell, with a dark grin, offered us a chunk of pigtail tobacco, on which he allayed his own hunger.

What a triumphal voyage was that which we made homeward! A soft westerly breeze sprang up with the sun; the clumsy old boat, dear to fishing excursions and chowder parties, seemed a barge of beauty. Somewhat lame and sore with our uneasy rest on the rocks, and faint with long fasting, we boys were joyful enough to forget all trial and entertained our rescuers with marvelous tales of our night's adventures.

As the old craft drew near the town, the news of our coming spread; for the boys swarmed over the gunwale and crowed prodigiously their greetings. The wharf was dotted with tearful parents, sisters and brothers, some of the latter looking half-envious at the heroes of the rescue. We were received with open arms. Nobody thought of scolding. A great terror had been removed. Each father and mother, I suppose, thought, "For this my son was lost and is found, was dead and is alive."

Even old man Snowman, as he took little Sam into his big arms, brushed a drop of dew off his weather-beaten cheek with the back of his tarry hand, and only said, "You blamed little rat!"

There was rejoicing in Fairport that summer morning; and in many happy homes a great cloud of sorrow was lifted as the young prodigals were welcomed with smoking breakfasts, and with that little show of feeling which a New England cool self-restraint permitted.

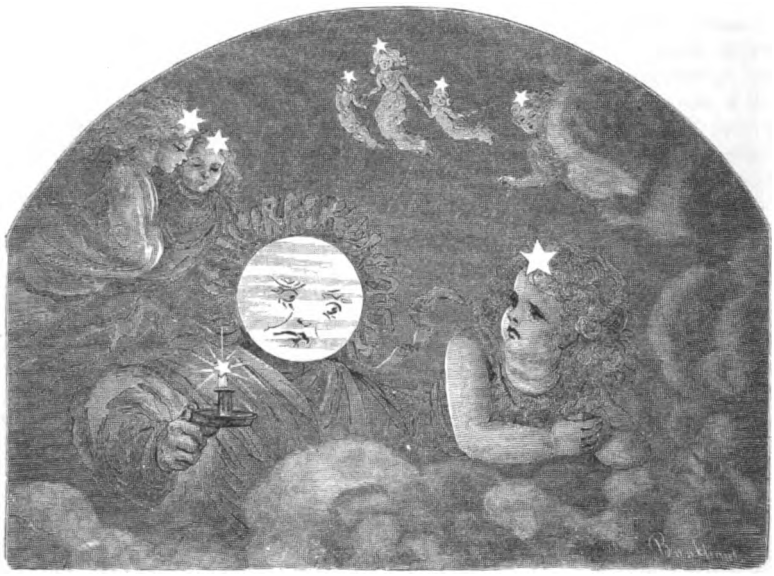
"AS THE OLD CRAFT DREW NEAR THE TOWN."

It was a peaceful end to what at one time seemed a most perilous adventure. Looking back at it now over the still lapse of years, it does seem like a narrow escape. Perhaps we truant youngsters were much to blame for the night of tearful apprehension which we brought into the quiet old town. Perhaps,—and who shall say that each one did not deserve to "catch it," as little Sam expected he should when he reached home after the wreck?

Digitized by Google

LITTLE "WIDE-AWAKE."

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.



LITTLE star! little star!
Nine o'clock, and here you are,
Blinking like a sleepy bird!
"Wide-awake?" Upon my word!
When the starlets, one by one,
And the great, round, golden sun
Have gone down, down, down, down
Behind the trees, behind the town,
To their bed beyond the hill,
You are not to linger still.
You've been all day with the sun,
And your shining time is done.
Hustle! hustle! naughty child
I shall just be driven wild.
For we always have to go
By the almanac, you know;
And the queer, wise men that watch us
Through their telescopes, will catch us
Losing time; and then the bother
They will have with one another,—
Spying out the reason why
Things go cross-wise in the sky!
And your Mamma Moon *always*
(So the almanac man says)
Is to blame for *everything*.
So just cease your questioning,
And go put your little head
Down behind the hills to bed;
Or a comet that is roaming
Through the heavens will be coming.
Hustle! little star, I say,—
Nine o'clock. Away! away!

Digitized by Google

NIMPO'S TROUBLES.

By Olive Thorne.

Chapter VIII.

NEW ARRIVALS.

Nimpo dreamed about Sam on Monday night, and on Tuesday, as soon as school was over, she and Anna Morris, after a delightful visit to the store, where Cousin Will "cut off the dress," started to take the precious parcel to Sarah. Rush joined them at the edge of the woods. Sarah, who received her visitors graciously, cuffed half-a-dozen of the Johnson children out of the cabin, and cut out the body of the dress, then and there, with many a comment as to what "yer ma'd say 'bout it."

Just as Nimpo turned to go she saw a new attraction in an old basket in the corner,—an old cat and a whole family of kittens.

"Oh, how cunning!" she cried, running over to them; "may I take one? Oh, aint they lovely! How many are there?"

Anna and Rush, who had stood by the door, feeling rather awkward, came in, followed by the little Johnsons. All crowded at once around the basket.

"They 're 'mazin' peart kittens," said Mrs. Johnson; "take one along, if ye want it."

"Oh, may I?—thank you," said Nimpo. "I 'll be very glad to have one."

"Y'r welcome; they aint much 'count, no way; th' other gal kin have one, too, and the boy,—if he wants it."

There was great excitement for a few minutes, looking over the family, and selecting the prettiest.

"May we take them now?" asked Nimpo.

"Sure nuff, if ye like to take 'em," replied Mrs. Johnson.

"Had n't ye better wait till y'r ma done come back? May be Miss Primkin don't favor kittens," suggested Sarah.

"O, no!" said Nimpo and Rush, in the same breath; while Nimpo added, "She need n't see them; we 'll keep them up stairs. Indeed, I want mine now!" And she hugged her kitten as though she never could be separated from it.

When they were outside of the door, one of the Johnson boys stood there. He was one who had been to their house to see Sarah, so they knew him a little.

"Want some nuts?" he asked, showing all his white teeth.

"Yes; have you got some?" asked Rush, eagerly.

"Heaps,—done found em in a squirrel's nest," said the boy, leading the way to a shed. Rush followed, while the girls sat down on a log, and compared kittens, discussing their points with great interest.

In the shed Rush saw a box that would hold half a bushel, nearly full of beech nuts, and every one shelled. They were as clean and neat as could be, and the boy filled all Rush's pockets to the very top, and told him he would give him more the next time he came

Rush showed them to the girls with great glee, and offered them some, but they told him they preferred to shell their own nuts, and Nimpo said she thought it was abominable to steal away the winter food of a whole family.

"Poor little squirrel!" said she; "think how long he had to work to take all those shells off, and you boys to go and steal them away! I think it 's mean, so there!"

Rush replied, as well as he could with his mouth full of the delicious little sharp-cornered nuts, that she need n't think the squirrel family would starve, because he happened to know that they had all been caught and served up in a pie at the Johnsons', last Sunday.

Such a time as the children had carrying the kittens home! Not that the little things tried to get away, but they were so squirmy and slippery—as Nimpo said,—that unless you held them almost too tightly, you could n't tell whether you had them or not. Besides, there were constant temptations to sit down on every mossy mound they came to and compare kittens.

But their troubles had not commenced.

To begin with, Mrs. Primkins lifted her hands in horror the moment she saw them.

"Lands! what next! Now you children need n't bring any cats here! I can't abide cats."

"They won't trouble you any," Nimpo hastened to say, "for we 'll keep them up stairs and take care of them. And they 're not cats,—they 're only kittens."

"Well, mind I don't see them down here," said the neat housekeeper. "I guess your ma won't let you keep them, any way."

"I guess she will!" Rush broke in, indignantly. "She lets us have as many as we like. I had six, once,—big cats!"

Digitized by Google

"Well, then, she aint much like me!" said Mrs. Primkins, as they started up stairs.

"No; I 'm happy to say she is n't," said Nimpo, feelingly, after the door was shut.

The kittens made a difference in their bleak little rooms, somehow. Nimpo did not cry so often as before. They were so cunning, so playful, and so affectionate.

They had their soft little bed in a snug box in a corner of the room, though I 'm sure they never slept in it, for they went to bed with the children every night.

Nimpo's kitten was black and white, and was named "Squitzimaning." This was an original name, you see, and cost many hours of thought and study. Rush's was a fine grey, and was called "Minzeyboo,"—another original name. These high-sounding names, however, were only for grand occasions; they were shortened into Squitz and Minzey for every-day use.

They soon got used to their new quarters, and never thought of going down stairs.

They played in the bedrooms, and in the attic proper, which was between their rooms and Augusta's.

They were great pets with Robbie, who called them "Mupp Kitty," because they were soft and furry, and looked like mamma's muff, which he was very fond of.

"Kitty got mupp boots on," he said to Nimpo, the first time he saw their little soft feet. He played with them for hours while Nimpo and Rush were away at school.

Then they were wonderful kittens in other respects, as well as in their names; and their training and education were more wonderful still.

MRS. PRIMKINS "CAN'T ABIDE CATS."

CHAPTER IX.

AN ACCIDENT IN THE FAMILY.

BEFORE the kittens had been in their attic home a week, one of them met with a dreadful accident. One day, after school, Nimpo rushed up stairs, as usual, to see the kittens. There was Minzeyboo fast asleep on the bed. She waked up, stretched out, yawned, and curled up her droll little red tongue, and then she was ready for a frolic.

But Squitz was nowhere to be seen. Nimpo hunted under beds, behind trunks and boxes, and everywhere, but could not find her. Just as she was about to go down stairs to see if she had strayed away, she thought she heard a faint, far-off mew.

Digitized by Google

Once more she searched everywhere; but no kitty. Then she heard the mew again, and this time she listened attentively. It came from the side of the attic, and to Nimpo's horror, down between the walls.

You young folks who have played in attics know about these treacherous holes between the beams of the house, where the floor stops, and in which you have lost balls and tops and other treasures. They seem to be left there just for traps to catch things.

Well, poor Squitzimaning, in playing around, had gone too near one of those dreadful holes, and there she was, away down at the bottom of it, on a level with the floor of the chambers below, probably hurt by her fall, and perhaps half-starved.

How to get her out, was the first question. By this time Rush had come, and all three were in the deepest distress.

"Of course we 'll have to break a hole in the wall, down stairs," said Nimpo; and down they went to get the axe.

"What do you want with the axe?" asked Mrs. Primkins, as Rush went through the kitchen, dragging that useful tool.

"I was just coming to speak to you about it," said Nimpo, who now appeared. "Our kitty has fallen in between the walls, and we want to break a little hole, and get her out."

Nimpo spoke eagerly, but her heart died within her as she saw the look of indignation in Mrs. Primkins' face.

"Break a hole in my wall for a paltry cat! I guess so, indeed! Rush, you just take that axe back to the wood-shed, and be spry about it, and don't you *dare* to touch my wall. Pretty doings, I declare!" she went on, in her wrath.

"What shall we do to get her out?" asked Nimpo, ready to cry. "She 's so hungry, and I 'm afraid she 's hurt."

"Let her die," said Mrs. Primkins, savagely. "She 'll be dead by morning, and I 'll throw some lime down to cover her up."

Nimpo turned away, too indignant to speak, lest she should say something awful, but on the way up stairs she said to herself:

"The old hateful thing! just as if her old wall is anything to a poor kitty. I wonder how she 'd like to be left in a hole to die! I just wish she was there this very minute. I 'd like to say, 'Never mind, Mrs. Primkins; we don't want to break the wall. You 'll die to night, and to-morrow I 'll cover you up,'—ugh!"

Words failed her; besides, she had to set her wits to work to release poor Squitzimaning, who was still feebly mewing.

"Rush," she said, "you know how she claws things; I believe, if we can get something down to her, she 'll hold on and let us draw her up."

"But what can we put down?" asked Rush.

"Let me see; it must be something easy to take a tight hold of,—something that will catch her claws. Oh dear! I can't think. I wish I was home; there are lots of things there."

"I 'll tell you!" shouted Rush, "my tippet!"

"Yes, that 's just the thing," said Nimpo; "but that 's at home, but wait,—I guess I 've got my little knit scarf that grandma sent me. I brought it because I could n't bear to leave it." And Nimpo rushed to her trunk, turned the things out in a pile on the floor, and near the bottom found the pretty blue and white scarf she was so fond of. She looked at it lovingly.

"I hate to spoil it; but I can't leave poor Squitz there."

The scarf was too short, of course, so they tied to one end of it a string, which Rush produced from his pocket. Then they tried to put it down, but it caught on every rough place, and would not go far.

"We must have something heavy on it to carry it down," said Nimpo. So they cut a hole in it, and slipped inside a hair-brush. This time it did not stick. Letting it out slowly and carefully, not to crush Squitz, Nimpo sent down the whole length of string. When the brush touched the bottom of the hole, she let it rest a minute, and began to draw up. Kitty was mewing all the time now; she seemed to know they were trying to help her, and Nimpo kept talking to her.

"It seems heavier," said she; "I do believe she 's on!" And just then they heard a mew so much nearer that they knew she was on. But while they were rejoicing, the little weight dropped off. Then came a sorrowful wail. and all was still.

"Oh, poor kitty! oh, poor kitty!" cried Nimpo, bursting into tears. "I 'm afraid she 's killed."

They listened again, and in a moment heard her mew once more. So they let down the scarf again, and this time brought the runaway safely to the top.

Nimpo seized her and covered her with kisses, then gave the poor little thing something to eat. This done, they never slept till they had hunted up old newspapers, and stuffed up every hole in the attic.

"How did you get your cat out?" asked Mrs. Primkins, at the tea-table.

"I let down my scarf," answered Nimpo; "she caught hold of it, and I pulled her up."

"What! that pretty blue and white scarf of yours?" asked Augusta.

"Yes," said Nimpo, shortly, for she felt rather

Digitized by Google

sore on the subject of that scarf. Nothing but love for poor Squitz would have induced her to spoil it.

"Wall, I declare!" said Mrs. Primkins, "I never in all my born days saw young ones so full of mischief! I don't see how your ma can live with you. To think of your spoiling that nice scarf!"

Nimpo's heart swelled.

"I don't think she feels it any great hardship," she said; while Rush blurted out roughly:

"She likes us better 'n you do."

Mrs. Primkins smiled grimly, but she said:

"Wall, everybody knows she was clear tuckered out with worry, and that 's why your pa took her away—to get a rest from you. But that 's nothing. Children don't care if they do worry their mother into her coffin, so 's they have a good time."

This dreadful suggestion put a new thought into Nimpo's head. She sat there very quietly, but she was busy thinking.

"I suppose we are a trouble to mother," she thought. "I wonder if we do get into mischief all the time, and I wonder if that 's why she was so tired always. I remember father said, when she thought she could n't go, 'Mary, you must go; you need the rest.' And I wrote her such a complaining letter," she thought, penitently. "I 'm sure she 'll worry if she thinks we 're having a horrid time here. I 'll write her another to-night."

Nimpo did not put even into thought a horrible possibility that made her shudder, suggested by Mrs. Primkins' remarks—the possibility of really losing her mother. But she wrote to her mother that night, telling her about the kittens, and the accident, heroically saying not one word about how unhappy she was at Mrs. Primkins'.

(To be continued.)

THE LITTLE VIOLINIST.

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

This story is no invention of mine. I could not invent anything half so lovely and pathetic as seems to me the incident which has come ready-made to my hand.

Some of you, doubtless, have heard of James Speaight, the infant violinist, or Young Americus, as he was called. He was born in London, I believe, and was only four years old when his father brought him to this country, less than three years ago. Since that time he has appeared in concerts and various entertainments in many of our principal cities, attracting unusual attention by his musical skill. I confess, however, that I had not heard of him until last month, though it seems he had previously given two or three public performances in the city where I live. I had not heard of him, I say, until last month, but since then I do not think a day has passed when this child's face has not risen up in my memory,—the little half-sad face, as I saw it once, with its large, serious eyes and infantile mouth.

I have, I trust, great tenderness for all children; but I know I have a special place in my heart for those poor little creatures who figure in circuses and shows, or elsewhere, as "infant prodigies." Heaven help such little folk! It was an unkind fate that did not make them common-place, stupid, happy girls and boys like our own Fannys and Charleys and Harrys. Poor little waifs, that never know any babyhood or childhood,—sad human midges, that flutter for a moment in the glare of the gas-lights, and are gone. Pitiful little children, whose tender limbs and minds are so torn and strained by thoughtless task-masters, that it seems scarcely a regrettable thing when the circus caravan halts awhile on its route to make a little grave by the wayside.

I never witness a performance of child-acrobats, or the exhibition of any forced talent, physical or mental, on the part of children, without protesting, at least in my own mind, against the blindness and cruelty of their parents or guardians, or whoever has care of them.

I saw at the theatre, the other night, two tiny girls, mere babies they were, doing such feats upon a bar of wood suspended from the ceiling, as made my blood run cold. They were twin sisters, these mites, with that old young look on their faces which all such unfortunates have. I hardly dared glance at them, up there in the air, hanging by their feet from the swinging bar, twisting their fragile spines and distorting their poor little bodies, when they ought to have been nestled in soft blankets in a cosey chamber, with the angels that guard the sleep of little children hovering about them. I hope the father of those two babies will read and ponder this

Digitized by Google

page on which I record not alone my individual protest, but the protest of hundreds of men and women who took no pleasure in that performance, but witnessed it with a pang of pity.

There is a noble "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Dumb Animals." There ought to be a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Little Children; and a certain influential gentleman who does some things well and other things very badly, ought to attend to it. The name of this gentleman is Mr. Public Opinion.

But to my story.

One September morning, about five years and a-half ago, there wandered to my fireside, hand in hand, two small personages who requested in a foreign language, which I understood at once, to be taken in and fed and clothed and sent to school and loved and tenderly cared for. Very modest of them—was n't it?—to ask all that! And I had never seen either of them before,—perfect strangers to *me*. What was my surprise when it turned out (just as if it were in a fairy legend), that these were my own sons! When I say they came hand in hand, it is to inform you that these two boys were twins, like that pair of tiny girls I just mentioned.

These young gentlemen are at present known as Charley and Talbot, in the household, and to a very limited circle of acquaintances outside; but as Charley has declared his intention to become a circus-rider, and Talbot, who has not so soaring an ambition, has resolved to be a policeman, it is likely the world will hear of them before long. In the meantime,—and with a view to the severe duties of the professions selected,—they are learning the alphabet, Charley vaulting over the hard letters with an agility which promises well for his career as circus-rider, and Talbot collaring the slippery S's and pursuing the suspicious X Y Z's with the promptness and boldness of a night-watchman.

Now it is my pleasure not only to feed and clothe Masters Charley and Talbot as if they were young princes or dukes, but to look to it that they do not wear out their ingenious minds by too much study. So I occasionally take them to a puppet-show, or a musical entertainment, and always, in holiday time, to see a pantomime. This last is their especial delight. It is a fine thing to behold the business-like air with which they climb into their seats in the parquette, and the gravity with which they immediately begin to read the play-bill upside down. Then, between the acts, the solemnity with which they extract the juice from an orange, through a hole made with a lead pencil, is also a noticeable thing.

Their knowledge of the mysteries of Fairyland is at once varied and profound. Everything delights, but nothing astonishes them. That people covered with spangles should dive headlong through the floor; that fairy queens should step out of the trunks of trees; that the poor wood-cutter's cottage should change, in the twinkling of an eye, into a glorious palace or a goblin grotto under the sea, with crimson fountains and golden staircases and silver foliage,—all that is a matter of course. This is the kind of world they live in at present. If these things happened at home they would not be astonished.

The other day—it was just before Christmas—I saw the boys attentively regarding a large pumpkin which lay on the kitchen floor, waiting to be made into pies. If that pumpkin had suddenly opened; if wheels had sprouted out on each side; and if the two kittens playing with an onion-skin by the range had turned into milk-white ponies and harnessed themselves to this Cinderella coach, neither Charley nor Talbot would have considered it an unusual circumstance.

Now, I am quite willing they should believe in fairies, particularly in the good fairies; and I hope when they grow up to be men they will not exchange that harmless faith for any less pure and beautiful.

The pantomime which is usually played at the Boston Theatre during the holidays, is to them positive proof that the stories of "Cinderella" and "Jack of the Bean-stalk" and "Jack the Giant-Killer" are true stories. They like to be reassured on that point. So one morning last January, when I told Charley and Talbot, at the breakfast-table, that Prince Rupert and his Court had come to town,

"Some in jags,
Some in rags,
And some in velvet gowns,"

the news was received with great glee, as you may imagine; for this meant that we were to go to the play.

For the sake of the small folk, who could not visit him at night, Prince Rupert was good enough to appear every Saturday afternoon during the month. These afternoon performances were called, in French, *matinées*. I don't know why; for *matinée* means *forenoon*. French, I suppose, was the native language of all of Prince Rupert's courtiers who did n't speak Irish. However, it was to a *matinée* we went, and we went immediately after dinner one sunshiny Saturday.

You would never have guessed that the sun was shining brightly outside, if you had been with us in the theatre that afternoon. All the window-shutters were closed, and the great glass chandelier hanging from the gayly-painted dome was one blaze of light. But brighter even than the jets of gas were the ruddy, eager faces of countless boys and girls,

Digitized by Google

fringing the balconies and crowded into the seats below, longing for the play to begin. And nowhere were there two merrier or more eager faces than those of Charley and Talbot, pecking now and then at a brown paper cone filled with white grapes, which I held, and waiting for the solemn green curtain to roll up and disclose the coral realm of the Naiad Queen.

I am not going to tell you much about the play. There was a bold young prince—Prince Rupert, of course—who went into Wonderland in search of adventures. And how do you imagine he got there? He jumped into the river Rhine. I would n't advise everybody to go that way. Then there was one Snaps, his servant-man, who did n't want to go in the least, but went, and got terribly frightened by the Green Demons of the Gloomy Cavern, which made us all laugh,—it being such a pleasant thing to see somebody else scared nearly to death. Then there were knights in brave tin armor, and armies of fair amazons in all the colors of the rainbow, and troops of unhappy slave-girls who did nothing but smile and wear beautiful dresses, and dance continually to the most delightful music. Now you were in an enchanted castle on the banks of the Rhine, and now you were in a cave of emeralds and diamonds at the bottom of the river, scene following scene with such bewildering rapidity that finally you did n't quite know where you were.

But what interested me most, and what pleased Charley and Talbot even beyond the Naiad Queen herself, was the little violinist who came to the German Court and played before Prince Rupert and his bride.

It was such a little fellow! He was not more than a year older than my own boys, and not much taller. He had a very sweet, sensitive face, with large grey eyes, in which there was a deep settled expression which I do not like to see in a child. Looking at his eyes alone, you would have said he was sixteen or seventeen, and he was merely a baby!

I do not know enough of music to assert that he had wonderful genius, or any genius at all; but it seemed to me he played charmingly, and with the touch of a natural musician. I thought "The Last Rose of Summer" the sweetest strain of music in the world, as it floated up from the small violin.

At the end of his piece, he was lifted over the foot-lights of the stage into the orchestra, where, with the conductor's stick in his hand, he directed the band in playing one or two airs. In this he showed a carefully trained ear and a perfect understanding of the music.

I wanted to hear the little violin again, but as he made his bow to the audience and ran off, it was with a half-wearied air, and I did not join with my neighbors in calling him back. "There 's another performance to-night," I said to myself, "and the little fellow is n't very strong." He came out and bowed, but did not play again.

All the way home from the theatre my children were full of the little violinist; and as they went along, chattering and frolicking in front of me, and getting under my feet like a couple of young spaniels (they did not look unlike two small brown spaniels, with their fur-trimmed overcoats and seal-skin caps and ear-lappets), I could not help thinking how different the poor little musician's lot was from theirs.

He was only six years and a-half old, and had been before the public nearly three years. What hours of toil and weariness he must have been passing through at the very time when my little ones were being rocked and petted and shielded from every ungentle wind that blows. And what an existence was his now,—traveling from city to city, practicing at every spare moment, and performing, night after night, in some close theatre or concert-room when he should be drinking in that deep, refreshing slumber which childhood needs. However much he was loved by those who had charge of him,—and they must have treated him kindly,—it was a hard life for the child.

He ought to have been turned out into the sunshine; that pretty violin—one can easily understand that he was fond of it himself—ought to have been taken away from him, and a kite-string placed in his hand instead. If God had set the germ of a great musician or a great composer in that slight body, surely it would have been wise to let the precious gift ripen and flower in its own good time.

This is what I thought, walking home in the glow of the wintry sunset; but my boys saw only the bright side of the picture, and would have liked nothing better than to change places with little James Speaight. To stand in the midst of Fairyland and play beautiful tunes on a toy fiddle, while all the people clapped their hands,—what could quite equal that? Charley began to think it was no such grand thing to be a circus-rider, and the dazzling career of policeman had lost something of its charm in the eyes of Talbot.

It is my custom every night, after the children are snug in their nests and the gas is turned down, to sit on the side of the bed and chat with them five or ten minutes. If anything has gone wrong through the day, it is never alluded to at this time. None but the most agreeable topics are discussed. I make it a point that the boys shall go to sleep with untroubled hearts. When our chat is ended they say their prayers. Now, among the pleas which they offer up for the several members of the family,

Digitized by Google

they frequently intrude the claims of rather curious objects for divine compassion. Sometimes it is a rocking-horse that has broken a leg, sometimes it is Shem or Japhet, who has lost an arm in being removed from the Noah's Ark; Pink and Inky, the two kittens, and Rob, the dog, seldom escape without the warmest recommendations to mercy.

So it did not surprise me at all this Saturday night when both boys prayed God to watch over and bless the little violinist.

The next morning at the breakfast-table, when I opened the newspaper, which is always laid beside my plate, the first paragraph my eyes fell upon was this:

"James Speaight, the infant violinist, died in this city late on Saturday night. At the *matinée* of the 'Naiad Queen,' on the afternoon of that day, when little James Speaight came off the stage, after giving his usual violin performance, Mr. Shewell* noticed that he appeared fatigued, and asked if he felt ill. He replied that he had a pain in his heart, and then Mr. Shewell suggested that he remain away from the evening performance. He retired quite early, and about midnight his father heard him say, '*Gracious God, make room for another little child in Heaven.*' No sound was heard after this, and his father spoke to him soon afterwards; he received no answer, but found his child dead."

Was there ever anything sadder than that? The printed letters grew dim and melted into each other as I tried to read them again. I glanced across the table at Charley and Talbot, eating their breakfast, with the slanted sunlight from the window turning their curls into real gold, and I had not the heart to tell them what had happened.

Of all the prayers that floated up to heaven, that Saturday night, from the bedsides of sorrowful men and women, or from the cots of happy children, what accents could have fallen more piteously and tenderly upon the ear of a listening angel than the prayer of little James Speaight!

He knew he was dying. The faith he had learned, perhaps while running at his mother's side, long ago, in some green English lane, came to him then. He remembered it was Christ who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," and the beautiful prayer rose to his lips: "Gracious God, make room for another little child in Heaven."

I folded up the newspaper silently, and throughout the day I did not speak before the boys of the little violinist's death; but when the time came for our customary chat in the nursery, I told the story to Charley and Talbot. I do not think they understood it very well, and still less did they understand why I lingered so much longer than usual by their bedside that Sunday night.

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

As I sat there in the dimly-lighted room, it seemed to me that I could hear, in the pauses of the winter wind, faintly and doubtfully somewhere in the distance, the sound of the little violin.

Ah, that little violin!—a cherished relic now. Perhaps it plays soft, plaintive airs all by itself, in the place where it is kept, missing the touch of the baby fingers which used to waken it into life!

* The stage-manager.

Digitized by Google

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

By Frank R. Stockton.

Chapter XIII.

COUSIN MARIA.

AFTER posting one of his men on each side of the house, which stood on the edge of a field, without any fence around it, Tony Kirk stepped up to the front door and knocked. The door was quickly opened by a woman.

"Why, Cousin Maria," said Tony, "is this you?"

"Certainly it's me, Anthony," said the woman; "who else should it be?"

Cousin Maria was a tall woman, dressed in black. She had grey hair and wore spectacles. She seemed very glad to see Tony, and shook hands with him warmly.

"I did n't know you lived here," said Tony.

"Well, I don't live here, exactly," said Cousin Maria; "but come in and sit awhile. You 've been a-huntin', have you?"

"Well, yes," said Tony, "I am a-huntin'."

Without mentioning that he had some friends outside, Tony went in and sat down to talk with Cousin Maria. The man in front of the house had stepped to one side when the door opened, and the others were out of sight, of course.

Tony entered a small sitting-room, into which the front door opened, and took a seat by Cousin Maria.

"You see," said she, "old Billy Simpson let this house fur a hundred dollars,—there 's eighty acres with it,—to Sarah Ann Hemphill and her husband; and he 's gone to Richmond to git stock for a wheelwright's shop. That 's his trade, you know; and they 're goin' to have the shop over there in the wagon-house, that can be fixed up easy enough ef Sam Hemphill chooses to work at it, which I don't believe he will; but he *can* work, ef he will, and this is just the place for a wheelwright's shop, ef the right man goes into the business; and they sold their two cows,—keeping only the red and white heifer. I guess you remember that heifer; they got her of old Joe Sanders, on the Creek. And they sold one of their horses—the sorrel—and a mule; they had n't no use fur 'em here, fur the land 's not worth much, and has n't seen no guano nor nothin' fur three or four years; and the money they got was enough to start a mighty good cooper-shop, ef Sam don't spend it all, or most of it, in Richmond, which I think he will; and of course, he being away, Sarah Ann wanted to go to her mother's, and she got herself ready and took them four children,—and I pity the old lady, fur Sam's children never had no bringin' up. I disremember how old Tommy is, but it is n't over eight, and just as noisy as ef he was n't the oldest. And so I come here to take care of the place; but I can't stay no longer than Tuesday fortnight, as I told Sarah Ann, fur I 've got to go to Betsey Cropper's then to help her with her spinnin'; and there 's my own things,—seven pounds of wool to spin fur Truly Mattherses' people, besides two bushel baskets easy of carpet-rags to sew, and I want 'em done by the time Miss Jane gits her loom empty, or I 'll git no weavin' done this year, and what do you think? I 've had another visitor to-day, and your comin' right afterwards kind o' struck me as mighty queer, both bein' Akeville people, so to speak, tho' it 's been a long day since he 's been there, and you 'll never guess who it was, fur it was George Mason."

And she stopped and wiped her face with her calico apron.

"So George Mason was here, was he?" said Tony. "Where is he now?"

"Oh! he 's gone," replied Cousin Maria. "It was n't more 'n ten or fifteen minutes before you came in, and he was a-sittin' here talking about ole times,—he 's rougher than he was, guess he did n't learn no good down there in Mississippi,—when all ov a sudden he got up an' took his hat and walked off. Well, that was just like George Mason. He never had much manners, and would always just as soon go off without biddin' a body good-bye as not."

"You did n't notice which way he went, did you?" asked Tony.

"Yes, I did," said Cousin Maria; "he went out o' the back door, and along the edge of the woods, and he was soon out of sight, fur George has got long legs, as you well know; and the last I saw of him was just out there by that fence. And if there is n't Jim Anderson! Come in, Jim; what are you doin' standin' out there?"

So she went to the window to call Jim Anderson, and Tony stepped to the door and whistled for the other men, so that when Cousin Maria came to the door she saw not only Jim Anderson, but Thomas Campbell and Captain Bob Winters and Doctor Price's son, Brinsley.

Digitized by Google

"Well, upon my word an' honor!" said Cousin Maria, lifting up both her hands.

"Come along, boys," said Tony, starting off towards the woods. "We've got no time to lose. Good bye, Cousin Maria."

"Good bye, Cousin Maria," said each of the other men, as the party hurried away.

Cousin Maria did not answer a word. She sat right down on the door-step and took off her spectacles. She rubbed them with her apron, and then put them on again. But there was no mistake. There were the men. If she had seen four ghosts she could not have been more astonished.

Tony did not for a moment doubt Cousin Maria's word when she told him that George Mason had gone away. She never told a lie. The only trouble with her was that she told too much truth.

In about an hour and a-half the five men returned to the place where they had left their horses. They had found no trace of George Mason.

When they reached the clump of trees, there were no horses there!

They looked at each other with blank faces!

"He's got our horses!" said Jim Anderson, when his consternation allowed him to speak.

"Yes," said Tony, "and sarved us right. We oughter left one man here to take care uv 'em, knowin' George Mason as we do."

"I had an idea," said Dr. Price's son Brinsley, "that we should have done something of that kind."

"Idees aint no good," said Tony, with a grunt, as he marched off towards the blacksmith's shop at Jordan's cross-roads.

The blacksmith had seen nothing of Mason or the horses, but Tom Riley's horse was still there; and as the members of the party were all well known to the blacksmith, he allowed them to take the animal to its owner. So the five men rode the one horse back to Akeville; not all riding at once, but one at a time.

CHAPTER XIV.

HARRY'S GRAND SCHEME.

THIS wholesale appropriation of horses caused, of course, a great commotion in the vicinity of Akeville, and half the male population turned out the next day in search of George Mason and the five horses.

Even Harry was infected with the general excitement, and, mounted on old Selim, he rode away after dinner (there was no school that afternoon) to see if he could find anyone who had heard anything. There ought to be news, for the men had been away all the morning.

About two miles from the village, the road on which Harry was riding forked, and not knowing that the party which had started off in that direction had taken the road which ran to the northeast, as being the direction in which a man would probably go, if he wanted to get away safely with five stolen horses, Harry kept straight on.

The road was lonely and uninteresting. On one side was a wood of "old-field pines,"—pines of recent growth and little value, that spring up on the old abandoned tobacco fields,—and on the other a stretch of underbrush, with here and there a tree of tolerable size, but from which almost all the valuable timber had been cut.

Selim was inclined to take things leisurely, and Harry gradually allowed him to slacken his pace into a walk, and even occasionally to stop and lower his head to take a bite from some particularly tempting bunch of grass by the side of the road.

The fact was, Harry was thinking. He had entirely forgotten the five horses and everything concerning them, and was deeply cogitating a plan which, in an exceedingly crude shape, had been in his mind ever since he had met Old Miles on the road to the railroad.

What he wished to devise was some good plan to prevent the interruption, so often caused by the rising of Crooked Creek, of communication between the mica mine, belonging to the New York company, and the station at Hetertown.

If he could do this, he thought he could make some money by it; and it was, as we all know, very necessary for him, or at least for Aunt Matilda, that he should make money.

It was of no use to think of a bridge. There were bridges already, and when the creek was "up" you could scarcely see them.

A bridge that would be high enough and long enough would be very costly, and it would be an undertaking with which Harry could not concern himself, no matter what it might cost.

A ferry was unadvisable, for the stream was too rapid and dangerous in time of freshets.

There was nothing that was really reliable and worthy of being seriously thought of but a telegraph line. This Harry believed to be feasible.

He did not think it would cost very much. If this telegraph line only extended across the creek, not more than half a mile of wire, at the utmost, would be required.

Nothing need be expended for poles, as there were tall pine trees on each side of the creek that would support the wire; and there were two cabins, conveniently situated, in which the instruments could be placed.

Harry had thoroughly considered all these mat-

Digitized by Google

ters, having been down to the creek several times on purpose to take observations.

The procuring of the telegraphic instruments, however, and the necessity of having an operator on the other side, presented difficulties not easy to surmount.

But Harry did not despair.

To be sure the machines would cost money, and so would the wire, insulators, &c., but then the mica company would surely be willing to pay a good price to have their messages transmitted at times when otherwise they would have to send a man twenty miles to a telegraphic station.

So if the money could be raised it would pay to do it,—at least if the calculations, with which Harry and Kate had been busy for days, should prove to be correct.

About the operator on the other side, Harry scarcely knew what to think. If it were necessary to hire anyone, that would eat terribly into the profits.

Something economical must be devised for this part of the plan.

As to the operator on the Akeville side of the creek, Harry intended to fill that position himself. He had been interested in telegraphy for a year or two. He understood the philosophy of the system, and had had the opportunity afforded him by the operator at Hetertown of learning to send messages and to read telegraphic hieroglyphics. He could not understand what words had come over the wires, simply by listening to the clicking of the instrument,—an accomplishment of all expert telegraphers,—but he thought he could do quite well enough if he could read the marks on the paper slips, and there was no knowing to what proficiency he might arrive in time.

Of course he had no money to buy telegraphic apparatus, wire, &c., &c. But he thought he could get it. "How does anyone build railroads or telegraphic lines?" he had said to Kate. "Do they take the money out of their own pockets?"

Kate had answered that she did n't suppose they did, unless the money was there; and Harry had told her, very confidently, that the money was never there. No man, or, at least, very few men, could afford to construct a railroad or telegraph line. The way these things were done was by forming a company.

And this was just what Harry proposed to do.

It was, of course, quite difficult to determine just how large a company this should be. If it were composed of too many members, the profits, which would be limited, owing to the peculiar circumstances of the case, would not amount to much for each stock-holder. And yet there must be members enough to furnish money enough.

And more than that, a contract must be made with the mica-mine people, so that the business should not be diverted from Harry's company into any outside channels.

All these things occupied Harry's mind, and it is no wonder that he hardly looked up when Selim stopped. The horse had been walking so slowly that stopping did not seem to make much difference.

But when he heard a voice call out, "Oh, Mah'sr Harry! I 'se mighty glad to see yer!" he looked up quickly enough.

And there was old Uncle Braddock, on horseback!

Harry could scarcely believe his eyes.

And what was more astonishing, the old negro had no less than four other horses with him that he was leading, or rather trying to lead, out of a road through the old-field pines that here joined the main road.

"Why, what 's the meaning of this?" cried Harry. "Where did you get those horses, Uncle Braddock?"

And then, without waiting for an answer, Harry burst out laughing. Such a ridiculous sight was enough to make anybody laugh.

Uncle Braddock sat on the foremost horse, his legs drawn up as if he were sitting on a chair, and a low one at that, for he had been gradually shortening the stirrups for the last hour, hoping in that way to get a firmer seat. His long stick was in one hand, his old hat was jammed down tightly over his eyes, and his dressing-gown floated in the wind like a rag-bag out for a holiday.

"Oh, I 'se mighty glad to see yer, Mah'sr Harry!" said he, pulling at his horse's bridle in such a way as to make him nearly run into Selim and Harry, who, however, managed to avoid him and the rest of the cavalcade by moving off to the other side of the road.

"I was jist a-thinkin' uv gittin' off and lettin' 'em go 'long they own se'ves. I never seed sich hosses fur twistin' up and pullin' crooked. I spected to have my neck broke mor' 'n a dozen times. I never was so disgruntled in all my born days, Mah'sr Harry. Whoa dar, you yaller hoss! Won't you take a-hold, Mah'sr Harry, afore dey 're de death uv me?"

The old man had certainly got the horses into a mixed-up condition. One of them was beside the horse he rode, two were behind, and one was wedged in partly in front of these in such a way that he had to travel sidewise. The bridle of one horse was tied to that of another, so that Uncle Braddock led them all by the bridle of the horse by his side. This was tied to his long cane, which he grasped firmly in his left hand.

Digitized by Google

Harry jumped down from Selim, and, tying him to the fence, went over to the assistance of Uncle Braddock. As he was quite familiar with horses, Harry soon arranged matters on a more satisfactory footing. He disentangled the animals, two of which he proposed to take charge of himself, and then, after making Uncle Braddock lengthen his stirrups, and lead both his horses on one side of him, he fastened the other two horses side by side, mounted Selim, and started back for Akeville, followed by Uncle Braddock and his reduced cavalcade.

The old negro was profuse in his thanks; but in the middle of his protestations of satisfaction, Harry suddenly interrupted him.

"Why, look here, Uncle Braddock! Where did you get these horses? These are the horses George Mason stole."

"To be sure they is," said Uncle Braddock. "What would I be a-doin' wid 'em ef they was n't?"

"But how did you get them? Tell me about it," said Harry, checking the impatient Selim, who, now that his head was turned homeward, was anxious to go on with as much expedition as possible under the circumstances.

"Why, ye see, Mah'sr Harry," said the old man, "I was up at Miss Maria's; she said she 'd gi' me some pieces of caliker to mend me wrapper. I put 'em in me pocket, but I 'spects they 's blowed out; and when I was a-comin' away fru de woods, right dar whar ole Elick Potts used to hab his cabin,—reckon you nebber seed dat cabin; it was all tumbled down 'fore you was born,—right dar in the clarin I seed five horses, all tied to de trees. 'Lor's a massy!' I said to mesef, 'is de war come agin?' Fur I nebber seed so many hosses in de woods sence de war. An' den while I was a-lookin' roun' fur a tree big enough to git behind, wrapper an' all, out comes Mah'sr George Mason from a bush, an' he hollers, 'Hello, Uncle Braddock, you come a-here.' An' then he says, 'You aint much, Uncle Braddock, but I guess you 'll do!' An' I says, 'Don't b'lieve I 'll do, Mah'sr George, fur you know I can't march, an' I nebber could shoot none, an' I got de rheumertiz in both me legs and me back, and no jint-water in me knees,—you can't make no soldier out er me, Mah'sr George.' And then he laughed, an' says, 'You would make a pretty soldier, dat 's true, Uncle Braddock. But I don't want no soldiers; what I want you to do is to take these horses home.' 'To where?' says I. 'To Akeville,' says Mah'sr George. An' he did n't say much more, neither; for he jist tied dem horses all together and led 'em out into a little road dat goes fru de woods dar, an' he put me on de head horse, an' he says, 'Now, go 'long, Uncle Braddock, an' ef anything happens to dem hosses you 'll have to go to jail fur it. So, look out!' An' bress your soul, Mah'sr Harry, I did have to look out, fur sich a dreffu time as I did have, 'specially wid dat yaller hoss, I nebber did see."

CHAPTER XV.

THE COUNCIL.

WHEN Harry's mother heard that he had gone off to try and meet the horse-hunters she was quite anxious about him.

But Mr. Loudon laughed at her fears.

"If there had been the slightest danger," he said, "of course I would not have allowed him to go. But I was glad he wanted to go. A youngster of his age ought to have a disposition to see what is going on and to take part, too, for that matter. I had much rather find it necessary to restrain Harry than to push him. You must n't want to make a girl of him. You would only spoil the boy and make a very poor girl."

Mrs. Loudon made no reply. She thought her husband was a very wise man; but she took up her key basket and went off to the pantry with an air that indicated that she had ideas of her own upon the subject in question.

Kate had no fears for Harry. She had unbounded faith in his good sense and his bravery, if he should happen to get into danger.

The fact is, she was quite a brave girl herself; and brave people are very apt to think their friends as courageous as themselves.

When Harry and Uncle Braddock reached the village they found several of the older inhabitants on the store porch, and they met with an enthusiastic reception.

And when, later in the afternoon, most of the men who had gone out after George Mason, returned from their unsuccessful expedition, the discussion in regard to Mason's strange proceeding grew very animated. Some thought he had only intended to play a trick; others that he had been unable to get away with the horses, as he had hoped to do when he had taken them.

But nobody knew anything about the matter excepting George Mason himself, and he was not there to give the village any information.

As for Harry, he did not stay long to hear the discussions at the store.

His mind was full of a much more important matter, and he ran off to find Kate. He wanted to talk over his latest impression with her.

Digitized by Google

When he reached the house, where his appearance greatly tranquilized his mother's mind, he found Kate in the yard under the big catalpa-trees, always a favorite place of resort in fine weather.

"Oh, Harry!" she cried, when she saw him, "did they find the horses?"

"No," said Harry; "they did n't find them."

"Oh, what a pity! And some of them were borrowed horses. Tony Kirk had Captain Caseby's mud-colored horse. I don't know what the captain will do without him."

"Oh, the captain will do very well," said Harry.

"But he can't do very well," persisted Kate. "It 's the only horse he has in the world. One thing certain, they can't go to church."

Harry laughed at this, and then he told his sister all about his meeting with Uncle Braddock. But while she was wondering and surmising in regard to George Mason's strange conduct, Harry, who could not keep his thoughts from more important matters, broke in with:

"But, I say, Kate, I 've made up my mind about the telegraph business. There must be a company, and we ought to plan it all out before we tell people and sell shares."

"That 's right," cried Kate, who was always ready for a plan. "Let 's do it now."

So, down she sat upon the ground, and Harry sat down in front of her.

Then they held a council.

"In the first place, we must have a President," said Harry.

"That ought to be you," said Kate.

"Yes," said Harry, "I suppose I ought to be President. And then we must have a Treasurer, and I think you should be Treasurer."

"Yes," said Kate, "that would do very well. But where could I keep the money?"

"Pshaw!" said Harry. "It 's no use to bother ourselves about that. We 'd better get the money first, and then see where we can put it. I reckon it 'll be spent before anybody gets a chance to steal it. And now then, we must have a Secretary."

"How would Tom Selden do for Secretary?" asked Kate.

"Oh, he is n't careful enough," answered Harry. "I think you ought to be Secretary. You can write well, and you 'll keep everything in order."

"Very well," said Kate, "I 'll be Secretary."

(To be continued.)

LA PETITE PLUME ROUGE.

PAR MARY L. B. BRANCH.

N'était-ce pas malheureux? Autrefois on se servait d'elle pour aller à l'église chaque dimanche, pour patiner sur l'étang les jours de la semaine, et même en dernier lieu elle allait à l'école tous les matins, et elle était trouvée sur tous les petits chapeaux pimpants dans le cabinet de toilette, avec les ailes et les pompons. Mais maintenant, hélas! elle a disparu du turban dépouillé de Gertrude et elle gît abandonnée sur le plancher au milieu de débris, et—serait-ce vrai? oui, elle devait être balayée avec les débris et dans une autre minute jetée dans le poële.

"Tout est fini," soupira la pauvre petite plume rouge.

Mais au même moment la petite Kitty accourut et jeta les yeux sur la caisse où étaient contenues les balayures.

"Oh! arrêtez, Norah!" cria-t-elle, "je veux cette plume, je la veux pour le chapeau de ma poupée. Elle va se marier."

Ainsi fut sauvée la plume rouge et fut-elle portée par une mariée. Celle-ci la porta à sa noce, elle la porta dans son tour de promenade, et quand son mari devint soldat, il la porta aussi sur son képi pendant la grande revue.

"Et maintenant," dit la petite Kitty, "je vais prendre la plume et la rendre bonne à écrire. Précisément elle m'a l'air d'être une petite plume d'oie rouge et je sais que grand-père peut en faire une plume à écrire."

En effet, le grand-père le pouvait et il le fit; vous n'avez jamais vu de toute votre vie une aussi jolie petite plume rouge.

"Maintenant il vous faut écrire une lettre avec cette plume," prononça le grand-père.

Kitty écrivit donc une petite lettre en droites lignes et avec la ponctuation et l'envoya en bas à Norah dans la cuisine. Norah expédia une réponse par Phil, le petit frère de Kitty. La réponse était une tartine aux pommes qui venait de sortir

Digitized by Google

du four ; les enfants s'assirent dans un coin et firent honneur à la collation, car ils mangèrent tout.

"Montons maintenant au grenier," proposa Phil.

Ils se mirent aussitôt à réunir les jouets, les poupées, les boules, les plats, les trompettes, les voitures et tous les objets servant de jouets qu'ils purent trouver, y compris la petite plume rouge. Ils montèrent ensuite gaiement au grenier et choisirent pour champ de leurs manœuvres une grande place de plancher inoccupé qui était éclairé par une étroite lucarne.

Là ils formèrent des rues et bâtirent des maisons avec des blocks. Les poupées logeaient dans les maisons, et tous les animaux de l'arche de Noé paissaient dans les rues.

"Voici un petit pin rouge!" s'écria Phil saisissant la plume rouge et la plantant solidement dans une simple fente du plancher.

Ainsi maintenant elle était un petit pin rouge, et comme elle se sentait fière! Le chameau et l'éléphant allèrent s'appuyer contre elle, et un long défilé de soldats de fer-blanc eut lieu tout autour tandis que Kitty et Phil embouchaient les trompettes.

"Kitty! Kitty! descendez!" cria une voix réjouie du pied des escaliers; "votre maman dit que vous pouvez venir chez moi pour prendre le thé!"

"Oh! c'est Nettie Haven!" répondit Kitty qui ne se sentait pas de joie; "elle veut que j'aille chez elle pour prendre le thé! Voilà! j'emporte les poupées, et vous prendrez le reste, Phil!"

Kitty descendit les escaliers en courant pour aller trouver son amie; pendant ce temps Phil, allant plus lentement que sa sœur, se chargeait les bras des blocks, des soldats et des animaux, mettait les boules dans ses poches et prenait les trompettes dans sa bouche. Il suivit ensuite Kitty, mais il oublia d'emporter le petit pin rouge.

Celui-ci est donc resté au grenier et a attendu. Il a attendu toute la nuit et le jour suivant, toute la semaine et la semaine suivante, mais les enfants ne sont pas venus.

Il se trouve encore là un petit pin rouge seul debout au milieu d'une plaine aride.

Il se tient là debout et pense à la vie. Autrefois il était une blanche plume dans l'aile d'un coq "bantam" et s'agitait avec fierté dans la basse-cour. Il subit ensuite de grands changements, devint une plume rouge dans une aile rouge et voyagea partout sur le chapeau de Gertrude. Puis de changement en changement il est arrivé que sa destinée est maintenant d'être un petit pin abandonné dans un désert.

Mais il n'en sera pas toujours ainsi: avant longtemps les joyeux enfants monteront au grenier pour se livrer de nouveau à leurs jeux, et vous pouvez être certains qu'ils ne laisseront plus longtemps cette plume rouge debout dans la fente. Ses aventures seront à recommencer; ainsi ce qu'elle a de mieux à faire, c'est de se tenir tranquille tandis qu'elle le peut, et d'en profiter pour se livrer à la méditation.

THE TRANSLATION of this story will be published in our June number.

TRANSLATIONS OF GERMAN STORY IN FEBRUARY NUMBER have been received from Annie Mabel Harris, Cora E. Foote, Chambers Baird, "Osseo," Amelia Stryker, Mary A. Meily, Osgood Smith, Francis M. Sinclair, Laura Chamberlain, Mary B. Brittan, Cornelius S. Egbert, Fred. R. F., Minnie Wright, Harry W. Bringhurst, Charlie Angin, H. S. Stallknecht, Charlie W. Baleister, "Two Friends," Annie A. De Vinne, Irving W. Dean, and Sophie Harris.

TRANSLATIONS OF FRENCH STORY IN MARCH NUMBER have been sent in by Lillie A. Pancoast, Alexander Noyes, G. E. F., D'Arcy, "Traducteur," Edith Milicent B., Maria Cecilia Mary Lee, Anna S. McDougall, Jennie A. Brown, Valeria F. Penrose, Philip Little, Nettie J. York, Adrian H. Souveine, Worthington C. Ford, Marie Bigelow, "Hallie," Mary H. Stockwell, Lizzie Jarvis, and Lelia M. Smith.

A SPRING WORKMAN. (FROM A FRENCH PICTURE.)

Digitized by Google

"SOMETIMES THEY WILL BLOW AND SOMETIMES THEY WON'T," SAID BEN.

THE WILLOW WHISTLE.

LITTLE SUSIE, so pretty and sweet, was walking down the lane, singing her doll to sleep, and Frisky was marching behind, wagging his tail, when Ben came along with his basket

Digitized by Google

and cane. Ben was a poor little lame boy. His father and mother were dead. His old grandmother took care of him, and told him nice stories while she knitted stockings to sell. That was the right kind of a dear, good old grandma. Was n't it?

Every day Susie's mother filled Ben's basket with bread, meat, and a little tea and sugar for his grandmother.

"Why, Ben," cried Susie, "is that you? Don't make a noise; my baby is going to sleep."

"Why does n't she shut her eyes?" asked Ben.

"She is just a little bad to-day," said Susie, shaking her.

"Well, then, let 's whistle her to sleep." And Ben, taking a willow whistle out of his pocket, blew a long note.

"Oh, how beautiful!" cried Susie. "Do let me try."

"I mean to give it to you, because you are good to my grandma," said Ben.

Oh, then, I wish you could have seen their happy faces, as Susie took the whistle with "Thank you ever so much!" Then, putting her fingers on the sides and her mouth to the end, she blew! and blew! and blew! but nothing came.

"I can't make it whistle," said Susie, almost ready to cry.

"Sometimes they will blow, and sometimes they won't," said Ben, kindly. "Try again, Susie; don't say you can't."

Susie tried once more, and a low, sweet sound came out.

"It whistles! it whistles!" she cried.

In her joy she had turned dolly's head down, and pop! her eyes went shut, and she was fast asleep!

"There! I told you so!" cried Ben, laughing. "The way to get babies asleep is to whistle to them."

"So it is," said Susie. "Dear little thing; she must be put in bed." So they all went frisking into the house.

Then Ben's basket was filled, and he went singing home. Don't you think he was a good, unselfish little boy? I do.

Digitized by Google

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"APRIL FOOL!" squeaked a very young frog, looking up at me on the first day of April, 1873. "April fool!"

"Same to you, sir," says I, looking down at him. "What 's the matter now?"

"Matter?" echoed the little frog, giving an ecstatic leap. "Why, you thought the wind stirred that bunch of grass near by, and it was *I who did it*. Ha! ha! April fool!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed I, "you certainly are the brightest little frog I ever did see. Now hop straight away into the cranberry bog yonder, and look for three other Jack-in-the-Pulpits, all standing together. Go stir the grass there, and catch *them*."

"That I will!" chuckled the little frog, as, turning square toward the bog, he hopped off, almost ready to burst with delight.

Now, to my certain knowledge, there was n't a sign of a Jack-in-the-Pulpit in that cranberry bog, and, what is more, there was n't a spear of grass within a hundred yards of it!

And to my certain knowledge, also, that little frog did n't go there; but, after giving one leap, he turned face about, with a "Ha! ha! thought I was green, did you? April fool!"

I tell you this little incident, my dears, to let you know that your Jack is n't behind the age.

A SOBER WORD.

NEVERTHELESS, I must say I don't like practical jokes. Fun is fun, that we'll all admit; but this April-fool business is apt to lead us off the track of pure fun. When it is made the means of hurting our friends' feelings, or putting them to serious inconvenience, or making them appear painfully ridiculous, then it is n't fun,—it 's downright impertinence and bad-heartedness. Don't you think so?

THE DANDY OF THE DESERT.

THERE is going to be a wonderful ostrich picture in ST. NICHOLAS before very long. How do I know it? Why, the artist told his little girl, his little girl told it to a little boy, the little boy whistled it close by the canary's cage, the canary told it to another little bird and the other little bird told me. The ostrich is n't going to be flying, nor squawking, nor putting his head under his wing, nor eating tenpenny nails and broken bottles; no, nor coming out of a big eggshell; but he is to be doing something wonderful—something that will make three or four children just as happy as they can be. I can't tell you any more just now. But you may read this note about the African ostrich that just came for you, in Jack's care, from Ethel Gale:

"Tall and stately, his glossy black coat adorned with elegant plumes of black and snowy white, the ostrich may be truly called the dandy of the desert.

"Like other dandies, Mr. Ostrich, while very vain of his own appearance, cares little for that of his wife. He is best pleased that she should admire him and be quite content, as she, doubtless, very sensibly is, with her own modest suit of dingy grey. An old proverb says that 'there is no loss without some gain,' so if Mrs. Ostrich is not as handsomely dressed as her lord, she can have the satisfaction of feeling that her life is much safer than his. His fine plumes command such a high price in the market that many are the means devised to capture and rob him, while her inferior feathers, though they have a market value, when dyed of various colors and sold under the name of 'vulture feathers,' are not nearly so tempting as the thick and waving plumes of her gayer husband.

"Within the last few years, however, men have learned to rob the desert dandy of his ornaments without depriving him of life. In the region of the Cape of Good Hope there are now several ostrich farms. These are places where the great birds, caught while young, or hatched from the eggs by artificial heat, are kept as prisoners, and their best feathers plucked at regular intervals, as geese are plucked in this country, with this difference: the geese are robbed of the fine down from their breasts, and the ostrich of the plumes from his wings and tail."

I am sorry to hear this sad news about poor Ostrich. I 'm sure one would rather be killed outright than to have one's feathers plucked again and again in this fashion. But we'll hope it happens at a time of the year when the feathers are looser than usual.

A SAD STORY.

A LITTLE boy having heard a beautiful story about a little boy and a hatchet, and how, because the little boy would n't tell a lie, he, in time, got to be President of the United States, was very much impressed by it. Now, it so happened that on the last day of March, he was just ten years old, and his father asked him what he would like to have for a birthday present. Very naturally the boy's answer was, "A little hatchet, if you please, papa."

The father bought him a little hatchet that very day, and the boy was so delighted that he actually took it to bed with him.

Early the next morning he got up, dressed himself, took his little hatchet and went out into the garden. There, as luck would have it, the first thing that caught his eye was his father's favorite cherry-tree. "My eyes!" exclaimed the little boy to himself, "what a time my father would make if a fellow were to cut that tree!" It was a wicked thought, for it led him into temptation. There was the tree—tall, straight and fair—standing invitingly before him,—just the thing for a sharp little hatchet. And there was the hatchet,—strong, sharp and shining,—just the thing for a favorite cherry-tree. In another instant the swift strokes of an axe were heard in the still morning air, and, before long, a small boy was seen running toward the house. His father met him at the door.

"My boy, what noise was that I heard just now?

Digitized by Google

Surely you have not been at my favorite cherry-tree!"

The boy stood proudly before him, but with downcast eyes and flushing cheeks.

"Father," he said, "I cannot tell a lie. That cherry-tree is ——"

"Say no more," said the father, extending his arms. "You have done wrong, my son; and that was my favorite tree; but you have spoken the truth. I forgive you. Better to ——"

This was too much. The boy rushed into his father's arms.

"Father!" he whispered, "*April fool!* I have n't touched the cherry-tree; but I 'most chopped the old apple-stump to pieces."

"You young rascal, you!" cried the father, "do you mean to say you *have n't* chopped my cherry-tree? April-fool your old father! will you? Take off your coat, sir!"

With a suppressed sob, that little boy obeyed. Then, shutting his eyes, he felt his father's hand descend upon his shrinking form.

"My son," said the father, solemnly, as he stroked the little shoulder, "it is the First of April. Go thy way."

KITES.

IT is a great art to make a good kite. It should be shaped evenly so as to balance well. The sticks should be just strong enough for the size of the kite without being too heavy. The paper should be of proper strength and lightness. The four cords that start from the four corners should be gathered into one and attached at just the right point to the holding-cord, so as to ensure its proper angle against the wind. And, above all (or rather, below all), the tail should be long enough and heavy enough to balance the teetery object in the air and make it sail like a thing of life. A tail too heavy or too light for its length, or too short for its weight, whichever you please, is sure to make trouble in kite-flying. Now, boys, whenever your kite flops and "don't go," you may be sure that she is wrong in one or more of the above-mentioned points.

SOAP PLANTS.

WOULD N'T it seem odd for you to go out into the garden and pluck soap from the bushes. But, according to a paragram just sent me by a learned professor, there are berries with which you could wash your hands as clean as with soap. The fruit of the soap-tree which grows in the West Indies and South America make a lather in water, he says, and are used to wash clothes; and so is the bark of the *Quillaja saponaria* of Peru, which is even exported to other countries, so superior is it for cleansing garments.

A good many of the plants scattered about the globe have the qualities of soap. The juice of the soap-wort is used by cleaners; and in the Malay Islands the bark of the go-go tree serves for soap.

In California there grows a plant by the long Latin name of *Phalangium pomaridianum*, which is highly esteemed by good housewives, since it furnishes them with soap-bulbs that are better than the soap-bars sold by the merchant. The leaves and stalks of this plant fall off in May, but the bulbs are left in the ground all summer. Early in the fall they are dug up and stripped of their husks, and then they are ready to go into the wash-tub. When the bulbs are rubbed upon the clothes a thick lather is formed, and the odor of it is like that of new brown soap.

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

NOW and then I hear folks reading aloud out of the newspapers, and I always feel provoked and hurt when they come to the part headed, "Crimes and Casualties." For why? A crime 's one thing and a casualty is another, and it 's cruel for newspaper men to fasten them together just because they both commence with a C that sounds like K. Talk to your fathers about this, my dears, and see if it can't be stopped. Suppose your dear little brother should fall out of a window and be killed, and the next day your mamma should see an account of it in the paper, stuck in between mentions of a drunken riot and a brutal robbery and murder.

The feelings of somebody's mother and father are tortured every day by this thoughtless newspaper custom; and it 's a disgrace to an enlightened republic. I leave the matter in your hands.

A BOY IS A BOY.

HERE 's a verse for some of my little fellows to learn. I don't know that it will do them any particular good, but I 'm sure it won't do them any harm, and it *may* keep them a little within bounds:

> "Brutes find out where their talents lie:
> A bear will not attempt to fly;
> A foundered horse will oft debate
> Before he tries a five-barr'd gate.
> In man we see the only creature
> Who, led by folly, combats nature."

I 've seen some boys who, it seemed to me, were trying to be bears, others who seemed to fancy themselves bull-dogs, and others who appeared to fancy they were apes; but, you see, there 's no getting away from it,—a boy 's a boy, and the more he acts like a boy the better off he will be. The verse means a good deal more than this, but the idea I 've given will do to begin with.

A TAKE-DOWN.

THAT last paragram reminds me that though a boy is a right fine thing in his way, there are points in which hosts of other animals can beat him. For instance, where is the boy whose sight is as keen as a hawk's, whose sense of smell is as fine as a hound's, whose hearing is as acute as a cat's, whose teeth are as sharp as a rat's, whose legs are as quick as a deer's? Show me a boy who, like the flea, can jump five hundred times the height of his own body; or who, like the beetle, can lift a weight three hundred times as heavy as himself; or, if you cannot produce that supple and mighty young gentleman, let 's see a new boy-baby who is one-quarter as knowing and able to care for himself as an hour-old calf!

A CONUNDRUM.

WHY is the letter T like the letter Z? Because it is the end of the alphabet.

Digitized by Google

THE LETTER BOX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the December number of the magazine, in the article entitled, "Wood-Carving," I notice the very high prices mentioned. I paid, in Philadelphia, 75 cents for a saw-frame, and 10 cents per dozen for saws. Mr. Sawyer's mode of putting the patterns on the wood may be very safe, but is n't it rather tedious? I copy patterns by placing a piece of copying-paper on the wood and the pattern on that. Then I go over the lines of the pattern with a pencil or pointed stick, and when I take the paper off the wood the pattern is on it in black. Enough of this copying-paper can be bought for 10 cents to last a year.

F. D. G.

F. D. G. was very fortunate if he obtained frame and saws of good quality at the prices he names.

"ORIOLE" sends us two hundred English words, all made out of the name of a city. This name contains nine letters, and no letter is used twice in any one of the two hundred words. She finds a *mole*, a *tailor*, an *earl*, a *bat*, a *lamb*, and scores of other things in her city; and she wishes some of the boys and girls to tell her its name, and also to beat her in the number of English words they can make from it.

"THE STEAMSHIP COLLEGE."—Of course, Jack was only joking. ST. NICHOLAS heartily wishes you success in your undertaking.

GEORGE.—You are foolish to be "discouraged at seeing so much skill and talent on every side." Why, my boy, what would you like to find? Stupidity? Surely not. From the tone of your letter one would say that you could be happy only in contemplating your inferiors! Look above you, and not beneath you, for inspiration. Follow the plan of the painter, Northcote. He said he always felt his spirits droop when he contemplated a poor picture, with the suspicion that perhaps he deceived himself, and that his own paintings were no better. But the works of masters gave him renewed strength and hope. He could understand then how much there was for him to accomplish.

DEAR EDITOR: I read Mr. Haskins' piece in ST. NICHOLAS about birds, and I want to join his army. I think the name "Bird-defenders," is just the right one for our little company, and, hereafter, I will adopt your preamble and resolution to do all I can to save the little birds from harm.—From one of your friends,

MAY FLINT.

Mr. Haskins, the chief of the Bird-defenders, will be glad to hear that the young folks are flocking to his ranks and that May so heartily "adopts his preamble and resolution." She has been duly enrolled; so have Alvin P. Johnson, Charley Graham, Philip S. M., Bessie F—l, and "Toodles, or real name, H. M. T."

T. W. RUDOLPH.—Your first, second and third requests require further consideration. Your fourth—asking ST. NICHOLAS to sometimes give Latin stories for translation as well as German and French, since so many children study the first named language—shall be granted with pleasure.

JENNY JONES.—Your "Hidden Insects" shall skip into these pages some day. Really good numerical enigmas are acceptable. All puzzles, answers and queries relating to the riddle department should be addressed to "Riddle Box, office of ST. NICHOLAS, 654 Broadway, New York."

"Jack-in-the-Pulpit" was much pleased with your message.

LILY MARION.—Your drawings are very good, considering that you are only nine years old. We shall be very glad to see specimens of your work from time to time, that we may know what improvement you make.

"A LITTLE GIRL" says, a brand new verse, all her own, came to her mind one day last spring, and at first she was delighted at finding herself a poet, but when she found that it was likely to be the first, last, and only verse of her lifetime, and, worse than all, that it would n't go out of her head, but would come to her lips, "up and down stairs and at all times," till everybody in the house would call out, "O, do stop saying that verse," she became desperate. "I decided," she says, "to try whether printing it would do any good. It seems to me, dear ST. NICHOLAS, that if once I could see the poor little thing in type I 'd get rid of it. Would you mind helping me out of my trouble?"

Not at all, dear. By all means, we must see what the printer can do. So, "poor little thing," come forth!

"Where is the Winter? Under the snow.
Where is the snow, then? Gone long ago.
Where did it go to? Into the river.
My! but it made all the fishes shiver!"

EMILE LOWE sends our Letter Box the following, which he has translated from the German of N. Hocker:

A LEGEND OF ST. NICHOLAS.

On the middle pier of the bridge at Trieste, which dates from the times of the Romans, stands a cross, and below it, toward the river, the statue of St. Nicholas, who is known to be the patron saint of sailors and travelers as well as of children. During one winter, when the waters of the Moselle were running very high, a sailor was coming down the stream. As he was nearing the bridge the waves seized his frail boat and threatened to dash it to pieces on the piers. In his distress he called on St. Nicholas, and promised him, in case he should pass the bridge in safety, a taper as high as the mast of his boat. He had hardly made this promise when the fury of the waters suddenly abated, and he glided along in safety.

The sailor then cried out, "Now, see who will get you the taper!" and passed on.

The next year the sailor had occasion again to pass the bridge. The waves ran wild and high as before, and the sailor again promised his taper. But suddenly the boat turned, upset, and together with the sailor, sank to the bottom.

RUTH G. KEEBLE, who hopes ST. NICHOLAS will have a Letter Box, sends a collection of scraps which she has taken from the newspapers of the past six months. She cut them out, she says, because they were about very old people, and she thought they would interest her grandmother; and her grandmother now advises her to let other young folk have them for *their* grandmothers,—for some people think they are old at sixty, and it will freshen them up to find how many persons live quite a long and active life after they have passed that age.

Here is the substance of some of Ruth's items: Mrs. Marie Pepper, of Winooski, Vermont, now ninety-nine years old, has been the mother of twenty-three children, and to-day she has, in all, two hundred and twenty children, grandchildren, great grandchildren, and great-great grandchildren living. Mrs. Lawler, of Amesbury, Massachusetts, is in her one hundredth and sixth year, and still enjoys good health. Mr. John S. Morse, of the same place, is ninety-two New York City rejoices in Capt. Lahrbush, who is now over one hundred years

Digitized by Google

of age,—as hearty, intelligent and agreeable a gentleman as one could wish to meet. Mrs. Somerville, the astronomer, wrote, in her ninety-second year: "I am very feeble, but my intellect keeps clear and I read and solve questions in the higher algebra as easily as ever." Mr. Daniel Brick, who died recently in Amesbury, Mass., in his one hundredth year, was never sick a day, up to the last, and never took a dose of physic. And Robert Sixbury, who died last October, had seen one hundred and ten years of active life. Mr. Sixbury had acquired great reputation as a hunter on John Brown's tract in Northern New York, where he had slain more than 2,200 deer. His funeral was attended by several of his children of the ages of from 80 to 90 years.

There are many more instances in Ruth's list, not to mention all the irrepressible old gentlemen who are reported to have "sawed up a cord of wood" just before their last day, and who are good-naturedly laughed about by many of us old-young folk; but Ruth can find still more interesting facts by examining the biographies of eminent men and women. Through these she may learn of the great work accomplished and the noble lessons taught by many after they had reached their sixtieth and seventieth years. Some of the world's greatest statesmen, patriots, poets, painters and workers hardly began their life-work until they were what the world calls old. Will not our young readers help us to make up a grand *true* Grandmother's Budget for Ruth and others? History and biography are full of just the items we need, and what so suited to look for them as the bright eyes of the young!

R. J. D. sends this answer to Jack-in-the-Pulpit's riddle in our March number. He evidently, like many others, missed Jack's special despatch:

> "I think, on reflection, a man's own face
> Will meet the requirements of the case;
> For, though in a mirror by him 't is seen,
> It is not the same as you see, I ween."

JERROLD T. N., eleven years of age, asks for a good "speaking piece" for his younger brother,—"something more funny than tragical, and that will give the little fellow a chance to be dramatic." Perhaps the following will answer his purpose, as it requires to be acted as well as recited. It has been printed before, but Jerrold does not ask the Letter Box for a new piece.

THE WAY TO DO IT.

By M. M. D.

I 'll tell you how I speak a piece:
First I make my bow;
Then I bring my words out clear
And plain as I know how.

Next I throw my hands up *so!*
Then I litt my eyes—
That 's to let my hearers know
Something doth surprise.

Next I grin and show my teeth,
Nearly every one;
Shake my shoulders, hold my sides:
That 's the sign of fun.

Next I start and knit my brow,
Hold my head erect:
Something 's wrong, you see, and I
Decidedly object.

Then I wabble at my knees,
Clutch at shadows near,
Tremble well from top to toe:
That 's the sign of fear.

Soon I scowl, and with a leap
Seize an airy dagger.
"WRETCH!" I cry. That 's tragedy,
Every soul to stagger.

Then I let my voice grow faint,
Gasp and hold my breath;
Tumble down and plunge about:
That 's a villain's death.

Quickly then I come to life,
Perfectly restored;
With a bow my speech is done.
Now, you 'll please applaud.

"CHARL," JAMES B., IDA C. B., AND OTHERS.—Your answers are crowded out this month. We shall have more room in May number.

KITTEN.

AN ACTING CHARADE, WITH PARTS FOR VERY LITTLE CHILDREN.

By MARY HAINES GILBERT.

CHARACTERS:

MR. YOUNGS, *a New York Merchant.*
MRS. YOUNGS.
CLARA, ELLA, } *The little daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Youngs.*
ANNIE, SUE, CHARLES, } *Cousins of Clara and Ella.*
KITTY, *a little Match Girl.*
MRS. HILL, *a wealthy lady.*
BRIDGET, *a servant.*
Guests, children from four to twelve.

(The scene is in New York, at Mr. Youngs' residence.)

SCENE I.—*A Hall.*

[*The door-bell rings. Enter* BRIDGET, *R.*]

Bridget [*crossly*]. Shure an' the bell does nothing but ring. I 've been to the doore twinty times this blissid mornin'.

[BRIDGET *exits L. as* CLARA *and* ELLA *enter R., smiling.*]

Clara. It must be mamma.

Ella. Bridget has gone to let mamma in.

Clara. Yes. [*Clapping her hands, joyfully.*] Oh, Ella! only to think that to-morrow 'll be my birthday.

Ella [*jumping up and down*]. Oh! oh! it 'll be splendid to have a birthday party!

Clara [*looking L.*]. Where 's mamma?

Bridget. Shure, an' it 's not your mother at all, at all. It 's a wee bit of a thing with matches.

Ella. Oh! let 's buy some. Do, Bridget!

Bridget. Indade, an' I would thin, to plaze you, but we 've plinty in the house; and not a ha'p'orth of change have I, at all, at all.

Clara. Oh! I have some money. Do call her back.

Bridget [*heartily*]. I will that. [*Exit* BRIDGET, *L.*

Ella. I wish they would n't be poor, little match-girls; I 'm so sorry for them.

Clara. So am I.

[*Re-enter* BRIDGET *L., followed by* KITTY, *very poorly dressed, and carrying a small basket with boxes of matches in it.*]

Digitized by Google

Kit [*timidly*]. Matches ——

Clara [*taking Kit's hand*]. Yes, I 'll buy some. But you shall have a bowl of soup first.

Kit [*smiling*]. Oh! I like soup.

Ella [*to Kit*]. What 's your name?

Kit. Kit.

Ella. What else?

Kit. Just Kit and Kitty,—that 's all. Folks calls me different ways.

Ella. Is n't that funny? Just Kit and Kitty!

Bridget. And your father and mother 's driven ye out in the bitter cowld? Bad luck to the likes of 'em!

Kit. No! My father and mother are dead. Once, my mother was good to Granny Mulligan, and so she took me when mother died.

Bridget. Och! an' Granny Mulligan aint good to ye, I 'm thinkin'.

Kit. Oh, yes! She went out scrubbing and sent me to school; but now she is down with the rheumatism. That 's why I sell matches.

Ella. Come, get your soup, little girl.

[*Exit all, R.*, ELLA *leading* KIT.

SCENE II.—*A Sitting-room.*

[MRS. YOUNGS *is standing beside a table, on which there is a number of packages.*]

Mrs. Youngs. All my birthday shopping done at last! But where can the children be?

[*Enter* ELLA *and* CLARA, *R.*

Ella [*kissing Mrs. Youngs*]. O, mamma! Home at last?

Mrs. Youngs. Yes, darling.

Ella. I am so glad you 've come. A little girl is eating soup down stairs.

Mrs. Youngs [*surprised*]. A little girl! Your cousins have n't come?

Clara. No, mamma; it is a poor little match-girl. And I owe her ten cents ——

Ella. For matches; and we came up stairs for the money.

Clara. I don't know whether I have just the right change. [CLARA *counts the money.*] Two cents and five cents, that is seven; eight,—nine —. I want one cent more.

Ella. I have one. There!

[ELLA *gives* CLARA *a cent.*

Clara. That makes it right. Now I 'll pay her. And, mamma, may n't I ask her here to-morrow?

Ella. To keep Clara's birthday!

Mrs. Youngs. Yes, if you wish; and give her a little present.

Ella. Oh! oh! I 'll give her something real nice.

Clara. Let us tell her we 'll give her anything she wants.

Mrs. Youngs. I 'll go down with you to see the little match-girl. [*Exit all, L.*

SCENE III.—*A Parlor.*

[MRS. YOUNGS *is at the R., talking with* MR. YOUNGS. MRS. HILL *is playing a polka on the piano, and a number of children, including* CLARA, ELLA, ANNIE, SUE *and* CHARLES, *are dancing. When the dance is over,* BRIDGET *enters with saucers of ice-cream on a tray. The children gather around her, and she hands the refreshments around to the little girls.*]

Several children. Ice-cream!

Charles. Oh! Give us some, Bridget.

Bridget. The ladies must be sarved first, Master Charles.

Charles [*laughing*]. I don't object.

Bridget [*to Mrs. Youngs*]. Shure, mum, the match-girl is waitin' below.

Mrs. Youngs [*to Mrs. Hill*]. It is the little girl I told you about.

Mrs. Hill. I should like to see her.

Mrs. Youngs. Bridget, bring her up stairs.

Bridget. Yes, mum. But with her company, too?

Mr. Youngs. Her company! What company?

Ella. O, papa! I know,—her old granny!

[*All the children laugh, except* CLARA *and* ELLA.

Clara. Don't laugh. It is the poor old lady.

Annie. What old lady?

Bridget. It 's not the owld lady at all, at all; it 's a bit of a cat, it is.

Everybody [*surprised*]. A kitten!

[*All the children laugh.*

Bridget [*laughing*]. Yes; and she has a bottle with her as well. Shure, an' that 's all the company I meant.

Charles. Send her along with her pussy.

Mrs. Youngs [*to all the children*]. But you must promise not to laugh.

All the children. Oh, yes! [*Exit* BRIDGET.

Mrs. Hill [*to the children*]. Be sure and not laugh; you would hurt her feelings.

[*The children eat their ice-cream, and* MRS. HILL *plays some trills or a tune on the piano. Re-enter* BRIDGET, *followed by* KIT *with a kitten and a small bottle in her arms. She is dressed as before. She comes forward timidly. Everyone gathers around her.*]

Mrs. Youngs [*to Kit, playfully*]. Did you get the kitten for your last Christmas present, and bring it now to show it to us?

Kit. No, ma'am. I did n't get no Christmas ever.

Mr. Youngs. To sell it, then?

Kit. No, sir.

Mrs. Hill. What then? [KIT *hangs her head.*

Ella. You 'll tell me, won't you?

Kit [*timidly*]. Yes. You said I might have what I pleased, and I thought may be you 'd give it some milk. [*Wiping away tears.*] I had only enough money for bread, and it don't like bread and water.

Mrs. Hill. How much she thinks of her kitten!

Mr. Youngs. And what is the bottle for?

Kit [*timidly*]. I wanted some liniment for Granny Mulligan, to make her well.

Clara. What else do you want?

Kit. That 's all.

Charles. Best look out for number one. What do you want for yourself?

Kit. I 'd rather have the liniment for granny, and milk for my kitten. I had a bowl of soup yesterday.

Sue. But you shall have ice-cream, anyway. Sha'n't she?

Everybody. Yes, yes, indeed.

Mrs. Hill [*to Mrs. Youngs*]. You know, I have been thinking of adopting a little girl, and this grateful little thing pleases me. I should like to take her. [*To Kit.*] Little girl, I have no child in my great, big home. Would you like to come and live with me, and be my little girl?

Kit. And will you take kitty and granny, too?

Mrs. Hill. Yes, I 'll adopt your kitten, too. I cannot exactly promise to adopt Granny Mulligan; but she shall never want, for your sake, my sweet little girl.

[*She kisses* KIT. *All the children clap their hands.*

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

Digitized by Google

THE RIDDLE BOX.

PICTURE QUOTATION.

In what portion of Shakspere's "King Lear" do you find the passage which this picture illustrates?

RYTHMIC ENIGMA.

I HAVE but six letters,—I 'm little, you see,
Yet millions of children have wondered at me.
My 2, 6, 5, 1 you possess and yet seek.
My 6, 4, 1 makes the strongest man weak.
My 5, 3, 2, 1 is both pronoun and noun.
And my 5, 1, 2 once builded a town.
To my 3, 5, 6, 4, 1 men sometimes have prayed.
And my 4, 6, 5, 1 through most forests has strayed.
My 6, 3, 5 is to mystify you.
And devout men oft utter my 6, 5, 1 2.

F. H. S

ORTHOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

IN what word of five letters, meaning a decoy, can be found, by transposition, the following: A narrative; a beverage; a preposition; a narrow strip of board; a kind of dark stone; a conjunction; a verb; a meadow; the smallest; a point of the compass; something recent; the hindmost, and a conjunction.

G.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

MY first is in rope, but not in string.
My second is in leap, but not in spring.
My third is in state, but not in place.
My fourth is in cassia, but not in mace.
My fifth is in hack, but not in cut.
My sixth is in hamlet, but not in hut.
My seventh is in lamp, but not in light.
My eighth is in quarrel, but not in fight.
My ninth is in you, but not in him.
My tenth is in Lot, but not in Sim.
My eleventh is in hood, but not in hat.
My twelfth is in dog, but not in cat.
My thirteenth is in rainy, but not in rain.
My whole is a bay on the coast of Maine.

WM. H. GRAFFAM.

RIDDLE.

FIRST obtain a certain article—which I leave you to guess—and join it to a small part of a pea (be it winter or summer), then divide a rose in equal parts, and placing them before you, take the part nearest your left hand.

I will assist you to what comes next; and though I do not "give you an inch," as the proverb says, you "will surely take an ell." Next you must receive a letter of friendship, and then double the numeral used in the middle Latin for eleven, and add fifty, as the Romans did, and the result will be what you are. C. C.

LOGOGRIPH.

WHOLE, I am a word of five letters, meaning to arouse; beheaded, I am sharp; again beheaded, I am adroitness; syncopated, I am a preposition; curtailed, my first restored and read backward, I am a conjunction; my second and fourth restored, I am a distinguished performer; again beheaded, I am a resinous substance; curtailed and reversed, I am a preposition. What is my name? W. H. G.

LITERARY ELLIPSES.

(Fill the blanks with the names of English authors.)

1. A —— upon the —— shore had been,
   I looked again, and it no —— was seen.

2. A —— who of riches had great store,
   Was fain to keep a —— upon his door.

3. A —— trod the desert —— and ——,
   And slow, but sure, of —— made good his way.

J. P. E.

CHARADE.

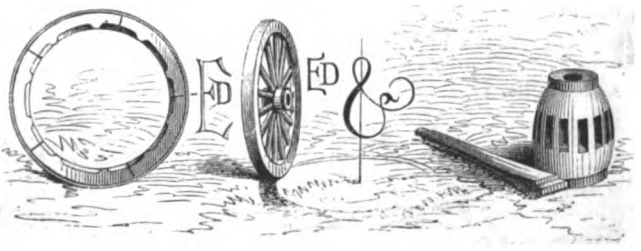
MY first, the dark Señora
  Wields with uncommon grace,
And blushing, hides behind me,
  The beauty of her face.

My second is a school-boy,
  The first in every game;
And yet,—you 'll scarce believe me,—
  'T is nothing but a name.

My whole is but a fancy,
  A vision or a dream,
And very seldom—if at all—
  Has my whole form been seen.

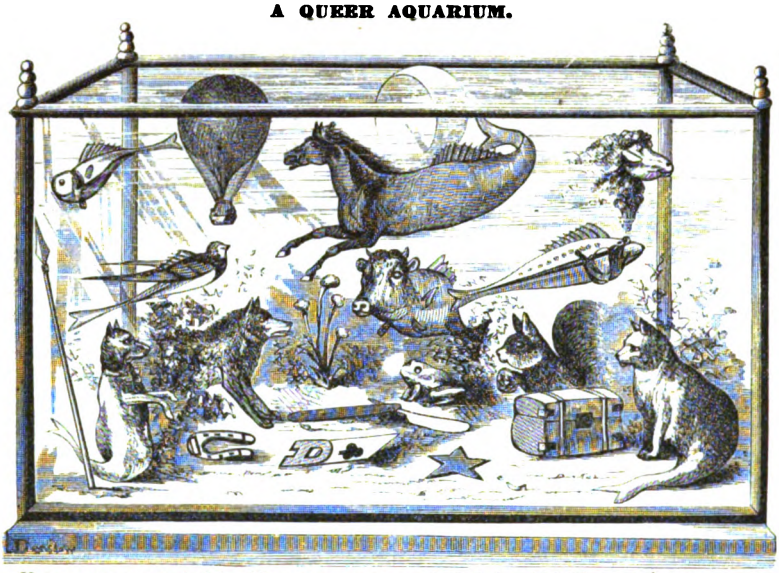
M. D. N.

REBUS.



Digitized by Google

A QUEER AQUARIUM.



Here are some puzzle-fish. They are as strange as the "Curious Fish" in our March number, but those were real, and the appearance of each of these only indicates its name. Who can tell us what they are?

APOCOPES.

1. Apocopate a table of contents and obtain a preposition.

2. Apocopate pusillanimous and obtain to depress by frightening.

3. Apocopate a clownish fellow and obtain a kind of sea-fish.

4. Apocopate a restrained laugh and obtain a small horse.

5. Apocopate extravagant and obtain to dissipate.

6. Apocopate to fortify with stakes and obtain to furnish or store.

7. Apocopate a small shield and obtain a sailor.

WM. H. GRAFFAM.

ENIGMA.

I am a compound-word of fourteen letters. My 8, 6, 13, 7 makes you comfortable in winter, and 2, 4, 12 is a very useful article in summer; but you will want my 4, 5, 10, 6, 13 during the whole year. My 10, 13, 9 you use every day, but, if used too much at one time, my 10, 4, 5, 12 will name the result. My 14, 5, 10, 1, 12 is something that you dread, and my 4, 10, 11, 7 something that you like. My 14, 5, 7, 1 is the name of a patriarch who lived at the time of the flood, and my 9, 10, 13, 3 that of a Roman god. My 13, 7, 12, 8 you will find in the sea, and my 13, 2, 9, 7 is sometimes seen on the ground. My whole is a name which includes many boys and girls, and of which my 1, 2, 4, 7 are good representatives.

W. F. C.

NUMERICAL EXERCISE.

The numbers used are digits. My first and fifth equal my second. My first and third equal my fourth. My second exceeds my first by my fifth. My third doubles my fifth. My first and third equal my fourth. My fourth exceeds my third by my first. My first and second equal my third. My first is half of my fifth. My third and fourth are to my first, second and fifth as 15 : 10.

ISABEL.

HIDDEN SQUARE.

With one vowel and three consonants form a word-square which, read forward or backward, upward or downward, will be the same.

A. N. O.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

Riddle.—Vale, veil.

Literary Ellipses.—I. Young, Gay, Hood, Lamb, Field, Gray, Fox, Hunt, Horne, Lingard, Wordsworth, Steele. II. Marvell, Hilarius, Akenside, Manley, Hyde, Pope.

Word-Square.—

M A N I A C
A P O L L O
N O B L E R
I L L U S E
A L E S I A
C O R E A N

Numerical Enigma.—"A blithe heart makes a blooming visage."

Rebus No. 1.—

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky."

Anagrammatic Ellipses.—

1. In at a door—Adoration.
2. Tares—Tears.
3. Skate—Takes.
4. Artisan—In a star.
5. Amuses—Assume.
6. Slip—Lips.
7. Measures—Sure seam.
8. Cannonade—No dean can.

Charade.—Cornice.

Double Acrostic.—Atlas, Arion.

A—bder—A
T—euco—R
L—uperc—I
A—poll—O
S—atur—N

Enigma.—Zoroaster.

Cross-Word.—Acerbate.

Our Christmas Dinner.—First course: Bass and perch. Second: Roast pig, spare rib, turkey, fillet. Celery (one-sixth of a carrot—C, one-fourth of a bean—E, two-sevenths of a lettuce—LE, one-third of a cherry—RY). Dessert, "Goose-bury," dates and grapes.

Buried Poets. - 1. Holmes. 2. Pope. 3. Cowper. 4. Spenser. 5. Southey. 6. Otway. 7. Crabbe.

Rebus No. 2.—"Don't talk when you've nothing to say."

Pictorial Word Puzzle (Prefix "Con").—Content, confirm, concur, consign, concave, concoct, conceal, conspire, concord, condign, consent, condescending.

Answers to Riddles in February Number have been received from Clara L. Anthony, Joseph Bird, George P. Wheton, Thos. W. McGaw, Minnie Thomas, F. W. Randolph, J. B. C., William and Sophie Winslow, Stonewall Mayes, Leila Crandon, Frank S. Palfrey, Alice S. Morrison, Chambers Baird, Clarence Campbell, J. W. P., James Hardy Roper, Evelina Hull, John Sherman, Robert Ward, E. Stella Archer, and Clarence M. Crane.

Answers to Riddles in March Number.—"Busy Bee," Alice G. Colby, Florence Chandler, Edgar Levy, and John C. Howard.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

JOHANNA SEBUS.

Digitized by Google

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. I. MAY, 1874. No. 7.

JOHANNA SEBUS.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

THE poet Goethe tells a sad and beautiful story —and it is the more sad and beautiful because it is true—of a young girl, Johanna Sebus, who, in the year 1809, when the sea broke down the dykes and overflowed her native village, proved herself worthy of a great poet's song.

Johanna, or Joanna, as we would call her, was only seventeen years old, but no one in the village had the noble spirit and quiet courage of this strong, true-hearted girl.

When the waters rose around the houses, and the waves washed up to the very door-steps, Johanna knew that there was no longer safety, excepting on the high grounds near the village. But how were they to reach those high grounds? The water was nearly knee-deep and rising every moment. The roaring and surging of the waves and the wind was heard in every direction, and the dyke was giving way, piece by piece, before the rushing flood. Every moment the danger increased. There was no time to hesitate.

Johanna's mother, an aged woman, could not force her way through those raging waves. But Johanna was tall and strong. She took her old mother in her arms and stepped boldly into the water. The waves dashed against her, but she pressed on. Her neighbors, a mother and three children, seeing her leave them, were seized with a sudden terror. Not until this moment did they know how much they depended on the brave Johanna, the only person to whom they could look for counsel or help in this hour of peril.

After a word or two of encouragement to her mother, who trembled as she saw the waters boiling beneath her,—so terribly near to her, Johanna turned to her neighbors and called to them to fly to the hill close by, which was yet dry, and would afford them safety for a time, and assured them that she would return to them as soon as she had placed her mother on the high ground. "And my poor goat," she cried, as she heard her favorite bleating after her; "take him with you. Don't leave him to die."

As soon as she reached a place of safety, Johanna set her mother upon the ground, and, without a moment's pause, turned around to hurry back through the ever-deepening water. Her old mother cried out:

"Oh! where are you going? The path is washed away! Oh, my daughter! will you go into that dreadful flood again?"

"Mother, they must be saved!" said Johanna, as she plunged into the water, by this time more than knee-deep.

The dyke was now on the point of giving away entirely. A hill of water seemed roaring and foaming towards the village.

But Johanna pressed on over the path which she knew so well, although it was now covered with water. The waves dashed against her, almost knocking her down, and drenching her from head to foot. At last she reached the little hill where she had left her neighbors. But almost at this moment the dyke gave way; a mad deluge rushed in, sweeping over everything before it, and around the little hill soon boiled a turbulent sea, rising above its highest point.

As the great waves roll over the ground on which they stand, clinging in terror to each other, Johanna's poor neighbor and her children cannot

Digitized by Google

keep their foothold. They are washed away, and disappear beneath the raging flood. As they sink, one of the children seizes the goat by one horn and drags him down. Thus, all but Johanna are lost.

Johanna stands alone, still firm and strong, but the waters are rising and rising around her.

Who is there now to save this noble girl? She has many friends and many lovers, but no one of them comes to her now. Nothing comes to her but the salt, angry waves. Nowhere can she see even a boat.

She casts one look up to heaven, and then the waters surge fiercely against her, and she is gone!

Now nothing is to be seen where the village stood but a wild waste of waters, with here and there a steeple or a tree rising up above the flood.

But as the survivors gaze upon the wide-spread desolation, the thought of the brave and beautiful girl who gave her life for others throws a deeper gloom upon the mournful scene.

And even when the waters subside and the land reappears, no one who knew Johanna can be glad. They weep for her and cannot forget her.

This is a sad story of a noble girl. Only those who have read it as Goethe so tenderly and dramatically tells it in his poem, "Johanna Sebus," can appreciate its true pathos and force.

ALL ABOUT BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

ALL of our young readers like to play Blind Man's Buff, when they can; and so do many of the older readers, for that matter. But everyone may not know that the game is more than eight hundred years old, and that it was a favorite amusement of gay courts and merry-making princes and princesses, before it became the favorite holiday pastime of boys and girls. Blind Man's Buff is one of the sports that came over to England in the train of William the Conqueror.

It had its origin in Liege,—one of the fair provinces of France, in the prosperous days of Robert the Devout, who succeeded the famous old French monarch, Hugues Capet, in the year 996.

In the year 999, Liege received, among her valiant chiefs, one Jean Colin. He was almost a giant in strength, a Samson among the Liegeois, and nearly shared the experience of Samson of old, as you shall presently hear. This grim warrior used to crush his opponents with a mallet. It was considered desirable to honor him with a title which should follow his name. What should it be? Not "head-hitter," of course; but the poetical designation, *Maillard*, or Jean Colin of the *Mallet*.

Feuds were of perpetual occurrence in those dark old times, and Jean Colin's mallet was kept constantly busy in quelling them. Terrible became the name of Jean Colin Maillard.

But Liege had another valiant chief, Count de Louvain, who, when Maillard had proved himself superior to all of his other opponents, continued to bear arms against him.

We cannot say whether or not Count de Louvain learned his war lessons from the conduct of the enemies of Samson, but, as he was ambitious to avoid the tap of Jean Colin's mallet upon his own head, he formed the plan of putting out Jean Colin's eyes.

A great battle was fought between the two chiefs and their forces. At the very first onset Count de Louvain succeeded in his purpose of piercing both the eyes of Maillard, and he looked upon the field as already won. But the latter, with a spirit like that of blind Samson, determined that his opponents should perish with him, and ordered his esquire to take him into the thickest of the fight. There he brandished his mallet on either hand, and did such fearful execution that his enemies fell around him in such numbers that victory soon declared itself on his side.

"But, Samson-like, though blind, he dealt
Such blows as never foemen felt;
To shun them, were in vain.
This way they fled, and that they run;
But, of an hundred men, not one
Ere saw the light again."

Robert the Devout, of France, whose troubles with his wives you may have read in history, was very fond of deeds of valor, and that of Jean Colin Maillard kindled his admiration. He lavished honors on the victorious blind man, and ordered the stage-players to bring out a pantomime of his

Digitized by Google

contest with Count de Louvain for the pleasure of the court. The court were delighted with the play, for the terrible mallet of Maillard, and the warriors dropping down here and there, almost without knowing what had hit them, was all very exciting; and people in that rude age liked what was sensational even more than they do now. The children began to act a similar play in the streets, one of the players, more strong and active than the rest, being blindfolded and given a stick; and thus Blind Man's Buff soon became the popular diversion of the young in France and Normandy, where it was known under the name of *Colin Maillard*. This name it still bears in France and on the continent of Europe.

"The king repeated oft the play;
The children followed, day by day,
In merriment, as rough.
And to this time do sportive feet
Young Robert's pantomime repeat—
The play of *Blind Man's Buff*."

The plays of Blind Man's Buff are numerous, each country having some games which had their origin in the exploit of Colin Maillard. Besides the rough play that we have described, the French have a refined and delightful parlor play, which is a variation of *Colin Maillard*, and which is called *Portraits a la Silhouette*.

In this play, "Colin," who is usually a girl, has not her eyes bandaged, but on the contrary, has need of all her powers of penetration. A large white sheet is hung from the ceiling, as though for the performance of shadow pantomimes, and the person selected to represent Colin Maillard takes her place before it in such a manner that her own shadow may not fall upon the cloth. The lights are extinguished, with the exception of a single candle, which is placed on a stand or table at some little distance behind "Colin." The players, one after another, pass between "Colin" and the stand or table on which the lighted candle is placed, each one, of course, intercepting the light and casting a grotesque shadow on the cloth. Each player, on passing before the light, endeavors to change as much as possible her ordinary appearance. It is the office of "Colin" to name the shadows as they pass, her mistakes, of course, being received with shouts of laughter. For each correct guess "Colin"

"THE PLAY OF BLIND MAN'S BUFF."

Digitized by Google

may exact a forfeit. Another parlor game of *Colin Maillard* is played as follows:

The company form a circle, with "Colin" in the midst,—her eyes having been carefully bandaged. "Colin" walks around the circle, and sits down on the knee of one of her companions. If "Colin" guesses correctly on whose lap she is seated, the detected person must pay a forfeit, and take "Colin's" place. The principal amusement in this play arises from the stratagems by which the players deceive "Colin" in respect to their identity.

The old English games of Blind Man's Buff, associated with the halls of the barons, the mistletoe and the yule log are well known.

"England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year."

Blind Man's Buff in England is a game of the Christmas holidays, which last from Christmas eve to Twelfth Night. Some of the varieties of the English game are quite amusing; among them the *Blind Man's Wand.*

In this play the blind man carries a cane, which he points in every direction. The person whom he happens to touch must do three things at the command of the blind man, and from his manner of doing these things the blind man tries to guess who the person is. If he guess rightly he may exact a forfeit, or require the detected person to take his place.

Another game of Blind Man's Buff is played by arranging the players around the sides of the room, a few feet apart. Each player in turn must speak the name of the blind man, who must start from the centre of the room, and, guided by the sound, endeavor to go directly to the person whose voice he has heard. The speaker must not change his position, and if caught must pay a forfeit.

A really good game is almost certain to outlive the national customs of the age in which it had its origin. The rude gladiatorial contests are things of the far past; but the children of to-day play "Tag" and "Hide and Seek," as in the best days of Greece and Rome.

The old Highlander's game of "Golf" is known in our cities under the name of *Shinny*; and Blind Man's Buff is as popular to-day as when Colin Maillard's deeds were celebrated in the fair provinces of France and "merrie Normandy," or in the gay succession of festive holidays in the old halls of the English barons.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER XV. *(Continued.)*

"I THINK," said Harry, "that we have now about all the officers we want, excepting, of course, an Engineer, and I shall be Engineer; for I have planned out the whole thing already."

"I did n't know there was to be an engine," said Kate.

"Engine!" exclaimed Harry, laughing. "That's a good one! I don't mean an engineer of a steam-engine. What we want is a Civil Engineer; a man who lays out railroad lines and roads and all that kind of thing. I 'm not right sure that a Civil Engineer does plan out telegraph lines; but it don't make any difference what we call the officer. He 'll have to attend to putting up the line."

"And do you think you can do it?" said Kate. "I should suppose it would be a good deal harder to be Engineer than to be President."

"Yes, I suppose it will; but I 've studied the matter. I 've watched the men putting up new wires at Hetertown, and Mr. Lyons told me all he knew about it. It 's easy enough. Very different from building a railroad."

"It must be a good deal safer to build a railroad, though," said Kate. "You don't have to go so high up in the air."

"You 're a little goose," said Harry, laughing at her again.

"No, I 'm not," said Kate. "I 'm Treasurer and Secretary of the —— What shall we call the company, Harry? It ought to have a name."

"Certainly it ought," said her brother. "How

Digitized by Google

would 'The Mica Mine Telegraph Company' —— No, that would n't do at all. It is n't theirs. It 's ours."

"Call it 'The Loudon Telegraph Company,'" said Kate.

"That would be nearer the thing, but it would n't be very modest, though people often do call their companies after their own names. What do you think of 'The Akeville and Hetertown Company?'"

"But it won't go to either of those places," said Kate. "It will only cross the creek."

"All right!" exclaimed Harry. "Let 's call it 'The Crooked Creek Telegraph Company.'"

"Good!" said Kate. "That 's the very name."

So the company was named.

"Now," said Kate, "we 've got all the head officers and the name; what do we want next?"

"We want a good many other things," said Harry. "I suppose we ought to have a Board of Directors."

"Shall we be in that?" asked Kate.

Harry considered this question before answering it. "I think the President ought to be in it," he said, "but I don't know about the Secretary and Treasurer. I think they are not generally Directors."

"Well," said Kate, with a little sigh, "I don't mind."

"You can be, if you want to," said Harry. "Wait until we get the Board organized, and I 'll talk to the other fellows about it."

"Are they going to be all boys?" asked Kate, quickly.

"I reckon so," said Harry. "We don't want any men in our Board. They 'd be ordering us about and doing everything themselves."

"I did n't mean that. Will there be any girls?"

"No," said Harry, a little contemptuously, it is to be feared. "There is n't a girl in the village who knows anything about telegraph lines, except you."

"Well, if it 's to be all boys, I don't believe I would care to belong to the Board," said Kate. "But who are we going to have?"

This selection of the members of the Board of Directors seemed a little difficult at first, but as there were so few boys to choose from it was settled in quite a short time.

Tom Selden, Harvey Davis, George Purvis, Dr. Price's youngest son, Brandeth, and Wilson Ogden, were chosen, and these, with the addition of Harry, made up the Board of Directors of the Crooked Creek Telegraph Company.

"Well," said Kate, as the council arose and adjourned, "I hope we 'll settle the rest of our business as easily as we have settled this part."

CHAPTER XVI.

COMPANY BUSINESS.

AFTER the selection of the Directors, all of whom accepted their appointments with great readiness, although, with the exception of Tom Selden, none of them had known anything about the company until informed by Harry of their connection with its management, it remained only to get subscriptions to the capital stock, and then the construction of the line might immediately begin.

Harry and Kate made out a statement of the probable expense, and a very good statement it was, for, as Harry had said, he had thoroughly studied up the matter, aided by the counsel of Mr. Lyons, the operator at Hetertown.

This statement, with the probable profits and the great advantages of such a line, was written out by Harry, and the Secretary, considering all clerical work to be her especial business, made six fair copies, one of which was delivered to each of the Board of Directors, who undertook to solicit subscriptions.

A brief constitution was drawn up, and by a clause in this instrument, one-quarter of the profits were to go to the stockholders and the rest to Aunt Matilda.

The mica mine men, when visited by Harry, who carried a letter from his father, at first gave the subject but little consideration, but after they found how earnest Harry was in regard to the matter and how thoroughly he had studied up the subject, theoretically and practically, under the tuition of his friend, Mr. Lyons, they began to think that possibly the scheme might prove of advantage to them.

After a good deal of talk,—enough to have settled much more important business, — they agreed to take stock in the telegraph company, provided Harry and his Board purchased first-class instruments and appliances.

Their idea in insisting upon this was the suggestion of their manager, that if the boys failed in their project they might get possession of the line and work it themselves. Consequently, with a view both to the present success of the association and their own possible acquisition of the line, they insisted on first-class instruments.

This determination discouraged Harry and his friends, for they had not calculated upon making the comparatively large expenditures necessary to procure these first-class instruments.

They had thought to buy some cheap, but effective apparatus of which they had heard, and which, for amateur purposes, answered very well.

Digitized by Google

But when the mica mine officers agreed to contribute a sum in proportion to the increased capital demanded, Harry became quite hopeful, and the other members of the Board agreed that they had better work harder and do the thing right while they were about it.

The capital of the company was fixed at one hundred and fifty dollars, and to this the mica mine people agreed to subscribe fifty dollars. They also gave a written promise to give all the business of that kind that they might have for a year from date, to Harry and his associates, provided that the telegraphic service should always be performed promptly and to their satisfaction.

A contract, fixing rates, &c., was drawn up, and Harry, the Directors, the Secretary and the Treasurer, all and severally signed it. This was not actually necessary, but these officers, quite naturally, were desirous of doing all the signing that came in their way.

Private subscriptions came in more slowly. Mr. Loudon gave fifteen dollars, and Dr. Price contributed ten, as his son was a Director. Old Mr. Truly Matthews subscribed five dollars, and hoped that he should see his money back again; but if he did n't, he supposed it would help to keep the boys out of mischief. Small sums were contributed by other persons in the village and neighborhood, each of whom was furnished with a certificate of stock proportioned to the amount of the investment.

There were fifty shares issued, of three dollars each; and Miss Jane Davis, who subscribed one dollar and a-quarter, got five-twelfths of a share. The members of the Board, collectively, put in thirty dollars.

The majority of the shareholders considered their money as a donation to a good cause, for, of course, it was known that Aunt Matilda's support was the object of the whole business; but some hoped to make something out of it, and others contributed out of curiosity to see what sort of a telegraph the company would build, and how it would work.

It was urged by some wise people that if this money had been contributed directly to Aunt Matilda, it would have been of much more service to her; but other people, equally wise, said, that in that case, the money could never have been raised.

The colored people, old and young, took a great interest in the matter, and some of them took parts of shares, which was better. Even John William Webster took seventy-five cents' worth of stock.

The most astonishing subscription was one from Aunt Matilda herself. One day she handed to Kate a ten cent piece,—silver, old style,—and desired that that might be put into the company for her. Where she got it, nobody knew, but she had it, and she put it in.

Explanations were of no use. The fact of the whole business being for her benefit made no impression on her. She wanted a share in the company, and was proud of her one-thirtieth part of a share.

Taking them as a whole, the Board of Directors appeared to have been very well chosen. Tom

A SHAREHOLDER.

Selden was a good fellow and a firm friend of Harry and Kate. They might always reckon upon his support, although he had the fault, when matters seemed a little undecided, of giving his advice at great length. But when a thing was agreed upon he went to work without a word.

Harvey Davis was a large, blue-eyed boy, very quiet, with yellow hair. He was one of the best scholars in the Akeville school, and could throw a stone over the highest oak-tree by the church—something no other boy in the village could do. He made an admirable Director.

Dr. Price's son, Brandeth, and Wilson Ogden, lived some miles from the village, and sometimes one or the other of them did not get to a meeting of the Board until the business before it had been dispatched. But they always attended punctually if there was a horse or a mule to be had in time, and made no trouble when they came.

George Purvis lived just outside of the village. He was a tall fellow with a little head. His father had been in the Legislature, and George was a great fellow to talk, and he was full of new ideas. If Harry and Kate had not worked out so thoroughly the plan of the company before electing the Directors, George would have given the rest of the Board a great deal of trouble.

When about four-fifths of the capital-stock had been subscribed, and there was not much likelihood of their getting any more at present, the Board of Directors determined to go to work.

Digitized by Google

Acting under the advice and counsel of Mr. Lyons (who ought to have been a Director, but who was not offered the position), they sent to New York for two sets of telegraphic instruments,—registers, keys, batteries, reels, &c., &c.,—one set for each office,—and for about half-a-mile of wire, with the necessary office-wire, insulators, &c.

This took pretty much all their capital, but they hoped to economize a good deal in the construction of the line, and felt quite hopeful.

But it seemed to be a long and dreary time that they had to wait for the arrival of their purchases from New York. Either Harry or one of the other boys rode over to Hetertown every day, and the attention they paid to the operation of telegraphy, while waiting for the train, was something wonderful.

It was a fortunate thing for the Board that, on account of the sickness of the teacher, the vacation commenced earlier than usual in Akeville that year.

More than a week passed, and no word from New York. No wonder the boys became impatient. It had been a month, or more, since the scheme had been first broached in the village, and nothing had yet been done—at least, nothing to which the boys could point as evidence of progress.

The field of operations had been thoroughly explored. The pine-trees which were to serve as telegraph-poles had been selected, and contracts had been made with "One-eyed Lewston," a colored preacher, who lived near the creek on the Akeville side, and with Aunt Judy, who had a log-house on the Hetertown side, by which these edifices were to be used as telegraphic stations. The instruments and batteries, when not in use, were to be locked up in stationary cases, made by the Akeville carpenter, after designs by Harry.

Of course, while waiting for the arrival of their goods from New York, the Board met every day.

Having little real business, their discussions were not always harmonious.

George Purvis grew discontented. Several times he said to Brandeth Price and Harvey Ogden that he did n't see why he should n't be something more than a mere Director, and a remark that Harvey once made, that if Harry and Kate had not chosen to ask him to join them he would not have been even a Director, made no impression upon him.

One day, when a meeting was in session by the roadside, near "One-eyed Lewston's" cabin,—or the Akeville telegraph station, as I should say,—George and Harry had a slight dispute, and Purvis took occasion to give vent to some of his dissatisfaction.

"I don't see what you 're President for, anyway," said he to Harry. "After the Board of Directors had been organized it ought to have elected all the officers."

"But none of you fellows knew anything about the business," said Harry. "Kate and I got up the company, and we need n't have had a Board of Directors at all, if we had n't wanted to. If any of you boys had known anything about telegraphs we would have given you an office."

"I reckon you don't have to know anything about telegraphs to be Secretary, or Treasurer either," said George, warmly.

"No," answered Harry, "but you 've got to know how to keep accounts and to be careful and particular."

"Like your sister Kate, I suppose," said George, with a sneer.

"Yes, like Kate," answered Harry.

"I 'd be ashamed of myself," said George, "if I could n't get a better Secretary or Treasurer than a girl. I don't see what a girl is doing in the company, anyway. The right kind of a girl would n't be seen pushing herself in among a lot of boys that don't want her."

Without another word, the President of the Crooked Creek Telegraph Company arose and offered battle to George Purvis. The contest was a severe one, for Purvis was a tall fellow, but Harry was as tough as the sole of your boot, and he finally laid his antagonist on the flat of his back in the road.

George arose, put on his hat, dusted off his clothes, and resigned his position in the Board.

CHAPTER XVII.

PRINCIPALLY CONCERNING KATE.

DURING all this work of soliciting subscriptions, ordering instruments and batteries and leasing stations, Kate had kept pretty much in the background. True, she had not been idle. She had covered a great deal of paper with calculations and had issued certificates of stock, all in her own plain handwriting, to those persons who had put money into the treasury of the company. And she had received all that money, had kept accurate account of it, and had locked it up in a little box which was kindly kept for her in the iron safe owned by Mr. Darby, the store-keeper.

When the money was all drawn out and sent to New York, her duties became easier.

School had closed, as has been before stated, and although Kate had home duties and some home studies, she had plenty of time for out-door life. But now she almost always had to enjoy that life alone, if we except the company of Rob, who generally kept faithfully near her so long as she saw

Digitized by Google

fit to walk, but when she stopped to rest or to pursue some of her botanical or entomological studies he was very apt to wander off on his own account. He liked to keep moving.

One of her favorite resorts was what was called the "Near Woods," a piece of forest land not far from Mr. Loudon's house, and within calling distance of several dwellings and negro cabins. She visited Aunt Matilda nearly every day; but the woods around her cabin were principally pine, and pine forests are generally very sombre.

But the "Near Woods" were principally of oak and hickory, with dog-wood, sweet gum, and other smaller trees here and there; and there were open spots where the sun shone in and where flowers grew and the insects loved to come, as well as heavily-shaded places under grand old trees.

She thoroughly enjoyed herself in a wood like this. She did not feel in the least lonely, although she would have found herself sadly alone in a busy street of a great city.

"SHE WOULD SIT AND SWING ON A LOW-BENDING GRAPE-VINE."

Here, she was acquainted with everything she saw. There was company for her on every side. She had not been in the habit of passing the trees

Digitized by Google

and the bushes, the lichens and ferns, and the flowers and mosses as if they were merely people hurrying up and down the street. She had stopped and had made their acquaintance, and now she knew them all and they were her good friends, excepting a few, such as the poison-vines, and here and there a plant or reptile with which she was never on terms of intimacy.

She would often sit and swing on a low-bending grape-vine, that hung between two lofty trees, sometimes singing and sometimes listening to the insects that hummed around her, and all the while as happy a Kate as any Kate in the world.

It was here, on the grape-vine swing, that Harry found her, the day after his little affair with George Purvis.

"Why, Harry!" she cried, "I thought you were having a meeting."

"There 's nothing to meet about," said Harry, seating himself on a big moss-covered root near Kate's swing.

"There will be when the telegraph things come," said Kate.

"Oh, yes, there 'll be enough to do then, but it seems as if they were never coming. And I 've been thinking about something, Kate. It strikes me that, perhaps, it would be better for you to hold only one office."

"Why? Don't I do well enough?" asked Kate, quickly, stopping herself very suddenly in her swinging.

"Oh, yes! you do better than anyone else could. But, you see, the other fellows—I mean the Board—may think that some of them ought to have an office. I 'd give them one of mine, but none of them would do for Engineer. They don't know enough about the business."

"Which office would you give up, if you were me?" asked Kate.

"Oh, I 'd give up the Secretaryship, of course," said Harry. "Nobody but you must be Treasurer. Harvey Davis would make a very good Secretary, considering that there 's so little writing to do now."

"Well, then," said Kate, "let Harvey be Secretary."

There was no bitterness or reproachfulness in Kate's words, but she looked a little serious, and began to swing herself very vigorously. It was evident that she felt this resignation of her favorite office much more deeply than she chose to express. And no wonder. She had done all the work; she had taken a pride in doing her work well, and now, when the company was about to enter upon its actual public life, she was to retire into the background. For a Treasurer had not much to do, especially now that there was so little money. There was scarcely a paper for the Treasurer to sign. But the Secretary —— Well, there was no use of thinking any more about it. No doubt Harry knew what was best. He was with the Board every day, and she scarcely ever met the members.

Harry saw that Kate was troubled, but he did n't know what to say, and so he whittled at the root on which he was sitting.

"I should think, Harry," said Kate, directly, "that George Purvis would want to be Secretary. He 's just the kind of a boy to like to be an officer of some kind."

"Oh, he can't be an officer," said Harry, still whittling at the root. "He has resigned."

"George Purvis resigned!" exclaimed Kate. "Why, what did he do that for?"

"Oh, we did n't agree," said Harry; "and we 're better off without him. We have Directors enough as it is. Five is a very good number. There can't be a tie vote with five members in the Board."

Kate suspected that something had happened that she was not to be told. But she asked no questions.

After a few minutes of swinging and whittling, in which neither of them said anything, Kate got out of her grape-vine swing and picked up her hat from the ground, and Harry jumped up and whistled for Rob.

As they walked home together, Kate said:

"Harry, I think I 'd better resign as Treasurer. Perhaps the officers ought all to be boys."

"Look here, Kate," said Harry; and he stopped as he spoke, "I 'm not going to have anybody else as Treasurer. If you resign that office I 'll smash the company!"

Of course, after that there was nothing more to be said, and Kate remained Treasurer of the Crooked Creek Telegraph Company.

Before very long, of course, she heard the particulars of George Purvis' resignation. She did n't say much about it, but she was very glad that it was not Harry who had been whipped.

The next morning, quite early,—the birds and the negroes had been up some time, but everybody in Mr. Loudon's house was still sleeping soundly,—Harry, who had a small room at the front of the house, was awakened by the noise of a horse galloping wildly up to the front gate, and by hearing his name shouted out at the top of a boy's voice.

The boy was Tom Selden, and he shouted:

"Oh, Harry! Harry Loudon! Hello, there! The telegraph things have come!"

Harry gave one bound. He jerked on his clothes quicker than you could say the multiplication table, and he rushed down stairs and into the front yard.

It was actually so! The instruments and bat-

Digitized by Google

teries and everything, all packed up in boxes,—Tom could n't say how many boxes,—had come by a late train, and Mr. Lyons had sent word over to his house last night, and he 'd been over there this morning by daybreak and had seen one of the boxes, and it was directed, all right, to the Crooked Creek Telegraph Company, and ——

There was a good deal more intelligence, it appeared, but it was n't easy to make it out, for Harry was asking fifty questions, and Kate was calling out from one of the windows, and Dick Ford and half-a-dozen other negro boys were running up and shouting to each other that the things had come. Mr. Loudon came out to see what all the excitement was about, and he had to be told everything by Tom and Harry, both at once; and Rob and Blinks were barking, and there was hubbub enough.

Harry shouted to one of the boys to saddle Selim, and when the horse was brought around in an incredibly short time,—four negroes having clapped on his saddle and bridle,—Harry ran into the house to get his hat, but just as he had bounced out again, his mother appeared at the front door.

"Harry!" she cried, "you 're not going off without your breakfast!"

"Oh, I don't want any breakfast, mother," he shouted.

"But you cannot go without your breakfast. You 'll be sick."

"But just think!" expostulated Harry. "The things have been there all night."

"It makes no difference," said Mrs. Loudon. "You must have your breakfast first."

Mr. Loudon now put in a word, and Selim was led back to the stable.

"Well, I suppose I must," said poor Harry, with an air of resignation. "Come in, Tom, and have something to eat."

The news spread rapidly. Harvey Davis was soon on hand, and by the time breakfast was over, nearly everybody in the village knew that the telegraph things had come.

Harry and Tom did not get off as soon as they expected, for Mr. Loudon advised them to take the spring-wagon, — for they would need it to haul their apparatus to the telegraphic stations,—and the horse had to be harnessed and the cases which were to protect the instruments, when not in use, were to be brought from the carpenter-shop, and so it seemed very late before they started.

Just as they were ready to go, up galloped Brandeth Price and Wilson Ogden. So away they all went together, two of the Board in the wagon and three on horseback.

Kate stood at the front gate looking after them. Do what she would, she could not help a tear or two rising to her eyes. Mr. Loudon noticed her standing there, and he went down to her.

"Never mind, Kate," said he, "I told them not to unpack the things until they had hauled them to the Creek, and I 'll take you over to Aunt Judy's in the buggy. We 'll get there by the time the boys arrive."

(To be continued.)

THE PEACH-BOY.

A JAPANESE FAIRY STORY.

TRANSLATED BY ISAAC YAUNKAHAMA.

ONCE upon a time, there was a very old couple living in a wood, which was full of all kinds of wild animals.

One morning the old man went to gather some wood in the forest, leaving his old wife at home. A little before noon, the good woman went to the creek to wash clothes, when, to her astonishment, she saw a fine, large peach floating upon the water directly in front of her. She picked it up, but did not eat it at once, but thought she would save it and share it with her dear old man at dinner. So she put it safely away in the cupboard.

At noon, when her husband came home, she cooked him a nice dinner. While they were sitting at the table, she thought of the peach she had found in the creek, and went to get it. When she opened the door of the cupboard, to her great surprise she saw a dear little baby coming out of the peach.

"Oh, wonderful! Oh, wonderful!" was all the old woman could say. The old man, hearing the exclamation, immediately went to see what was the matter. He was as much astonished as his wife at the sight of the baby.

Digitized by Google

"It is very good, dear wife," said he, "for we have no child of our own, so we will take this one, and bring it up as ours."

So she took the baby and wrapped it carefully, and put it into a basket, and placed it by the window.

In a few days the child grew so large that it was almost impossible to keep it in the basket. So she took a strong string and tied one end to the baby and the other to a millstone to keep it from getting away. But, notwithstanding, the child was so strong that it went about through the woods with the millstone and did a great deal of mischief.

In a few days, the baby had grown to the size of a giant, and worked with all a giant's strength, helping the old man work upon his little farm.

About this time the daughter of the Japanese king had been stolen by an Oni (a devil), and carried far away to an iron castle on the Oni's island, where she was imprisoned and tormented by fierce and ugly creatures. The chief of the Onis often tried to persuade her to marry him and become his queen, but she would not accept the Oni's throne. But the Oni persisted in wooing her, and tried in many ways to make her consent. When all his attempts had failed he became much exasperated, and began to torment her even more than he had done before. She was sometimes ordered to carry water in a basket to fill a tub; and another time she was to fill bottomless sacks with chestnuts; and again, she was forced to kindle a fire without matches or wood, and sometimes the Oni would send her out to buy things for him and would not give her any money. All these torments she gladly bore rather than be the wife of such a monster. The Oni, however, promised her if she would perform any of the tasks which he had given her to do, he would set her free and send her back to her father. So this beautiful princess tried her best to do as she was bid, but all in vain. As it was impossible for her to comply with his wishes, he tried to force her again to be his queen.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS WIFE BEHOLD THE BABY COMING OUT OF THE PEACH.

(Fac simile of a drawing by a Japanese girl.)

While she was suffering by the cruel tasks that had been imposed on her, and was expecting every day to be forced to marry the Oni, her father was trying to devise some plan by which he might take his daughter from the castle of this cruel suitor, as it had been reported to him that she was in the possession of the Oni, in the Oniga Shnia (devils' land). He searched among his soldiers, but could

Digitized by Google

not find any one who would undertake this perilous enterprise. However, he heard that there was a child in his kingdom who, though only a few years old, was yet very strong and as large as a giant, and was able and willing to undertake the king's design to rescue his daughter from the Oniga Shnia. Whom do you suppose that child was? Do you think he was a Japanese? Yes, he was by birth, but not by race. He was called Monirtaro (peach-child), because he came out of a peach, and was no other than the child that the old woman had found in the cupboard where she had put the peach that she had taken from the river!

When the old king heard of this wonderful child who was so young, and yet so very strong, he sent one of his servants to bid him come to his palace at once. So the child obeyed the king's order and went to the palace, and was carried into the king's private chamber.

The king asked him if he would bring back his daughter from the Oniga Shnia. The peach-child told him he would try to do it, as he did not feel at all afraid of the Oni. Then the king promised him, that if he should succeed, he would give him his daughter's hand in marriage as a reward for his great service.

Early the next morning, the peach-child assembled all the warriors together that were to accompany him on his expedition to Oniga Shnia, and made them a speech, and he promised to reward all that would serve the king's cause faithfully in the expedition against the Oni. They were to have three rice biscuits apiece.

Then all agreed to obey the commands of the peach-child, who at once assumed control of these loyal warriors, and the perilous journey was commenced.

When the whole army reached the Oniga Shnia, all the Onis made great preparation to give the peach-boy's warriors battle.

Next morning, both armies met on the great plains of the Oniga Shnia, where they fought a terrible battle, until night put an end to the conflict. The fortune of the day decided against the Oni's party, and an immense number were slaughtered, and their blood covered the plain.

Next morning, the peach-child's army having completely routed the Oni's hosts and captured the iron castle of their prince, after a diligent search in the castle they found the beautiful and lovely daughter of the king confined in a dark dungeon.

When the victorious army opened the Oni's treasury they found numerous precious things. Among them were two suits of winged dresses and a mysterious Japanese box. The peach-child and the king's daughter put on the winged dresses and flew back to the king's palace in a few minutes, and told the king what had happened in the Oniga Shnia.

The old king was very much pleased, and gave his daughter in marriage to the peach-boy, who, after the old king's death, ascended the Japanese throne.

The wonder of his age and reign was the mysterious box which was taken from the Oni, out of which the king could obtain anything he wanted.

THE MAGIC KEYS.

By James H. Flint

THE music of the Magic Keys, played in New York, is heard instantly on the Pacific Coast, on the rocky shore of Newfoundland, or, in spite of the raging ocean between, on the far-away coast of Ireland. Every day they tell us what is transpiring in the Old World; every day they herald the approach of fair or foul weather, and warn the seaman of coming storms.

Suppose you put on your hats and coats, and come with me. I am going to look at the Magic Keys.

Here we are, at the corner of Broadway and Liberty street, New York, before the building of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Climbing up stairs, by permission of the superintendent we enter a large room, where we hear a sharp, clicking sound, like a multitude of little tack-hammers, all going at once.

We soon see what makes all this clicking. It is the Magic Keys.

"That is the kind of a tune they play," says our guide, taking us to another instrument, at which a gentleman was sitting quietly. "It is nothing but click, click, click."

But see that strip of white paper moving from a reel, and coming out between two little wheels. It has nothing on it before it goes between the wheels,

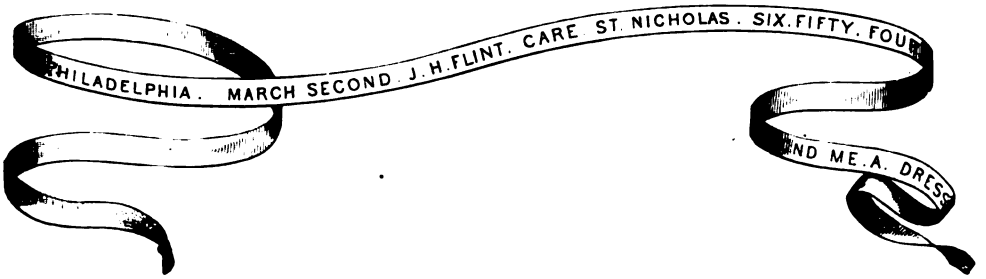
Digitized by Google

but when it comes out there are *printed letters on it*, in plain Roman characters.

"Who is doing that?" I ask.

"The operator in Philadelphia," replies our kind informant, "who is playing there upon the Magic Keys."

Messages are private, but this one happens to be addressed to me, and so the superintendent clips the strip of paper from the large white roll, and hands it to me. Here is part of it for you to read:



I may tell you, confidentially, that I have had this message sent to me on purpose, just to show you the operation. It is from my little niece, who is anxiously waiting in the Philadelphia office for an answer. So I write one on a piece of paper, and hand it to the operator, who at once places it before him and begins to play as if it were a piece of music. He stops. What! there already? Yes; and Annie has read it, and knows that I will send the new dress.

Another instrument, much more extensively used than the combination printing machine, is the Morse register, or rather, what has since taken its place on most lines in this country, the Morse sounder. The latter instrument communicates messages by sounds. The Morse register recorded the message by embossing dots and dashes on a strip of white paper; the sounds correspond to these dots and dashes. By manipulating a single key the operator in New York is enabled to send signals all the way to Chicago, or even to San Francisco. It is very easy to arrange the connections of a telegraph wire so that by touching the Magic Key in New York, cannon could be fired off, or bells rung, in another city. These feats were actually accomplished during the great Boston Jubilee. Of the principles upon which the telegraphic apparatus is worked I will soon speak.

The most beautiful and impressive of all the methods of telegraphic communication can be seen in the telegraph houses of the Atlantic Cable. Taking our leave of the "Western Union" office at New York, let us transport ourselves on fancy's wing to the ocean-bound lands of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland.

From New York to Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, is more than a third of the way to Europe. Sweeping up near the coast, through New England, we reach the Queen's Dominions. The Gulf of St. Lawrence must be crossed, and then we must pass over a wild and rugged country to the sea. Standing, at length, on the eastern cliffs of Newfoundland, we look out upon the boundless ocean. Underneath that great deep lies the Atlantic Cable, the thick shore end of which rests quietly in the peaceful harbor at Hearts' Content, on Trinity Bay, and is brought up from there to the telegraph house on the rocks.

Entering this building, we find ourselves in a darkened room. We discern, in the gloom, two men standing before a table, upon which is a small flat box, on which is mounted a round brass case. Directly before this case, at the distance of about one foot and a-half, we notice a bright beam of light coming from a small slit in a screen, and just above this luminous slit appears a brighter spot of light, resting upon a white graduated scale. The figures of the two men move weirdly before it as they adjust some part of their apparatus, and speak in low, mysterious tones to each other. Suddenly, a bell sounds sharply, vibrating through the room with a strange thrill, and the round spot steals like a ghost across the face of the scale, moving, now to the right and now to the left. Its movements, in one direction, denote the dots, and in the other direction, the dashes of the Morse alphabet, which is used for signaling through the Atlantic Cable. As this bright spot moves from side to side, it is difficult to believe that its motions are made by the fingers of a man two thousand miles away, on the coast of Ireland; and yet this is the astounding fact. The operator in Ireland is manipulating a Magic Key, and now you are almost prepared to believe that it is his voice which sounds in the darkened room, announcing the messages from the other side of the vast Atlantic.

Digitized by Google

The instrument used to regulate these significant movements of the little spot of light is called a reflecting galvanometer. It is the invention of Sir

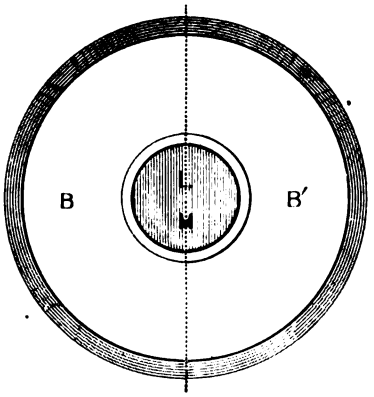


FIG. 1. FRONT VIEW OF BOBBIN.

William Thomson, of Glasgow University, and is the most delicate apparatus of the kind ever devised. Because it is so sensitive as to be worked by a very feeble current of electricity, it is preferred to every other method for ocean telegraphy, as a current of great intensity is liable to injure the cable, especially if there should happen to be an imperfection in the covering of the wires, so as to permit the escape of any portion of electricity. In such a case the conductor would become corroded at the weak point, and finally all communication would be destroyed. A very small battery is used to work the cable, for the galvanometer reveals the presence of the least particle of electricity, and its action is almost as delicate as the twinkling of an eye. The little spot of light, which is the tell-tale of the great cable, originates from an ordinary kerosene lamp placed behind a screen having a slit in it, in front of the mirror. Instead of a glass chimney, a metal one is sometimes used, hiding the light, except at a small opening opposite the flame. If the metal chimney be adopted, a screen is not so necessary,

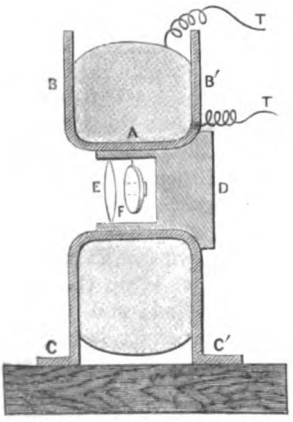


FIG. 2. SECTION OF COIL AND BOBBIN.

but there must be some kind of a frame to hold the scale, on which the reflection is thrown. Through the slit in the screen or chimney, the narrow ray of light passes to a convex lens, and through that to a small round mirror behind it. When the light strikes the mirror it is reflected back through the lens to the scale in front of the lamp.

But what makes the spot of light move? We shall see directly. The lens and the mirror are both fixed in a brass tube, which is made like a plug, so that it may be taken out of the case. The mirror, being very light, of the thinnest glass that can be made, is suspended in the tube by a delicate silken fibre. On the back of the mirror is cemented a very small magnet. Around the tube which holds the mirror and lens is a hollow cylindrical bobbin of brass, on which is wound a great many times, a fine copper wire. This wire is all *insulated*, that is, it is covered with fine silk, which is a non-conductor. The current of electricity consequently has to travel the entire length of the wire thus coiled on the bobbin. The bobbin is insulated from the case containing it, by being

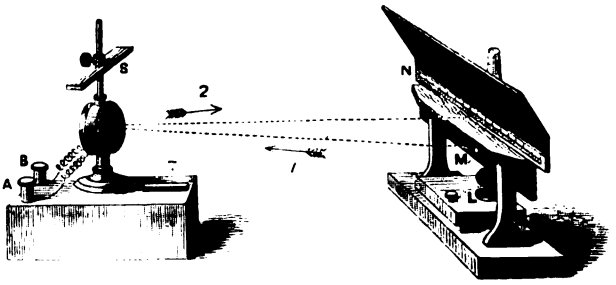


FIG. 3. THE REFLECTING GALVANOMETER.

fastened to a piece of hard rubber. Fig. 1 represents a front view of the hollow cylindrical bobbin, B, B′. In the centre is the lens, L, and behind the lens is the mirror, M. Now, suppose this figure is cut through at the dotted line, and the inside revealed to us. We should then see exactly how the instrument is arranged. Fig. 2 is such a section through the coil and bobbin. A is the hollow bobbin; B, B′ are its deep flanges, between which the fine wire is wound. D is the "plug," with its hollow chamber or tube, which is closed by the lens, E. The little mirror, F, is seen suspended by its silken fibre, and the edge of the tiny magnet can be observed peeping from behind the mirror. The two ends of the galvanometer wire, T and T′, are carried down to the stand on which the instrument rests, and connected to the binding screws, A and B (see Fig. 3), and to which other wires may be attached.

Fig. 3 shows the complete instrument, arranged

Digitized by Google

for use. On the right is seen the lamp, L, from which a narrow beam of light passes through the opening, M, in the direction of the dotted line, and

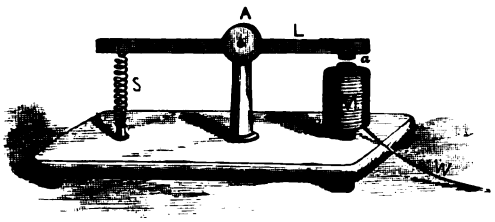


FIG. 4. THE LEVER.

arrow, I, to the lens in the galvanometer, as previously described, and then is reflected back by the mirror, as the other arrow and line indicate, making a bright spot upon the scale, N. S and T are magnets, used to control the one on the back of the mirror.

The positive and negative currents can be made to pass through the galvanometer coil at the will of the operator. These currents move in opposite directions. When the galvanometer is not charged at all, the mirror is motionless, and the spot of light rests quietly in the centre of the scale, or, "at zero." Now, let a momentary current be sent into the coil, and the mirror swings, say to the left, making a movement which represents a *dot*. The current, passing around the magnet, causes the little magnet of the mirror to move in the same direction. Charge the galvanometer from the other pole of the battery, and you reverse the motion; the mirror swings to the right, causing the spot of light to move to the right of zero, indicating a *dash*. The alphabet of dots and dashes is the Morse alphabet, which is indicated by *sound* on the Morse instrument. What this instrument is, and how it is worked, will now claim our attention.

The *motion* of the telegraphic instrument is obtained by opening and closing a current of electricity on a bar of soft iron, coiled with wire, the

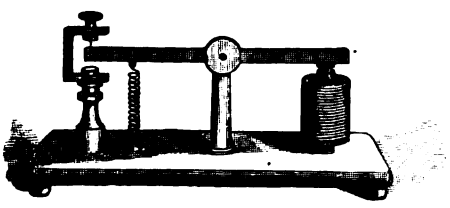


FIG. 5. THE LEVER WITH SOUNDER.

iron becoming a strong magnet when the current is on, and losing its magnetism when the current is broken. A lever, hung on an axis over the magnet, is moved upward and downward by the combined action of the magnet and a spring, in Fig. 4. W is the conducting wire through which the electric current flows to M, the magnet. L is the lever, resting on A, its axis. S is the spring, attached to one end of the lever and the wooden stand. *A* is the *armature* of the lever, consisting of a small bar of iron. When the current is turned on, the armature is drawn downward, attracted by the magnet; but the instant the current is broken, the spring draws the lever back to its first position.

We thus have a regular motion established, the speed of which can be regulated as desired by the gentlest movement of the hand. If, now, we place a metallic frame around the end of the lever, as is seen in Fig. 5, and adjust it at the right distance, the motions of the lever will be indicated by the sounds made against the frame as the magnet acts on the armature. Certain combinations of sounds indicate the letters of the alphabet, as has before been stated. The ear of the telegraph operator is trained to detect these sounds, so that it is just as easy for him to read a message sent by the "sounder," as it is for one skilled in music to

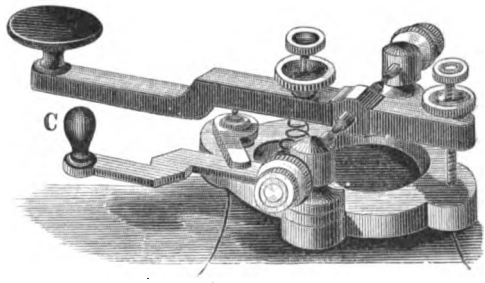


FIG. 6. THE KEY.

read the notes. So much for the *movement* of the receiving instrument.

The *sender* of the message may be a thousand miles away, or more, but, as before mentioned, he makes himself understood to the most distant point by simply depressing and releasing a signal key. I have entitled this sketch of the telegraph "The Magic Keys," because it is by means of the key, Fig. 6, that the subtle fluid is sent on its flight over the wires. This key is a small lever of brass, working upon an axis. At the end nearest the operator is a round knob, by which the lever is pressed down. The key is connected to the wire of the main line. From the battery another wire is brought up directly under the signal key, so that when the key is depressed the ends of the wires are connected, making a complete conductor for the current to pass from the battery into the main line. When the key is not in use, the *circuit-closer*, C, is pushed against the battery wire, thus making the receiving instrument ready to receive a message.

The battery (one being at each end of the line)

Digitized by Google

consists of a series of cells, or jars, fitted up with copper and zinc plates, the copper in one cell being connected by a wire with the zinc in the next, except in the outside jars. One of the outside jars has a ground wire, buried in the earth, and the other is connected with the signal key, as I have described. The jars are filled with a liquid containing sulphates of copper, and the action of this acid on the zinc produces electricity. As this belongs to your chemistry, I will let you study it out at school, if you have not already done so, assuring you that it will give you much pleasure to learn for yourselves all about the galvanic battery.

In concluding this brief, and necessarily imperfect sketch, it is gratifying to state that some of our School Boards are seriously considering the propriety of introducing the study of this useful science into the public schools.

THE QUEEN O' MAY.

THE Queen o' May held court one day,—
The fields had nought to give her;
All in their best her maids were drest,
And they began to shiver.

"Now, never sneeze, but warm your knees,
And look for daisies growing;
You 'll find the air quite soft and fair,
Unless it fall a-snowing."

"Quite soft!" they said, each loyal maid
"So fair!" the boys went chaffing;
But soon the May came down that way,
And set them all a-laughing.

Digitized by Google

BUBBLES.

By Joel S. Stacy.

It is so long since it happened, my dears, that whenever I think about it, the youngest of my acquaintances fade quite out of sight; dear middle-aged faces grow rosy and youthful; Mary, my grave little wife, suddenly goes dancing down the garden path with a skipping-rope; our worn-out old Dobbin becomes a frisky colt; the tumbled-down affair yonder, behind the pile of brush, straightens itself into a trim, freshly-painted wood-shed; and—well the long and short of it is this: the memory of that day always carries me back to the time when I was a little bit of a boy.

You see, I sat on the porch blowing soap-bubbles. I remember it just as if it were yesterday. The roses were out and the wheelbarrow had a broken leg; the water in the well was low, and if you tried to climb up on the curb to look down into it you 'd have some one screeching for you to "come away from there." But you could do what you pleased on the porch. It was so warm and sunny that mother let me leave off my shoes as a matter of course. It seems to me that I can remember just how the hot boards felt to the soles of my tiny, bare feet. Certainly I can recall how Ponto looked exactly (he has been dead these dozen years, poor fellow!). The lather must have been precisely right, for I know it worked beautifully. Such bubbles as I blew that morning! What colors they displayed! How lightly they sailed up into the clear air! Sometimes a little one with a bead at the end—a failure—would fall upon Ponto's nose and burst so quickly that I could n't tell whether its bursting made him blink or his blinking made it burst. Sometimes a big one would float off in the sunlight and slowly settle upon the soft grass, where it would rock for an instant, then snap silently out of sight, leaving only a glistening drop behind. And sometimes —— But here I must begin afresh.

The little girl who lived next door very soon came and leaned her bright head out of the window. A bubble had just started at the end of my pipe. I did n't look up; but I knew she was watching me, and so I blew and blew just as gently and steadily as I could, and the bubble grew bigger, bigger, bigger, until at last it almost touched my nose. Looking down upon it I saw first the blue sky, then perfect little apple-tree branches, with every speck of a leaf complete, then I saw the house, then the window, with the sash lifted, and then I saw the little girl!

This made me shout with joy. I looked up, but the little girl was gone. Probably she had bobbed her head back into the room. It was just like little girls, to do so, you know. Then I blew others,

and knew she was watching me again; and, all of a sudden, mother called me.

"Is that all? Did n't the little girl fall out of the window, or nothing?"

Heart alive! What ever put such a thought into your heads?

Fall out of the window, indeed!

I can't remember much more about that summer. It seems to me that there were peaches, and that Ponto learned to draw a wagon; but I 'm not sure whether that happened just then or a year or two afterward.

The next thing that comes up is a school-room. I must have been a big boy by that time, for I remember having my pockets full of marbles, also I remember having a black eye on account of a

Digitized by Google

fellow named Townley. (Townley is in the cigar business now.) Besides, I was in fractions, and, though I did n't care very much for study, I did n't want *her* to think I was stupid. Who? Did n't I tell you? Why, a little girl who went to the same school,—a little girl in a pink calico dress and a white sun-bonnet. She had a way of dropping her books on her way home from school, I remember, and we fellows used to grab for them so as to have the fun of handing them to her. Well, the way I used to try to get up head in the classes when she was there was astonishing. The other fellows tried to show off in the same way, too; but I knew by the way that she did n't ever notice me unless I spoke to her that she thought my bubble was the biggest. You see it was only blowing bubbles again, after all.

Well, time flew along, and at last a war came. I was a fine, stout fellow then; mother said I could go,—bless her brave heart!—and I went. Ah, children! such sights as I saw! Such scenes as we passed through! But we won't talk of them now. It 's enough to say, that though I felt patriotic and all that, I wanted to distinguish myself —well, I don't mind telling you in confidence—so that Somebody with brown, laughing eyes and a gentle voice would be almost as proud as mother to see me coming back with honors.

Blowing bubbles again, you 'll observe.

Once more time flew along. Why not? And again I found myself trying—this time to make money. The day, as I look back, is so close that the old faces put on their own look again, and the young acquaintances come to light once more, and Mary, my wife, no longer skipping down the garden path, sits at her little work-table sewing. Well, as I remarked, this time I am trying to make money. There is a great excitement in Wall street. Men are being made rich or poor in an hour. I have a good, steady clerkship, but a chance for blowing a great big, big bubble comes to me. I can see a happy face already looking up at me from its golden surface.

She shall be rich now!

I blow and blow, and the bubble bursts! All gone,—gone in a flash,—the savings of years! Ruined! ruined!

I hurry home—though it is but the middle of the day. No one there. I sit down in a chair and think. Ruined? Not a bit of it. Have n't I health and honesty and strength? Have n't I mother and have n't I Mary and have n't I little Joe?

With this thought I stepped to the back window and looked out. Surely enough there sat the little fellow, and, as sure as I live, if the young scamp was n't blowing bubbles! And, if you 'll believe me, the little girl next door was leaning out of the window watching him! Just then, Mary came in, —I mean just now, for the fact is I 'm writing about this very day. And Mary and I both think it is n't such a very dreadful thing, after all, to lose a few hundred dollars, for I have my clerkship yet, and I 'm determined never to speculate with my savings again. No, I 'm going to be a steady, faithful, hard-working fellow, and Mary and mother and Joe and I are going to be just as comfortable and happy as chippy birds—and ——

You see, I am blowing this new bubble so slowly and cautiously in the sunlight that I know it will be all safe. And right in the heart of it I see Mary—Mary who has looked brightly up at me from every bubble that I have ever blown in all my life.

MISS FANSHAW'S TEA-PARTY.

By E. B.

"WHAT a beautiful snow-storm," thought Milly, as she stood looking wistfully out of the window. She did so wish she was out! If she, too, were only a little street-sweeper! It was so hard to be kept carefully within doors,—*so* hard. She was silent for full ten minutes,—busy with her thoughts. At last, a happy one struck her, and she turned quickly to her mother, a pretty-faced young woman, who was deeply interested in re-trimming a last year's bonnet, and who at this moment exclaimed, triumphantly, "Really, it will be as good as new."

"Mother," interrupted Milly.

"Well?"

"Then I cannot skate?"

"No," deeply engrossed in the bonnet.

"Nor slide down hill?"

"No, child, not in this snow-storm."

"But I *can* put on my cloak, and new fur tippet, and gloves, and take an umbrella, and fill a basket

Digitized by Google

with goodies for *poor* Miss Fanshaw. Can't I? For she is so *poverty* poor, you know."

Milly had one thought for Miss Fanshaw and two for herself. For, in reality, she thought herself very hardly used to be kept indoors; while she deemed it rare fun to be "poverty poor," like Miss Fanshaw, in her little playhouse room.

Her mother smiled wisely, and gave her permission to go. So Milly, like the little woman she was, equipped herself for the walk. She then went into the store-room, and put into a willow basket a loaf of bread, a jar of sweetmeats, and four red apples. After which preparation, she started forth with as happy a face as one could meet in a day's walk; and the face was no happier than the little warm heart beating beneath the warm cloak. No wonder the snow was not cold to her!

"Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow!" the little heart kept chanting to itself, as she watched the star-like crystals alighting on her dress and gloves. Even the old board fence, with its clinging vines, shorn of their summer beauty, was draped in the beautiful snow. Oh, it came down so quietly and comfortably, as if it had a world of leisure, and a world of its wealth to bestow!

All too quickly, Milly was at Miss Fanshaw's door. In answer to Milly's "rat-tat-tap" at the door, it creaked and wriggled and groaned a little, and then swung wide open; and there stood Miss Fanshaw, a little shriveled figure, the shoulders pinned tightly up in an antiquated baby-blanket, embroidered all around in "herring-bone" and various other marvelous stitches. From under the shawl peeped two arms, clothed in the neatest "leg-o'-mutton" sleeves. On one finger was a —ring,—no, something just as dear to her, and it betokened a life-long engagement, too! It was an old brass thimble, worn full of holes, and as bright as gold itself.

But I must not forget her face. A white face, with white hair, white eyebrows and eyelashes, and two deep-blue, bright, twinkling eyes, which seemed to say, "Ah me, what a dear, delightful, merry, busy world it is; and I've a young heart for it yet, if the wrinkles *are* in my face!"

"Bless the child!" she cried, in her short, crisp way. "Did she come down in the snow?" And she drew Milly in, and took the long broom and swept her from head to foot. "Now, my dear, I've swept the way to your mouth, I must have a kiss!"

So, giving her one emphatic embrace, she whirled her along the hall of the tenement-house, into the least atom of a room,—not half as big as your playroom,—and perched her up in an old, rickety arm-chair.

If anyone presumed to suggest that Miss Fanshaw might be more comfortable in a larger room, she laughed within herself, exclaiming, "No, no, my dearies; you see I have only to sit in the middle of my room to reach everything. There's my Bible, and there's my bread-jar, and there's my work-basket, and there's my cutting-board, and there's the stove, with the teapot on it,—so handy!" And her hand pointed around the room as if it were a hand on a clock pointing to the hours. "Besides, as for the wood, why I'm warm as toast with burning two sticks and a few kindlers a day. Then I can tidy up the room, bright as a basket o' chips, in less than a wink o' time."

Milly thought this housekeeping a wonderful affair, and Miss Fanshaw a sort of divinity.

A happy thought struck Milly, as she sat perched in the arm-chair, and Miss Fanshaw flitted like a humming-bird about her.

"Miss Fanshaw!"

"Well, dear?"

"Let's play tea!"

"Bless the child! Play tea? Of course you shall."

And she buzzed over to a little cupboard, and brought out a tiny shining tea-kettle, and put it upon the tiny stove, over the tiny blaze. It began to sing and sing. She then whirled a little round table (resting on one leg with three carved claws) into the centre of the room. Over this she spread a strip of old white, home-made linen. Upon this she placed one plate with a dot of butter, another plate with a dot of cheese, and another with a dot of "sass." Then she brought out a crusty piece of bread, two marvelous little china cups, and two ancient plates, figured with red.

Then came Milly's turn. She climbed down from her perch; drew the basket from under her cloak, which she had declined removing; put the loaf on the table, then the jar, and then ranged the four red apples beside them.

"Bless the child! bless the child!" cried little Miss Fanshaw, lifting her two hands and rolling up her two bright eyes.

Then she chattered and hummed like the tea-kettle, as she took Milly's wrappings and hung them on a peg, and filled up her teapot; and they sat down to the table.

There was a deep silence in the room,—even the kettle forgot to sing; all silent but the old ticking clock.

So, in the silence, Miss Fanshaw's laughing eyes closed; and her fingers, pricked with scores of needles, were now crossed devoutly on her breast; and her lips moved with the words:

"For our blessings, Lord make us truly thankful. Amen!"

Milly's eyes grew rounder and larger than ever.

Digitized by Google

When Miss Fanshaw lifted her sweet, bleached face, it was as light as if in some way the Lord himself looked out of it.

"Miss Fanshaw!"

"What, dearie? Will you have a sip of tea?"

"Do you always say it?"

"Why, to be *sure* I do,—(have a lump o' sugar in?)—only I usually say *I* and *me*. Now, you know, its *we* and *us*."

"Why do you say it? Our folks don't."

"You see, Milly (have a bit of butter?—there's more on the shelf)—you see, I have so *much* to be thankful for. Bless your heart! Why, I keep singing within me all the time, I 'm *so* thankful."

"What for, Miss Fanshaw?" Milly had forgotten to eat.

"What for? Why, if it aint one thing, it is another. If it is n't the broken candles the grocer gives, it's the liver from the Grimes's in killing-time; and if it is n't the liver, it's the shirts to make for the Picksnifs; and if it is n't the shirts, it's the sitting in Miss Markham's pew; and if it is n't the pew, it's the chips from the new barn a-building; and if it is n't the chips (have a bit of cheese?), why, the beautiful snow comes down for me to look at; and when I 'm thinking of the *poor* woman round the corner, who should come in but little Milly, as if she snowed out of the clouds. So now I shall have a feast to take to the poor hungering woman I was a-thinking of. Don't you think I *ought* to think of the giver, Milly?"

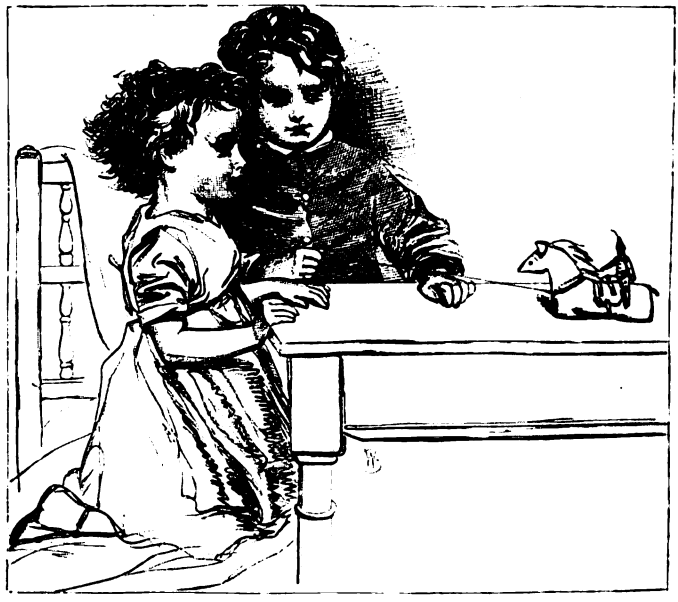
Milly's face was full of wonder and awe.

"I say, Miss Fanshaw, don't you ever say *me* any more. You just play I 'm here, and you say (lifting her small hands), 'Lord, make *us* truly thankful.'"

A tear came in Miss Fanshaw's eye.

"Yes, dearie, it shall be *us* after this. Anyways, all that love the Lord *are* 'us.' It's just like the 'ring-around-a-rosy' in the school play. We all have a hold of hands, and are 'us,'—only the ring goes all around the big world."

Miss Fanshaw and her little guest finished their tea, and cleared away the dishes, and gathered up the fragments, that nothing might be wasted, then put them in the basket, and went forth, in the snow and the growing darkness, to carry blessings to the *poor* woman around the corner.



CONTENTMENT.

(From a sketch by W. Brooks.)

Digitized by Google

AUCTIONS ALL OVER THE WORLD.

By N. S. Dodge.

"*Harage! harage! harage!*" or sounds just like these, came floating on the hot air to Ned Pauling last summer, as he lay swinging lazily in a net hammock, under an awning, on the deck of the ship "Betsey." It was in port, at Smyrna, where the vessel, having discharged her cargo, was waiting for a home freight of raisins, figs, and olives, back to Boston. Ned had been hard at work for six days. There had been no end of trouble to get receipts from the merchants for safe delivery of goods. The last voucher had come aboard an hour before, and his accounts being now square, and nothing more for the supercargo to do till Jacobus Brothers, the consignees, should give notice that the home cargo was ready, he had dressed himself for a stroll on shore, and was waiting till early evening should make the heat tolerable in the streets.

A first voyage as supercargo, no matter how good a clerk a boy may have been, tries his mettle. He must think for himself. His decisions must be quick and positive. Yes *and* No he must never say. It is one thing to sell goods, or to keep books, or to take stock, or to strike balances, or to average profits every day in a store; but it is altogether another thing to take charge alone of a cargo consisting of all sorts of goods, shipped from Boston to a foreign port. However, Ned Pauling had taken it. He remembered his mother's last words, many years before, "Straight forward, Ned! Straight forward is the best runner!" And the "Betsey's" accounts were as square as any day's accounts had ever been in State street. So Ned was ready for a "lark."

"Harage! harage! harage!" kept ringing on the air, as Ned went ashore.

In a square, three or four blocks from the wharves, on a platform of rough boards resting on two hogsheads, stood a turbaned Turk, cutting apart a piece of Tripoli silk shawling, flinging it at full length over the heads of the surrounding crowd, and crying at the top of his lungs, "Harage!" There were Hebrews, with flowing beards and dusky robes, among the bidders; there were camel-drivers, just like the pictures one sees of Eleazer, the Syrian, at the well; there were Persians, in their quaint caps; dervishes, in their strange dress, and muftis, sailors, Greeks, Armenians, Druses, Arabs, Copts, Egyptians, and people of every nation almost, in the motley gathering. The auctioneer is announcing a bid he has received, when Ned arrives. The auctioneer is a linguist, and translates the offer into many tongues. "Fifty piastres for twenty yards of Tripoli silk! Fifty piastres! Cinquante piastres! Humseen grosh! Elli croosh!" he keeps crying to his auditors. "Humseen grosh! Humseen grosh! Cinquante piastres!" until Ned, knowing the value of silks, and thinking of his mother, bids fifty-one piastres, and the piece of silk is his.

Smyrna is a mart for the whole world. Everybody who wants to trade goes there. Travelers to the East buy their horses at Smyrna. After several months' travel, they often return to Smyrna to sell them. As it is the first port visited in going to Palestine, so it is generally the last that is left before embarking for England. Selling worn-out horses becomes, therefore, a very considerable business there, and it gives employment to quite a number of auctioneers. The moment a traveler enters the gates of the town from the East, he is accosted by several of these persons on the look-out for a job. After much haggling about what per cent. shall be paid upon the price the horse sells for, the man selected vaults into the saddle and rides off. No sooner is he on his way, than he begins his cry, "Harage! harage!" looking around on every side for a bidder. Some one has said, "One hundred piastres." The auctioneer takes the man's address, and crying out, "Harage! one hundred! one hundred!" pursues his ride slowly through the streets. The chances are that if the owner is strolling through the town, he will encounter his steed more than once during the day. His price may have advanced to two hundred and ten, and "Two hundred and ten" his rider is crying aloud, when a Turk, who is quietly smoking his pipe, starts up in his shop, eyes the animal keenly, and sings out, "Two hundred and twenty." The auctioneer makes no more to do, but dismounts immediately, throws the horse's bridle over its head, leads it up to the Turk, holds out his hand, and receives the two hundred and twenty piastres, after which he walks off to the owner, and punctually pays the price minus his own commission.

Auctions in different countries are curious subjects of study. In an auction in Spain, for instance, everything accords with the national temper. There is no noise. Conversation is prohibited. The auctioneer is held to his description of goods. A bid is made; he of the hammer repeats it; silence follows; another bid, another announcement of it, and another silence,—all as serious and solemn as a prayer-meeting, until the mallet falls.

Digitized by Google

An auction-room in France is, on the contrary, a perfect Babel. In all noisy Paris there is nothing so noisy and boisterous as a St. Antoine vendue, where *gamins* and *chiffonniers* and "old clo'" Jews contend for cheap bargains. There can be no greater contrast to this hubbub than that which is presented by the dull decorum of an auction-sale in Amsterdam or Rotterdam. There Mynheer auctioneer sits behind a table smoking his pipe. He states terms of sale, waits for a bid, makes no haste, creates no excitement, watches no countenances, takes no nods or winks. Before him stands a box filled with tapers. If there is too long delay, he lights one of these in silence, and thrusts it on a spindle fixed in the table. When it goes out the last bidder takes the article.

There is a curious old custom at Billingsgate,—the great and well-known fish-market of London,—of selling fish from the boats as they arrive every morning, by an auction "of reduction," as it is called. Every boat-load is sold altogether. Twenty five or thirty sales are going on at once. This "reduction" auction always occurs in the early morning, sometimes before light. Men and women indiscriminately act as auctioneers, and the buyers, also men and women, walk up and down the docks scrutinizing the cargoes. A bell rings and the sales commence. In a large flat gondola are bloaters, owned by the strapping fish-woman, who now begins to bawl to the buyers on shore as she stands on the bows, "Here 's your bloaters,—fine, large Yarmouth bloaters; five shillings a cantle! Five shillings! Well, four and tenpence be it then! Four and ten! Four and ten! Four and nine, then! Four and nine! Four and eight!"

"I 'll take 'em, old woman, at four and eight," cries a buyer from the landing place, and forthwith the boat-load is his.

And so it goes on for an hour, amid chaffing and scolding; screaming and swearing; the words, "Mack'rell," "'Aliboat," "Sole," "Salmon," "Cod," "'Addock" shouted a hundred times all together; the boats unloading; porters struggling; boys and girls counting the "hunders" by themselves; fishmongers from the West End selecting; touters skinning eels and cleaning cod; errand-boys running; fish-women flouting each other, and everybody blowing up everybody else, until the great bell rings, which ends the auction-hour and opens the morning market.

FAST FRIENDS.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Author of the "Jack Hazard" Stories.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. MANTON'S FRIENDLY PROMISES.

MEANWHILE nothing was seen of Mr. Manton but his boots, which remained outside his chamber door nearly all the forenoon.

On coming in from another walk, between eleven and twelve, the boys saw his door partly open, and the facetious lodger himself inside, shaving before a glass. At noon he was laying out his clean linen on the bed; at half-past twelve he was brushing his coat; at one he was dressed, ready for dinner,—except that a bow of his cravat and a curl of his right whisker appeared open to criticism, as he took a final turn before the glass and gave himself some finishing touches.

"How can a sane man lie abed so late, and be so long dressing?" exclaimed Jack; a question which George—who, like him, was used to getting up early and jumping into his clothes—could not answer.

Mr. Manton accosted them in a friendly manner as they passed his door, and followed them down stairs.

At the dinner-table, where he shone conspicuously as a humorist and story-teller, he made some sly allusions to the adventure of the previous night, but refrained from entering into particulars while they remained in the room. It was not long after they had retired to their attic, however, when guffaws of male voices in the basement warned them that the joke was out.

"I don't care; it was too good to keep," said Jack, and soothed the feelings of his friend, who was inclined to take the exposure more to heart.

Along in the afternoon, Mr. Manton came to their room, and, finding them busy writing letters, offered to retire.

Digitized by Google

"Excuse me!" he said, smiling. "As you are strangers in town, I thought I might be of service to you; but I can see you any other time."

They urged him to remain, and gave him the chair. After some pleasant conversation, Jack said:

"You may help me by giving me just a little information. I want a chance to look over a file of city newspapers of about a dozen years back." For he had resolved, if possible, to attend to that business the first thing.

"A dozen years back. City papers. Dailies or weeklies?"

"Either, or both. I am looking up a matter of business that was advertised, I suppose, about that time," Jack explained, with a blush worthy of his friend George himself.

Mr. Manton thought a moment.

"I believe a friend of mine has old files of one or two papers; he keeps everything. Or I might take you to the office of one of the dailies. I know the *Tribune* folks,—but, let me see! The *Tribune* was n't published so long ago. I doubt if even the *Herald* was; the *Express* was n't, I know. Twelve years?"

"From eleven to thirteen years—along there," said Jack, with growing anxiety in his face.

"The *Commercial Advertiser* is the oldest New York newspaper. But, let me see!" again said the obliging Mr. Manton. "I can take you to the office of the *Evening Post*, and introduce you to my friend, Mr. Bryant."

"You are very kind indeed!" replied Jack, who did not fully appreciate the greatness of the proposed favor; while George regarded with sudden awe and admiration the man who could coolly call the author of "Thanatopsis" "my friend."

"You know Bryant?" murmured the young poet, who could no more have said "*Mr.* Bryant" than "Mr. Milton" or "Mr. Shakespeare."

"Oh, perfectly well," Mr. Manton answered, with an easy smile. "He will give you every facility. And"—he addressed the wonder-stricken George—"is there anything I can do for *you?*"

George's first thought was, "If he will only take *me* to see Bryant!" But instantly he reflected, "What business have *I* to intrude myself upon the great man?" Then, after a moment's feverish trembling, he thought, "Yes! I will see him. I will show him some of my poems, and *he* will tell me if there is any good in them!" So he said, "I should like to go with you, when you take my friend to the office of the *Evening Post.*"

"Is that all?" And Mr. Manton looked as if he did not regard it as very much. "Some of the fellows down stairs said you had both come to town to find situations; and I did n't know but I might help you in that way."

"Could you?" cried Jack; "for I suppose I shall have to earn a little money while I am attending to that other business."

But George thought, "I 'll see Bryant first!"

"I don't say that I can," replied Mr. Manton, discreetly, as if afraid they would expect too much of him. "And yet it will do no harm to introduce you to some merchants of my acquaintance. A word from me will have weight; and they may know of places, even if they have none for you."

Mr. Manton then promised to go with them to see some of his friends the next morning; and soon after retired to his own room, leaving our youthful adventurers elated with hope.

"Do you believe he was in earnest?" said Jack.

"He seemed so," George replied; "there was n't a bit of that look of fun about his face we noticed last night."

"No, he is n't playing a joke on us now; I 'm sure of that," said Jack. "But does he really mean all he says?"

"I don't know; I can't somehow realize that he is a friend of Bryant's!" exclaimed George. "Perhaps I should feel that way, though, about any common mortal."

"Oh, I 've none of that feeling," laughed Jack. "I suppose poets, after all, are only men; there must be an every-day side to them,—a side which common folks, like Mr. Manton and me, can approach. Who knows but that, five or ten years from now—or less even—people will look at me with wonder and curiosity, when I speak of my friend, George Greenwood?"

"Don't poke fun at me!" said George, coloring with confusion.

Jack went on: "But I can't see the man's object in doing so much for us."

"But why should he make promises he does n't mean to fulfill?" George argued in reply.

And both agreed that Mr. Manton was an obliging person, whom they had had the good fortune to interest in their behalf.

The letters which they were writing—George to Vinnie and Jack to Moses Chatford—now took a more cheerful tone, touching but lightly upon the pecuniary difficulties of their situation.

CHAPTER XVI.

GEORGE PEDDLES HIS MANUSCRIPTS.

ANTICIPATING the morrow, when they hoped to accomplish so much, they went to bed early that night, and slept well until awakened some hours afterwards—near morning it seemed to them—by hearing Mr. Manton come to his room. He must have groped in the dark, they thought, for he appeared to stumble against their door, and to make

Digitized by Google

an unnecessary noise before getting safely inside his own. .

"He 's a night-bird!" murmured George.

"Hope he won't lie abed all the forenoon to-morrow—or to-day—which is it?" replied Jack, sleepily.

It was with some anxiety that, when the morning came, they listened at his closed door, as they passed it on their way down to breakfast. It was guarded by his boots outside, and no sound came from within.

Meeting Mrs. Libby in the lower entry, they asked what time Mr. Manton might be expected down.

"Mr. Manton never breakfases with the boarders, and it 's seldom he breakfases at all," was the reply, in a feeble voice, which discouraged further questions.

After breakfast the boys held a council in their room, and concluded that, under the circumstances, —their time was now so precious,—it would be right for them to return Mr. Manton's call, and remind him of his engagement. So, reluctantly, they went to his door, and knocked at first quite softly, and with timid hearts; then louder, as they got no response; and, finally, lifted the latch and looked in.

A haggard figure, with tumbled hair—looking so little like the sleek Mr. Manton, that for a moment they thought they had broken in upon the wrong man—turned on the pillow, and growled hoarsely, "Who 's there?"

"I beg your pardon," said Jack, "but you promised to go with us this morning."

"Oh! it 's you."

"We are sorry to disturb you," said George. "If you can't go with us, we won't depend upon it."

"Of course I 'll go. But what 's your hurry? It 's always morning till it 's afternoon. Just leave me,—set my boots inside,—I 'll get up in a few minutes."

So the boys withdrew, and lost another hour in waiting. They were both on fire with impatience, and Jack grew desperate.

"I can't afford to spend my forenoon in this way; I am going out!"

But George—who knew of no other means of access to the poet, whom he had now set his heart on seeing, except through Mr. Manton—felt less independent, and begged his friend to wait a little longer. Irritated by the delay, they fell into a dispute, which had almost become a quarrel, when Jack broke suddenly away, and rushed out alone.

George, left to himself, was in a wretched dilemma. He almost wished that Mr. Manton had not held out any promises to them, for then he would have known just what to do. He had a large roll of manuscript poems all ready to submit to a publisher, and a few shorter pieces laid aside for the magazines and newspapers, when the advantage to be gained by first seeing Bryant had caused him to change his plans. Now the day was slipping away, and he was doing nothing. Worse than all, his mind was distressed at the thought of having wronged and grieved his friend. Waiting at last became insupportable to him, and, taking two or three small manuscripts in his pocket, he sallied forth, in no very hopeful mood.

When promenading Broadway on Saturday evening, he had entered a periodical store and taken the addresses of two magazines and three or four story-papers. He remembered now that he had done this at Jack's suggestion, "to make the most of their time."

"How wise the little fellow is! and how thoughtful of my interest!" George said to himself, remorsefully. "And just now I called him conceited, because he chanced to know better than I what we had better do. And he was right! But, then, he need n't have called me a *mutton-head;* that made me mad."

He soon found his way to what was then the literary quarter of the town, and was loitering slowly along, looking for numbers and signs, when, on the corner of Nassau and Ann streets, he met Jack.

They spoke to each other coldly—for the wounds of injurious words were still in their hearts—and passed on, almost like two strangers. That such a thing could happen so soon after their arrival in the city, where neither had a friend beside the other, and that they should thus go their ways separately, without exchanging a word of counsel or sympathy, seemed incredible to both.

"He began it by calling me a mutton-head, and he ought to be the first to come round!" said poor George to himself, his heart swelling with a passion of grief.

"Conceited, am I?" thought Jack, stubbornly fighting back the better feelings which prompted him to run after his friend and throw his arms about him, even there in the street. "He must take that back!" And he walked sullenly on.

A few minutes later, George entered the office of a magazine (we will call it the *Manhattan*) which had once held a foremost place among American periodicals. He did not know that it was then in its decline. He meant to strike high. He drew from his pocket "An Autumn Day," which he considered the best of his short poems, and, in a voice tremulous with agitation, inquired for the editor. It was almost a relief to him to be told that the editor was out, and would not be in until the after-

Digitized by Google

noon. Leaving "An Autumn Day" for his inspection, and saying he would call again, George bowed bashfully to the pert young fellow occupying the editorial chair, and withdrew.

He next visited the office of the *Western Empire*, a showy story-paper, and found the editor in. He sat behind a littered table, in one corner of a dirty printing office, up several flights of stairs, and was engaged in clipping paragraphs from newspapers with a pair of shears.

As soon as he could get breath in the presence of that august person, George explained the object of his visit, and laid two manuscripts before him.

GEORGE AND THE EDITOR OF THE "WESTERN EMPIRE."

"Po'try?" said the editor, putting down his shears and taking up the verses. He was by no means an august person, except in poor George's vivid imagination; but a plain, bald-headed, civil man of business. "We're deluged with that sort of thing. I've a bushel-basket full of pomes under the table here now. 'The Mohawk Spy'—a story?—that sounds better. I'll look at that."

George's heart had sunk like lead on learning that "po'try" was such a drug in the market; but he was slightly consoled by the assurance that the story would be considered.

"When shall I call again?" he asked.

"Whenever you have anything new to offer; I shall be happy to see you."

"I mean—to learn the fate of—'The Mohawk Spy.'"

"Ah! yes; say the last of the week."

"If you could decide upon it to-morrow," said George, "you would oblige me very much, as I am in need of money."

"You expect pay for it?" said the editor of the *Western Empire*, who did not seem to have anticipated that view of the matter.

"I hoped—certainly—" began George, with burning cheeks.

The editor thereupon shoved the "Mohawk Spy" back to him across the table, as he had already shoved the "pome."

"We have only two or three paid writers. We have more gratuitous contributions from others than we can possibly use. *Young* writers can hardly expect to get paid. Good day, sir."

So saying, he took up his shears and resumed his occupation. His manner was so business-like and decisive, that George had not a word to say; and, hurt as he was, it did not occur to him that he had any just ground of complaint. Faint at heart and trembling in every limb,—almost dizzy with the blow his hopes had received,—he turned away, and descended the unswept, ill-lighted stairs to the street, saying to himself, "Business is business; if he can get contributions for nothing, why should he buy mine?"

And yet he felt a sense of wrong, which he could not define. Perhaps it was the instinctive revolt of his soul against the system of unpaid contributions, which fostered a worthless literature and enabled a shoal of trashy periodicals to live, while it starved the needy and meritorious author. Or had the shears given him a secret wound? He could not help thinking of this man filling more than half his broad sheet with clippings for which he paid nothing; and I am not sure but he felt the shadow of a future event, which may be briefly related here.

Digitized by Google

The "Mohawk Spy" did, after all, appear in the columns of the *Western Empire*, in an unforeseen and curious way. George, after much trouble, got the story published in a popular New York magazine, from which it was copied into a London periodical, where it appeared robbed of the author's name, and with the title changed to "An Adventure in the American Backwoods." The editor of the *Western Empire*, finding it there, and probably not recognizing his old acquaintance, "The Mohawk Spy," recopied it, again changing the title to "A Backwoods Adventure," in which mutilated shape it afterwards "went the rounds" of the American newspaper press. When George, who watched its course, first saw it in the *Western Empire*, he was highly incensed, feeling that he had not only been robbed of his property, but also of the small reputation which the connection of his name with the story should have given him. He was for going at once to the editor,—not timidly, as in his first visit, but with wrath in his bosom,—and charging him with the wrong, but on reflection he saw how foolish a thing that would be; and, his anger cooling, he blamed only the injustice of the law, which protects all kinds of property but the products of an author's brain.

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. MANTON'S FRIEND.

WHEN the two boys met in their room, on coming home to dinner, both appeared low-spirited and silent. It was evident that neither had had much success in the business of the morning. Moreover, the wounds of the spirit which they had given each other still rankled, and a sullen coldness seemed to have replaced their ardent friendship.

Mr. Manton's door was partly open as they passed it, but, resenting that gentleman's treatment of them, they took no pains to learn whether he was out or in.

After dinner Jack sauntered into the parlor, and was surprised to see a lady dressed in black, with a black veil over her face, sitting by the window. She seemed to be waiting for some person to come in; and, though he was not that person, she gave him a second look, removed her veil, and greeted him with a well-remembered smile. It was the lady who had questioned him with so much tender interest when he was passing round the hat on the steamboat.

She pressed his hand warmly, and was questioning him again, in the same gentle, almost affectionate way, when suddenly her countenance changed, and she turned to speak to one who had come in behind him. It was Mr. Manton; and it now appeared that he was the person she had been waiting to see.

He was looking very fresh, and so sleek that not a hair of his whiskers could have been thought out of place. His manner towards the lady was excessively polite, but he seemed scarcely to notice Jack, who, thinking himself in the way, quickly stole out of the room.

Climbing to his attic, he found George there before him, waiting, miserable enough.

"May be Mr. Manton will go with you this afternoon," said Jack, coldly.

"I don't care for Mr. Manton," replied George. Yet it was evident that he did still place some reliance on that gentleman's promises; for when told that there was a lady with him in the parlor, he watched anxiously from the window to see her go.

Possibly Jack shared his hopes, for he waited also; and, whenever the street door was heard to shut, thrust his head out of the attic window, provided his friend's head was not already at that loophole of observation.

At last the lady went—and Mr. Manton with her. Jack laughed sarcastically, but made no comment, as he tossed on his hat and walked out.

The sensitive George thought the laugh was at him, and bitterly resented it. His hands trembling with agitation, he now tied up a bundle of manuscripts, and went out to find a publisher for his volume of poems.

Meeting again at night, it was evident that the boys had had no better luck than in the morning. George, however, had come home without his package of manuscripts. He had found somebody willing at least to look at them.

After supper, Jack did not go up to their room; and, after waiting some time for him, George, wretchedly lonesome, went down to the parlor.

His friend was not there.

"No matter!" thought George, stifling his emotions of grief and yearning affection. "I can be as independent as he can!"

He found it hard, though, wandering about the streets, without an object, trying to amuse himself in the absence of his friend; and his heart gave a leap of joy when, an hour or two later, he met Jack crossing Broadway.

"Hello!" said Jack, "where are you going?"

"Nowhere in particular," replied George. "Where have you been all the evening?"

"Looking over an everlasting file of old newspapers;—it's an awful job," said Jack, gloomily.

"Why did n't you let me go and help you?"

"O, I did n't want to trouble you."

While they were talking, Mr. Manton came

Digitized by Google

along. They pretended not to notice him, but he rushed up to them with a flushed face and beaming smiles.

"Where have you kept yourselves all day?" he cried. "I 've been to your room to find you about fifty times; I wanted to take you around to see a friend of mine."

"We lost so much time waiting for you in the morning, we had to make it up this afternoon," said Jack.

"Besides," George added, "we saw you going off with a lady after dinner."

"Ladies have the first claim, always!" said Mr. Manton, gaily. "But I was back in an hour. In the morning I was n't well. Let me see!"—looking at his watch. "It 's too late to call on Mr. Bryant this evening. I spoke to a friend of mine about you,—he will do something,—and I believe we can find him now."

George feebly objected that they had no night-key, and did n't care to be again locked out of the boarding-house.

"I have a night-key, as I believe you know," laughed Mr. Manton. "I engage to see you safely home. Come; it 's only two or three blocks."

His manner was so friendly that the boys were easily persuaded to go with him. George at least was convinced that they had blamed him wrongfully, and he regretted that it was too late to call on the great poet.

He chatted with him in a most familiar and fascinating manner, as they walked up the street together, repeating what he had said of them to his friend, and what his friend had promised in reply.

"He may be in here," said he; "let 's look in." It was a refreshment saloon, in which a number of gentlemen were talking—some rather loud—at little marble-topped tables, or drinking at the bar. "He often comes here about this time for a chop; which reminds me," said Mr. Manton, "that I did n't go home to supper."

He seemed to know almost everybody in the room; he spoke privately to two or three, and then came back to where he had left the boys standing.

"He has n't come in yet. While we are waiting, let 's have a glass of beer and a dish of oysters."

He seated them at a table, and was so very urgent that they finally consented to take the oysters without the beer. As for himself, notwithstanding the discovery that he had had no supper, he took the beer without the oysters. And yet it did n't look like beer, and it had a suspicious slice of lemon in it.

As this was drank before the oysters were consumed, he took another glass of "the same," as he confidentially whispered to the waiter. Thus, as his friend had not yet arrived, he filled up the time by taking still another glass, his face growing all the while more flushed, and his manner more vivacious.

The third glass finished, he put his hand in his pocket, and did not appear greatly surprised at finding nothing there.

"I 'm dead beat!" he laughed. "I shall have to borrow half a dollar; I 'll hand it to you in the morning."

As he was there on the boys' business, and was planning to do so much for them, and had moreover just treated them to oysters, they could not well refuse the loan; and, of course, they could not doubt so well-dressed and polite a gentleman's promise to repay them. So they emptied their pockets of the few small coins left, of what George, in compliment to his friend, termed their "head and heels money."

Mr. Manton then called the waiter, and in the merriest manner counted out the expenses of their entertainment on the table, beginning to talk rather thickly.

"Two oys'ers,—that 's two shill's,—there 's your two oys'ers;" and he carefully placed the two shillings under two fingers. "Now, I 've had a punch, or, I b'lieve, I 've had two punch's."

"Three punches," observed the waiter.

"Is pos'ble? I 'peal to my young friends here: is three punch's or one punch's?" His young friends assuring him that it was three punches, he submitted gracefully. "Three punch's,—that 's a shill' 'n' sixpence. No! le' me count!" as the waiter offered to assist him. "I 'm determ'ned have it right. There 's your two oys'ers; there 's yer three punch's; an' I 've sixpence lef'. Boys, I 'm going to have another bran'y punch!"

They tried to dissuade him; and George even ventured to hint that he had had too many punches already. In vain: away went the waiter with the money, and returned with the fourth brandy punch.

Whilst drinking it Mr. Manton discoursed wisely to his young friends concerning the duties of life, and the snares to be shunned in a great city. He counseled them particularly not to drink gin, which was bad for the constitution; to beware of confidence men, who had a thousand tricks for getting their money; and to put themselves under the protection of some friend and patron who knew the world, like himself. Then, smacking his lips over the last drop of his last punch, he reached for the spittoon, which he mistook for his hat, laughed at the blunder, and said he hoped nobody had mistaken his hat for the spittoon; then, with the boys'

Digitized by Google

assistance, finding himself "all right," he declared that he would show them the "sights" before morning.

"He 's tipsy!" Jack whispered behind his back. "We must take him home."

Walking with their friend and patron between them, the boys got him along the street very well, until, coming to a doorway that attracted his attention, he stopped, and became obstinate.

"We can't go in here," said George; "it 's getting late"

"But you can't g' 'ome 'thout me, for I 've the nigh'-key!" said Mr. Manton. "You 're boun' to go 'th me, then I 'm boun' to see you safe 'ome. My friend 's in here; I *mu'* int'duce ye to 'm!"

As he insisted on going in, they reluctantly entered with him, mounted a dark flight of stairs, and came to a door at which he gave a peculiar knock. It was opened, and in a moment they found themselves in a blaze of light, amidst groups of loungers, card-players, and men throwing dice on shaking props.

"It 's a gambling saloon!" Jack whispered to the astonished George.

Here again Mr. Manton appeared to know everybody, and to be quite at home. After speaking to several persons, and glancing at the different groups, he smilingly invited the boys to lend him another half-dollar, with which he was certain of winning for them a very large sum. He felt it in his bones, he said; and when he felt that way he was always sure to win.

George was explaining that they had given him all their money already, when Jack suddenly started and caught his arm.

"Do you see that man over there?"

"Which? where?"

"At the farther table—his coat buttoned to his chin," said Jack, excitedly. "It 's my old acquaintance, the 'Lectrical 'Lixir man!—good-natered John Wilkins!"

(To be continued.)

LITTLE GOO-GOO.

BY SCOTT CAMPBELL.

WE have in our house a brave little chap—
There he is now, in dear mamma's lap;
He is laughing and singing the whole day long,
And "Goo-goo-goo!" is all of his song.

In his nice little cradle-bed he lies,
Staring about with great, bright eyes;
"Baby, dear! what are you singing about?"
But "Goo-goo-goo!" is all I make out.

He shakes his fists, and kicks his feet,
Because he is waiting for something to eat;
And then speaks up, very loud and strong,
And his "Goo-goo" means "I can't wait long."

I catch up the darling and throw him high,
And he reaches his hands to touch the sky;
But all that he says, to show his delight,
Is "Goo-goo-goo!" with his baby might.

"Dear little pitkin! what is your name?"
But all the answer I get is the same.
"Oh! what a name for a boy like you!"
And he giggles and shouts his sweet "Goo-goo!"

He crows "Goo-goo!" before it is light,
And sings "Goo-goo!" in the dead of the night;
It is "Goo-goo-goo!" the whole day long,
And *I* think "Goo-goo!" is a beautiful song.

The little birdies say, "Cheep! cheep!"
"Ba! Ba! Ba!" says the baby-sheep;
But the sweetest song, I think—don't you?—
Is our little darling's "Goo-goo-goo!"

Oh how precious is little Goo-goo!
And, oh! how we love him, little Goo-goo!
I pray that angels will guard him—don't you?
And Father in Heaven bless little Goo-goo!

Digitized by Google

CHRISTMAS CITY.

BY MRS. S. B. C. SAMUELS.

CHRISTMAS CITY is a wonderful place. It was built entirely by a boy of twelve. Its tallest building is exactly two and a-half inches high.

Its neat, substantial houses are much admired. It has a City Hall, a Metropolitan Hotel, a post-office, depot, church, and numerous stores and dwellings. There are also a good railroad and a fine harbor; for the little architect built cars and ships and wharves and bridges as well as houses.

It was seeing how happy and busy he was that put it into my head to write out the story for ST. NICHOLAS, and give some of his models, that boys and girls who find time hanging heavy upon their hands may know of this pleasant way of employing themselves.

When Captain Atherton went to sea, his son Fred was very lonely indeed. It was dull weather, and he could not drive the pony. The fruit was gone. It was too cold to go out in the boat, and he was tired of his toys and books, and of his Crandall blocks. What to do with himself he did not know. One day he was lounging in his sister Lillie's room,—teasing her, I am sorry to say.

"Don't touch that!" exclaimed Lillie, hastily, as he seized one of her choicest treasures,—a little Swiss cottage, which she had bought at the fair.

"I won't hurt it," replied Fred, laughing, and holding it out of her reach. "I want to see how it is made."

He was standing in a chair, holding the little toy above his head. Lillie unwisely tried to grasp it, jostling him and overturning the chair, so that Fred fell on the floor. He was not at all hurt, but the little toy was badly damaged.

"See what you've done!" cried Lillie, vexed and impatient; "you rude, careless boy!"

"It was n't my fault," retorted Fred; "you pushed me."

"Get out of my room," said Lillie, ready to cry, "or I'll speak to mamma. I just wish papa was at home to make you behave!"

"I wish myself that papa was at home," said Fred; "and I don't care if you do tell mamma." And he stalked off angrily.

But when he had cooled off a little, he began to see that this time it was all his own fault; that Lillie felt very badly about the broken toy, and that he, being in the wrong, ought to make amends.

So, while Lillie was practising her music-lesson in the afternoon, he went back to her room, found the little cottage, and repaired it neatly. When it was finished, he stood admiring it.

"How pretty it is! I wish I could make one like it. I could if I had any of that thin, white wood. It's no thicker than card-board. *Card-board!* the very thing. Hurrah! I've an idea."

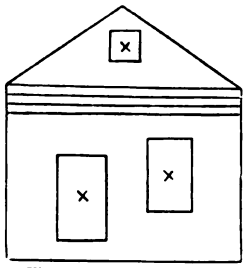


Fig. 1. Front of Cottage.

And in three minutes he was seated at his desk, with a sheet of card-board before him, upon which a model of the Swiss cottage was being rapidly drawn. There were seven pieces: the front (Figure 1); the back, which was shaped like the front and is not illustrated; the two sides, of which one is given (Fig. 2); the two halves of the roof, one of which is given (Fig. 3); and the chimney (Fig 4). These he drew precisely as you see them in the illustrations. The places marked X are to be cut out and saved for doors and blinds. Four little cleats of wood, half-an-inch long and of about the thickness of a common match, are necessary to assist in holding the card-board in place.

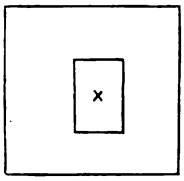


Fig. 2. Side of Cottage.

Now, suppose that you have drawn the model of the cottage as Fred did. Cut out all the sections. Next cut out the places marked X. Cut in halves, perpendicularly, the pieces which come from the windows, and paste one-half on each side of the windows. These are blinds, and after the cottage is built they should be painted green.

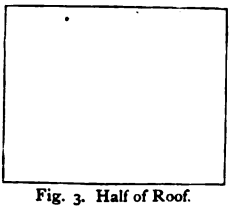


Fig. 3. Half of Roof.

Next take two narrow strips of paper, and paste one-half of each strip upon the back of the door, and the other upon the inside of the front, so that the door will fit as it did before it was cut. When the paste is dry, the door may be opened and shut.

Fig. 4.

Chimney.

Fig. 5.

Next take two very narrow strips of paper and paste them over the windows inside, as in Fig. 5, for sashes. Behind these paste bits

Digitized by Google

of white or colored paper for curtains. The door should be neatly painted, and, to give a good effect, a band of colored paper should be pasted across the front where the four lines are drawn in Fig. 1.

The parts are now ready to be put together. Paste a cleat to the inside of the front, at each end,

Fig. 6. Bracket.

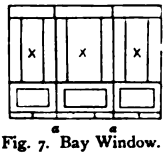


Fig. 7. Bay Window.

Fig. 8. Window Roof.

and lay it in the sun to dry. When dry, wet the sides of the cleats with paste, and attach the two sides of the house to the front. The cleats will hold the parts firmly together. Be careful that the edges are even. While these are drying, paste the cleats to the back, and then attach the back to the

Fig. 9. Swiss Cottage with Bay-window.

sides. The roof may now be put on. It should be pasted together at the top edges, and the top edges of the house should be pasted around to receive the roof. After the roof is on, it should be covered with thin black or slate-colored paper, pasted evenly; and at the point where the top edges meet, a narrow strip should be pasted on and bent to fit the roof on both sides, like a saddle-board. This strip should be exactly the length of the roof and about half-an-inch wide. The chimney is made from a little block of wood of the size shown in Fig. 4. The ridge is made by pasting on a narrow strip of card-board just below the top. The bottom should be cut to fit the slope of the roof, and the chimney should be colored red, to imitate brick-work. This completes the Swiss cottage.

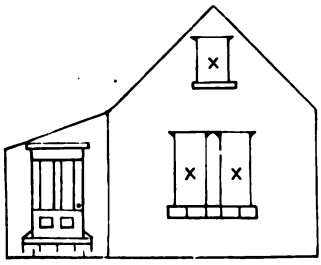


Fig. 10. Front of Farm-house.

After building six like this, Fred made an improvement by pasting brackets under the eaves in front, and by adding bay-windows. Fig. 6 represents a bracket. A model of the bay-window is given in Figs. 7 and 8. The places marked x are to be cut out, and sashes and curtains put in, as before described. The lines marked *a* should be cut half through the card-board, that the window may be bent to receive its roof (Fig. 8). Cut a piece of the right width from

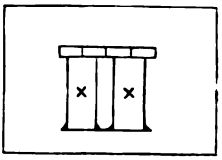


Fig. 11. Side of Farm-house.

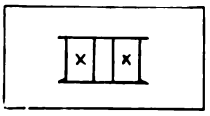


Fig. 12. Back of Farm-house.

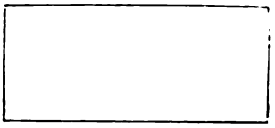


Fig. 13. Roof of L.

the side of the house, paste the parts of the bay-window together, and fit it to the house. Paint the blinds and the window-roof, and you will be pleased enough with the result (Fig. 9).

Fred's next venture was a farm-house and barn. Fig. 10 represents the farm-house front. The same general directions as those given for the Swiss cottage may be followed in making the farm-house. Fig. 11 is one side of the house, Fig. 12 is the back, and Figs. 13 and 14 are the roof of the L and half of the main roof. The other half should be a trifle shorter, as it cannot overlap the L. The chimney may be made like that in Fig. 4. In Fig. 15 the body of the barn is cut in one piece. The lines marked *b* are cut half through the card-board. The doors and windows are left whole on one side, to be opened and shut. The double doors are cut on the centre line and at the top and bottom.

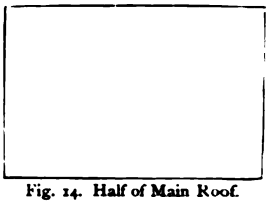


Fig. 14. Half of Main Roof.

When Fred had built the houses already described, he made some little people for Christmas

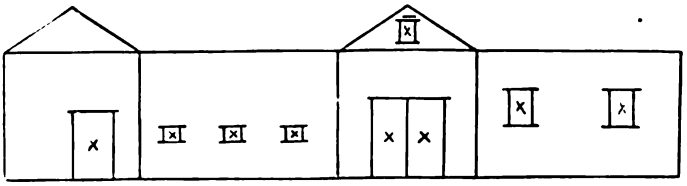


Fig. 15. Body of Barn.

Digitized by Google

City. These figures, cut from the pith of dried corn-stalks, and colored by our young artist, were so pretty, and gave the place such an enterprising look, that he immediately set about building them some stores. On these the Mansard windows (see Fig. 18) slope to fit the side of the roof, and overlap the front a little.

Fig. 16. Half of Roof of Barn.

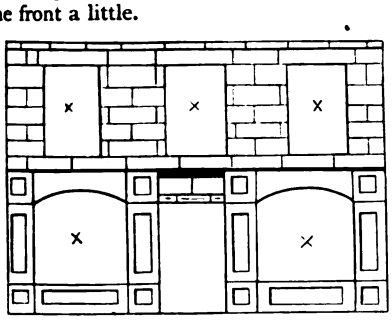


Fig. 17. Store and Hall.

After building a number of stores, Fred made a church and school-house; then a city hall was erected, a theatre, and several other buildings.

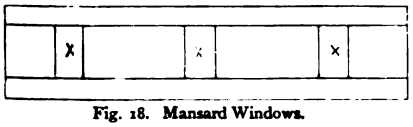


Fig. 18. Mansard Windows.

The church was a "little gem" in the way of a model.

The bars around the windows are made by pasting on narrow strips of card-board. The roof or hood to the window is half cut through at *c* (Fig. 24), and bent to fit the window, being put on above the top and supported by brackets (Fig. 25).

Fig. 19. Half of Roof.

Enough models have now been given to begin with. When one has made all these, his own ingenuity will suggest various other designs.

Fred has awnings to some of his store windows, and piazzas to many houses. He has fences made of narrow strips of card-board, and trees flourish in this thriving city. These trees are very graceful and pretty. They are cut from soft pine, and the foliage is formed by strips of green paper cut into shreds and pasted on.

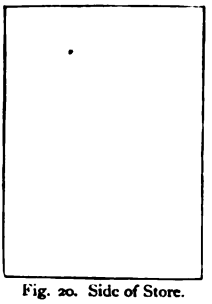


Fig. 20. Side of Store.

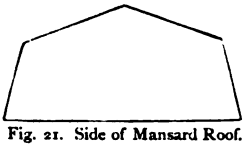


Fig. 21. Side of Mansard Roof.

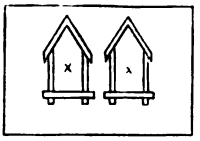


Fig. 23. Side of Church.

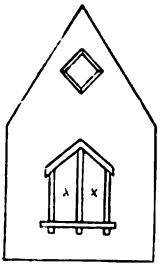


Fig. 22. Front of Church.

Christmas City was finished on the night before Christmas. Santa Claus, on his rounds, took a peep at it, and was so pleased that he dropped a valuable work on architecture into Fred's stocking, and left a case of mathematical instruments on his desk.

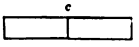


Fig. 24. Hood to Window.

Fig. 25. Bracket.

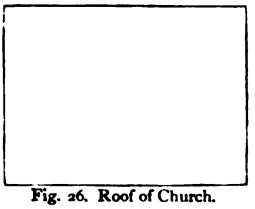


Fig. 26. Roof of Church.

Two little birds once met in a tree,
One said, "I'll love you if you will love me."
The other agreed, and they built them a nest,
And began to keep house with very great zest.
They lived there all summer, and then flew away;
And where they are now I really can't say.

Digitized by Google

HOME FROM THE PARTY

BY M. D. BRINE.

WHY, what does this mean? here are three little fellows,
O'erflowing with kisses for dear sister Nell!
Such hugging, caressing, and leaping from pillows!
The boys have some object in view, I know well.
And Nellie, while laughing to see their bright eyes,
Keeps her hand in her pocket, and looks very wise.

"Oh! what did you have at the party, dear Nellie?
Cakes, oranges, candies, and everything nice?
Did you bring any home? What is that in your pocket?
Oh! say, did they send us some good orange ice?"
Ah! hear the bright babies, so eager and knowing,
More love, and more kisses, on sister bestowing.

And Nellie has taken, at last, from her pocket,
The sweet, smuggled treasures, their eyes to delight;
While fresh from their dreams of the party awakened,
Are gathered the little ones, wild at the sight;
Such dainties receiving, that, really, 'tis plain,
Sister Nellie *must* go to a party again!

Digitized by Google

BLUE BEARD'S ISLAND.

By Charles Dimitry.

I SUPPOSE that every young reader of ST. NICHOLAS knows something about Blue Beard and his inquisitive wife; and he may, perhaps, have even shed tears over the sorrows of the poor woman who, in the moment of her greatest danger, cried out to her sister every few minutes: "Sister Anne! Sister Anne! is anybody coming?" But the story that you have read is not the exact story of that cruel monster, whose real name was Gilles de Laval, and who lived about the middle of the fifteenth century. The writer of the fairy tale of "Blue Beard" was a French author, named Charles Perrault, who was born in Paris in 1628, and who died in 1703. You will, therefore, see that, as the true Blue Beard lived about 1440, nearly two hundred years had passed away before Perrault took up the legend and put it among his other fairy tales. Now, for my part, I think it well that you who have read Perrault's fairy tale should also know where he got his story, who Blue Beard was, what he did, and all about the little island in which he lived and where are still to be seen the ruins of the old tower upon which the faithful Sister Anne is supposed to have stood when she watched for the arrival of her brothers, and saw, you remember, that big cloud of dust in the distance, which proved to be caused, after all, only by a flock of sheep.

If you will place your map of France before you, and will run your eye down that portion of the western coast which is washed by the waves of the Bay of Biscay, you will see in the bay, south of the mouth of the river Loire, and opposite the province of Poitou, a very small island, a mere speck in the ocean apparently, and shaped somewhat like a human eye. This little island is called Ile d'Yeu, or Ile Dieu, as it is sometimes named, the latter term signifying the Island of God. It was here that the original Blue Beard lived, and it was in his castle on this island, as is generally supposed, that his wife's brothers came to their sister's rescue. I will first tell you something about the island and about the old castle, and then we will come to Blue Beard and his story.

The Ile d'Yeu is about eight miles long and two miles and a-half wide. The population numbers 3,000. The men are mainly fishermen, and while they are away on their fishing expeditions, the women stay at home to cultivate the soil and tend the cattle and sheep. In past ages, the island contained many forests, but now the woods have all disappeared. There are several small villages on the island, and quite an important trade in fish and cattle is carried on with the neighboring coasts of France.

In the early days of the history of the Ile d'Yeu, the Druids, the Gauls, the Romans, and the Saracens were in turn in control of the island. The two first-named have left many traces of their residence there in the way of stone monuments, illustrating their peculiar religious worship. Near the hamlet of Meule, for instance, is that famous shaking-stone, erected by the Druids, which is so curiously balanced that a child can move it with a touch of the finger, and yet which fifty strong men, exerting all their strength, could not overturn. Near the same village is a chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and to which sailors and fishermen of the island sometimes resort, in pursuance of vows which they have made when in danger of shipwreck.

Owing to the dangerous character of the western coast of the Ile d'Yeu, it has been found necessary to build two light-houses, in order to guide aright vessels entering port at night, and to give vessels at sea warning of the presence of the island. The largest of these light-houses throws a light that can be seen from a distance of twenty-one miles. Concerning the other, which is called the Light-house of the Ravens, and which displays a red light, there is a legend worth telling.

According to this legend, two ravens, in the old days, dwelt upon the cliff on which the light-house now stands. What was peculiar about these wise birds was this, that they would never allow any other raven to show his ugly face near their dwelling-place. Very naturally, this judicious conduct led the simple islanders to attach to these ravens the repute of being something mysterious and more than mortal; and as the inhabitants were very ignorant,—and, therefore, very superstitious,—what should they do but bring all their little private quarrels before the ravens for their decision, and thus make them judge, jury, lawyers and witnesses, all in one! Imagine, now, two of these wise men of Yeu trudging, one day, to the ravens' cliff, with a sack of flour between them, about the ownership of which they had had a dispute, without being able to come to an understanding! Each man had provided himself with a cake, and

Digitized by Google

these cakes they placed in a spot where the ravens could easily get them. Then they waited; and when, finally, one of the cakes was eaten and the other was left untouched, the owner of the eaten cake was acknowledged by the other man as the rightful owner of the sack of flour. This was, indeed, an easy way of settling the matter, and was far more satisfactory than going to law about it, as people do now-a-days, when there are no sagacious ravens to decide in such disputes.

Blue Beard's castle is perched upon a great rock, situated not far from the larger of the two lighthouses. It is quadrangular in shape,—that is, built in the shape of a square,—and surrounding it is a ditch or moat, which is full of water at high tide, and which becomes empty when the tide goes out. The only means of entrance to the castle is across a drawbridge, elevated several feet above the sea. It is believed that this castle, and three or four others of similar construction that are found along St. George's Channel, were built by pirates, who were their first tenants; and that Blue Beard's castle was erected as far back as the eighth century.

You must not expect me, my dear children, to tell you in detail the true story of Gilles de Laval, whose title was Seigneur de Retz, or Raiz, as it is sometimes written. It differs in some important respects from the story as you have read it, and is a tale that should be told only at twilight, or when the flame of an expiring candle flickers solemnly in the socket, casting strange shadows on the wall. Nor should little children be present when it is told, for they would be more frightened than entertained by it. Be satisfied, therefore, with the details as you have read them in your book of fairy tales. But there are some historical facts concerning Blue Beard and his career, which will be new to you, and which you will probably be interested in knowing.

Gilles de Laval owed his name of "Blue Beard" —or *Barbe Bleue*, as it is in French—to the color of his beard, which was of that hue known as blue-black,—like the raven's wing, for example. He was born, it is said, in 1396, nearly five hundred years ago. He was a nobleman by birth, and was a marshal of Brittany, a province of France (and his native province), which lies on the coast not far to the north of the Ile d'Yeu. He was also very rich, and was the lord of seven castles, one of which is that which I have already described. Two of the others were situated at Chantoée and at Machecoul, the latter in the province of Poitou.

It is related of this wicked man that he was fond of pomp and display, and was a spendthrift; and that, in order to get more gold for his pleasures, he became a sorcerer, and pledged his soul to the Evil One to obtain possession of the philosopher's stone, which stone the superstitious people of that day believed to exist somewhere in the world, and which, they thought, if it could only be discovered, would enable its possessor to gratify all his desires. Such foolish superstitions have now passed away; but in the time when Blue Beard lived, nearly everyone, including the wisest men of the age, believed in the powers of the "Black Art," as the sorcerer's profession was called.

In his search for the philosopher's stone, Gilles de Laval committed many atrocious crimes. He was assisted in these by two accomplices, one an apostate priest and the other a Florentine, named Sellé, who were, if possible, more cruel even than Blue Beard himself. His wife and her sister were of high birth, and Madame de Retz was quite young when she was married.

It was in the year 1440, and on the holy Easter Day, that Blue Beard left his castle in the Ile d'Yeu, on the pretence of making a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. He strictly forbade his wife and her sister from entering the third tower of the castle during his absence. No sooner had he mounted his horse and ridden away, however, than the curiosity of the women overcame their fears of the monster, and they ventured into the forbidden tower. Blue Beard, expecting that they would disobey him, suddenly returned to the castle, and discovered the unfortunate and too curious women in the chamber of death, gazing with horror and affright upon many of the persons whom he had sacrificed in his attempts to discover, in their blood, the philosopher's stone. Madame de Retz was shut up in the tower to await her execution, Blue Beard having determined, on the advice of his two cruel accomplices, to take her life. But her sister was lucky enough to have the intelligence of their danger sent to her brothers. The brothers at once went to the rescue, and succeeded not only in saving their sister's life, but also in causing the arrest of the wicked husband.

Can you not imagine what righteous fate overtook Gilles de Laval? He was tried for his crimes, and was condemned to death; and this sentence was carried out, when he was burnt at the stake in the meadow of the Madeleine, near the city of Nantes.

If, when you grow to be men and women, you should ever visit the Ile d'Yeu, you will see the remains of the castle, in the tower of which poor Madame de Retz was imprisoned; and if you should journey to Versailles, near Paris, in France, you will also see in the Museum there a portrait of a stern, black-bearded man, which, the guide will tell you in a whisper, is that of the cruel Gilles de Laval, Seigneur de Retz, and the original of the Blue Beard of the well-known fairy tale.

Digitized by Google

A BRIGHT IDEA.

By M. S.

AT Kingaiteloo, in Greenland, on New Year's Day, 18—, the thermometer marked only eighteen degrees below zero. This was not considered cold weather for that season, in a country where the mercury sometimes freezes. But for two days a bitter, cold wind had been blowing through the narrow valley in which lies the village of Kingaiteloo, with such violence that no one could stand against it. And that is how it happened that the two Esquimaux boys, Newerkierung and Pierkoonemeloon had been shut up in the Mission House for two whole days, which was a great loss of time to them in this mild weather; for they knew that when the real cold weather came in earnest, they might not be able to go out-doors for weeks, perhaps.

So the boys were not happy on this New Year's Day, though each of them had a large cake covered with colored sugar. There was the snow house to be built for Annersung and her children, and it was good fun to help build a snow house. Annersung's husband had been drowned the summer before, while out with a party on a great seal hunt. At that time Annersung lived in a tent made of skins; but when the villagers moved into their winter houses, she had to live with the family of her cousin, Ugarng. Now she was to have a house of her own.

And there were their traps to be looked after. There must certainly be some martens in them by this time, and, possibly, a fox. So far this season, the boys had had very poor luck with their traps; and business would be very dull with them the next summer, when the fur traders came to the settlement, if the traps were not more frequently filled during the remainder of the winter.

So, on New Year's Day they sat by the stove, and ate their cakes in solemn silence.

"Why, the wind has stopped blowing!" suddenly exclaimed Pierkoonemeloon, as he finished his last mouthful of cake.

"It is all at once dreadfully still!" said Newerkierung.

[This is the English translation of the Inuit language, in which the boys conversed.]

They ran to a window. They were right. The wind had ceased. It was now the middle of the day, according to our division of time into twenty-four hours of day and night; but, if the day be measured by the rising and setting of the sun, it was the middle of the night. For the sun stays with the Esquimaux six months in succession, and leaves them for the same length of time. The sky looked black, it was so dark in color. In it the stars glittered with great brilliancy, and the new moon shone faintly. Their light, with the reflection from the wide snow-fields, and from the icy mountains, with which the valley was surrounded on three sides, made near objects quite distinct; but, in the distance, the darkness seemed to rise up like a black wall.

"Hi-hi!" cried Newerkierung. "We can go out!"

"Now for the traps!" said Pierkoonemeloon.

"If we don't go right to the village, we shall be too late to help build Annersung's house," said Newerkierung.

The boys quickly put on their out-door garments. These consisted of jacket, trowsers, and boots, all made of seal-skin, with the fur outside. On their heads they wore fur hoods. These clothes they put on over the suit worn in-doors, boots and all. This in-door suit was also of seal-skin, made up with the fur inside.

When the boys reached the village, there was no one to be seen until they came to the house of Ugarng. It seems that all the men had been helping Ugarng to fasten up against his house what was left of the body of a walrus, after they had eaten as much of it as they wanted; and they were now inside the hut, warming themselves. Ugarng was still busy with the walrus, giving it some final touches, and his two little boys were standing by him, watching the process.

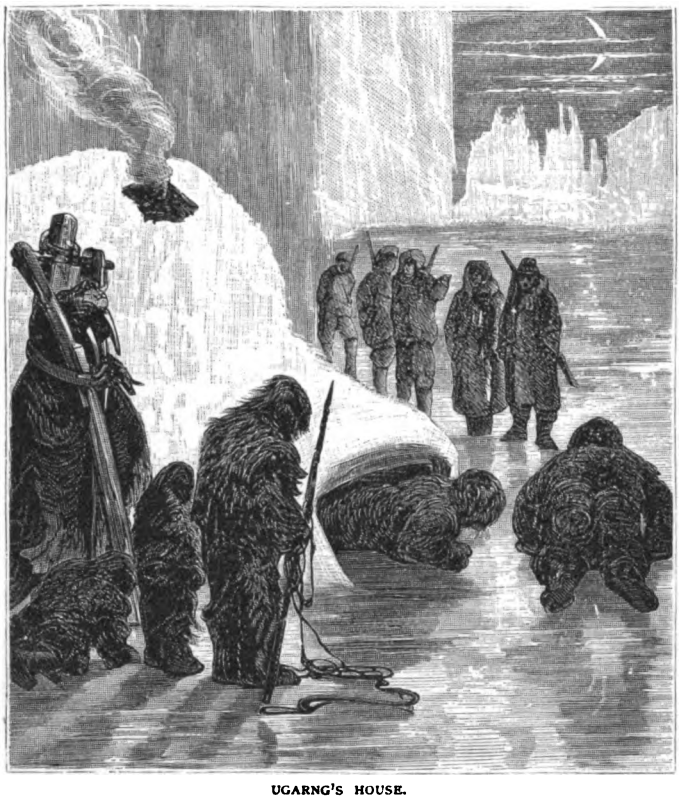
The boys told Ugarng that Mr. Lay, the missionary, was coming to the village to see about Annersung's house, and then they went into the hut to inform the men. In order to get in, they had to go on their hands and knees, the entrance was so low. Having delivered their message, they crawled out again, just as the party from the Mission House arrived. This consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Lay, and Mr. Carey, the assistant. Annersung and her nephew, Eterloong, had joined them, having started for the Mission House as soon as the wind lulled, and met them on the way.

Very soon the whole village was astir; some of

Digitized by Google

the men at work, some giving advice; and the women and children looking on.

Blocks of snow, two feet long and six inches wide, were cut and carefully pared with a large knife. These were built into a dome, the walls of which were very thick and solid. Inside was one room, circular, with a hole in the roof for the escape of the smoke. The entrance to this room was through a hole, about a yard in diameter, which led into an arched passage-way, sixteen feet long, and not high enough to enable a grown person to walk upright in it. In the dome was placed a window of transparent, fresh-water ice. On the sides of the room were a couple of raised platforms, two feet high, made of blocks of snow laid compactly and smoothly together. On these were placed whale-bones and seal-skins, making two comfortable beds for Annersung and her children! In the centre of the room was a smaller platform for the cooking-lamp, and over this was constructed a rude wooden scaffolding, on which to hang the cooking utensils.



UGARNG'S HOUSE.

The house was now completed, and the next proceeding was to move into it Annersung's furniture. The seal-skins had already been laid upon the beds. The clothing of the family was now brought in, and a couple of cooking utensils and a lamp. This last was an oval-shaped dish, filled with whale oil and blubber, in the centre of which was a long wick of moss. It answers the purposes of both lamp and stove. This completed Annersung's list of furniture, and she was perfectly contented with it, for her neighbors were no better off.

The business was all accomplished in three hours, and would have been done much sooner if there had been fewer people at work.

It seems incredible, but these snow houses are very warm.

Pierkoonemeloon and Newerkierung had worked like beavers, "just for the fun of the thing;" but they were not in the least tired.

"Now for our traps!" they shouted, as they dashed out of the village.

The traps had been dug in the early Fall, when the ground was soft, and were skillfully constructed and kept well baited. They were in a lonely plain between the icy mountain and the frozen sea, at some distance from the settlement; and the boys felt that they must be in a hurry if they wanted to get back to the Mission House at supper-time.

But they were not to see their traps that day. Newerkierung, who was in advance, stopped very suddenly as he turned the corner of a jutting rock, so that Pierkoonemeloon nearly fell over him.

"Bears!" said Newerkierung, in a low, terrified voice, as he pointed up the mountain side.

Pierkoonemeloon, looking in the direction indicated, saw four full-sized polar bears trotting gently towards them. They had evidently not seen the boys, or they would have quickened their pace; but they were dangerously near, and the boys turned back and darted off at their swiftest run for the Mission House. They would have preferred going to the village, and telling the news there, so that they might have the excitement of a bear chase, in which their present relative positions might be reversed; but they were afraid the bears would overtake them if they went so far. It was well they did not make the attempt, for the bears came into view very soon after they had established themselves at a window.

Digitized by Google

"The bears have come!" shouted Pierkoonemeloon.

"We 'll have to go out and fight them!" cried Newerkierung.

Mr. Lay smiled. Their force of two men, unskilled in bear warfare, and two boys, would not prove very effective in an encounter with four polar bears.

"We won't go to them," he said, "and they can't come to us. They will soon get tired and go away."

"Not they!" said the boys, who knew much more about bears than Mr. Lay. "They must be savagely hungry to venture into a settlement this way, and now they have come they won't go away in a hurry. They have smelt the cooking in the smoke of the kitchen chimney, and they 'll stay till they get their supper."

"But they won't get it," said Mrs. Lay.

"Then they will stay for their breakfast," said Newerkierung. "When bears come around this way, there is but one thing to do,—go out and fight them."

"Our friends in the village will do that as soon as they know what visitors we have," said Mr. Lay. "We need not be uneasy."

"But how are they to know?" asked Pierkoonemeloon.

Unfortunately, there was no answer ready to this question.

A great head was now thrust against the window bars, which caused the speakers involuntarily to recoil from their post of observation, and look at the savage beast at a greater distance. But they were not afraid of his getting in. The house had both an outer and an inner wall, with windows in each, the outer windows being secured by heavy bars, strongly mortised.

Here was one bear, but where were the others? Anxious faces were now at the other windows, peering out into the night; but no other bears were to be seen. It was hoped that they had made a descent upon the village, where there were men enough to give battle to them, for the Esquimaux are good hunters, and brave ones. But this hope was soon dispelled.

"They are on the roof!" said Mr. Lay.

A silence followed this announcement. No one knew exactly what to think of this position the besiegers had taken. The scratching of their huge claws upon the ice could be heard distinctly, and it was not a pleasant sound. The bear which had been reconnoitering through the window now joined his companions on the roof. It seemed as if the house trembled under the heavy tread of the four great beasts. Certainly the inmates did. Mrs. Lay and the Esquimaux woman who lived there did not attempt to conceal their fears. The roof had been constructed with great care, and Mr. Lay *thought* the bears could not break through; but in such a matter one likes to be sure, and Mr. Lay was by no means sure. What was to be done? There was but little hope that the bears would be seen or heard from the village; for, no doubt, all its inhabitants were by this time in a profound slumber. A sound of gnawing and tearing could now be heard, accompanied by low, savage growls. Could it be possible that they had broken through the layers of solid ice with which the roof was covered, and had reached the wood? The situation was growing desperate.

"Let 's make a hole in the roof, and put a gun through," said Newerkierung, who had the bravery of his race.

"I have thought of that," said Mr. Lay, "but we would have to wait for a bear to come directly over the spot, which might not happen."

"And if it did," said Mr. Carey, "we should probably only wound him, and then we would be worse off than before, for they would all be enraged and make a savage attack upon the house."

"I have it! I have it!" cried Pierkoonemeloon, jumping up and down in his excitement. "The fireworks! the fireworks! They scared me nearly out of my senses when I first saw them, and a bear, cunning as he is, has n't got as much wit as I have. The fireworks! Make a hole in the roof, and pop! right among them!"

The previous summer, an American ship had remained at Kingaiteloo for several days, and, leaving there the last of June, had given Mr. Lay some fireworks to be used on the coming Fourth of July. This was done, to the great delight of the natives; but, as there was quite a large number of Roman candles among them, Mr. Lay had saved some of these for the next year, and they were packed away in a chest in the lumber-room.

It was at once evident to all the besieged that Pierkoonemeloon's idea was a good one; for, if the Roman candles did not frighten the bears, they would arouse the men in the village, and bring them to the Mission House to raise the siege.

The women flew to the chest, and speedily unpacked the innocent-looking pasteboard tubes, and the boys stood at the foot of the ladder ready to light them, long before Mr. Lay, at the top of the ladder, had succeeded in making a hole through the roof, for he not only had to bore into the wood, but to break through a thick layer of ice. But at last it was done. A Roman candle was lighted, and passed up to Mr. Lay, who pushed it quickly through the hole.

Whiz! pop! pop! pop! went the candle. The party below could hear, but not see. The party

Digitized by Google

above could both see and hear; and, before all the stars had flown out of one candle, the bears scrambled down from the roof and made off at their best speed, howling as they ran. Mr. Carey and the women stationed at the windows reported that the routed enemy had disappeared into the darkness. It was not probable that they would return, but it was thought best to send up another candle in order to arouse the villagers that they might be ready in case the bears should resolve upon renewing the attack.

Great was the relief of the inmates of the Mission House. The women cried; Mr. Lay and Mr. Carey both commenced talking at the same time; and the two boys were so delighted at having outwitted the bears that they sat down on the floor and laughed until the tears rolled down their fat cheeks.

THE BEARS BESIEGING THE MISSION HOUSE.

The Esquimaux men soon came running in to learn what was the matter. They were all armed, and watched anxiously, hoping the bears would return; for a good supply of bear meat would have been very acceptable in the village. But the animals had been too effectually frightened, and came back no more.

This excitement kept the villagers up to a very late hour, and, consequently, they all slept late the next day. This made no difference as far as working in the daylight was concerned, for there was no daylight; but it had been found expedient to establish regular hours for the various things to be done in the settlement, or else there would be no work done at all. Pierkoonemeloon and Newerkierung were the first to make their appearance in the morning in the now quiet valley. This was the third attempt they had made to visit their traps, and this time they resolved to do it. But, warned by yesterday's experience, they took some precautions that they had never taken before. Each boy carried a loaded gun, and hung a little horn at his side, with which to sound an alarm in case they should encounter any unpleasant acquaintances.

They succeeded in reaching the traps without any accident. There were three traps,—one very large, and two smaller ones. They arrived first at the large one, and peeped in, half-expecting to see a bear, so filled were their minds with the forms of these animals. But it was empty. The large trap generally was empty, so this was not much of a disappointment. But when they found the second trap also empty their hearts sank. They could hardly summon up the resolution to look into the third. However, that had an occupant! Only one! But that was better than nothing. And when they looked again, and caught a sight of the glints of silver on its fur, when the moonlight shone on it, they were overjoyed. It was a silver-grey fox, a valuable prize, and a rare one; for the Arctic fox is quite as cunning as his brethren of warmer climes, and it is very seldom indeed that he gets caught in a trap. This

Digitized by Google

capture, the boys agreed, was a good omen for the winter. And so it proved, for they were very successful that season, and the next summer sold forty-seven skins of different animals to the fur-traders, which was the largest number they had ever secured.

NIMPO'S TROUBLES.

By Olive Thorne.

Chapter X.

NIMPO MAKES CAKE.

The long-expected Saturday came at last,—a perfect day,—and Nimpo, with her new dress, which Sarah had made in the latest style, without ruffle or tuck, went to the party.

This party would be a very droll affair to you girls of to-day. The invited guests came at the sensible hour of two o'clock in the afternoon, so as to have a good long time to play before dark. There was no dancing,—that was considered, if not wicked, at least very frivolous. On the contrary, the girls sat around the room like so many sticks; for they all put on their stiff manners with their best dresses. After awhile Helen's mother came in, and suggested that they should go into the yard and play something. In a few moments they were eagerly discussing what it should be.

"Let 's play 'Pom, pom, pell away!' cried Nimpo, who delighted in lively games.

"Oh, no!" said Anna, "we play that every day at school. Let 's play 'Crack the whip,' and Helen shall be the leader."

"Blind Man's Buff!" suggested another. And, after some talk, Blind Man's Buff was decided upon.

"Who 'll be it?" asked Helen.

Thereupon Anna began to count them off.

"Irey—Urey—Ickory—Ann—
Phillisy—Phollisy—Nicholas—John—
Quevor—Quavor—
English—Navor—
Stringalum—Strangalum—John—Buck."

The "Buck" fell to Helen, who had to blind, and the game commenced.

After this came "Dixie's Land" and "Fox and Geese." Then followed a sensible "tea" of biscuits and butter, cold tongue, fruit and sweetcakes. Finally, though it was not seven o'clock, all the girls went home.

It was something of a trial to Rush to hear Nimpo's description of the "good things" eaten at the party, and it made him pronounce old Primkins to be meaner than ever.

In fact, both Nimpo and Rush talked that evening about the wretchedness of the Primkins' bill of fare till they both felt that they were very much abused in the matter of food.

Gradually a great idea took form in Nimpo's head, namely, to go to the old house and bake some cake. To be sure, she had never made any cake, but there was her mother's receipt book, and she knew she could follow directions.

Rush was delighted with the plan. So, one morning, instead of going to school, they took Robbie and went down to the house.

Nimpo walked slowly, with Robbie, while Rush ran on ahead to the store to get the key.

"Now, Rush, you make a fire," said Nimpo, as soon as they were in the house, "while I hunt up the receipt book."

So Robbie brought in chips, and Rush brought in wood, and Nimpo went up stairs to look for the book.

"What kind would you make?" she shouted down stairs to Rush, who was blowing away at the fire.

"Oh, any kind, so it 's good and rich," called Rush. "What kinds are there?"

Nimpo came down and began to read.

"Rich cakes,—of course, we want it rich; we have enough poor stuff at Mrs. Primkins'."

"Of course," assented Rush.

"'Old Hartford Election Cake.' That does n't sound good, besides, it takes five pounds of flour, and brandy," said Nimpo, running her eye over the receipt.

"Read the next," said Rush.

"'Raised Loaf-Cake.' That takes one pound of flour,—let me see. 'Mrs. H's Raised Wedding Cake.' That takes yeast, and seven pounds of flour. 'Fruit Cake or Black Cake.'"

"Oh, make that!" interrupted Rush. "That 's splendid; and we can have as much as we want. Mother never lets us have but a little bit of a piece."

Digitized by Google

"Well," said Nimpo, reading, "this takes 'one pound white sugar, three-quarters pound of butter, one pound flour, sifted.' That sounds easy." She went on: "'Twelve eggs, two pounds raisins, stoned;' but I guess they 'll do without. I don't care for the stones."

"Nor I," said Rush.

"'Two pounds citron,'—they 've got that at the store,—'quarter ounce of cinnamon, nutmegs and cloves,'—we 've got all those in the spice box,—'one wine-glass of wine, and one of brandy,'—we have n't got those, and, you know, Cousin Will won't give us any."

"Won't cider do?" asked Rush. "He 'll give me some, may be."

"I guess so. Well, I 'll make that. Let me see what I want. You must go down to the store and get—a dozen eggs,—we 've got raisins in the store-room,—cider and butter and citron. If Cousin Will asks you what you want it for, tell him I 'm making cake."

"Well," said Rush, "eggs, cider, butter, and citron. Robbie, do you want to go, too?"

Robbie did. So they went off, and Nimpo proceeded to collect her materials.

First she brought out the scales, and then the earthen dish that her mother made cake in. Then she weighed the flour and the raisins. Then she brought out the spice-box, but she could n't weigh a quarter of an ounce, so she had to guess at that.

As soon as Rush came in with the things she began to mix them, carefully following the book.

"Rub the butter and sugar together," she read. So she weighed the butter and sugar, put them in the dish, and took the wooden spoon her mother used for cake. They would n't mix very well. She could n't make it look like her mother's cake. But after working till her arms ached, she thought it would "do," so she proceeded to put in the rest.

"Eggs come next. I must break them and separate the whites and yolks." So she took up one and broke it. She broke it too much, in fact, for the yolk ran out, and she could n't separate it from the white.

"I don't care," she said. "I don't believe it 'll make any difference, anyway; they all go in just the same."

So, feeling sure that she had exploded at least one humbug in cake-making, she broke all the eggs into a dish, and began beating them. Soon her shoulder began to ache; then she declared she "did n't believe it mattered if it would n't stand up as mother made it,"—and in went the eggs with the butter and sugar.

"Then add part of the flour," said the receipt. So she put in a few handfuls.

"'The spice, the whites of the eggs,'—those are in already," said Nimpo,—'the remainder of the flour, and the wine and brandy.'"

Nimpo threw in the rest of the flour, and a tumblerful of cider,—she had no wine-glass,—and stirred all up together.

"The book says, 'first pour in the pans, and then add the raisins and citron and currants.' Oh, I forgot the currants," said Nimpo; "I guess I won't put them in."

"Oh, yes, do!" said Rush. "I 'll get them."

"Well, they 're in a glass jar on the second shelf in the store-room," said she, "and be careful you don't let it fall."

Rush soon had the jar.

"How many do you want?" he asked.

"Two pounds," said Nimpo. "And—oh! they 've got to be 'carefully cleaned.'"

"How do they clean 'em? Do you know?"

"Yes; I 've seen Sarah—wash them."

So Rush weighed out the currants, and put them into a pan to wash,—eating all the time,—while Nimpo sliced the citron,—eating, too,—and got the two square cake-pans to bake it in.

"The book says, 'line the pan with paper,' but I sha' n't do that; I don't see any use in it. Rush, don't eat up all those currants!"

"No, I won't," said Rush, beginning now to wash them.

In a few minutes he announced them all ready, and brought the pan to Nimpo, who quickly stirred them in.

They were very wet, and they made the cake look odd and sticky. But Nimpo was getting tired now, so she poured it into the two pans and hurried it into the oven.

"Get some more wood, Rush," she said.

"Give me the pan to scrape," cried Rush.

"I 'll give you part, and Robbie must have part," she answered. "But, Rush," she cried, excitedly, "that cake must bake four hours!"

"Oh, my! What for?" asked Rush.

"I don't know. The book says so; but I know mother don't bake cake so long as that. I don't believe the old book is right."

"Nor I," said Rush. "We can tell when it 's done; can't we?"

"I guess I can," said Nimpo. "Now, let 's make up a good fire to bake it, and go out and get cool; it 's dreadfully hot in here."

Just then, Rush heard Johnny Stevens whistling for him outside. So, opening the front door, he invited him in, and they all ran out in the yard to play.

They chased each other about for awhile, then played "hide and seek" in the barn, and, at last, when they were enjoying themselves "taking turns" on the swing, Nimpo suddenly exclaimed:

Digitized by Google

"Oh, I wonder if the cake is done."

Thereupon she and Robbie and Johnny Stevens ran in to see; Rush was in the swing, "letting the old cat die."

If the cake was n't done, the fire was. So they made up another fire, and looked at the cake. It looked brown enough outside, but when Nimpo ran a broom splint into it—as she had seen her mother do—she saw that something was wrong.

"No, it is n't done inside," said she, "though I 'm sure it is outside."

Well, they went off to play again. Soon, Johnny Stevens, remembering an errand he had to do, ran home, and the next time they went into the house they concluded that the cake was done. It did n't stick much to the broom splint, and certainly the outside was a great deal too brown.

Nimpo took the loaves out, and in trying to shake them free from the pans, one of them broke in two.

"Never mind, we can eat this one now," said Nimpo, "and keep the other to take back with us."

It did n't look exactly like mother's black cake, nor did it taste quite right. But then it was very rich, Nimpo said, "and, anyway, it was good."

So they ate as much as they liked, though Robbie, wise little fellow, would not take but one taste.

They interspersed the entertainment with raisins and currants that they had left on the table.

All this had taken some hours, and now it was time to go back to Mrs. Primkins'.

"What shall we do with the dishes?" asked Rush.

"Oh, we 'll leave them to-night. I 'm too tired to wash dishes; besides, I hate it. Sarah 'll wash them when she comes."

So, after brushing the flour from their clothes as best they could, they carefully wrapped their precious cake in a napkin, and returned to Mrs. Primkins', Nimpo stealing softly up stairs with the cake under her apron.

NIMPO SAW THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG.

She reached the room safely, and locked the delicious loaf in her trunk, ready for another feast.

CHAPTER XI.

RUSH MAKES HIS WILL.

NEITHER of the children wanted any tea, and Mrs. Primkins was not particularly surprised, for they had a way of going to the store and eating so much trash that they did n't care for bread and milk.

They played with the kittens awhile, and then went to bed.

About eleven o'clock, when everything had long been still in the house, Nimpo was wakened from a horrid dream by hearing Rush call her. She got up and went to his door.

Digitized by Google

"What do you want, Rush?" she asked in a whisper.

"Oh, come in here," he cried. "I 'm awful sick, Nimpo. I know I 'm going to die. Oh, dear! oh, dear! can't you do something for me?" And he doubled up and groaned and cried again.

"Where is the pain?" asked Nimpo, half scared out of her wits, as she added, desperately, "I don't know what to give you, and I have n't got anything if I did."

Here Rush groaned and cried afresh, and Nimpo sat down on the foot of the bed, and cried with him.

She was afraid to go after the doctor, and neither of them for a moment thought of going to Mrs. Primkins. They regarded her only in the light of an enemy, and that she could have common sympathy with their sufferings never occurred to the two miserable children.

Between the attacks of pain, Rush was perfectly easy, and I suspect he rather enjoyed—in his easy times—being the hero of the hour, though in a mournful sort of a way.

"Nimpo," he said at last, "I want to give away my things before I die. What would you give to mother?"

"I don't know," said Nimpo, solemnly.

"Oh, I know; I 'll give her my pretty box, that I got last Christmas; I know she 'll like it. And Robbie can have my sled,—you know how he used to like it."

"Yes," sobbed Nimpo. Just then the pain came on again, and poor Rush writhed and twisted and groaned till it was over.

"You may have my books, Nimpo," he moaned, when he felt better again, "and, oh! I wish you 'd give my bow and arrows to Johnny Stevens—he always wanted a bow; they 're in the shed. And—and—my knife——"

But his knife was too precious to part with, even on his death-bed, so he added:

"Well, I won't give away my knife yet."

After that, his sufferings engrossed him until, at last, he fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. Then Nimpo, with a throbbing head, crept off softly to her own bed, where she lay tossing, in a high fever, until daylight.

Perhaps they would never have known what was the matter that night, but for the repugnance they both felt for the remaining fruit-cake. Nimpo took it out the next day, but Rush said it made him sick to look at it, and she could n't touch a morsel herself. So she broke it into little bits and threw it out of the window; and I hope the birds knew enough to let it alone.

The next day Rush was not able to go to school, so he went down to the store and dozed on Cousin Will's bed, in the back room. For the present, however, he gave up all thought of dying, but spoke pathetically to Cousin Will of his narrow escape.

That young gentleman suspected what was the matter, and made a good deal of fun of him, and had a good laugh at Nimpo's cake.

"I guess mother was right, after all," said Nimpo. "She never would let us eat much of that rich cake."

That morning, also, Nimpo's conscience began to trouble her about the dishes she had left. So, after school, she took Robbie down to the house, and proceeded to "put the kitchen to rights," as she called it.

It was so warm she thought she would n't make a fire, as she could just as well wash the dishes in cold water; but the poor child found this no easy thing to do. Robbie almost cried to see his dear Nimpo in so much trouble, and at last when it was over, and Nimpo sat down to rest, he climbed into her lap, and, by way of comforting her, begged her to tell him a story.

So she told him about the naughty little boy who saw a nest full of dear little eggs high up in a tree, and how the naughty boy waited and waited for a chance to go and steal the eggs; and how at

last he climbed the tree and was just going to get the eggs, when, "Oh, my! the eggs had all hatched, and a great, horrible, ugly little bird caught right hold of his ear!"

Robbie drew a long breath at this, and then said, "Tell me another."

Digitized by Google

"Well, what shall it be?" she asked.

"Tell me the story 'bout the Tiny Pigs," said Robbie, eagerly.

So Nimpo began

THE STORY OF THE TINY PIGS.

"Once upon a time, there was a mamma pig, and she had three little tiny pigs. And it was hard work to get along, for they lived in the woods, and had nothing to eat except what they could get themselves. So the mamma pig told the tiny pigs that they must go away and make houses for themselves. So they all started off, and the oldest one went to the North, and n-e-v-e-r came back; and the middle one went off to the South, and n-e-v-e-r came back; but the little, tiny bit of a baby pig said, 'I will live by my mamma.'"

"So would I!" interrupted Robbie.

"Yes, so you would," said Nimpo. "Well, this little pig went off to where a man was making bricks, and he said, 'Man, will you please give me some bricks to build me a house?'—for this tiny pig was very polite. Well, the man gave him some bricks, and the little pig built himself a nice, strong house.

"He had n't lived there very long, when there came along a great grey wolf. Now, the wolf was v-e-r-y hungry, and he wanted a little pig for his breakfast. So he knocked at the door.

"'Who 's there?' squeaked the tiny pig.

"'It 's I!' said the wolf, in a deep, growly voice.

"'What do you want?' said the tiny pig.

"'I want to come in,' said the wolf.

"'Well, you can't come in,' said the tiny pig; for his mother had taught him to be very careful, and never let anybody into his house.

"But the wolf was angry, so he roared out:

"'Then I 'll huff, and I 'll puff, and I 'll b-l-o-w your house down!'

"'Huff away, puff away; you can't blow this house down,' said the tiny pig.

"So he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed, but he could n't blow the house down, because it was made of bricks. But he was a sly old wolf, and he was n't discouraged a bit. He softened his roar to as gentle a growl as he could, and he said:

"'Piggy, do you like turnips?'

"'Oh, my! I guess I do,' said piggy.

"'Well, Farmer Green has got a whole field of turnips, and I 'll come over to-morrow morning, at six o'clock, and we 'll go over and get some.'

"'Well,' said piggy, 'all right.' And the wolf went home to his den.

"The next morning, at six o'clock, he came again, and knocked at piggy's door.

"'Who 's there?' asked piggy.

"'It's I!' answered the wolf, in his softest growl. 'I 'm come to take you over to get the turnips.'

"'Oh!' said the wise little piggy. 'I went over at five o'clock, and ate as many as I could stuff.'

"Then the wolf gave a great growl; he could n't help it, because he was hungry, you know. But, in a minute he thought of another plan.

"'Piggy,' said he, 'do you like pears?'

"'Oh, my! I guess I do!' said piggy.

"'Well,' said the wolf, 'to-morrow, at five o'clock, I 'll come and take you over to Farmer Brown's orchard, where there 's a lovely tree of pears.'

"'Well, all right,' said piggy.

"Now, the piggy thought he 'd be smart, so he went over at four o'clock; but others could be cunning as well as he, and he had hardly got to the orchard before he saw the grey wolf coming along. Piggy hurried to climb into a pear-tree, and when the wolf got there he was eating pears.

"'Are they nice, piggy?' said the wolf, looking up wistfully,—not at the pears, but at the pig; for a wolf can't climb a tree, you know."

"No more can a piggy," said Robbie.

"No," answered Nimpo, "only in story-books.

"'Oh, I guess they are!' said piggy. 'Shall I throw you one?'

"'Yes,' said the wolf,—just to pretend, you know, for he could n't bear pears.

"So piggy threw down a pear, and the wolf ran and got it. And then he threw another, farther off, and the wolf ran after it. And the next one he threw just as far as he could; and while the wolf was gone after it, piggy jumped down, sprang into an empty barrel that stood there, and began to roll down the hill.

"When the wolf started to come back, he saw this barrel rolling down towards him, and he was awfully scared; and he turned and ran away, as fast as he could, off to his den. So piggy got safe home.

"By-'n'-by, the wolf came along again, and knocked at the door.

"'Who 's there?' asked the tiny pig.

"'Why, piggy! how did you get home?' asked the wolf. 'I got an awful fright; a barrel came rolling right at me, and I knew it was some trap of those awful men,—so I ran home.'

"'Why, that was me!' said the tiny pig, laughing. 'I was in that barrel.'

"Then the wolf gave an awful roar, to think he had been so foolish; and he said, in a dreadful voice:

"'Now, piggy, you *must* let me in.'

"'But I sha' n't let you in,' said piggy.

Digitized by Google

"'Then I'll come down the chimney,' said the wolf.

"So he began to climb up on the house.

"But piggy pulled his feather bed up to the fire-place, and set it on fire. The wolf got on the chimney, and began to come down. But the horrible smoke and smell of the burning feathers choked him and smothered him, and he fell right down into the fire, and never troubled the tiny pig any more."

"Ohe!" said Robbie, with a sigh of intense satisfaction. "Now let's go home."

"Home!" echoed Nimpo, scornfully, as she hastened to put on Robbie's hat. "Well, it's all the home we have now, I suppose, so we might as well go."

(To be continued.)

HOW PERSIMMONS TOOK CAH OB DER BABY.

BY LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

PERSIMMONS was a colored lad
'Way down in Lou'sianny,
And all the teaching that he had
Was given him by his granny.
But he did his duty ever
As well as you, it may be;

"HE MINDED MISSUS' BABY."

With faithfulness and pride always,
He minded missus' baby.
He loved the counsels of the saints,
And, sometimes, those of sinners,
To run off 'possum-hunting and
Steal "water-milion" dinners.
And fervently at meetin', too,
On every Sunday night,
He'd with the elders shout and pray
By the pine-knots' flaring light,
And sing their rudest melodies,
With voice so full and strong,
You could almost think he learned them
From the angels' triumph song.

SONG.

"We be nearer to de Lord
Dan de white folks,—and dey knows it;
See de glory-gate unbarred,—
Walk in, darkies, past de guard,—
Bet you dollar He won't close it.

"Walk in, darkies, troo de gate,
Hear de kullered angels holler;
Go 'way, white folks, you're too late,
We's de winnin' kuller. Wait
Till de trumpet blow to foller."

He would croon this over softly
As he lay out in the sun;
But the song he heard most often,—
His granny's favorite one,—

Digitized by Google

Was, "Jawge Washington,
Thomas Jefferson,
Persimmons, Henry Clay, be
Quick shut de do',
Get up off dat flo',
Come heah and mind de baby."

"JAWGE WASHINGTON!"

One night there came a fearful storm,
Almost a second flood;
The river rose, a torrent swoln
Of beaten, yellow mud.
It bit at its embankments,
And lapped them down in foam,
Till, surging through a wide crevasse,
The waves seethed round their home.
They scaled the high verandah,
They filled the parlors clear,
Till floating chairs and tables
Clashed against the chandelier.
'T was then Persimmons' granny,
Stout of arm and terror-proof,
By means of axe and lever,
Pried up the verandah roof;
Bound mattresses upon it
With stoutest cords of rope,
Lifted out her fainting mistress,
Saying, "Honey, dar is hope!
You, Jawge Washington,
Thomas Jefferson,
Persimmons, Henry Clay, be
Quick on dat raft,
Don't star' like a calf,
But take good cah ob baby!"

The frothing river lifted them
Out on its turbid tide,
And for awhile they floated on
Together, side by side;
Till, broken by the current strong,
The frail raft snapt in two,
And Persimmons saw his granny
Fast fading from his view.

The deck-hands on a steamboat
Heard, as they passed in haste,
A child's voice singing in the dark,
Upon the water's waste,
A song of faith and triumph,
Of Moses and the Lord;
And throwing out a coil of rope,
They drew him safe on board.

Full many a stranger city
Persimmons wandered through,
"A-totin ob der baby," and
Singing songs he knew.
At length some City Fathers
Objected to his plan,
Arresting as a vagrant
Our valiant little man.
They carried out their purposes,
Persimmons "'lowed he'd spile 'em,"
So, *sloping* from the station-house,
He stole baby from the 'sylum.

And on that very afternoon,
As it was growing dark,
He sang, beside the fountain in
The crowded city park,
A rude camp-meeting anthem,
Which he had sung before,
While on his granny's fragile raft
He drifted far from shore:

SONG.

"Moses smote de water, and
De sea gabe away;
De chilleren dey passed ober, for

Digitized by Google

De sea gabe away.
O Lord! I feel so glad,
It am always dark 'fo' day,
So, honey, don't yer be sad,
De sea 'll gib away."

A lady, dressed in mourning,
Turned with a sudden start,
Gave one glance at the baby,
Then caught it to her heart;
While a substantial shadow,
That was walking by her side,
Seized Persimmons by the shoulder,
And, while she shook him, cried:
"*You*, Jawge Washington,
Thomas Jefferson,
Persimmons, Henry Clay, be
Quick, splain yerself, chile,—
Stop dat ar fool smile,—
Whar you done been wid baby?"

A LETTER FROM HOLSTEIN.

A Wonderful Story of a Stork.

BY MRS. CHARLES A. JOY.

MY dear little American friends: As you are studying your geography in school, and are doubtless familiar with the shape of a very important country on this side of the ocean, called Germany, you may remember a point of land which projects beyond its northern boundary, and is separated from the former kingdom of Hanover by the river Elbe, while its western and eastern coast are enclosed by the North and Baltic Seas. The kingdom of Denmark forms the principal portion of it in the north, while in the southern half are the provinces of Schleswig and Holstein, which, formerly independent Duchies, were still owing military allegiance to Denmark. In 1864 these provinces revolted, and Austria and Prussia stepping in, by their stronger military force detached them from Denmark. Then followed in 1866 the six weeks' Austrian war, when the Prussian arms gained a victory at every step, and in consequence of which, at the peace of Prague, the province of Holstein was ceded to Prussia. It is a most fruitful province, abounding in lakes and small rivers; but its chief glory is the beautiful beech forests, which crown the heights in all directions, and in which large herds of deer find protection and shelter.

Last summer I spent two charming months as a guest at one of the beautiful country residences of Holstein; and in seeing and enjoying so much that was novel and interesting to me, I was often reminded of my many friends among the dear boys and girls of far America. Here were two beautiful little girls, Olga and Claire, brought up with a care worthy of young princesses. Yet their charming mother knew how to respect child nature, its wants and pleasures; and so the little girls were allowed to have all sorts of animal pets, of whom they had the whole charge. There were, in the children's care, tame deer, hares, rabbits, swans, peacocks, not to speak of many varieties of chickens and ducks. A goat, its mother having died at its birth, was carefully tended; and two young hares, whom the gardener found one day forsaken by their mother in a most pitiable plight among his cabbage-heads in the garden, were tenderly received by them, and fed regularly with milk. When little Olga and Claire pursued their favorite game of croquet on the lawn before the house, many of these pets would gather around as if to admire their fine playing. In the large greenhouse were always some refugees in the forms of little birds, who had either fallen out of their nest, or been injured in such a way that they needed looking after.

But what interested me most, was a stork, so tame that he allowed the children to take him in their arms and carry him about like a baby. It was a most comical sight to watch little Claire, the younger of the two, carry the long-legged creature into the stable, holding its head, with the long red beak, tenderly against her own delicate face. "Watche" was the name given to the stork by the children, and to which he answered with the promptness of a dog. He had many a treat prepared for him; for Olga and Claire were often engaged in finding frogs, as well as grasshoppers, and other insects, for their greedy pet.

I suppose that most of my little American friends have never seen a stork, and as all German children watch his doings with eager interest, I want to tell the little ones at home something about him. The bird is nearly four feet long, has white feathers, a red bill, and very long, thin scarlet legs, upon which he struts over the meadows in northern

Digitized by Google

Germany with quaint dignity. These birds spend the cold months of the year in Africa, particularly in Egypt, where the plains are often white with them. They travel South in hundreds, and have been known to kill the weaker ones among them, so as not to have their flight impeded. Here in the North they build their nests of branches and straw, and generally upon the thatched roofs of our farm-houses. They always return to the same nest, repairing it year after year, the male preceding the female, standing upright in it, to await the arrival of his mate. When one family of storks dies out, another takes possession of the nest, which sometimes is known to be a hundred years old. So attached are they to these nests, and their helpless young, that even fire does not drive them away from it; yet with true generosity they allow sparrows and swallows to build on the outside, never disturbing their weaker brethren. They feed themselves on frogs, lizards, small snakes, moles, field mice, bugs, and worms, and in their habits they are so neat, that all their leisure time is spent in cleaning themselves.

My interest in Olga and Claire's stork, "Watche," was much increased when one day my hostess told me its story, assuring me that it was literally true. I relate it now to my young friends at home, as an example how kindness even to a dumb animal will bring its reward. The parents of "Watche" had their nest on one of the gable ends of an immense farm-building, where they lived contentedly year after year, brooding their young. When the cold, windy days of autumn came, they, like other birds of passage, took their flight to the sunny South, but with the return of spring, when the rivers began to thaw, and forests and meadows were clad in their beautiful vesture of green, the storks returned to their nests—a good omen to the neighborhood, as the farmers say.

Two years ago this summer, one of their children, a young fledgling, fell out of the nest, and as it was almost impossible to reach the high gable upon which it was situated, my kind hostess took it upon herself to care for the helpless creature. In their walks and drives, mother and children never forgot their pet, collecting worms and insects for his maintenance; and even the sterner papa, who was very much given to the pleasures of the chase, would fill his hunting-pouch with frogs and other stork-treasures that would come across his way. Under such thoughtful care our young stork flourished; and with dread the children began to think of the autumn, when he, following the instinct of his nature, would seek a warmer climate.

The mother appreciated the anxiety of her children, and comforted them by saying that she would do all in her power to secure the return of the stork in the spring. To that end she wrote in French, on a piece of strong paper, the history of the stork, how her dear children had cared for him, how they would watch for him with the return of spring, and that she begged most tenderly that no one in the far South might prevent his return. This paper was securely fastened to a scarlet tape, and tied around the stork's neck, where it was plainly to be seen upon the white feathers. One clear autumn day the stork went, causing tears and deep regrets to the little ones.

Soon after, they themselves went to their beautiful city home in Hamburg; but all through the long, dreary winter days their thoughts followed their truant bird, and many a little city friend had to hear of him in that cheerful nursery; for dolls and many other toys did not seem to fill the place of those living pets left at their country home. Days came and went, Christmas was spent, and Easter approaching, when the family made their preparations to break up again, and go into the country. How the little hearts rejoiced, and how Olga and Claire anticipated with eager interest all the coming pleasure! And when finally the start had been taken, and they had even reached the last railway station, from which their father's horses must take them the rest of the way, their excitement knew no bounds, and every tree and shrub by the wayside was hailed as a dear, familiar friend. At their home everything was ready for their reception, but they must first go about their grounds to find their different pets, and to assure themselves that they had not suffered during the long, dreary Winter months.

Their friend, the stork, was still wanting; but as one after the other of the summer birds returned, the children watched for him, and had the great happiness to find him one bright morning standing on the lawn, where he must have arrived the night before. Shouts of joy went through the place, and soon the whole household was assembled to give "Watche" a greeting of welcome. But great was their astonishment when they found fastened around his neck what they supposed to be the same piece of paper which their thoughtful mother had attached there last autumn. He recognized the children, followed their call, and allowed little Olga to unfasten the paper, with which she flew to her mamma. It proved to be in French, an answer to the letter which "Watche" had carried away with him, and was written by a French gentleman, who filled the post of consul at one of the slave States in Africa. He said he had received my friend's letter, which, as he added, had touched him deeply, and suggested to him that hearts which were filled with such tenderness for dumb animals, would be more than willing to aid the suffering of their own

Digitized by Google

kind, particularly those in bondage. He then related the story of a bright little negro boy, whom he wished to have educated and converted to Christianity; and as he himself was wanting in means, he begged for aid from my friends. He gave his full name and address, and proposed at the same time that my hostess might give the heathen child a Christian name, if she were otherwise inclined to follow his suggestion. Need I say that all was done as the kind Frenchman proposed; one hundred thalers were at once forwarded for the child's maintenance and education, and a similar sum is to be sent every year. The little girls themselves selected the name of Christian for the African boy, in token of the great blessings which he was to receive.

IN THE WOOD.

"WHAT says the book, my lassie?
What says the book to thee?"
"It says the wood is beautiful,
The blossoms fair to see;
It says the brook tells merrily
A little tale of glee,
'And birds, brimful of melody,
Do sing their songs for me."

"Then close the page, my lassie,
And lift thy pretty head,
And what the book would say to thee
The wood shall say instead.
The brook shall tell its merry tale,
The flowers their brightness shed,
And the birds shall sing,—for life is life,
And printed words are dead.

"Hear what the bird sings, lassie:
'O, little lady fair!
The breath of flowers is over thee,
The sunlight in thy hair;
And the heart of a little maiden
Is free as birds in the air,—
And God is good to thee and me,
O little lady fair!'"

Digitized by Google

THE JIMMYJOHNS' SAILOR-SUITS.

By Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz.

The Jimmyjohns were a pair of twins, between four and five years old, and so much alike that even their own relatives hardly could tell them apart. One was Jimmy Plummer, and the other was Johnny Plummer. That is why everyone called them the Jimmyjohns. Their mother dressed them exactly alike, which made it all the harder to tell Jimmy from Johnny. They lived in the country with their parents, and their sister Annetta, aged seven; their sister Effie, aged three; their little baby brother; a very small rag dolly named Polly Cologne, who was missing; a big dolly named Joey Moon, and a dog named Rover, known as a runaway; and they all had a very good time, indeed, excepting when something or other happened to prevent. People said that Rover had run away with Polly Cologne; but nobody knew for certain, because Polly Cologne did n't come back to tell.

This chapter will tell why Mrs. Plummer had to sew very odd-looking patches on the Jimmyjohns' sailor-suits. It will also tell what boy cut holes in those sailor-suits, and why he cut them, and when, and will show that at the time it was done the three boys were in great danger.

It was on a Monday morning that people first took notice of the Jimmies' trowsers being patched in a curious manner. Johnny was carrying the new dog, and Jimmy was taking hold of Johnny's hand. After Rover was lost, the twins had a new dog given them, named Snip. He was the smallest dog they ever saw; but he was a dog,—he was not a puppy. Mr. Plummer brought him home in his pocket one day, two weeks after Rover went away. It was Rover, you know, that ran off with poor little Polly Cologne. People talked so much to him about this piece of mischief, that at last he began to feel ashamed of himself, and as soon as Polly Cologne's name was mentioned he would slink into a corner and hide his head. One day Annetta showed him an apron that poor little Polly used to wear,—it was a bib-apron,—and said to him, "St'boy! Go find her! Don't come back till you find her!"

The bib-apron was about three inches long. Rover caught it in his mouth and away he went, and—did not come back. They looked for him far and near, they put his name in the newspapers, but all in vain. The apron was found, sticking to a bramble-bush, about a mile from home, but nothing could be seen or heard of Rover. There was a circus in town that day, and he might have gone off with that. Perhaps he was ashamed to come back. Little Mr. Tompkins, the lobster-seller, thinks the dog understood what Annetta said, and that he may be, even now, scouring the woods, or else sniffing along the streets, peeping into back-yards, down cellar-ways, up staircases, in search of poor Polly Cologne!

Mr. Tompkins was among the very first to notice the sailor-suits. He met the twins that morning, as he was wheeling along his lobsters, and quickly dropped his wheelbarrow, and sat down on one of the sideboards. Being a small, slim man, he could sit there as well as not, without tipping the wheelbarrow over.

Mr. Tompkins wore short-legged pantaloons and a long-waisted coat. The reason of this was that he had short legs and (for his size) a long waist. His coat was buttoned up to his chin. His cap had a stiff visor, which stood out like the awning of a shop. He had a thin face, a small nose, small eyes, and a wide mouth, and he wore a blue apron with shoulder straps.

"What 's happened to your trowsers, eh?" asked little Mr. Tompkins. His way of speaking was as sharp and quick as Snip's way of barking. "Say! what 's happened to your trowsers?"

The trowsers were patched in this way: Jimmy's had a strip running down the left leg; Johnny's had a round patch above each knee, one being much farther up than the other.

"O, yes! I see! I see how it is!" said Mr. Tompkins. "Your mother did that so as to tell you apart! O, yes! Yes, yes! Very good! Johnny Shortpatch, Jimmy Longpatch! or, Jimmy Shortpatch, Johnny Longpatch! which is it?"

"She did n't do so for that," said Johnny, and then Jimmy after him. Johnny was always the first to speak. It was by this that some people knew which was Johnny.

"She did n't?" cried Mr. Tompkins; "then what did she do so for?"

"Perhaps to tell which is good and which is naughty," said a lady who had stopped to look on.

Then the butcher's boy stepped up, and *he* wanted to know about the trowsers. Then a woman looked out of the window, and *she* wanted to know about the trowsers. Then a great black dog came up, and he smelt of the trowsers, which made Snip snap his teeth. Then came a flock of school-children, and they had something to say. "Hallo!" "What 's up?" "What 's the matter with all

Digitized by Google

your trowsers?" "Jail-birds come to town!" "Hoo! hoo!" "How d' ye do, Mr. Patcher-boys?"

Now, the truth was, that Amos Dyke cut holes in those trowsers with his jack-knife. It happened in this way. The Jimmies, the Saturday before that Monday, started from home to spend a cent at Mr. Juniper's store. They had, in the first place, two cents, but one was lost. They got those two cents by having a show in the barn. The price for going in to see the show was four pins. The Jimmies sold the pins to the funny man. He gave a cent for sixteen straight ones, but would take no crooked ones at any price. Sometimes the Jimmies tried to pound the crooked ones straight on a stone. Their pins, that Saturday, came to nearly a cent and three-quarters, and the funny man made it up to two. Jimmy let his fall on the barn-floor, and Johnny, in helping him find it, hit it accidentally with his toe, and knocked it through a crack. Then Mrs. Plummer said they would have to divide between them what was bought with the other cent.

The little boys left home to go to Mr. Juniper's store at half past two o'clock in the afternoon, taking Snip with them. Probably if they had not taken him with them all would have been well.

In passing a garden they looked through the pickets, and saw a kitten racing along the paths. Snip was after her in a moment.

"Now, you stay and take care of Snip," said Johnny to Jimmy, "and I 'll go spend the cent and bring your half here." And just so they did. Jimmy found Snip, and then went along to a shady place under a tree, and there he climbed to the top rail of a fence and sat down to wait.

Johnny went round to Mr. Juniper's store and asked for a cent roll of checkerberry lozenges. Mr. Juniper had no cent rolls of lozenges, but he had striped candy and some quite large peaches, which he was willing, for reasons well known to himself, to sell for a cent apiece. Johnny felt so thirsty, that he longed to bite of a peach, so he bought one and turned back towards the garden. Having no knife to cut it with, he ate off his half going along, and this tasted so good that he could hardly help eating Jimmy's half. But he only nibbled the edges to make them even.

Turning a corner, he spied Jimmy, and jumped over into a field so as to run across by a short cut. In the field he met Amos Dyke. Amos Dyke is a large boy, and a cruel boy. He likes to hurt small children who cannot hurt him.

Amos Dyke knocked Johnny's elbow with a basket he was carrying, and made him drop the half-peach in the grass. Then Johnny began to cry.

"Now, if you don't stop crying, I 'll eat it," said Amos, taking up the half-peach and setting his teeth in it.

"Oh! Don't you! Don't! Give it to me! It's Jimmy's half!" cried Johnny. Amos took two bites and then threw away the stone. The stone was all there was left, after the two bites were taken. Johnny cried louder than before.

"Here! Stop that! Stop that!" some one called out from the road. It was Mr. Tompkins, the lobster-seller. "Stop!" cried Mr. Tompkins. "Let that little chap alone! Why don't you take one of your own size?"

The fact is that Amos Dyke never does take one of his own size. He always takes some little fellow who can't defend himself.

Just about this time the funny man came along with his umbrellas under his arm. The funny man is an umbrella-mender. Then Amos Dyke, seeing that two men were looking at him, whispered to Johnny, "Hush up! Quick! Don't tell! Come down to the shore, and I 'll let you go graping with me in a boat. I 'll run ahead and get the oars, and you go get Jimmy!"

The boat was a row-boat. Johnny sat at one end and Jimmy at the other. Amos Dyke sat in the middle and rowed. Before starting he fastened a tall stick at the stern of the boat, and tied his handkerchief to it, and called that the flag.

They rowed along shore, then off beyond the rocks, then in shore again and farther along for nearly a mile, to a place called "High Pines," and there landed. The grapes grew in the woods, on the top of a steep, sandy cliff, as high as a high house. Twice, in climbing this cliff, did the little Jimmies slide down, down, down. Twice was poor Snip buried alive, and many times were all three pelted by the rolling, rattling stones.

They reached the top at last, and found Amos already picking grapes. He told them that if they would pick for him, he would give them two great bunches. The grapes were of a kind called sugar-grapes; light-colored, fragrant, and as sweet as honey. Amos told the little boys not to eat while they were picking. When he had filled his basket, he borrowed the Jimmies' pocket-handkerchiefs and tied some up in those. They were their "Lion" pocket-handkerchiefs. Each had in its centre a lion, with *a b c*'s all around the lion. Amos gave the Jimmies two great bunches apiece. He then hid the basket and two small bundles behind a bush, and they all three went to find a thick spot. When they found the thick spot, Amos, not having anything else to pick in, took off his jacket and filled both sleeves. Then he borrowed the Jimmyjohns' jackets, and filled the four sleeves. Then he filled his own hat and the Jimmyjohns' hats.

As it grew later the wind breezed up, and the

Digitized by Google

Jimmies began to feel cold. Amos had long pantaloons and a vest, but the Jimmies' little fat legs were bare, and they had no vests. They only had thin waists, and their trowsers were rolled up.

It began to sprinkle, and Amos said it was time to go. They went back for the basket and two small bundles, but were a long time in finding the bush, on account of the bushes there looking so much alike. They did find it, though, or rather Snip found it. The Jimmies took one apiece of the bundles, and wanted to take more, but Amos was afraid they might lose some of the grapes. Perhaps he knew pretty well how they would reach the foot of the cliff. Perhaps he knew pretty well that they would begin slowly, and that the sliding sands would take them along so fast they could n't stop themselves, and would land them at the bottom in two small heaps!

Now about the row home. Such a bad time as they had! There was no rain to speak of, but the wind blew hard, and this made the sea very rough; so rough that the boat pitched up and down and sometimes took in water. Amos told the Jimmies to hold on by the sides. They were seated at the ends, as before, and by stretching their arms apart could take hold of each side, and did so. Amos put on his own hat and let them have theirs, but said it would n't do to stop to empty the jacket-sleeves. The grapes from the hats were emptied into the bottom of the boat. Snip was in the bottom of the boat, too. As there was no one to hold him, he lay down on the Jimmyjohns' jackets.

And there he did mischief. The boat, it seems, was an old, leaky boat, and the leaks were not well stopped. Snip pulled out with his teeth and chewed up what had been stuffed into the cracks, and before they knew what he was about, the water had begun to come in, and was wetting their feet and all the things in the bottom. The wind took their hats off and blew the flag away. They caught their hats and held them between their knees. Amos began to look pretty sober. The little boys, half crying, held fast by the sides of the boat, saying, over and over, "O, I want to go home!" "I want to see mother!"

This was the time when the trowsers were cut. "I must cut pieces out of your trowsers," said Amos, "and stop the leaks, or we shall be drowned. Mine are too thick cloth."

He took out his jack-knife as quick as ever he could, and cut pieces from their trowsers, and stuffed the pieces into the cracks. Even this did not wholly keep the water from coming in; so, just as soon as they got past the rocks, Amos steered the boat to the land. And there he pulled her up, the Jimmyjohns pushing behind.

By this time it was after sunset. Amos emptied all the grapes except those in his basket out upon the ground behind a log, and covered them with dry sea-weed. He let the Jimmies have a part of what were in their handkerchiefs. They all started then to walk along the sands. As the jackets were too wet to be worn, each boy carried his own on his arm. The Jimmies took turns in carrying Snip. In this manner they walked for nearly a quarter of a mile, to the place they started from. There were two men coming down toward the water. As soon as Amos saw those two men he ran away; for one was Mr. Plummer and the other was the umbrella-man. The umbrella-man, it seems, had told Mr. Plummer that he saw his little boys in the field with Amos Dyke, and had come to help him find them.

Mrs. Plummer sat up very late that Saturday night.

"THE LITTLE BOYS, HALF CRYING, HELD FAST BY THE SIDES OF THE BOAT."

Digitized by Google

THE ROBIN'S NEST.

By Emily C. Ford.

The climbing roses on the porch
  Bear the sweet promise of the Spring,
And shyly on the passing breeze
  The homage of their fragrance fling.

The rivulet has burst its bonds,
  And, glorying in its new-found power,
Carols the joy of freedom gained
  To springing grass and tender flower.

A robin twitt'ring on the bough,
  Says to his mate, "Love, let us fly
And seek soft lining for our nest,
  Where warm our little birds may lie."

The young wife sits upon the porch,
  And busily her distaff plies;
The while she thinks upon her babe,
  And gently murmurs lullabies.

When through the open cottage door
  A little wail the mother hears,
She hastens to the cradle side
  To soothe and quiet baby's fears.

Unheeded, on the mossy step
  The well-used distaff lies;
The robins, from the garden-walk
  Watch it with longing eyes.

They hop a little nearer now,
  Then, listening, raise their heads,
Till, o'er the distaff hovering close,
  They snap its fluttering threads.

The housewife, stepping on the porch,
  Takes up her work once more,
And little thinks two pretty thieves
  Have robbed her thrifty store.

And yet, her lullaby to-night
  Would be more glad, I ween,
Could she but peep between the boughs,
  And see what might be seen.

Hidden by apple-blossoms pink,
  Is built a robin's nest,—
With lining soft of hair and down,
  Where birdlings five will rest.

And twisted in with wondrous art,
  And tireless, loving toil,
See in the middle of the nest
  The distaff's flaxen spoil.

"THEY SNAP ITS FLUTTERING THREADS."

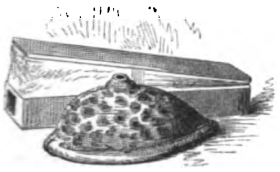
None the less soft for little birds
  Will be the pretty bed,
Because a human mother's thoughts
  Are woven with the thread.

Digitized by Google

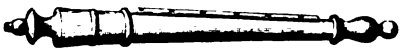
HAYDN'S CHILDREN'S SYMPHONY.

By James Judson Lord.

Do you know, dear young friends, that Haydn, the great musical composer, wrote a symphony for the special delight and exercise of children, —a real symphony, wilder and sweeter than the chorus of a thousand birds? The children required to perform it need not be trained little musicians. They must only be attentive, and possessed of a quick, true ear for music, and able to keep the dimples quiet while the very funny, yet beautiful, performance is going on. Now, you shall have full directions for getting up the symphony, just as it was performed lately at the Bettie Stuart Institute,



TWO FORMS OF CUCKOO.



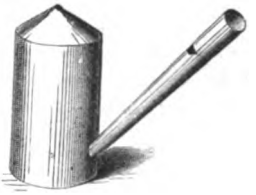
THE WHISTLE.

in Illinois, where a number of girls and boys (with four good musicians modestly playing behind the young orchestra) gave it to an admiring audience with fine effect. The music can be obtained at almost any first-class music publisher's, and the toy instruments at any importing toy-house.

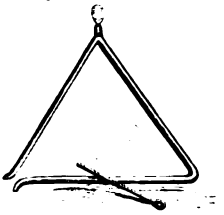
THE TRUMPET.

To perform the Children's Symphony successfully, an experienced musical director is required, and four instrumental performers, with first and second violins, violoncello, and bass-viol. Then eight children, with toy-instruments, viz.: The cuckoo,—with two tones, G and E. (The violins and bass-viol must be tuned by this instrument.) The whistle is a large clarionet-shaped toy, which must be in G. The trumpet, a large metallic toy, must also be in G. The part for the drum (a full-grown toy) is identical with the trumpet. For the quail (if a proper quail-pipe cannot be obtained), a second whistle can be used, which must be in F. The night-owl,—a mug-shaped instrument, with an orifice in its side, through which a whistle is inserted,—when used, is partly filled with water, to give the tremulous owl-hoot sound. The common rotary rattle and an ordinary triangle are used. The cymbelstern is an upright standard, with two horizontal rings of different diameter, on which are fastened many bells, various in shape and tone. Sometimes, however, the cymbelstern is made in the form represented in the cut.

THE DRUM.



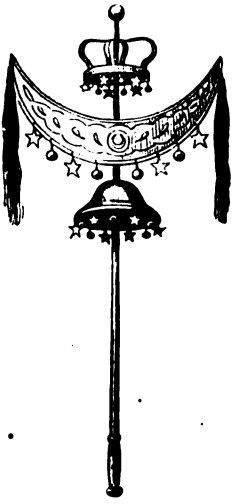
THE NIGHT-OWL.



THE TRIANGLE.

THE RATTLE.

The four leading instruments, playing in concert, seem to inspire the timid toys with confidence, and with persuasive and kindly notes to draw them out, each in its proper place, so that "cuckoo!" "cuckoo!" "cuckoo!" appears as harmonious among the peerless notes of the great master, as in the beautiful twilight of the summer sky, and the shriek of the night-owl, as weird and gloomy as at midnight hour, in the dark recesses of its woodland haunts. When we see one so eminent bending his heavenly art, like the rainbow touching the earth, to meet the



THE CYMBELSTERN

Digitized by Google

capacity and to make glad the hearts of children, we can well believe that his own soul must have been touched with the spirit of Him who took little children in his arms and blessed them.

The origin of the beautiful symphony is not generally known, but it has been pleasantly told by a German writer.

Would you like me to give a free translation of the story? Here it is:

PROLOGUE TO HAYDN'S CHILDREN'S SYMPHONY.

NEAR Salzburg, once good Father Haydn
Some leisure spent at Berchtholds-gaden
(A rustic hamlet, cheer'd by mountain rills,
Perch'd like a birdling's home among the hills),
Where, with much thrift, the villager employs
His gentle time and skill in making toys,
As drums and trumpets—such as swell the din
Of mimic battles fought with swords of tin,—
And tiny lutes, whose notes full oft inspire
In after years, to string the charmed lyre:
No trifler's art. (The maxim here unfurl'd
Is please the child and you will please the world.)

Once, as he linger'd in the village street
To sport with children he had chanced to meet
(For in his nature he was pure and mild,
Like all the truly great, himself a child),
Good Father Haydn to himself thus spoke:
"Oft has your ardor for the grand awoke
Such strains as might a worldly mind elate,
And please the learn'd, and men of high estate:
Now 'wake a grander symphony, to please
And move the hearts of such dear ones as these;
And with such instruments their hearts to move
As in their childish habits they approve."

The morning brought the "Children's Symphony"—
Eight tiny trinkets chiming in their glee,
Led by the abler, as you see at school
The master foremost with his rod and rule.
The rattle, whistle, and the cymbelstern
Rattled and piped and clatter'd in their turn.
The * cuckoo, quail, and night-owl could be heard
Whooping their best to be the better bird;
And drum and trumpet, with much clamor blest,
Were not a whit more bashful than the rest.

First an *allegro*, brisk as song of bird,
In which a cuckoo's cheering notes are heard;
And then a *trio* and a minuet,
Their graceful tones like sparkling jewels set;
And then a *presto* comes to close it all,
Which cannot fail to please both great and small.

Although upon such playthings, still the part
To be perform'd will be no less an art.
And should some small frightened trumpet shriek,
Or bashful whistle loose its voice and squeak,
Or some presumptuous little would-be drum
Should be puff'd up, and then collaps'd and dumb,
Don't let such little things excite your wonder;
You know, dear friends, great artists sometimes blunder.

* Cuckoo, quail, and night-owl, are names of German toy-instruments, shown in the illustrations on preceding page.

BORROWING TROUBLE.

(Translation of French Story in March No.)

TRANSLATED BY NELLIE BINCKLEY.

MORE than two hundred years ago there lived in Castille a handsome prince and a beautiful princess, who had everything that a good human heart could have except trouble. It seemed that this could not come to them. They were young, full of health, and cheerful; they had kind and very wealthy parents; and, beyond all, they could count friends who had for them a sincere affection, which is a very rare happiness for persons of royal blood. Often the princess would say:

"Ferdinand, what is trouble? How does it feel?"

And Ferdinand replied, "Alas! Isabel, I do not know."

"Let us ask our parents to give us some," pursued Isabel; "they never refuse us anything."

Digitized by Google

But the king and queen shuddered at their request:

"No, no, dear children," they cried; "you do not know what you ask. Pray that these wicked wishes may vanish from your hearts!"

But the prince and princess were not satisfied with this answer. They applied in secret to the most powerful of their courtiers, and, to their great astonishment, met with a refusal, accompanied with a laugh and a polite bow. They even had recourse to the court jester.

"Ah, that trouble is a very precious thing," said the jester. "One cannot buy it, and it is not to be had for the asking. But you may borrow it."

"Good!" cried the delighted pair. "We shall borrow some this moment."

"But," added the jester, "if you borrow any, you must pay back in the same coin."

"Alas!" sighed the prince and the princess. "How can we, if we have no trouble which belongs to us?"

"True! There is the trouble," pronounced* the jester, as he stole away.

"What did he intend those words to mean?"† said the prince, nearly out of patience; "but we need not trouble ourselves about him,—he is only a fool!"

Then, in despair, the two children went in search of their faithful nurse, who had been in the palace ever since their birth.

"Dear Catherine!" said they. "We have never had any trouble. The priests say it is the common lot of mortals. Have you had yours?"

"Oh, yes, my darlings; I have always had more trouble than I want," replied the old woman, sadly, shaking her head.

"Oh, oh! Give us some! Give us some, good Catherine!" eagerly exclaimed the prince and princess.

But Catherine lifted her hands in horror, and tottered away, mumbling prayers.

Then the prince and princess went down into the garden, and sat upon a mossy seat.

"Nobody will give us what we have asked for," said Isabel. "It is very cruel."

"Yes, very cruel," replied Ferdinand, taking his sister's hand.

"Our parents never refused us anything before," resumed Isabel.

"Never!" answered Ferdinand.

"Nor the courtiers," added Isabel.

"Nor the courtiers," echoed Ferdinand.

"Nor our dear old nurse," said Isabel, with a strange feeling in her eyes.

"Nor our dear nurse."

"It is wickedness!"

"It is insolence!"

"It is ingratitude!"

"Very great ingratitude!"

"It is cruelty!" finished Isabel, with sobs; "and my eyes are all full of tears! How do you feel, Ferdinand?"

"Very badly, Isabel. I think my eyes also are wet with tears!"

Just then the chief gardener came that way. He hastened‡ to them.

"My dear prince and princess!" he exclaimed, throwing himself on his knees before them. "You are weeping! Oh, Heaven! to think that these noble and beautiful children can have trouble!"

"Trouble!" echoed Ferdinand and Isabel. "This is trouble, Carlos?"

"Assuredly, I think so," said Carlos, much puzzled.

Then the prince and princess arose gaily and clapped their hands, and ran to the palace as happy as two birds. Their wish was gratified at last.

* Should be "said." † This is too literal. "What did he mean by those words?" would be better. ‡ Should be "ran."

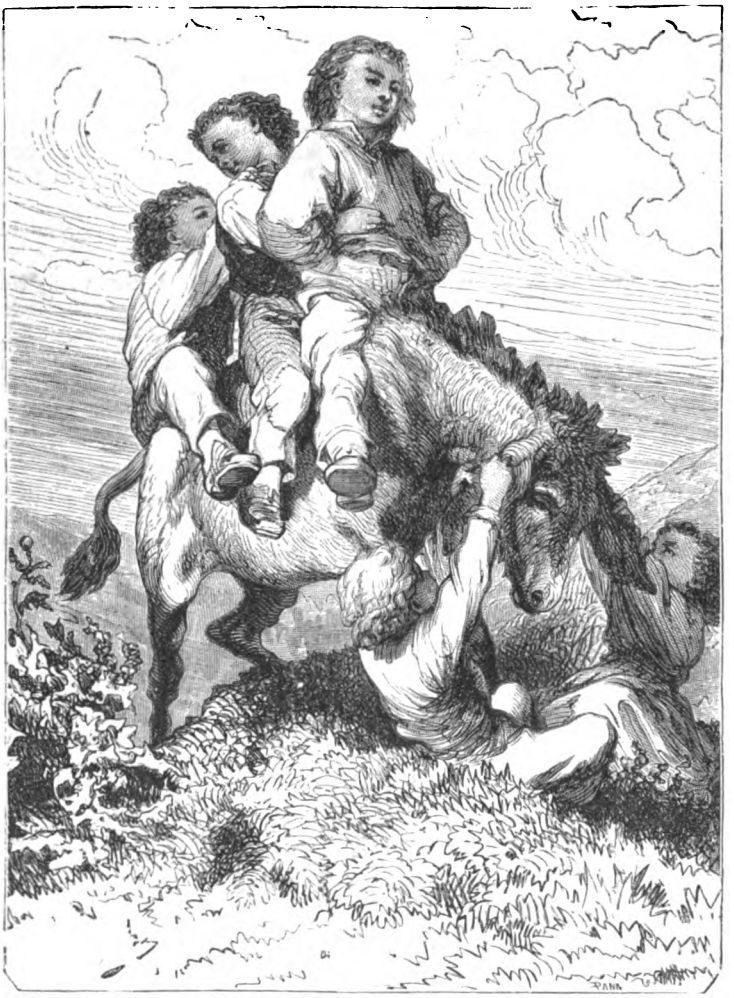
We have received excellent translations of "Emprunt de Peine" from the girls and boys whose names are in the following list. Although the translation we print is the best received, there were many others nearly as good, and there were none that were not creditable to the young authors.

Translators of French Story in March Number.—Marie Bigelow, Lillie A. Pancoast, Alexander Noyes, G. E. F., D'Arcy, "Traducteur," Edith Milicent B., Maria Cecilia Mary Lee, Anna S. McDougall, Jennie A. Brown, Valeria F. Penrose, Philip Little, Nettie J. York, Adrian H. Souveine, Worthington C. Ford, "Hallie," Mary H. Stockwell, Lizzie Jarvis, Lelia M. Smith, Effie L. C. Gates, Nellie Binckley, B. Preston Clark, Edward H. Connor, Ella, Anna C. Starbuck, Robert Trow Smith, Agnes J. Pollard, Emma Preston, Leon F. Chamecin, R. H. Miner, L. H., Willie L. Haskell, E. Corning Townsend, May P. Trumbull, Adele Weil, "Bébé," Frank H. Clapp, John F. Wing, Ella M. Truesdell, Daisy Lee, Carrie Merritt, Eleanor Frothingham, Jennie E. Foote, Alice H. Jenks, Alvina J. Noa, Maria L. H. Cross, "May," Mollie H. Beach, Annie S. Leigh, Emma De Witt, "A Young Contributor," Alice Robinson, S. A. H., Mary E. Goodwin, Mary S. Clark, A. L. N., May Ewing, Harry Walbridge, C. E. R., L. E. L., M. L. B., M. P. Reynolds, L. B., C. S. G., S. D., Lizzie A. Dyer, Myrta A. Tryon, Leonard E. Reibold, Leona H. McAlmont, Sally Gantt, James S. Rogers, jr., Lilian Loyd, Grace Winans, William Mead, Katie E. Howland, Sallie H. Borden, L. H., Lillie M. Shaw, Frank H. Burt, Sophie Ducloux, Robbie Haddow, Frank A. Eaton, R. M. A., M. A. H., Edwin S. Crawley, David H. Shipman, Lewis Hopkins Rutherford, A. L. H., Charles J. Adams, Henry K. Gilman, "Claire," Nellie M. Cyr, Clara B. Kimball, "Luzette," Sadie T. Carlisle, Anna W. Olcott, Annie M. Barbey, Katie M. Wilcox, Alice M. Richards, Edith Ayrault, F. B. McClintock, Martha Lewis, Florence M. Washburne, Hattie Bogardus, H. L. Reginald de Korm, S. G. W., Annie M. Lang, Marie C. Taylor, Grace B. Hitchcock, "Rosslyn," Catherine A. Ricketts, Florrie G., Charlie W. Balestier, R. W. Trezevant, Wm. R. Slade, A. B., Daisy M. Bellinger, Birdie Todd, Tillie F. Salter and Annie B. Clapp, R. W. L., Ida Ober, William C. Parker, L. L. H., C. C., Daisy Warner, Charles L. Chapin, L. A. H., Margaret Christina Ward, Thaddeus E. Murphy, and Lena B. Putnam.

Digitized by Google

NOT SUCH A NODDY AS HE LOOKED.

He was a ragged little fellow, that donkey, with a shaggy head, great flapping ears, and a short, queer tail. His name was Noddy. One fine day, Noddy was in the lot, eating clover, when Fred and Tom came out of the house, with three more young scamps,—their cousins,—who had just come to visit them.



"Now for a ride!" shouted Fred.

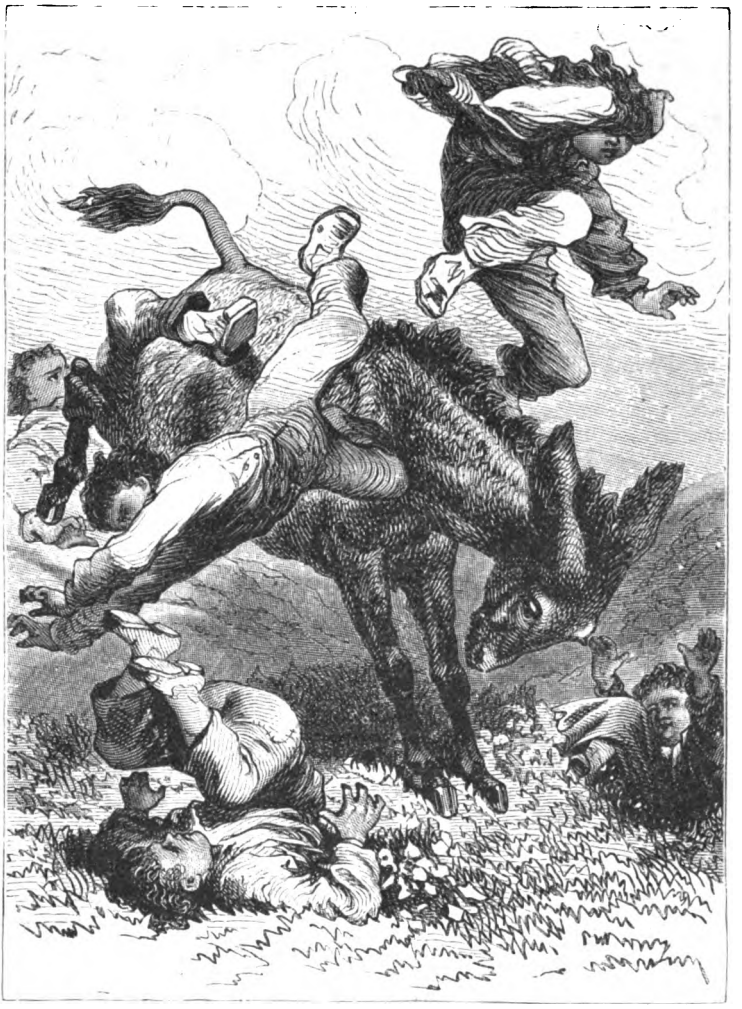
"Let 's all get on his back at once," said one of the cousins.

"Oh, yes! oh, yes!" said the rest, in high glee.

But before a finger could be laid on him, off he started, galloping round the lot in fine style. The boys chased him, and a grand race they had,—whisking and frisking, falling and sprawling, darting and dodging,—until they came to a little hill. The donkey trotted up to the top, braying gladly.

Digitized by Google

"It will never do to give it up so, Cousin Fred," said little Archie. "See! his back is turned; let 's creep up softly." Softly they went; and, in two minutes more, they were around poor Noddy like a swarm of bees. Fred and Frank leaped upon his back, with shouts of delight. Fred sat with his legs stuck out ever so wide, while Frank held on to his waist. Little Archie pulled himself up behind them, using poor Noddy's tail as a rope; while Tom and Curtis, taking hold of the donkey's ears, tried to pull themselves up over his head. But just then that sly old Noddy gave a great hee-haw! HEE-H-A-W! down with his head; up with his heels; over went Tom and Curtis, topsy-turvy; off flew Fred, Frank and Archie, and away they all rolled down to the bottom of the hill. As for Noddy, he laughed a donkey-laugh; and when the boys went away, he brayed them a very polite good-by. Not such a noddy, after all! Was he?



Digitized by Google

GOOD news! Good news! It 's whispered underground. It 's sung overhead. It 's written on the air. The Earth is awake! Flowers! Flowers are coming! Dear me! and here are the children! I 'm the happiest Jack-in-the-Pulpit that ever lived! Now let us talk about things in general.

HELIOTROPES ON THE ISLAND OF JAVA.

I HAPPENED, one day, to mention incidentally to an escaped Java sparrow, that the heliotrope was just about the sweetest and prettiest little thing that grew, and that once, when a little chap delighted me by planting one near me, I was astonished at the fragrance of its tiny clusters of wee, little purple blossoms.

"Wee, little, tiny mites of specks of blossoms!" twittered the Java sparrow, or sounds to that effect. "How funny! Why, in my country the heliotrope is n't a little plant at all. It grows to be fifteen feet high, and its purple clusters are as big as a cocoanut; and their fragrance, when indoors, is more than human folks can bear."

Children, for weeks and weeks I had my own opinion of that Java sparrow; but it occurs to me now that may be I have done him an injustice, for flowers in warm countries do cut queer capers—*that* we know. What do your folks say about it?

LOW SPIRITS.

A LOW-SPIRITED turtle who came creeping near me the other day gave such a melancholy puff of a sigh that I could n't help asking him what was the matter.

"Matter?" he gulped. "Matter enough, I can tell you. I heard a school-boy say, this very morning, that this earth is over 24,000 miles in circumference. That means *around;* does n't it?"

"Certainly," said I.

"Well then, how do you suppose I feel? How, in the name of all the inches, am I ever to accomplish it? Why, life is n't long enough for the purpose! I can't do it!"

"Do what, my friend?"

"Why, go around the earth, of course."

Well, I tried and tried to persuade that turtle that there was n't the least sense in his trying to do such a thing; that nobody wanted him to, and nobody would care a snap if he did n't; but I might as well have talked to the wind. Around the world he must, could, should and would go. So I said at last, by way of consolation:

"Well, my friend, it might be worse. Think of the planet Jupiter, one of those worlds that twinkle up in the sky. *I* heard a school-boy say that Jupiter was fourteen hundred times larger than the earth! Think of that. You ought to be thankful that your lot is cast here instead of there."

At these sensible words, what did that ridiculous turtle do but roll his eyes and gasp harder than ever.

"Alas!" said he, "I did n't put myself here: and how do I know but as soon as I get around this globe I shall find myself suddenly placed on that other one; and I never, never would travel around *that*, I am sure. Fourteen hundred times bigger—fourteen hun—dred—times— Oh my!"

Out of all patience, I shouted out, as he hitched himself along, "Get out of your shell then, and scamper, you absurd thing! Get out of your shell and scamper, or you 'll never finish your journey!"

But, children, if you meet that poor, misguided turtle don't turn him around. It will put him back, you know. It is a notion common to all the turtles that they must travel around the world, and, I suppose, that 's why if you pick one up and set him down with his head in an opposite direction from the one in which he was going he 'll turn right around again.

I wonder if girls and boys ever are so foolish as my low-spirited turtle.

PET SPIDERS.

THEY have a funny house-pet in the West Indies. It is a great big spider,—an ugly fellow,—the very sight of which would make anyone who was not used to it want to jump into the middle of next week. These creatures are considered sacred, and are not to be hurt or disturbed on any account. Ugly as they are, they are useful, because they kill the cockroaches that otherwise would overrun the houses. Families who happen not to have any of these pet spiders will take pains to obtain some, just as we would bring home a cat to drive mice away. I heard a girl reading about this.

THE SPLENDID TRO-GON.

AH! that is a fellow who deserves his name, you may be sure. My friend, Peacock, who told me all about him, assured me that he, with all his beauty, would be only a dingy fowl beside the Trogon. This most magnificent of birds almost makes the sun blink. His breast is scarlet, his back and wings golden brown and golden green; he is crowned with a crest of silky green plumes; his tail-feathers are golden-tinted, and three or four feet long. He lives in Mexico, Central America, and South America. He never takes trips North, so it is likely that many of you never will see him, except as a poor stuffed bird in a museum.

Digitized by Google

One comfort in that will be to know that the superb fellow is resting in peace. It is more than he can do during his life. The Indians rob him of his gorgeous feathers and wear them in their barbaric processions and at their festivals. When the Incas ruled over Peru the members of the royal family alone had the privilege of adorning themselves with the magnificent tail-feathers of the splendid Tro-gon. But the Incas were swept away by the Spaniards, and their right to rob the beautiful bird has long been shared by all Peruvians.

A FRENCHMAN'S TRANSLATION.

THAT funny little French story about John Martin's snowball—though John Martin is n't quite the kind of boy that I like—delighted hosts of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, I am told, especially when they saw it translated into English. Somebody told me, too, that the little chap who translated it did the work wonderfully well.

I heard a translation read once, that was n't quite so good. It was of another story, and was made by a Frenchman, who professed to teach languages, and who thought he was telling it in perfectly beautiful English. You shall hear it just in his words:

"A lady which was to dine, chid to her servant that she not had used butter enough. This girl, for to excuse himselve, was bring a little cat on the hand, and told that she came to take him in the crime finishing to eat the two pounds from butter who remain. The lady took immediately the cat whom was put in the balances, it just weighed that two pound.

"'This is all the very much well for the butter,' the lady then she said, 'but where is the cat?'"

A CANNON THAT FIRES ITSELF OFF.

AN imported bird, lately escaped from his cage, I'm glad to say, tells me that he has seen a little cannon at the Palais Royal in Paris that fires itself off with a pop! every day at noon. I don't know what to think about this. It strikes me that sort of cannon ought n't to be allowed. The sun has something to do with the business, he says. You'd better look into this matter, my dears; I hear there 's an account given of it in a book called Roundabout Rambles.

A WATER-CUSHION.

I BEGIN to think that there is no end to the wonderful things one may learn when once one tries.

I 've just heard of a big water-cushion. No one knows how thick it is; but it is as big as all the oceans in the world. A tall boy who comes to our meadow read all about it in Mangin's "Mysteries of the Ocean."

You see, if the oceans were as stormy all the way through as they are on top, they would cut and plow the lands and rocks at the bottom, tearing their way through the very earth itself. So, when God made this wonderful world, it appears he covered a very large part of it with the deep waters of the oceans, which lie smooth and still under all the storms that rend and vex the parts nearer the top. This great body of smooth water acts as a cushion between the stormy waters and the lands at the bottom. Is not this a very wonderful thing?

WAX AND WAX FLOWERS.

I NEVER saw any wax flowers, but I 've heard about them. I 've been told that they sometimes look just like real flowers,—roses, daisies, lilies, or even Jack-in-the-Pulpits; but, somehow, it makes me shiver to think of them. There 's something queer too about using wax for that purpose, though it comes from flowers in the first place, and ought to know just how they look. But, my children, don't ever tear flowers to pieces to get wax. You could n't find any in that way. It takes those cunning little chemists, the bees, to find the wax in clover blossoms and heliotrope and buck-wheat and mignonette, and ever so many other things. They find something else there, too, don't they?—something that you love as much as they do.

And yet, after all is said and done, I must say, as I said before, there 's something about the idea of making wax flowers that I don't fancy. They must be monstrosities, after all, never mind how good the imitation may be. For what is a flower if you take away its perfume, its soul, and the fact of its being a flower—the sweetest, freshest, tenderest thing on earth?

HOREHOUND.

"I LIKE horehound candy; it is so nice!"

That is what little Jenny said, as she and her brother passed by me one day early in last autumn. In another moment, she spied a dusty-looking plant, with clusters of small white flowers growing round the stalk. She stooped and smelled of the flower, though it was not very pretty. I fancy she did not like its perfume, for she exclaimed:

"Oh! is n't it horrid? The disagreeable weed! What in the world can it be good for?"

Then I said to myself: "Ah! Jenny, if it were not for two growing things,—sugar-cane and that ugly little weed over which you 're twisting your pretty nose,—I 'd like to know how you 'd ever get your horehound candy."

A FEW CONUNDRUMS.

HERE are two more new conundrums from my friend, Jack Daw:

What bankers were hardest off during the late panic? Those who could n't even pay one a little attention.

Why is a good-natured man like a house afire? Because he is not easily put out.

Here is one that I heard so very, very long ago, that I 'm quite sure other Jacks have forgotten it:

Why is a son who objects to his mother's second marriage like an exhausted pedestrian? Because he can't "go" a step-father.

Classical students will please finish this sentence with a familiar article of diet: "When the Greeks looked at Plato and Socrates, they ——"

Yes; that 's right. They saw sages, of course.

Digitized by Google

THE LETTER BOX.

"A YOUNG FRIEND" wishes us to "tell the children what pretty things May baskets are, and how very welcome they are as birthday gifts to May children, or as sweet offerings to invalids and to little children in hospitals, or to put before fathers' and mothers' plates on a fair May morning." A pretty May basket, she adds, can be made by trimming a paper box (a collar-box will do for a small one) with tissue paper, fringed and crinkled, so as to hang around the outside, and by sewing on opposite sides of the box a strip of cardboard for a handle. This also can be covered with tissue paper. Moss, wild flowers, and green leaves will soon make the basket beautiful; and if you have a delicate bit of vine to wreathe about the handle, so much the better. Narrow white ribbon bows, with streamers, where the handle joins the basket, give a pretty effect; and for very little children, it will do no harm to put a quantity of tiny round, egg-like sugar-plums in the middle of the flowers.

"ILLUSTRATION" WORD-MAKERS.—Minnie L. G. is outdone. We announced in the March Letter Box that she had made ninety-seven English nouns out of the letters of the word "Illustration;" but hosts of boys and girls, taking it as a challenge, have sent in so much longer lists of English common nouns made from "Illustration," that we have nothing more to say. The following deserve special mention:

Edward M., of Austin, Texas, 107 nouns; M. R., Rochester (with the help of father and mother), 107; Worthington C. Ford, 114; John C. Howard, 114; Charley M. A., of Le Roy, N. Y., 115; Arnold Guyot Cameron, of Princeton, 117; L. H., of New Orleans, 128; Bennie L. P., of Rutland, Vermont, 132 (Bennie also sends 21 proper nouns); "A Young Subscriber," of Little Falls, 134 in common use, and 82 nouns found in the dictionary but *not* in common use; and Mary D. B., of Boston, who beats them all, sends 172.

ANOTHER WORD.—"It never rains but it pours." Here comes "Scribe," of San Francisco, with an English word containing all the vowels set down in their right order, and out of which he makes two hundred and fifty English words. "Scribe" says he will be pleased to hear from the girls and boys concerning this word, in next month's Letter Box.

ELLEN R. C.—Thanks for your kind letter. But what do you mean by "your stories are so interesting and funny I have had the measles * * *" Have you no period nor exclamation point to spare? Your letter, in its need of punctuation, reminds us of the touching epitaph on a country tombstone: "Erected to the memory of John Philips accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

A LITTLE GIRL, of Freeport, Ill., writes:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In reading the Letter Box of your magazine, I noticed that a good many things were there that I am very glad to learn. Now, as a favor, I ask you if you can tell me what a runcible spoon is? It is found in J. G. Whittier's book of children's poetry, entitled "Child-Life," page 146, the sixth line in the last verse. I have consulted several dictionaries and "Zell's Encyclopædia," and a good many other references, but am unable to get any meaning to the word "runcible." So, if you can give me the meaning of it, you will very much oblige OSCARETTA T.

Runcible spoons are not made now-a-days, so it is not to be wondered at that Oscaretta did not find the word in any modern dictionary. If our little friend only could find an encyclopædia that was published in the times when all these things happened,—when Owls and Pussies, on their wedding tours, really sailed in pea-green boats "to the land where the Bong-tree grows,"—she would not long be kept in ignorance. But we'll whisper a word or two in Oscaretta's ear. There's a great big, big volume called Imagination; and in this volume, right in among the R's, she'll find "runcible;" and, perhaps, among the B's a perfect description of the Bong-tree. Why not?

HERE is a letter which will interest many of our readers:

Cheyenne Agency, Dakota, Feb. 20, '74.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder what some of your young readers would say if they saw who was just looking over your pleasant pages. Nothing but a great savage Indian, with feathers in his hair, a big dab of vermilion on each cheek, dashed with a streak of blue, and his forehead ribbed with yellow bars, like a walking bird-cage. A red blanket over his shoulders, ragged leggings, a dirty shirt, and beaded moccasins completed his outfit,—unless I should include an ominous-looking Henry rifle, which was lying by his side as he turned over your leaves. I suppose some of them would be wanting to get behind the door, or to go off visiting; but there is no need of being afraid. He looks awfully savage, but his heart can be won by a meal or a few beads and trinkets. Most of his valor lies in his paint; and if you were to wash it off and dress him in civilized clothes, he would make a very ordinary, harmless-looking man. There are two kinds of these Indians, however. One class has been brought to live on the Missouri River, where they are furnished by the Government with food and clothing. Then there are many more who will not live on the reservations, but stay far back from the river. These you want to look out for, if you ever come here, for they not only carry guns and knives and tomahawks, but they will use them, if they have a chance, on the first white person they happen to meet. You will find these men sometimes among the other Indians on the reservation, but most of the "agency" Indians are peaceable enough. I have many good friends among these people, and they love to be in the house admiring all the little wonders of civilization so common to you all, and nothing pleases them more than to look at illustrated books and papers, and especially ST. NICHOLAS. M——.

S. T. NICHOLAS.—In sending rebuses for ST. N., dear namesake, a written statement of the symbols will answer the purpose of drawings, though we prefer to see drawings, however rough. Mrs. Elizabeth Charles is the author of the "Schonberg-Cotta Family."

H. STEUSSIE, JR., AND OTHERS.—We are glad to print German stories for translation now and then, but we cannot afford space in the Riddle Box for German riddles, as they could be solved by only a few of our readers.

ROBT., OF DEGRAW ST.—Your criticism is quite just.

OUR young friend, Nellie W., sends the boys and girls the following riddle, in the hope of receiving a solution. It is very old, she says; and the true answer, lost long ago, has not yet been found.

Man cannot live without my first:
By day and night 't is used.
My second is by all accurst;
By day and night abused.

My whole is never seen by day,
Nor ever seen by night;
'T is dear to friends, when far away,
But hated when in sight.

LILY M——N.—Your sketches are very good for a little girl of nine years; but we cannot print puzzles founded on the name of the editor of this magazine.

F. C. G.—We are not at present in favor of opening a "correspondence column for our boys and girls." It has its advantages, but it also has its abuses, and in our opinion the chances of the latter outweigh the former.

Digitized by Google

J. G., inspired by the specimens of high-flown proverbs given in our March Letter Box, sends the following:

"The medium of exchanges starts from rest,
And puts the equine female to her best."

"CHARL."—Your communication is in type, waiting for a chance to appear.

ABOUT ST. NICHOLAS.—We cannot resist the temptation to show our young folks these two letters,—from a mother and her little daughter,—and we trust they will attribute our doing so, not to vanity, but to genuine joy at such encouragement, and a desire to satisfy certain honest well-wishers who, while they admit the fascinations of ST. NICHOLAS for big boys and girls, fear that we are not paying enough attention to little children:

Albany, N. Y., March 4th, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enclose a letter, dictated, word for word, by my little daughter, whose delight in your magazine is truly inexpressible.

Although you are doubtless surfeited with compliments, I must add a word of congratulation upon the success you have had so far in making your magazine unexceptionable,—a word that has been quite inapplicable to most of those offered to the children heretofore. Having had the care of many young people, both as mother and teacher, I have examined the children's literature of the day with much anxiety. Notwithstanding its merit and attractiveness, it is beset with snares and pitfalls that will destroy the innocence and ignorance (of worldly wisdom) that give childhood its charm and its joy. Your work is a noble one, and will yield a rich reward.—Respectfully,

ELLEN HARDIN W——.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am seven years old. I have taken the "Nursery" two years, and now my mamma says I read it through so fast that I have outgrown it. I am very glad you have come this year, for I am sure that I would not like any other magazine as well as you.

My brother has a dog named Leaune (that is a German word), that I think is as wonderful as the Brighton cats. She can run up a tree, she will shut the door, or pick up scraps from the floor and put them in the waste-basket, and she can spell her name with alphabet-cards.

I think "The Trio" is very funny,—the sheep singing about themselves; and "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" is splendid. I love to read his sermons. I found a real Jack-in-the-pulpit last summer in the woods.

I am glad you don't love fine dolls. I keep "Lady Alice" in a trunk, but "Rosa" sleeps with me every night. Some people say she is freckled and ugly; but Santa Claus sent her to me long, long ago, and I think she is lovely.—Your friend, RUBY.

Every mail brings us letters as warm, hearty, and cheering as these. Of course, we cannot reply to them all by letter. There would be no time left for ST. NICHOLAS if we did that; but we can assure the writers that their kind words are of great help to us, and that their suggestions always are carefully considered.

So, good friends, especially you whose names are given below,—as we cannot reply to you each by letter, we desire to thank you here for your hearty words: F. H. Zabriskie, "Sedgwick," S. B. C., Minnie H., Charley A. Osborn, "Powhatan," Julia C. Lakin, J. H. F., Jessie Nicholson, W. W. W., George E. S., Edward F. P., Abbie and Lottie, M. A. W., Charlie L., Jessie L. McD., W. F. Bridge, E. P., Charles J. Fuller, F. C. G., Howard F. Bowers, S. T. N., Harold C. Powers, L. H., Meta Gage, H. Steussie, jr., Lelia Ruth Haines, Harry King, R. O. B., Annie Wilkins, E. P., Mrs. E. H. Walworth, C. M. A., Edward H. Tibbits, Lottie J. Bachman.

HORACE BUTLER.—We shall soon give a Latin story for translation.

CHARLEY J. FULLER writes: "I noticed in your March Letter Box about keeping a list of all the books we read in the year 1874, and I have commenced to do so." This is right, Charley. We hope scores and scores of boys and girls are "doing so" with you.

HERE comes a letter which makes us right glad:

Huntsville, Madison Co., Ark., Feb. 27, 1874.

MR. ST. NICHOLAS: You see we have been to work. My papa wrote out the pledge for me, and I took it to school and got the teacher, Mr. Alexander,—who is a good man,—to read your piece on birds in January number, and every single girl and boy signed it. They all thought it a splendid thing to not kill any more birds. I and my little brothers, Bennie and Frank and Dick, are going to cut some holes in some gourds that we raised last year in our garden, and hang them up in our shade-trees,—they 're big, tall locust trees,—for the blue-birds to build in. We will hang them with wire, so that the little birdies will have a good home for a long time to come. I send the pledge paper all signed. Don't you think this pretty good for Arkansas? Yours truly, ROBBIE PRATHER.

Preamble and Resolution:

Whereas, we, the youth of America, believing that the wanton destruction of wild birds is not only cruel and unwarranted, but is unnecessary, wrong, and productive of mischief to vegetation as well as to morals; therefore,

Resolved, that we severally pledge ourselves to abstain from all such practices as shall tend to the destruction of wild birds. That we will use our best endeavors to induce others to do likewise; and that we will advocate the rights of birds at all proper times, encourage confidence in them, and recognize in them creations of the Great Father for the joy and good of mankind.

(Signed)

BOYS.—Hugh F. Berry, Edward Barbour, M. S. Newton, W. Van Buren, Willie Sams, Nat Sanders, George Anthony, Robert Prather, W. P. Buren, Howard A. Kenner, Bennie Prather, Frankie Prather, Frank E. Johnson, O. D. Johnson, Noah U. S. Johnson, Johnnie Moody.

GIRLS.—Allie A. Powe, Bell Berry, Ella Sams, Fannie Richmond, Cener Sanders, Bell Parks, Selina Copeland, Minda Bohannon, Allie Moody, Bettie Polk, Clint Kenner.

Who 'll sign next? Send in your names, boys and girls,—all who wish to join Mr. Haskins' army of Bird-defenders,—big and little, young and old, and Northern, Southern, Eastern or Western—in fact, from any part of this big round world.

ROBERT R. S.—We do not know the author of the lines:

"The waves that creep to kiss the pebbly shore,
And seek forgiveness for the tempest's roar."

ALLEN F——'s rather lengthy description of various "Curiosities in Plant Life" is not exactly suited to the columns of ST. NICHOLAS, but we willingly give the Letter Box the benefit of his offer of "any portion of the article that will interest the boys and girls." His pleasant account of "The Biggest Flower in the World" is well worth reading.

THE BIGGEST FLOWER IN THE WORLD.

On some of the East India islands, where so many queer things grow, is found a flower that measures a full yard across. Yet it has only a cup-like centre, and five broad, thick, fleshy petals. Seen from a distance, through the dark-green leaves of the vines among which it grows, the rich wine-tint of the flower, flecked with spots of a lighter shade, is said to impart a warmth and brilliancy of color to the whole surrounding scene. But the nearer the observer comes—all eagerness to see more closely so wonderful a flower—the less does he like it. Not that the color is less beautiful; but who cares for beauty in human beings, when its possessor is malicious, disdainful, or untruthful? and who cares for beauty in a flower, when the odor is disagreeable?

So, notwithstanding its proudly brilliant color, and its great size, the *rafflesia-arnoldia* will never be admired, for we are told that its "odor is intolerable, polluting the atmosphere for many feet around." Another bad trait of its flower-character is, that it is too lazy to support itself, but lives upon the labors of others. In the forests where it is found, there are many vines, sometimes climbing up the trunks of the trees, and sometimes trailing along the ground. Fastening itself to a vine in the latter position, the unprincipled *rafflesia* grows without other trouble to itself than to draw for its own use, the nutriment which the industrious vine-roots are all the while collecting from the earth. The vine must be very amiable, you think? Ah! but the poor vine cannot help itself. It cannot shake off the big, selfish flower, and can only work harder than ever to collect supplies sufficient to nourish the odious hanger-on, and have enough, in addition, for its own branches and leaves.

Digitized by Google

SOME CURIOUS FISHES.

BY J. C. BEARD.

THERE are fish in the sea so curious, that when we see pictures of them we can scarcely believe that any such creatures really exist.

Do not some of the odd-looking fishes, for instance, pictured on page 256 of the March number of ST. NICHOLAS, look more like wild and impossible inventions of the artist than like anything else? And yet they are all native Americans, and can be caught almost any fine day off the coast of New England or New York.

What do you suppose that wide-mouthed monster at the bottom of the picture is about? Do you think he foolishly believes that the fish about him will swim into his great mouth? He is much too wise for that. He knows, too, how useless it would be to try to catch his swift-finned companions by chasing them, for he is a slow swimmer. So he lies quietly at the bottom of the ocean and fishes for his prey. Think of that,—a fish fishing! This creature has a natural fishing-rod, with a bait at the end, growing from his head, near his mouth. The fishing-rod is a fine fish-bone, tapering off to a point, on which hangs a little streamer, or slip of shining membrane, that serves for the bait.

Lying motionless in the soft mud, the Angler, as this fish is rightly named, waves about the long spines on his head and back until the silly fish in the immediate vicinity, attracted by the movement and the glittering bait, come within reach, when they are immediately swallowed. His side fins, as you can see, are more like the flippers of a seal than like fins, and serve to slide him forward over the bottom mud.

The fish immediately over his head is called the Toad-fish. It is a very curious-looking creature with its toad-like, flattened head, of which a glimpse may be had in the right hand upper corner of the picture, where a second fish of this species is shown swimming toward the spectator. This fish generally lives under stones and eel-grass and mud at the bottom of shallow sea-water. Examining the places where the water is but a few inches in depth at low tide, it will be seen that under many of the stones and smaller rocks the sand on one side has been removed; leaving a shallow cavity extending back beneath the stone. If care is taken to approach gently, and without noise, the head of the Toad-fish can be seen very much in the position of a dog as he lies looking out of his kennel. If this happen in the summer months, the little creature, you may be sure, is guarding her young, for which she seems to have a great affection. If the stone is removed, the young Toad-fish can be found in hundreds sticking to the under surface.

The ferocious-looking creature above the Toad-fish is the Sea Raven, or Deep Water Sculpin. Nothing could present a more remarkable appearance than this fish, with his oddly-colored body, his prodigious fins, his crushed-looking head, hung about with tatters and scraps of skin, and his absurd yet horrible expression of ill-humor.

There remain four fishes which are well worthy of notice. The Sea-Wolf, on the left of the illustration; the Mullet, just below; the Sea-Robin, on the right; and the Sea-Mouse, between the Sea-Wolf and the Toad-fish. Of these four, as might be expected, the Sea-Wolf is the most savage and ferocious, and is dreaded even by the fishermen who catch it. The Mullet is so artful and cunning that it is very difficult to effect its capture with a seine or net. And if once caught in this way, it will dash furiously against the sides of the net, and will even search every mesh, in order to find a large one through which it may escape. The Sea-Robin is both beautiful and harmless,—a near relation to the Flying-fish,—and the Sea-Mouse is a strange little creature, from two to four inches long, sometimes, but rarely, caught along the coast of the Eastern States.

THE Editors are very much gratified by the numerous and excellent descriptions, which they have received, of the fishes shown in the engraving in the March number. They would be glad to make special mention of these, but there are so many of them that it is impossible to do so. They give below, however, a classified list of all received before March 15th:

Virginia B. Ladd correctly named and described *five* of the fishes.

The following list correctly described *four* fishes, viz.: Susie Burrows, Fred Faville, Bessie Atlee and Harry Erisman, Robert D. Dashiell, "Bub," Garry Banker, Annie Goodman, Lena W. Chamberlain, and Virginia H. Curtis.

The following had *three* right: Theodora Chase, Freddie Huckel, Will Culver, Robert Pratt Bliss, and Leila Ruth Haynes.

The following were correct concerning *two* of the fishes: Wallace C. Carter, F. H. Zabriskie, Lulu A. Paine, Willie H. Frost, Harry R. Huntington, Rosalie M. Bemis, Lincoln Hill and Ernest Winne, Willie Wright, J. S. McCormack, and Mark J. Mason.

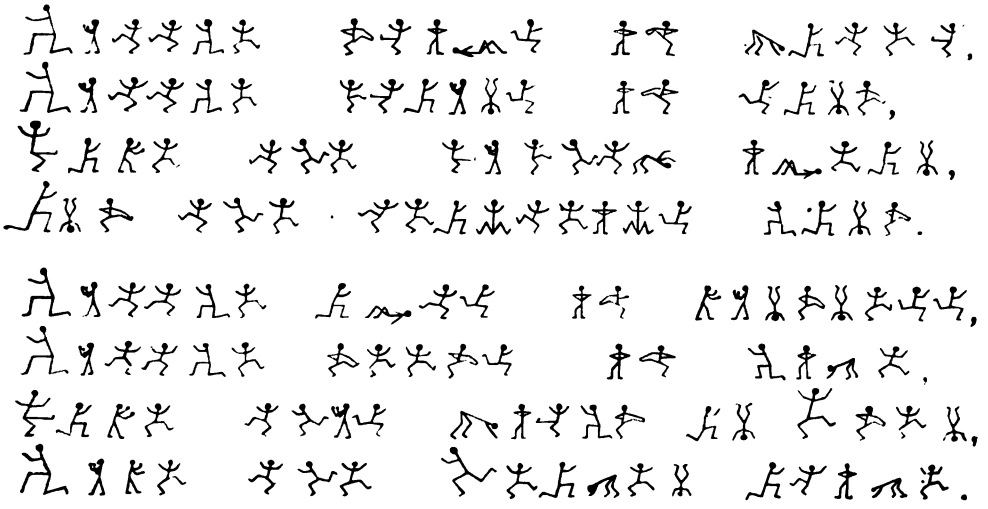
Correct descriptions of the large fish, called "The Angler," were received from Georgie Platts, Oscar H. Babbitt and George Barrell, Chas. I. Fuller, Frank W. Hoyt, Nannie B. Tamberton, James C. Ayer, S. D. Jennings, Stella Clark, Claire B. Potwin, Commodore Ruple, Lulie M. French, George Montaldo, Leo Doggett, Lizzie F. Bradford, Arthur L. Brandiger, R. Hays Irvin, Nellie Chase, Frank H. Jackson, Bertie Wilson, Annabel Crandall, Sarah Gallett, "Walter," A. D. W., Charlie Burton, Arthur L. Ropes, John Heiss West, Eddie W. Clark, George H. Ashley, Alfred H. Williams, Edward F. Bragg, Charlie W., Anna W. Olcott, Frederick W. Chapman, "Izaak Walton," Willie Remaine, Melvin L. Dorr, Frank Burr Mallory, Knight C. Richmond, and Charles Swift Richie, jr.

Digitized by Google

THE RIDDLE BOX.

SOMETHING NEW.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE RESTLESS IMPS.



HERE you have two very well-known verses written in the language of the Restless Imps. It is exactly the same as English, excepting in the form of its letters. The imps have twenty-six distinct positions, one for each letter of the alphabet. P and C, for instance, invariably lie on their backs, though the head of one points to the right and that of the other to the left. E is always seen dancing, with his arms up in the air, and X, not being often needed, sits at his ease. In due time we shall publish a full key to this interesting alphabet, for the benefit of all who wish to correspond in the new language. Meanwhile, who can read the above verses?

TEN CONCEALED RIVERS.

(These rivers are spelled backwards.)

YOU would have been of no use, Major, for, if I had n't found a glove, he would have bled to death under the window. I tried to stop Pete, both times, for I needed him to go to the cellar. Useful, he was; only, when he brought the box of salve, his life, you see, depended on my exertions. NIP.

RIDDLE.

TAKE away my first five, and I am a tree. Take away my last five, and I am a vegetable. Without my last three, I am an ornament. Cut off my first, and two parts of your head are left. Divide me in half, and you read a fruit and an instrument of correction. Without my first and last three, I am a titled gentleman. My whole, you can obtain of any druggist. FLOY.

ENIGMA, No. 1.

MY first is in stag, but not in elk.
My second is in cream, but not in milk.
My third is in shoe, but not in boot.
My fourth is in laugh, but not in hoot.
My fifth is in hot, but not in cold.
My sixth is in bought, but not in sold.
My seventh is in hornet, but not in bee.
My eighth is in tied, but not in free.
My ninth is in shot, but not in gun.
My tenth is in play, but not in fun.
My eleventh is in fish, but not in eel.
My twelfth is in stern, but not in keel.
And my whole is the name of an island.

NIP.

PREFIX PUZZLE.

PUT the same prefix before each of the following, when found, so as to form twelve words (puns allowed): 1. A writer. 2. The coat of certain animals. 3. A near relation. 4. An attitude. 5. A sort of match used in warfare. 6. What schoolboys should never be. 7. A part of a church 8. A growing thing. 9. Something that is nothing if not musical. 10. A shape. 11. The number eight. 12. An ocean.

WORD-SQUARE.

FRAGRANCE. A stream. A germ. A fruit. A fiel of strife. J. P. B.

CHARADE.

1st Syllable

SOMETHING we too early sigh for,
What, through life, too hard we try for,
What, alas, too many die for.

2d Syllable.

Upon my second, in a boat
We lightly toss, or idly float,
Or bathe within its wavelets clear—
(The word to Tennyson is dear).

My Whole.

A lovely vale, well known to Fame,
Of which a fabric bears the name
Well worthy of the proudest dame.

LAURA D. NICHOLS.

PUZZLE.

MAKE a word of three syllables out of these letters: X U X L X I. WILLIE CROCKER.

Digitized by Google

REBUS.

A GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

MY first is a country in Asia. Change my head, and I am a small country of Africa. Behead, and I am an ancient name of a part of Europe. "Put a head on me" and drop the last two letters, and I become a celebrated river. Change the last letter, and I am a country in Asia. B. A. R.

CURIOUS CROSS-WORD.

WHILE at a 4, old-fashioned 7 lately, composed of about ¼ of 1, we had 2, 6 for dinner, and had lots of 8, and while there we made this 3, 5, and by guessing the answer you will a 9 times oblige.

JOHN SHERMAN.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

THE diagonals form respectively the names of a town of Madison County, N. Y., and a village of Venango County, Pa. The horizontal words have the following for their signification: 1. A city of Kansas. 2. A town of W. Va. 3. A kind of pigeon. 4. A village of N. H. 5. A town of N. Y. 6. A large town of Conn. 7. A town of Mass. 8. Any vain or empty terror, or the local English name for the black-gull. 9. A town of W. Va. ALDEBARAN.

ENIGMA, No. 2.

I AM composed of seven letters, of which my 1, 2, 3 spell what you call the members of your family; my 4, 5, 6, 7, a trader's highest ambition; my 6, 5, 3, 7, a narrow way; my 6, 5, 1, 7, a body of fresh water; my 6, 2, 3, 7, that which denotes length, without breadth or thickness; my 3, 2, 6, 7, the name of a noted river, at the mouth of which stands a city famous both in ancient and modern times; my 4, 3, 5, 1, 7, an object of universal terror, beautiful and fascinating, but dangerous; my 4, 2, 3, 7, a term used in geometry; my 4, 5, 3, 7 mean healthy; my 5, 6, 7, a beverage of which the Scotch are very fond; my 6, 7, 5, 1 tell what ships are apt to do in a storm; my 6, 7, 5, 3 mean to bend or incline; my 4, 2, 3, 1 tell what a boy does who ventures into deep water without being able to swim; my 4, 6, 2, 3, 1 mean to steal away; and my whole is a bluff on the western coast of Ireland, that gives his title to the only British nobleman who is allowed to wear his hat in the presence of the Queen of England.

FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals form two cities: 1. A city in Central America. 2. A boy's name. 3. A city in Asia. 4. A fastening. 5. To change. 6. A city of Europe. 7. A nautical term. NIP.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

PICTURE QUOTATION.—
"But mice and rats and such small deer
Have been Tom's food for seven long year."
King Lear, Act 3, Scene 4.

RHYTHMIC ENIGMA.—Enigma.

ORTHOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—Stale, tale, ale, at, slat, slate, as, sat, lea, least, east, late, last, lest.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Passamaquoddy.

RIDDLE.—April Fool.

LOGOGRIPH.—Start, tart, art, at, as, star, tar, at.

LITERARY ELLIPSES.—1. Crabbe, Shelley, Moore. 2. Goldsmith, Locke. 3. Campbell, Knight, Day, Foote.

CHARADE.—Phantom.

REBUS.—"The tired fellow wheeled around and spoke out."

A QUEER AQUARIUM.—Pipe-fish, Balloon-fish, Moon-fish, Seahorse, Sheep's-head, Swallow-fish, Bullhead, Sword-fish, Toad-fish, Wolf-fish, Dog-fish, Pike, Horse-shoe, Dace, Razor-fish, Star-fish, Cat-fish, Trunk-fish.

ENIGMA.—Mischief-makers.

APOCOPES.—1. Index, in. 2. Coward, cow. 3. Codger, cod. 4. Titter, tit. 5. Wasteful, waste. 6. Stockade, stock. 7. Target, tar.

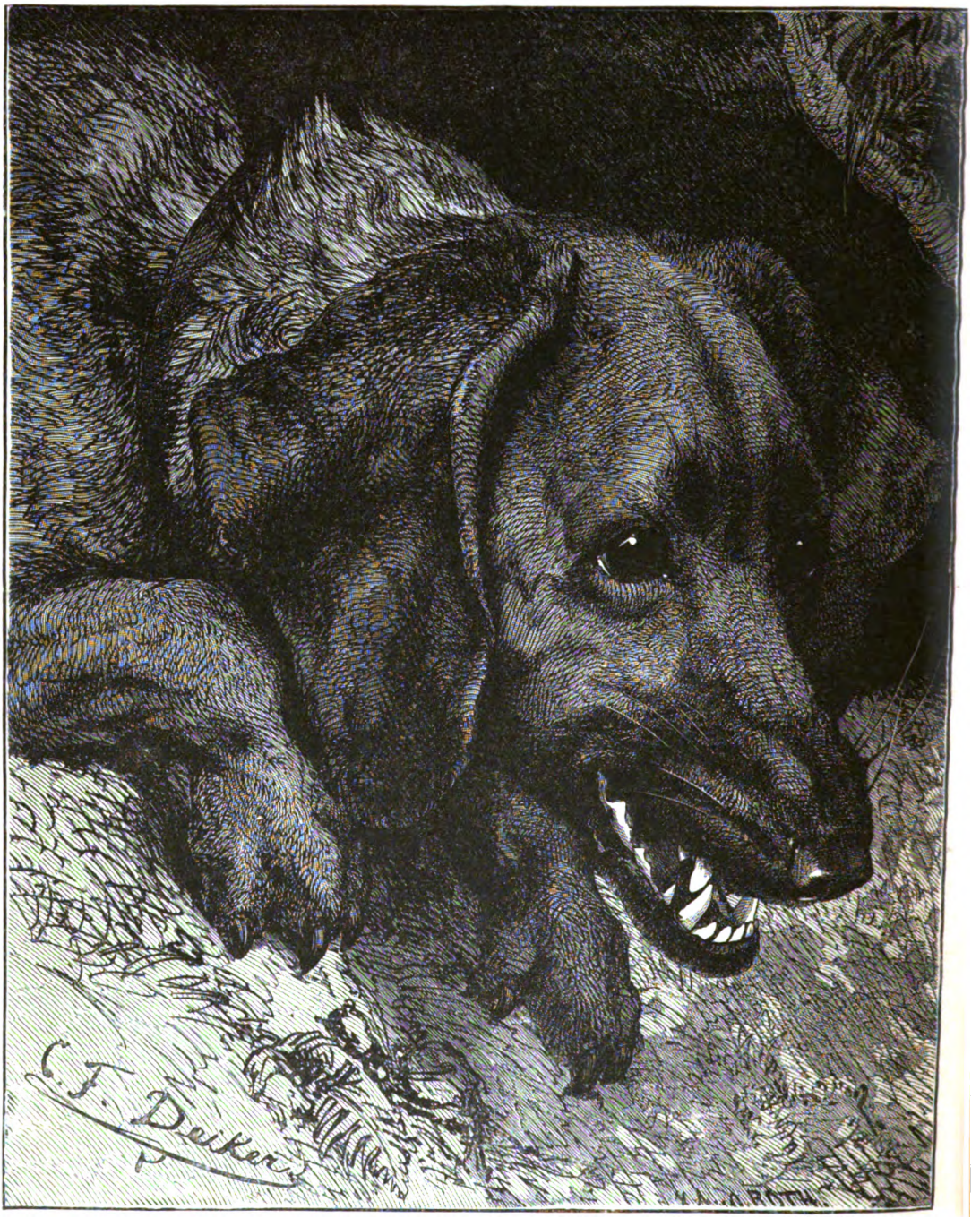
NUMERICAL EXERCISE.—1, 3, 4, 5, 2.

HIDDEN SQUARE.—
T E N
E V E
N E T

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH NUMBER have been received from Carrie L. Hastings, Louise F. Olmstead, Frank S. Halsey, Estelle Parker, Fred W., Walter Bixby, Welmore Briscoe, H. S. M., T. F. Sykes, Hobart Park, Edward H. Connor, Johnnie Hersh, Mary Inman Drake, Hattie B. Granger, Howard F. Bowers, Emily Morrison, Mary M. Grace, Harry C. Powers, Ralph Blaisdell and Sidney Taylor, Willie Boucher Jones, Montgomery H. Rochester, "A Biped," H. O. Turner, Wm. T. Roberts, Jessie L. McDermott, Laura Opper, Annie and Bertha Shoemaker, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Mabel Afton and Estelle Hartford, Eddie E. Judson, Carrie W. Mairs, W. F. Bridge, jr., Wilson E. Skinner, S. D., Harrie Town, A. R. M., Jennie Church, Fannie B. James, John A. Paine, E. Langdon Bishop, Helen W. Allen, Ralph R. Carlin, John B. Crawford, Minnie S., Willie Siebert, A. E. K., S. Schmucker, S. B. L. Penrose, Lottie W., Edward H. Saunders, Will Ruggles, Ellen G. Hodges, F. A. Shutes, Joseph and Frank Bird, G. Deney Stratton, James S. Rogers, jr., Minnie Thomas, May W. Bond, George Morton, Edna H. Kiersted, Lawrence Norton, "Dough and P. Nutt," Harry R. Huntington, O. H. B. and G. L. B., Anna W. Olcott, M. A. H., Lincoln Hill and Ernest Winne, "Luzette," F. B. McClintock, "Eider Jay," Gracie M. Morse, Minnie Batcham, Charlie W. Balestier, "Cambridge Place," Mary and Reuben Sloan.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



READY FOR ACTION.

Digitized by Google

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. I. JUNE, 1874. NO. 8.

HOW THE "GULL" WENT DOWN.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

BEN had pulled his boat up on shore and swabbed it out, so that his wife's new blue calico might not smell of fish when they reached Shark River. Then Dan came and took a turn at swabbing, while his father went up to put on his Sunday clothes. Conny sat on the sand, watching him.

"Take the crabs out of the fo'cas'le, Dan," she ordered.

Dan went to the bow, and peeped into the little black hole.

"Reckon I wont. Them crabs 's nigh soft," he said.

Conny waded out at once, and threw them into the water.

"Do you think *my* mother's agoing on a journey with a lot of shedders and busters?" she scolded on, while Dan sat down contentedly, splash into the water, and punched his toes lazily into the mud. Conny always had her own way.

Presently, Ben and Mrs. Van Dort came down, ready to set off. The children did not heed their father's going, for he started to the Barnegat fishing banks every morning before three o'clock, and seldom was back until dark; but it was a great event for their mother to leave home. Twice a year Ben took her down to Shark River, to buy calico and sugar and shoes and such "trade." These voyages were each a crisis in the family history. The children hung about her, stroking her white cotton gloves and looking admiringly at the pink rose in her bonnet.

"Come, hurry in, Jane," called Ben. "We'll have considerable of a blow before we reach Sherk's River."

But Jane ran back once more to kiss Conny and hug Dan. She tried to say "God bless you, children!" but the words would not come. Only the minister ought to say such solemn things, she thought.

"Mind and say your prayers, Conny," she whispered; "and take good care of Dan and baby."

"One would think you were agoing to be gone a year," grumbled Ben. "Good-bye, you young vaggybonds," nodding as he pushed the boat out beyond the first breaker.

It was a warm, clear day. The "Gull" danced over the low, sparkling waves, light as a feather. Conny could see the blue line of paint below her taffrail, and even the rose in her mother's bonnet, until they were out quite into deep sea water.

"I tell you, Dan!" she said. "Let 's not go to bed, to-night. Let 's have supper ready for them."

Dan nodded. "Reckon I 'll histe a lantern to light 'em in."

"To light father in? No! He 's bin a-coming in here every night since he was a boy."

"Mother has n't, then. It was her I was agoing to light in. Anybody 'd hev knowed that!"

Dan went on composedly picking up great blobs of broken jelly-fish from the sand.

"Throw them horrid things away, Dan'l Van Dort!" for Conny wanted to air her new authority. "You stuff 'em in yer pockets till I can't abear your trowsers in the house at night," covering her nose with her apron.

Dan sniffed at them with an air of relish.

"They won't shine until ye keep 'em awhile. I've got my light-house 'most built, an' I want these for lanterns. Better come and help, Con. Here 's a big un you may put in," holding it out to her.

Digitized by Google

Conny paused wishfully a minute; then tossed her head.

"Light-house, indeed! I've got to keep house and mind baby. I've no time for play."

Baby was easily taken care of through the day; she lay playing with Dan in the sand, as he built his light-house, and only kicked her fat legs when anybody spoke to her. Conny had plenty of time to make ready the supper; she had plenty of things with which to make it ready, too. Not half so much money came into Ben's cottage as into many of the wretched rooms where beggars live in towns; but there was always an abundance of meat, potatoes, and fish in the cellar, and a Sunday suit apiece for the whole family up stairs; and the house itself,—with its rag-carpets, and big wood fires, and painted wooden chairs, and colored prints (a hundred years old) on the whitewashed wall, of King George and Queen Caroline, and the Animals going into the Ark,—was as bright and clean and shining as the white sand or blue sea without. When a person has so much fishing and sea and weather and beach to think of out-of-doors, he really has not time to care for sofas or clothes or those unnecessary things.

"BETTER COME AND HELP, CON."

Conny set the table, and made hot cakes and put the soft-crabs down ready to broil; and then she rocked baby to sleep, and tucked her into bed. She was sure to sleep until morning; so that Conny could shut the door and run down on the beach to see the "Gull" come in.

The evening was damp and cold; but the sky and sea were one blaze of fierce, yellow light. She stopped to look at it.

"I never saw anything like that before, Dan."

"It's mighty curious."

Dan grunted, as if he could say a great deal more if he chose, and if she were not a girl.

The white caps were all gone. The sea was coming in, in deep, dark swells, with a dull, threatening roar. Conny saw all the fishing-boats fluttering into the little cove, although it was an hour before their usual time. Men were running down from the village to help the fishermen haul them up on shore. They worked quickly,—but, like sea-coast people, without a word,—lowered the sails, unshipped the masts.

"Now we're all in," said Cap'n Job, the wrecking-master, as the last was pulled up. "Van Dort were n't at the Banks to-day."

"But he's at Sherk's River, with Jane," some one said.

Nobody spoke; the men looked at each other, then out to sea, and, glancing at Conny, drew apart, and whispered.

"Is the 'Gull' in danger, sir?" She pulled Cap'n Job's sleeve. He did not look down at her.

"Danger, nonsense! You ought to be in bed, child. Go to the house, and take Dan. Go at once, I tell you!"

Conny did not go. She saw a sail, close reefed, out in the grey distance, like the flicker of a bird's wing.

"There's father now!" she cried.

At that moment there was a sharp crackling in the air. The yellow light was gone. The sea rushed in as if driven by terror.

Digitized by Google

"It's come, men! It's come!" cried Cap'n Job.

Conny had heard of a wind-squall which, fifty years ago, had strewed the shore with wrecks. She clung to an old spar, in the sudden darkness and the storm of spray and sand that drove over her, cutting her hands and face.

"It's a wind-squall; but it can't hurt mother—it can't hurt mother!" she cried.

When the darkness passed with the heavy cloud, she climbed up to the little headland, and, sheltering her eyes with one hand, looked steadily out to sea.

The fishermen were near the cove, watching her, and whispering together. One of them went to the village and brought down two or three women. Nanty Hepburn, who was a friend of Jane Van Dort's, went up to Conny.

"Come home with me, dear," she said. "Don't look out yonder," putting her hand over the girl's eyes. "It's growin' clearer, and the sea's ugly to look at after a storm; weeds and wrecks and dead things is washed ashore, and——"

Conny quietly put down her hand.

"I must see the 'Gull' come in. Mother's a-board."

Nanty looked at the men, perplexed. She wiped her eyes once or twice, and then put her hands on Conny's shoulders.

"There was a wind-squall like this once afore, Conny."

"I know."

"And—and of all the ships within two miles of the bar, not one lived through it. Not the big ships, dear! Are you listenin'?"

Conny, after a minute, drew away.

"I wish you would go to Dan, Nanty. He's crying yonder. I—I can't speak to him now."

She put her hand over her eyes again, looking through the slowly lifted weight of mist. Her lips moved.

Dan pulled her by the skirt, after awhile.

"Come away, Conny," he sobbed. "They say the 'Gull' has gone down, and they're afeard for you to stay here."

"It could n't go down. God would n't let it. I've bin prayin'." But her face was like death as she said it.

The mist had lifted now. Under the pale twilight lay the vast angry sea—the waves rising out of fathomless darkness. Conny caught Dan fiercely by the arm, and pointed outward. Her lips were too parched to speak.

"The 'Gull!' The 'Gull!'" shouted the men.

Only sea-bred eyes could see the far-off boat which was dashed to and fro like a bubble. "Ther's no chance ther fur a *good* boat," said Cap'n Job; "but for that old water-log—— Take

"SHELTERING HER EYES WITH ONE HAND, SHE LOOKED STEADILY OUT TO SEA."

Digitized by Google

them children away, Nanty. Don't let 'em see their own mammy go down."

The wind beat the masts of the "Gull" level with the water, once again.

Conny clinched Dan's hand in hers.

"Pray, Dan! Pray! and God can't let them drown!"

A great wave lifted the "Gull" tauntingly into sight, and then—it was gone! Only a black hull was washed above the yellow foam for an instant, and sank never to rise again.

Nanty ran to the child as she fell on the sand, and carried her to her own house; but at the door, Conny opened her eyes and struggled to her feet.

"I must go home. Mother told me to take care of Dan and baby till she came back."

Nanty sobbed out loud then. She had been very fond of Jane.

"Child, did n't you *see* the 'Gull' go down?" she said.

"Yes," said Conny; "but I was a-prayin'. Mother 'll come back."

She ran alone through the darkness to the cottage. Dan was crouched, crying, by the fire. She knelt down beside him.

"God would n't take them when we was prayin'," was all she could say.

And there came then a great shouting and cries without, and the door burst open, and her mother was on the floor and had them both in her arms, sobbing and laughing all at once; and Ben was talking to the neighbors, with a queer quaver in his voice.

"'Gull' went down? Yes, of course she must hev. She sprung a leak an hour afore the squall struck her, and I knew it was no use to try to bring her in, and Jane and I got aboard the steamer putting into the inlet, and come over afoot. I 'm glad I did n't see the old boat agoin' down."

"It was good luck as drove you nigh the steamer, Ben," said Cap'n Job.

"Luck or—God," said Ben, taking off his old hat. "Hillo! give us a kiss, you young uns," stooping to hide his wet eyes.

GOWNS OF GOSSAMER.

By Lucy Larcom.

They 're hastening up across the fields; I see them on their way!
They will not wait for cloudless skies, nor even a pleasant day;
For Mother Earth will weave and spread a carpet for their feet;
Already voices in the air announce their coming sweet.

One sturdy little violet peeped out alone, in March,
While cobwebs of the snow yet hung about the sky's gray arch;
But merry winds to sweep them down in earnest had begun.
The violet, though she shook with cold, staid on to watch the fun.

And now the other violets are crowding up to see
What welcome in this blustering world may chance for them to be;
They lift themselves on slender stems in every shaded place,—
Heads over heads, all turned one way, wonder in every face.

There shiver, in rose-tinted white, the pale anemones;
There pink, perfumed arbutus trails from underneath bare trees;
Hepatica shows opal gleams beneath her silk-lined cloak,
Then slips it off, and hides herself 'mid gnarled roots of the oak.

They like the clear, cool weather well, when they are fairly out,
And they are happy as the flowers of sunnier climes, no doubt;
When little starry innocence makes every field snow-white
With her four-cornered neckerchiefs, there is no lovelier sight.

Digitized by Google

And when the wild geranium comes, in gauzy purple sheen,
Forerunner of the woodland rose, June's darling, Summer's queen,
With small herb-robert like a page close following her feet,
Jack-in-the-pulpit will stand up in his green-curtained seat:

Marsh-marigold and adder's-tongue will doze, the brook across,
Where cornel-flowers are grouped, in crowds, on strips of turf and moss;
And wood-stars white, from lucent green will glimmer and unfold,
And scarlet columbines will lift their trumpets, mouthed with gold.

Then will the birds sing anthems; for the earth and sky and air
Will seem a great cathedral, filled with beings dear and fair;
And long processions, from the time that blue-bird-notes begin
Till gentians fade, through forest-aisles will still move out and in.

Unnumbered multitudes of flowers it were in vain to name,
Along the roads and in the woods will old acquaintance claim;
And scarcely shall we know which one for beauty we prefer
Of all the wayside fairies clad in gowns of gossamer.

THE HERONRY AMONG THE GNARLED PINES.

By C. A. Stephens.

About half-a-mile above the head of the great Pennesseewassee pond, down in Maine, there is a small grove (or clump) of large, gnarled pines, too crooked and forked to be fit for lumber, and therefore rejected by the lumber-men. Some of these misshapen giants are five or six feet in diameter, but knotty and gnarly beyond any fair description. They stand on both sides of the Foy stream, which comes down the valley from the little Pennesseewassee, a couple of miles above.

In the tops and in the great crotches and forks of these pines, a colony of herons have built their nests for many years. Until quite recently, there have been at least three nests every spring. When the first settlers came into the township, there were dozens of them; but like their contemporaries, the red Pequawkets, the herons have gradually died out from the presence of the forest-destroying white man. Year before last there were no nests; but last spring the boys reported one, newly-repaired, in the largest of the pines.

The Foy stream is noted for its suckers. Every spring parties resort to it, in the evenings after dark, for the purpose of spearing them by torch-light. It is said that these suckering parties used to derive a great deal of sport from thrusting their torches, on the ends of long poles, up among the pine branches, to frighten the herons. The unearthly squawks and croaks of the disturbed birds could be heard for more than a mile. It may have been from persecutions of this sort that the herons have finally abandoned their old haunt.

Four years ago, I went there one afternoon to shoot a heron for a particular purpose. It was while I had the "bird-stuffing fever," by which I mean that sudden "inspiration" to get right up and do the same thing which will inflate a fellow while reading Audubon and seeing the stuffed collections of some amateur naturalist. Nearly all school-boys, especially those who aspire to a certain distinction in natural history studies, know what this fever is from their own experience. My attack was a tolerably violent one; it lasted over a month. My original plan was to get and preserve a stuffed specimen of every bird and small quadruped in my native county. As a matter of fact, I did stuff four birds (after a fashion),—a robin, a blue jay, a ground-sparrow and a heron; and two quadrupeds, —a grey squirrel and a raccoon. I have always been glad that I had the disease when I did. I shall never take it again, I am sure.

It is all very well to study ornithology, stuff birds,

Digitized by Google

and become a great naturalist; but then there are other businesses in life fully as pleasant, and a great deal more useful. If all the boys who have the fever were to persevere and do what they start to do, why, great naturalists would be as plentiful as lawyers.

As I said, my attack lasted about a month; then the fever began to wane. I suspect I found it much as my friend, Tom Edwards, expressed it. Tom, you must know, had very little enthusiasm for such "spurts," as he called them. He had n't much imagination, anyway, and never could see the good of anything that failed to pay at once, either in fun or dollars.

Says Tom, "Now, look 'ere, Kit! this 'ere bird-stuffing business may be all very well for college perfessers and chaps that 's got time enough and money enough and to spare; but for you to spend all yer time a-skinning and a-wiring and a-slicking and a-putting in glass eyes, won't pay. You and I 've got to do something what 'll *bread* us and bring in the dimes."

Now, I never exactly admired Tom's way of thinking or talking; but, somehow, his plan always leads to his getting hold of twice as much ready money as I do; and it is hard to argue against a fellow who is always able to lend you cash.

The heron was the third specimen I tried to stuff. My enthusiasm was then at its height. I think it was Saturday. Tom wanted to see a matched game of base-ball down at the village; but I coaxed him into going with me after a heron. We went first to the bog which borders the head of the pond, for it is here that the herons resort for food.

Generally one or two, and sometimes a dozen, would be seen wading and *frogging* along the shore, or standing knee-deep in the water, watching for perch. They rob the black-birds, too, that build out on the old stumps and stubs standing in the water. These nests are often so low that the herons have only to wade out to them and gobble up the eggs or young birds at their leisure.

There were three herons along the shore, standing like lazy sentinels. We crept down through the alders. But their acute sense of hearing detected us. Before we could get within fifteen rods, the nearest turned a wary eye for an instant, then sprang into the air with heavy flaps, and directed his ungainly flight toward the opposite shore. The others followed, one of them giving a low croak, and turning back to reconnoitre the bushes from aloft.

"They 're too shy for us," muttered Tom. "The Skillings boys have been down here firing at 'em. I don't see any good in shooting the poor *beats*. They aint fit to eat."

"Killed them for fun, I suppose," said I; "that 's mean."

"Well, I don't see much choice for the cranes" (we used to call them cranes) "between being shot for fun or to *stuff*," said Tom; "but if you 're set on getting one, let 's go up to the big pines, where their nests are. They 're coming and going there all the time, now their mates are setting. Funny—aint it? how the old birds feed each other on the nests, an' take turns setting on the eggs."

"THE HERONS ALONG THE SHORE."

"How do you know they do that?" I demanded, for I was then a little skeptical on this point.

"Old Hughy Clives says he 's watched 'em there, an' seen 'em come up from the pond with frogs an' fish, an' give 'em to the ones on the nests. An' then, he said he 'd seen one fly off the nest an' the other come and light and sit down on the eggs, just like taking turns."

The whole valley which leads up to the great pines from the pond is heavily wooded with cedar, black-ash, and maple, with an undergrowth of alders. Following quietly up the bank of the

Digitized by Google

stream, beneath the thick boughs, we soon came near the pines.

"Easy now," whispered Tom. "Keep under the alders."

Creeping through a dense clump, Tom peeped out from among the leaves.

"Sh-sh!" he whispered, putting back a cautioning hand and gazing intently for some moments. Then turning, "Come up, still," continued he. "Look over my shoulder."

I tip-toed up behind him. "Up there," pointing with his finger into one of the pines.

In a crotch formed by one of the large limbs, near the top, there was a great mass of sticks and reeds, as large as a two-bushel basket.

"One of the nests," said I.

"But just see there,—out there!" whispered Tom, pointing to another part of the top.

On a higher, drooping bough stood a heron on one long leg, perfectly motionless. The other foot was drawn up so as to be hidden in the feathers upon the under part of its body. Its neck was drawn down so far that its long bill rested on its breast. It was seemingly asleep. A more stupid, absurd-looking fowl I never saw. The sight of it almost set us laughing, despite all our caution.

Several other nests were presently espied high up among the green boughs.

"If you want to shoot one, you won't get a better chance than that," whispered Tom, pointing to the sleeping heron. "He 's just in good, easy range."

"Seems almost too bad to shoot him while he 's asleep," said I.

"But once let him wake up and he 'd make himself scarce in a hurry," said Tom. "Better make sure of him."

Cautiously raising the gun, I took aim through the leaves and fired. The great bird uttered a hoarse squawk, straightened up, then toppled over and fell to the ground—sixty or seventy feet—with a heavy thud. Instantly there arose a deafening cry of "quarks" and "quocks." The herons flew up from the tree-tops all about us—more than a dozen of them. The tops of the pines fairly rocked. Great sticks, dirt and burrs came rattling down. Up they went in a great flock several hundred feet above the trees, then flew round and round overhead, with hoarse, harsh cries. We ran out to the place where the wounded heron had fallen. His neck was curled down, but a bright, sinister eye was turned up, watching us in still defiance.

"Don't get too near," said I; "he 'll strike with his beak. You know I read to you from Audubon how a gentleman came near losing an eye from the sudden stroke of a wounded heron. They always aim for the eye."

Tom then took the gun and put out the butt of it toward him. The heron watched it till within a couple of feet; then struck at it quick as thought, darting its bill into the hard walnut of the stock. This was repeated several times.

Meanwhile, the other herons had flown away to the side of the ridge, half-a-mile off. Now and then one would come back and circle about over the pines. The nest was some sixty feet from the ground, but Tom thought he could get up to it. I *boosted* him up to the dry knots, which extended down to within six feet of the ground. Getting hold of these, he climbed up to the lowest limbs, and then went on from branch to branch toward the top.

"Two eggs!" he shouted, peeping over into the great nest. "I 'll bring 'em down. They won't do no more good now; an' you might as well take the house now you 've gone and killed the master of it."

He put the eggs carefully inside his loose frock, and then overturned the nest from the crotch in which it rested. It came bumping down through the branches to the ground. The fall shook and knocked it to pieces considerably. Still, we could see what its shape had been. There were sticks and clubs in it three and four feet long, and thick as a man's wrist. The inside was lined with dry grass. It was big enough to let the old heron double up its long legs and sit in it easily.

Tom got down with the eggs quite whole. They were of a dirty-white color, and the shells were rough and uneven. I had supposed they would be as large as goose-eggs, but they were not larger than those of a turkey.

Turning to the heron, we found that it was already dead.

Its color was bluish-grey, with reddish tinges about the edges of its wings. Its length, from the tip of its long bill to the end of its tail, was just equal to that of the gun-barrel,—a little over three feet; but from tip to tip of its wings, it must have measured nearly six feet. Its bill alone was nearly six inches long.

We took it home with us, and also the eggs. I had a vexatious time of it, trying to skin and stuff the heron. It did n't look very nice, after I had done my best.

The eggs I put under a hen. She sat on them one day and deserted the nest. Tom then put them under one of his hens, who sat on them four weeks steadily and gave it up. We next put them under a goose; but the old gander found it out somehow the next morning, and made such an outcry that grandmother made us take them away. Finding they were likely to make trouble, we threw them at a mark behind the barn.

Digitized by Google

LOOK AHEAD.

By John Hay.

A pelican, flying home one day
With a fine fat fish from Oyster Bay,
Was met by a crow, who had sought in vain
For something to still his hunger's pain—
And who knew that fish was good for the brain.
So he slyly said, "Why, friend, what 's in you,
To carry a fish at a full neck's length?
Is that any way to economize strength?
I call it a waste of muscle and sinew.
Just throw your head over your shoulder, so—
You distribute the weight over all your frame,
You can carry a double load of game,
And thus, without tiring, home you go!"
The pelican did as his false friend bade,
But striking a bough he came to wreck,
And down he fell with a broken neck,
And the crow had a royal dinner of shad.

I wrote this fable for three little men,
Whose names are Willie and Arthur and Jack;
And this is the moral, clear and plain:
"When you run forward, don't look back."

THE LAST GUEST AT THE WEDDING.
(Drawn by Miss M. I. MacDonald.)

Digitized by Google

FAST FRIENDS.

By J. T. Trowbridge.
Author of the "Jack Hazard" Stories.

Chapter XVIII.

HOW MR. MANTON TOOK THE BOYS HOME.

George, who was looking at the wrong man, gasped out, "I know him! It 's that rascal—the pickpocket—who got our money!"

"Who is?" said Mr. Manton.

Jack had by this time discovered and recognized the rogue, who was at the same table with Wilkins; and he united with George in pointing him out to their companion.

"That?" cried Mr. Manton, with a laugh. "Good joke! Why, that 's my friend; wonder I did n't see him before! That 's one of the ge'l'men I want to int'duce you to!"

Both George and Jack were intensely excited, and Jack was for rushing out at once and calling a policeman to take charge of Mr. Manton's friend. But Mr. Manton only laughed at them.

"You 're greatly mistaken," he said, "and that shows your ignorance of the world. He 's one of the finest ge'l'men. MacPheeler! See here, MacPheeler!"

MacPheeler gave Manton an impatient look, and went on shuffling a pack of cards.

"A grave accusation 'gainst you, MacPheeler!" cried Manton, with his most amused expression. "These young men 'cuse you of picking their pockets."

Thereupon MacPheeler, noticing the boys for the first time, dropped the cards, and rose abruptly from the table with a startled look, which quickly changed to an insinuating smile.

"What fun is this, Manton?" he inquired.

"Do you know these young men?"

"I am not aware that I ever had the pleasure of meeting them before."

"You don't remember?" cried Jack. "But we do! and will thank you to give us back our money."

"Your money?" echoed MacPheeler, in the greatest astonishment. "Why, Manton, what *is* the meaning of all this?"

"Perhaps you are not the man who pretended to be in a fit, on the steamboat at Albany, and who picked our pockets when we were taking him ashore!" exclaimed Jack.

"If I am, it must have been a good while ago," replied MacPheeler, coolly. "I have n't been in Albany for two years. This is a curious mistake, Manton!"

"All the more strange," said Manton, "since I was bringing these young friends of mine to int'duce 'em to you, for you to help 'em to a situation, through your stensive business 'quaintance."

"Certainly," said MacPheeler. "Anything to oblige you, Manton."

"There! what did I tell you?" said Mr. Manton. "You see, boys, what a blunder you 've made! MacPheeler has n't been in Albany for two years; I can swear to that."

But the boys were not convinced. MacPheeler's face, his dress, his hat (for he had his hat on),—everything about him reminded them of the pickpocket; and George—who, though at times so timid, was full of courage and resolution on great occasions—said firmly, "Will you have the kindness to let me look at the ring on the hand you hold behind you?"

"Certainly," replied MacPheeler, with the most perfect unconcern. "Did you ever see it before?"

"I—thought I had," said George, bending over the outstretched hand. "It is just such a ring, but there was a diamond in it. There 's the place for a stone!"

"That setting held a ruby once,—never a diamond," said MacPheeler. "You remember the ruby, Manton?"

"O, perfectly well!" said Manton.

MacPheeler then remarked pleasantly that, though he had often been taken for other men, he had never before passed for a pickpocket, and proposed that they should sit down and discuss the joke over something to drink. The boys declined the treat; but Manton accepted with cheerful alacrity, and two glasses of brandy-and-water were brought. While the two gentlemen were drinking together, Jack looked for the 'Lectrical 'Lixir man, of whom he hoped to hear something about Phineas, but he had disappeared.

"What shall we do?" whispered George.

"I don't know," replied Jack. "I believe this is the rogue, but we 've no proof."

"He has just such white hands, and long slim fingers," muttered George. "But I don't see that we can do anything."

"Let 's keep track of him, if we can," said Jack. "I 'll ask for his address, so that we can call on him, for the situations, you know."

The gentleman seemed to anticipate this request; for, as the boys approached, he held out to them,

Digitized by Google

between his delicate thumb and finger, a neat card, bearing his name, *Alex. MacPheeler*, saying, "Inquire for me at Lindley's Employment Rooms, on Chatham street, after eleven o'clock. Happy to serve you."

As this was all the satisfaction they were likely to get at present, they took leave, with a promise to call on him, and after a good deal of trouble and delay got Mr. Manton started for home.

Exercise, and the encounter with MacPheeler, had served to sober their friend and patron for awhile; but his last glass had made him merrier even than before. He was inclined to sing snatches of jolly songs as the boys, one at each side, guided his unsteady steps along the street. Sometimes he would burst into fits of whimsical laughter at their blunder in mistaking his friend, MacPheeler—"one of the bes' men in the world"—for a pick-pocket. Then he would assume the air of a mentor, halt on the sidewalk, square off at the boys, and lecture there.

"What s'prises me," said he, preaching to Jack, while George held him up, "is your utter ig'rance of the world! You need sperience; you mus' 'quire sperience, and the pol'sh of s'ciety."

"We are getting experience and the polish of society pretty fast!" said Jack, seizing the gesticulating arm. "Come along home."

"Wait till I've spressed my sentiments!" cried Mr. Manton, now supported by Jack, while he turned and preached to George. "One thing of firs' impor'nce, is dress. My young friend, you must have a better coat, if you're going to mix with genteel s'ciety. I never can int'duce you to my friend, Mr. Bry'nt, in such short sleeves. What would my friend, Mr. Bry'nt say, if I should say to my friend, Mr. Bry'nt—'Mr. Bry'nt, this is my young friend;' and Mr. Bry'nt should look at those sleeves; for Mr. Bry'nt knows me, and knows I 'sociate only with ge'l'men."

This discourse was of a nature to touch George in a tender spot; and he felt it all the more because of a number of bystanders who had stopped in the street to be entertained by Mr. Manton's maudlin vehemence. Nor was it soothing to know that the truth which now came out in words, when the man was fuddled, must have existed all along in his silent thoughts when he was sober. Burning with confusion and anger, George once more grasped the arm that had freed itself, and assisted Jack in the difficult navigation of their friend and patron along that billowy sea, the sidewalk.

When it became necessary to cross the street, Mr. Manton shook himself clear of both supporters, and squared off again, with his back against a lamp-post.

"Now, with regard to crossing a street, I can lay down a pri'ciple that 'll be useful to you all your lives. *Cross when you can—not when you must.* For, don't you see? when you must, then may be you can't. Vehicles, you know. Le' 's take a drink."

"You've had too much already," said George.

"That 's so; I've had too much, or else I have n't had enough. I 'm just a little smashed, and I want another glass to sober me. Len' me a quarter."

"You've taken all our money, and got drunk with it," said Jack, seizing him again. "Now, come home!"

"Home? At this hour? That 's child's talk!"

"But *we're* going," cried George. "You may come with us or not, as you please."

"But I've got the nigh'-key!" returned the friend and patron, with a cunning laugh.

"No matter; we 'll take our chance of getting in," said Jack. "Stay in the gutter, if you like, to be picked up by the next policeman. Come, George!"

"Look here! you won't desert a friend in this way, will you? I 'll go; I promised to see you safe 'ome, an' I will. Hook on here!"

Fortunately, another of Mrs. Libby's boarders appeared just then, with whose assistance they got Mr. Manton home and put him to bed.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE QUARREL MADE UP.

"I DON'T know what we should ever have done without you, Mr. Timkins!" exclaimed Jack, as, this duty performed, they retired from Mr. Manton's door. "We've had a fearful time with that man!"

Timkins followed the boys into their attic, and looked about him with his chin canted, first one way and then the other, over the edge of his shirt-collar. He seated himself in the chair, midway between Jack, on the bedside, and George, on the trunk, and asked how it happened.

"In the first place," replied George, "he promised to help us find situations."

"And was going to introduce you to some of his influential friends?" said Timkins, with his chin over his dickey, looking at George. "Then he asked you to take a drink with him, and borrowed money of you to pay the bill?" with his chin over the other side of his dickey, looking at Jack. "Of course; then he proposed to show you the sights?"

"That 's about the way of it," said Jack, surprised. "But how did you know?"

"He runs that rig with every new boarder. Played it on me once!"

"How does he live? What supports him?"

Digitized by Google

"He has a brother, who pays his board and tailor's bills. He has set him up in business two or three times, on his promise not to drink or gamble any more. But it 's no use."

"He has no money, then?"

"Not unless he gets some foolish fellow to lend him some."

George and Jack looked at each other, and thought of their last half-dollar.

"I don't think the man means any harm," said Timkins. "He really knows almost everybody; and he 's very friendly and sociable—likes to make big promises. I hope he did n't get very deep into you?" And the chin slid up interrogatively over Jack's side of the shirt-collar.

"Only half-a-dollar," said Jack.

"But it was every cent we had!" added George, dismally.

"Sho! that's bad!" And the Timkins chin went up, and the Timkins eye glanced down, on George's side.

"But who was the lady who called on him to-day?" Jack inquired.

"Was there one? It must have been his wife."

"His wife! That beautiful woman! No, not beautiful, exactly, but—you know!"

"Nice woman, I 'm told," said Timkins. "But she can't live with him. He has no conscience,—that 's the trouble with Manton. Rum, you know."

The boys were overwhelmed with pity and chagrin, at this account of their gay friend and patron.

"I felt all the time there was something wrong about him," said George, after Timkins had retired. "But, then, he talked so fair, and I *wanted* to believe him!"

"Oh! but is n't it too bad?" said Jack. "Think of that woman—his wife! I tell you, George, if a man lets rum get the mastery of him, it makes little difference what station of society he is in. I 've seen drunkards enough in low life, but I never saw a sadder wreck than this handsome, witty Mr. Manton!"

"He would go low enough, if it was n't for his brother who keeps him up," replied George. "We shall never see our money again."

Jack took a few quick turns about the little room, moved by strong emotion. Then he walked up to his friend.

"George!" he exclaimed, "we 've been a couple of fools!"

"I am the biggest fool!" said George. "We should have given him up,—I am sure we should have saved our money,—if it had n't been for me."

"I don't mean that," replied Jack. "We can't always help being deceived. And, for my part, I can stand anything that happens, which I am not to blame for. But we *were* to blame for quarreling. And I was the most to blame. I called you hard names."

"No!" cried George, his voice broken with rising sobs, "I am just what you called me. I am—I was—a muttonhead! You were quite right; you *do* know more than I! Forgive me, Jack, for calling you conceited!" And poor George, grasping his friend's two hands, broke forth in a fit of manly weeping.

Jack, whose feelings were, I suppose, no less deep, though he possessed more self-control, dashed away a few tears, choked back the rest that would have come, and answered in tones of earnest self-condemnation:

"I believe I am the most self-conceited upstart under the sun! Because, from a miserable little driver on the canal, I rose to be—as I thought—somebody, I imagined I knew more than anybody else. If I had followed Mr. Chatford's advice, I should not be here."

"I am glad you did n't," murmured George, "for, then, you would never have met me."

"Good may come out of it,—I needed this lesson,—but, nevertheless," Jack went on, "I have acted like a confirmed idiot. Mr. Chatford said there might be some mistake about what Molly told me; either she or Mother Hazard might have lied. He said the way to do was to put the case into the hands of somebody here in New York, while I staid at home. But we knew of nobody, and I was in such a hurry—I am the most impulsive little simpleton in existence!" exclaimed Jack. "Off I came; had my pocket picked the first thing; and now I have found all the difficulties in the way which he predicted, and more. That 's the kind of fellow I am—conceited enough, I tell you!"

George threw his arms about him. "O, Jack! dear Jack! never mind! Everybody is liable to make mistakes. But I—I feel as if I could meet anything, and brave anything, now that we are friends again. You don't know how wretched our quarrel made me!"

"Did it? I fancied you did n't care. Well, it 's over now!" said Jack, the cloud passing from his brow. "No matter for Mr. Manton, and the half-dollar; if we stick together, George,—and we *will* stick together!—let come what will, we shall get through all right, somehow."

"You are a wonderful fellow!" exclaimed George, laughing through his tears. "Now that we are friends once more, I believe I was never happier in my life."

Strong in this sense of mutual affection and support, the boys went to bed, and slept well, and dreamed pleasant dreams, in spite of their misfortunes in the past, and the dubious future that still awaited them.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XX.

HOW GEORGE AND JACK EARNED A SHILLING.

AFTER dinner, the next day, George and Jack, who had been about their separate affairs all the morning, set out together to find Lindley's Employment Rooms, in Chatham street, and to call on Mr. Alex. MacPheeler.

They were prompted to this quite as much, perhaps, by curiosity, as by any other motive. Of course, they had no hope of recovering their lost pocket-books; but they thought they would like to know where Mr. MacPheeler was to be found, and what he would propose to do for them. "And who knows," said George, "but that we may be glad enough, if everything else fails, to have him help us to any sort of a situation?"

Jack laughed. "I have had enough of Mr. Manton's promises; I sha' n't be fooled by those of any friend of his—especially such a friend as MacPheeler! But, come on. May be we shall find out something.'

The Employment Rooms consisted of one good-sized front chamber, up one flight of stairs, and a private office leading out of it. As the lads entered the first room, a tall, dark gentleman, with very black hair and whiskers, came out of the second room, and, with a smile of insinuating softness, inquired what he could do for them.

"We wish to see Mr. MacPheeler," said Jack, producing that gentleman's card.

The insinuating smile vanished, and, with a stern look, which seemed more natural to his features, the tall man turned on his heel.

"Is he in?" the boys inquired.

"Mr. MacPheeler is *not* in," said the tall gentleman, turning again, and confronting them loftily and coldly.

"He said we should find him here," urged George. "Can you tell us where he is?"

"I have no information to give regarding Mr. MacPheeler," was the formal and chilling response.

A happy thought occurred to Jack, and he asked:

"Has he returned from Albany?"

"I cannot say that he has returned from Albany."

"We saw him there last week, and had the pleasure of making his acquaintance," Jack went on, with an audacious smile.

"That is quite possible. Mr. MacPheeler is often in Albany," said the tall man, bending stiffly. "If you have any message for him, I will take it."

"He promised to help us to situations," suggested George.

"Ah!" The tall form bent more and more, and the insinuating smile returned. "That is another affair. That is *my* affair. One dollar apiece, young gentlemen, and your names go on my list. I am Mr. Lindley."

"MR. MACPHEELER IS NOT IN."

Jack appeared to hesitate. "Does Mr. MacPheeler often come here?"

"He does. But I have not seen him since he went to Albany last Friday. He may have returned yesterday. But he can do nothing about the situations, except through me."

"What shall we be sure of, if we pay our dollars?" George asked.

"Of very good clerkships, when your turns

Digitized by Google

come. That may be in a week, or it may be in two weeks, according to circumstances. For one dollar, I insure nobody anything. For twenty-five dollars apiece, I insure you clerkships, with salaries ranging from three to five hundred dollars a year. For fifty dollars, salaries double those amounts. Better have your places insured, by all means."

"Money in advance?" said Jack.

"Invariably in advance." And Mr. Lindley bowed graciously.

"How would it do," said Jack, "for you to get us the situations, and then take the pay for your trouble out of our salaries?"

"That," replied Mr. Lindley, politely but firmly, "would not answer my purpose."

The conversation—somewhat to the relief of the boys, it must be owned—was here interrupted by the entrance of a somewhat stoutish, blustering gentleman, with a hooked nose, a very red face, and a curious defect in his left eye, the lids of which stuck together and then peeled open comically, as he marched fiercely up to Mr. Lindley.

"My name is Fitz Dingle!" he said, or rather shouted, in a menacing way, pompously inflating his waistcoat (which was a soiled white waistcoat), and slapping it with a soiled kid glove.

"Nobody disputes that fact," said Mr. Lindley, coolly.

"I have come to see about that trunk!" cried the fierce Fitz Dingle.

"May I be so bold as to inquire what trunk?" rejoined the placid Lindley.

"Goffer's trunk. I sent for it this morning—sent Goffer's order. Now I've come myself."

"I *have* a trunk here, Mr. Fitz Dingle, pledged by one Thomas Goffer, in default of twenty-five dollars, which he was to pay me for getting him a situation."

"But you never got him a situation!"

"No matter. I was to get him one. It was a contract. I stand ready to fulfill my part of it, and I exact his part."

"Mr. Rudolph Lindley!" roared Fitz Dingle,—and the contrast between the impetuous violence of the man and the extremely deliberate peeling apart of his left eyelids was, to say the least, remarkable,—"you're a humbug, and you're employment business is a swindle. I've heard of your taking money from persons for getting them situations, but I never heard of your getting one a situation yet. I've come for that trunk; and either that trunk goes with me down these stairs, or you go headforemost out of your own front-window. Take your choice." And with one eye temporarily sealed, and the other flashing fire for two, Fitz Dingle began to strip up his sleeves, as if for business.

Mr. Lindley turned pale, till the preternatural black of his whiskers appeared all the more striking in contrast with his unwholesome, sallow skin. But he did not lose his self-command.

"I do not stoop to dispute with such men about trifles," he answered, loftily. "Here's the trunk; the sooner you take it away the better." And with his own hand he dragged it out of the inner office.

"Give us a lift here, young fellows, will you?" said Fitz Dingle.

The boys were quite willing, and, laying hold of the handles, they bore the trunk out of the room and down the stairs, while Fitz Dingle imparted, in a very emphatic manner, to Mr. Rudolph Lindley, his opinion (more in detail) of that gentleman and his relations to the public.

"Now one of you run to the corner for a hack, and here's a couple of tickets to one of the most elegant places of entertainment in the metropolis,—Fitz Dingle's Colored Minstrels, Bowery Hall. I hope you have n't been paying this scoundrel up stairs any money."

"Luckily for us, we have n't any to pay," said Jack, laughing. "Thank you," declining the proffered reward; "we are already under obligations to you for tickets, which we have not used."

"Ah? I think—yes, I remember you now!" cried Fitz Dingle. "The young fellow with the pair of heels! What a mistake you made, not to accept my offer! 'T was such an opening for a person of your talent! You would have made fame and fortune,—fame and fortune, sir, quick as wink."

Jack thought if it were no quicker than the wink of the eye which was just then struggling to come open, his acquisition of fame and fortune would have been slow enough. But he said, smiling:

"Perhaps it is n't too late now?"

"I fear it is too late," replied Fitz Dingle. "I've engaged another man,—Goffer, owner of this trunk, and a good pair of legs; but I am free to say, not *your* legs."

"I should be sorry to have Goffer, or any other man, own my legs," said Jack. "But I had about made up my mind, that if you would hire them, as you proposed the other day——"

Fitz Dingle shook his head; and Jack, who had of late been thinking that to accept this man's offer was his only resource, felt his hopes sink.

"My troupe is full now,—the finest combination of artists in this or any other country!" said Fitz Dingle, proudly. "Come and see. And give me your address. Something may turn up."

George, who had gone for the hack, now returned with it, and Fitz Dingle stepped inside.

Digitized by Google

"Let me see!" he remarked, with one eye closed and the other hidden behind his hooked nose. "Since you did n't care for the tickets" (thrusting a hand in his pocket), "here 's a shilling to divide between you. Good day. Remember Fitz Dingle! Bowery Hall," he said to the driver. And the hack rattled away.

THE BOYS ASSIST MR. FITZ DINGLE

"I 've lost that chance!" said Jack, rather gloomily. "Goffer's legs have got the start of mine. George, we must do something desperate!"

"How would it do to take another trip up the river?" suggested George, timidly.

"And give the passengers a little more music and dancing? I've thought of that. But we've no money to pay our passage, and we might make a failure the second time; the officers of the boat might forbid the exhibition, or the passengers might not be so much interested in us as they were when it was known we had just had our pockets picked. But I 've another idea."

"What?"

"We can go down to the steamboat-landing this evening, and perhaps get one or two jobs at handling trunks. For my part, I 'm ready for any honest work."

"So am I," said George, though with a blush at the thought of joining the vociferous throng of porters and hackmen at the steamboat wharf. "And I've learned this,—that we have only ourselves to rely on. This Lindley is a rogue,—no better than a pickpocket himself. How shrewdly you got out of him the fact that MacPheeler was in Albany last week, where MacPheeler said he had n't been for two years!"

"You see," said Jack, "such fellows as MacPheeler have no settled place of residence; the police might find them at any time, if they had. But their friends can hear of them through some mutual friend, like this Lindley. I wish we had some better proof against him; then we would keep watch, and trap Mr. Alex. MacPheeler yet."

But any plan of thus recovering their stolen money seemed to both boys utterly hopeless. So, as they crossed the Park, they turned their attention to other schemes of bettering their fortunes.

Suddenly Jack laid hold of his friend's shoulder, and stopped short.

"See here, George! How would it do for us to go around to some of the big hotels in the evening, and give them a little music and dancing? I think we can pick up some money that way."

George confessed that the idea had occurred to him. "But I hope we sha'n't be driven to that,—here, where we may become known!" he said. "I 'm going now to see a book-publisher and one or two editors; I 'll try what can be done with them first."

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

THE SUN AND THE STARS.

By M. M. D.

One day, when the sun was going down,
He said to a star hard by:
"Sparkle your best; for you see, my friend,
I 'm going out of the sky."

Now, the little star was old as the sun,
Though rather small of his age,
So he kept quite still in the yellow light,
And looked as wise as a sage.

"I 'm going, you see!" cried the sun again,
"Going right out of the sky!"
And he slid away, but not out of sight
Of that little star hard by.

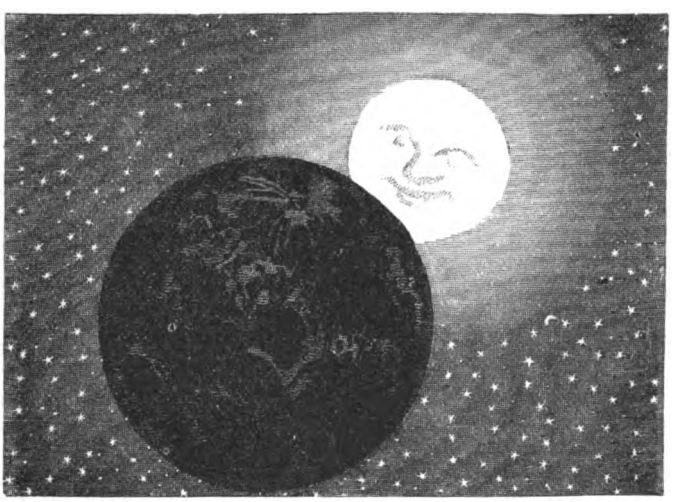
The little star, peeping, saw him go
On his gorgeous western way;
And twinkled with fun, as he said, "O sun!
You 're in for another day!

No answer. Then the star grew bright,
And sparkled as neighbors came;
He told the joke to the twinkling crowd,
And they laughed the sun to shame.

One merry star was so amused,
He shot across the sky;
And all the others bobbed and blinked
To see him speeding by.

But, after awhile, a rosy light
Appeared on the Eastern side;
And, one by one, the stars grew shy,
And tried in the sky to hide.

"Ho! ho!" the sun broke forth. "Ho! ho!
Just stay where you are, my dears,
And shine away, for you can't be seen
When all of my light appears.



"HO! HO!" THE SUN BROKE FORTH.

"And as for going out of the sky,
Your majesty knows you can't;
You are shining somewhere, full and strong,
In spite of your rays aslant."

"The people below will say you are gone,
Though you 're shining. Think of that!
Well, they thought all night I had left the sky,
So it 's only tit for tat."

Digitized by Google

THE TWO CARRIAGES.

By Mrs. Chanter.

It was on a fine morning in June, in a little town near the English coast, that John Hartop was sent by his father to engage a carriage of some sort, to convey himself and his family to the sea-side for a day's pleasure. John started off, quite proud at being entrusted with the commission, to get a carriage; and he determined to get the handsomest one that he could find. Accordingly, he was delighted, when he came to the door of an inn called the Red Lion, at seeing drawn up outside one of the gayest carriages imaginable. It seemed to be quite new, and certainly was just painted, for it was gorgeous with yellow and red, and glittered in the sun.

"This," he said to himself, "is the carriage I must have. How pleased papa and mamma will be with it, and brother Tom and sister Susan!"

Now, just at this moment, a neighbor of his, a schoolfellow, Robert Scraggins, came to the inn door.

"I suppose," he said, "John Hartop, you are going to the pic-nic to-day at Morton Sands?"

"Yes, I am," said John Hartop.

"I have come here," observed Scraggins, "to get a carriage for our family. *That* is a capital one by the door. Landlord, I will have that one,—that yellow and red one, which looks so bright and new."

"Very well, sir," answered the landlord, who stood at the entrance, reckoning his morning accounts.

"I say, Hartop," pursued Scraggins, "sha' n't we look smart as we move along in that carriage?"

Poor John Hartop! He was sadly disappointed. He thought, however, he would make an effort to secure the prize.

"But—but—Scraggins, I was going to have that carriage, myself."

"Were you?" said Scraggins, coolly.

"Yes; and I was here before you. And if you had not spoken, I should have had it."

"Well," said Scraggins, "but you *wont* have it now, so you had better make up your mind to that, and look out for another."

John Hartop knew Scraggins to be an ungenerous, selfish boy, and so he said no more, but went into the inn yard to look for another carriage. There was nothing very desirable to look at; indeed, in consequence of the great demand for carriages on that day, there was but one left, and that was rather shabby. He was meditating as to whether his father would be pleased with such a vehicle or not, when the landlord, who had heard what passed, said to him:

"You had better take that, sir. You will find it very strong and very serviceable, and, I dare say that at the end of the day you will be right well pleased with your bargain."

John went home crest-fallen. He told his father what had happened,—of the sort of carriage he intended to have, so smart-looking, gay and shining, and the sort of carriage that was coming, so worn and shabby.

"Never mind, my boy," said the father. "We shall do very well. We don't want show and glitter; we want a carriage to carry us to Morton Sands and bring us back again."

Breakfast was over. The carriage arrived. The children, and better still, the provisions, were packed; I mean those nice things, for which chiefly, I suspect, people go to pic-nics,—the veal-pies, the ham-sandwiches, the cold chickens, the plum-puddings, the fruit-tartlets, the bread, the cheese, the cucumbers, the oranges. All these things were deposited in a place of safety, and the party jogged on toward Morton Sands.

Not far had they gone, when they heard a rattling noise behind them. All looked round—and behold! Master Robert Scraggins and his glittering conveyance!

Robert himself drove. He was perched on a pile of cushions, and held the reins between a pair of white gloves. Beside him sat papa, a fat man, with a rosy necktie; behind him sat mamma, fat likewise, and blue all over; and small Scragginses without number.

"Here we go!" cried Robert Scraggins, as his carriage rolled by with a waddle. "Here we go, old slow-coach! I wish you may catch us!" And away they went, and soon were out of sight.

John Hartop's was a heavy carriage, and so they went slowly up the hill. Soon, however, they reached the top, and then they bowled down the other side.

"What is that," said his father, "at the bottom of the hill? It looks like the Scraggins' carriage. Surely something has happened."

And sure enough, as they drew near, they saw that the whole party had got out, and were busy about the left wheel.

"What has happened?" said Hartop's father.

"Oh," said Scraggins, "the horrid wheel came

Digitized by Google

off, and threw me over papa's head into the dirt, and nearly caused the death of mamma and three of the little ones; but, fortunately, no bones are broken. And now what can we do? We shall never get to Morton Sands."

"Let us see," said Mr. Hartop. "Oh, the linch-pin that keeps the wheel on, has tumbled out; but we will put that to rights. John, go to that house, and ask for a big nail."

THE LANDLORD OF THE RED LION.

"I am not sorry," said John Hartop to himself, as he returned with the nail, "that we are in the plain-looking, strong carriage."

Mr. Hartop soon adjusted the wheel in its proper place, saying, "That will do until you get home."

The Scragginses got into their carriage again, and went on a little more slowly; but the carriage was a very feeble one—that is the truth. It was shaky, old, and weak, and had just been painted and varnished over, in hopes that it would do tolerable service for another summer; but the present party were too heavy for it. Mr. Scraggins was like an elephant; Mrs. Scraggins was like a hogshead; and the young Scragginses, to say the least, were very lumpy children. The consequence was that the newly-painted carriage was obliged to give in. He might have carried such burdens in his youth, when he was first put together, but he could not bear them in his old age, when he had many weak joints and tender places, although he had been freshly painted. Nobody but himself—not even the innkeeper—knew how often he had been doctored, with a piece here, and a nail there, and an iron bandage there; when, for instance, just as he was new and fresh from the builder's hands, Mrs. Tomkins' horse fell and broke one of the shafts; when, on another occasion, Master Tomkins drove so fast over a jolting road as to injure seriously one of the springs. These and other like accidents had happened before he got into the innkeeper's hands; and after that they were too numerous to remember. You may well suppose that such a vehicle was not able to bear the weight of this huge family. It began to give great signs of distress. There were many creakings in various parts. Mrs. Scraggins thought the creakings arose from the children's new shoes. Mr. Scraggins, for his part, could not understand it. Robert Scraggins said "it was all that rascally landlord." However, they soon knew what it was, for, just as they had jolted over a tremendous stone—crash went the carriage down upon the ground!

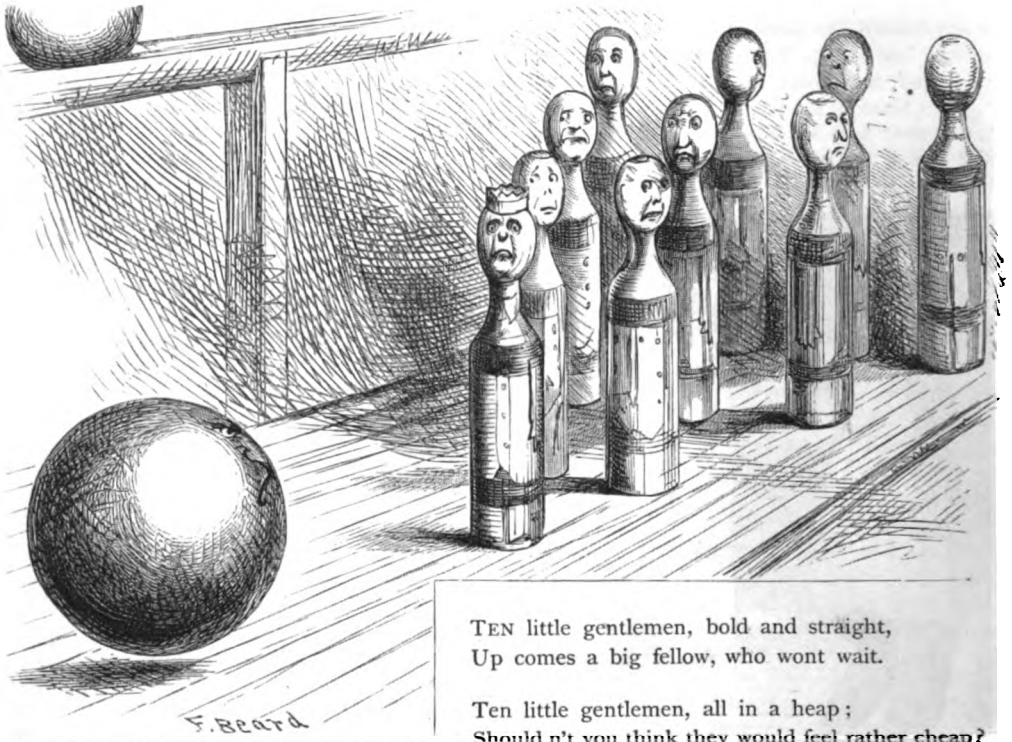
"Halloo!" cried Mr. Hartop, who was close behind. "What is the matter now? Ah!" he said, "Scraggins, there is no help for this,—the carriage is done for."

Mr. Hartop helped the mother and children to a cottage close by, and found that by-and-by they would be able to get a farmer's cart to take them home; and then he bade them good day.

Soon after, the Hartops arrived at Morton Sands, and oh, how they did enjoy themselves! There were many children there, and plenty of room to play, and plenty of good things to eat. They chased each other over the sands, rolled down the hills, dabbled in the water, caught crabs and small fish, collected colored stones and shells, and, when they were thoroughly tired, returned home.

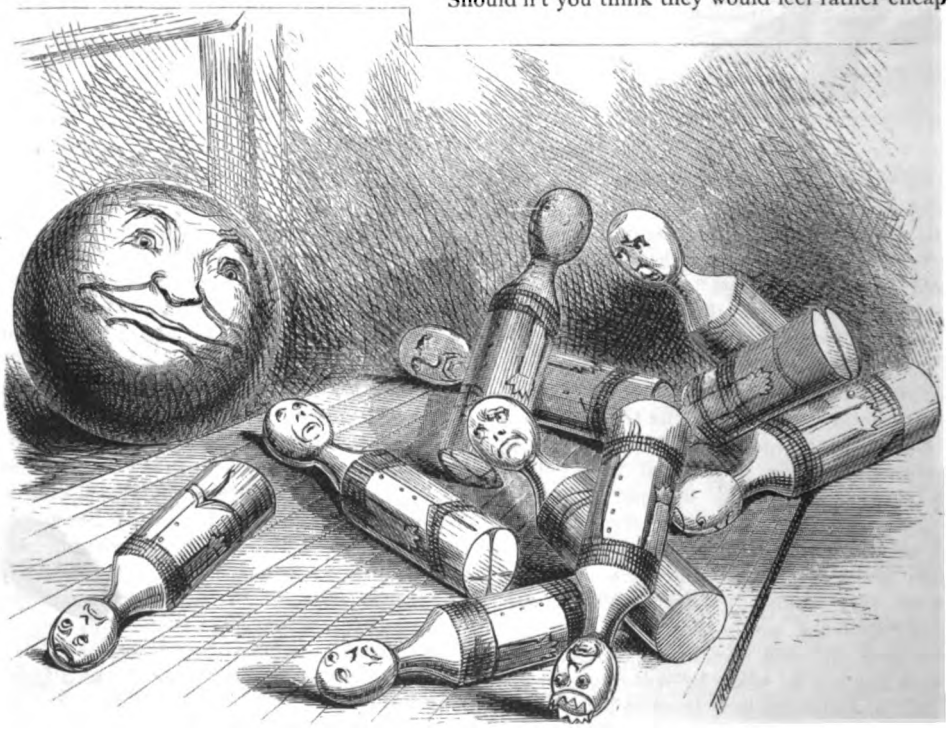
When John Hartop, on his way back, saw the broken carriage still lying by the road-side, he thought to himself, "I will never again go by the eye only. One ought to consider whether a thing is useful, whether it will answer one's purpose, and not merely whether it looks gay and handsome."

Digitized by Google



TEN little gentlemen, bold and straight,
Up comes a big fellow, who wont wait.

Ten little gentlemen, all in a heap;
Should n't you think they would feel rather cheap?



Digitized by Google

FOLDED HANDS.

By B. W.

In Nuremberg, about the year 1486, lived two boys, Albrecht Dürer and Franz Knigstein. Both were near of an age, and both were about to enter the studio of Michael Wohlgemuth, a famous artist of that day. But, with a difference: Jacob Knigstein, worthy builder and craftsman that he was, had one supreme longing, namely, to see his son an artist, so Franz's hands were made strong by home-love and sympathy, while Albrecht had won but a grudging consent from the old goldsmith father, who would fain have seen his craft handed down as an heirloom, from generation to generation. However, consent had been given. As for sympathy, one could work without it, as Dürer found in later years, at even greater cost, when he married Hans Fritz's daughter.

The boys were Michael Wohlgemuth's steady, patient students through the appointed years of service; but the wandering years that Albrecht gave to Germany, Franz decided to pass in sunny Italy. Their master gave an expressive shrug as Franz left him after good-by words. "Franz is a good lad, Dürer," he said to the old goldsmith. "But a painter—never! Albrecht, now—that is another matter."

The goldsmith grunted, not yet fully reconciled to his son's choice; but pleased at Wohlgemuth's rare praise.

"Albrecht does well enough; but has not Franz the prize for perspective, even now?"

"Yes," said the old painter, smiling. "By Albrecht's grace, albeit Franz knows it not. Albrecht did not choose to take it from him; that is all."

"Aye, aye," grunted out old Dürer. "Very fine such ways for Paradise and the saints; but how is a boy like that to make his way among plain burghers, Master Wohlgemuth?"

Michael gave another shrug, and shook his head; the matter was too hard for him.

"To speak plainly, friend Dürer," he said, "that is the only fault I find with the Junker. He has wit in both head and his hands—aye, more of it than I ever saw in anyone. But his fancy is ever on the Saints. I paint pictures of the Saints myself; I honor the Holy Mother, too: but one need not make the world a very church, as I told Albrecht the other day. And what dost think he answered me?"

Dürer shook his head.

"His flights are far beyond me."

"That to artists, more than others, the world was the Lord's holy temple; and it behooved them to open the eyes of common folk, lest they missed His presence there."

"Pfui!"

"For myself," went on Wohlgemuth, "I told him that, being only a poor painter, I had not aspired to *much* preaching."

"And what said the saucy Junker to thee then?"

"Colored up to the eyes,—I wish some of our Nuremberg maidens had the grace to blush as easily,—and begged my pardon, if he had been rude. I laughed, and told him I had painted too many church-pictures not to have done some preaching, even if I thought it needless to be ever at it."

"He will learn better," said the old goldsmith. "For myself, I long ago gave up fretting about losing the boy's deft hands; they would have done little good while his head was running on your brushes, good Michael; heartless work often gets to be handless work. But, as for his fancies, I know not to what they will bring him! The boy lacks not discretion; travel may teach him sense."

"Yes, seeing the world brushes the cobwebs from one's brain," agreed the artist. "But to come back to Franz. It is a marvel to me that, when he is so steady and painstaking and loves his work so well, he does not do it better!"

"Why, Albrecht is never tired of praising his touches, and his curves, and—all the rest of the jargon."

"Come, come, Dürer! Craftsmen should not call each other names. Albrecht praises rightly. If Franz sketches a cat, he must needs dissect it first, to be sure about the muscles; then he looks after each particular hair in Puss's tail; and yet, it is but a dead cat, after all. Whereas, five strokes from Albrecht make Kätschen herself, back up, ready to spring! And poor Franz keeps laboring on with might and main, over what the other does with a turn of his little finger! And yet, with the good father, who thinks the sun rises over Franz's right shoulder and sets over the left, and that pretty Gretchen, for whom he has set the world on fire already, and his own earnest belief in his vocation, the lad *must* some day do something."

"Why, three of his pictures are sold already!" ejaculated Dürer, surprised.

Wohlgemuth looked comically disgusted.

"Oh, yes; sold—to kinsmen and friends, who think any daub on canvas a marvel, and do not

Digitized by Google

even see the careful work that really is there. Pah! What good does such selling do an artist, I should like to know?"

"Well, I never was a painter, and do not understand their notions," placidly returned the goldsmith. "To me, a bargain is a bargain; I hope Albrecht is sure to do as much!"

With which remark he quitted Wohlgemuth, who muttered:

"Good Master Dürer, I have more part in Albrecht than thou hast; son of thy blood he is, in truth, but yet, more truly son of my heart!"

Nuremberg heard from time to time of the art-students' journeyings. When the three years were ended, Franz came back to his proud father and the sweetheart who had patiently bided her time of waiting. They were wedded; and Wohlgemuth came early to see the young people in their new home, and say God-speed. The little Hansfrau showed him all her treasures of linen, delf and silver; then, exulting in having kept the best to the last, she said, "*Now*, Franz shall show you his studies, Herr Wohlgemuth!"

To tell the truth, the painter was not over anxious for a sight of them, but he made courteous answer that he should be glad to see how Franz had improved his time. Gretchen put the great portfolio on the table, and stood over it in pride. Wohlgemuth settled himself before the sketches with the air of one who means to give thorough and critical attention to his work, while Franz drew back into the shelter of the window, whence he could catch the look on his master's face, and know the verdict, yet unspoken.

When an artist looks at a picture, the looking means close, careful inspection; and twilight was setting in before Wohlgemuth closed the portfolio.

"You have worked hard, Franz, and gained much," he said. "The Italian influence tells. Nay, I meant it not for blame," as Franz was about to speak. "I am jealous for neither Germany nor Nuremberg; that may be Albrecht's feeling. Every man must work after his own fashion. You have learned to handle your brush more freely; but the fire on the hearth will throw more life into the pictures than even Italian suns; is it not true, Gretchen?" And the old man took his leave.

"Oh, Franz, are you not glad?" cried the little wife. "Praise from him means so much!"

Franz shook his head sadly as he tied up the portfolio.

"Wohlgemuth has praise and praise, Gretchen mine. He thinks there is no use in blaming me, so he praises. I used to wish he would rate me as he did Albrecht!"

But the little wife's zealous praises and fond admiration soon eased the sore spot in Franz's heart.

"The master is right," he said at last. "With thee beside me, Gretchen, my work *must* be better!"

I have dwelt a good while on Franz's beginning the world, but there is no need to do the same for Albrecht. You know how, his travels ended, he came home, married a shrew, and lived, labored and died in Nuremberg. Perhaps the man's suffering was the artist's gain; and if Hans Fritz's daughter cared nothing for that noble heart, it was all the freer for Art's unchallenged holding. But the contrast between the two friends' handiwork grew more marked as time went on. No matter how strange or far-fetched any fancy of Dürer's, some heart rang to its touch; no matter how careful, how elaborate,—aye, how loftily and deeply spiritual, Franz's picture, it hung unsought and unregarded in his studio, till the disgusted artist put it out of sight. Gretchen still believed in her husband. Old Knigstein was dead, and Franz had not now full leisure to give to painting; for, finding his art unprofitable, so far as money was concerned, he had taken up his father's old trade of house-building. *Here*, the Nurembergers sang his praises, nothing loth, and work poured in upon him, for the new houses were better than old Knigstein's; but no matter what the pressure, Franz still held firmly to his rule—so many days in the week a builder, so many days an artist.

But the ever-present sense of failure was making the sweet temper bitter, and turning the old, sunny, humble frankness to moody, proud reserve. Albrecht Dürer must give his opinion about every scrap of artist work; and that opinion was too much like that of their old master to satisfy poor Franz. There was often—indeed, always—praise of careful detail, but never of the picture as a whole. How could it be otherwise, when the root of the matter was not in it? The spirit of life had never touched the artist's fingers; how should men find it in his work?

In one of the many talks between the two friends, they found that both had been planning a series of etchings on the same subject—the Passion of our Lord. It was Franz who proposed that neither should hear the other's conception nor see his fellow's work in progress, until both had done, then they would compare results. And to the sincere, simple-hearted men, it was only natural to kneel and ask a blessing on the work of their hands before they parted.

I cannot tell you how much time the etchings took, but it was long enough to make Franz's face sharpen in a way that made his serener comrade think of Dante, whose cheeks the great poem made

Digitized by Google

lean through so many years. To Albrecht, the work ever brought peace and calm; it was well for him that it did!

At last, both had finished; and Albrecht brought his work to Franz's room. In silence they laid out corresponding sketches, one by one, then stood regarding the well-covered table. Truly, the great subject had but shown Franz's lack of fitness for it. His etchings showed, beside Dürer's, like a set of mocking, godless caricatures; and with one move of his arm, he swept them to the floor.

"Lie there," he said, bitterly. "Dost think that I would dishonor my God by such as ye are?"

He sat down, with his face between his hands. Ah, children, failures are hard at fifteen, but they are crushing at forty-five! Dürer sat watching him, in great distress, yet not daring to say a word of comfort. How could he, when the only comfort worth having was praise of the work so rightly condemned?

There was a long silence, with one or two tearless, heart-wringing sobs to break it; then Franz said, "To-morrow, Albrecht, you shall know all my heart; but now ——"

"You are best alone," returned his friend, gathering up his own studies, and heartily glad to be gone.

True to his word, Franz came in the morning. He looked like one worn by a long vigil, but yet his face had a serene, steadfast look, that surprised Albrecht, who had rather dreaded to see him.

"Let me see your etchings again," Franz asked, after the morning greetings.

Albrecht silently laid them before him. He looked at them, one by one; then he said:

"The good Lord bless them to others as He has to me; I can give them no better God-speed, Albrecht. For they have shown me how utterly useless my strivings have been; how truly my work has been dead work."

"It was never false work, Franz," interrupted Dürer, in a choked voice. Franz smiled sadly.

"Not willfully false, it may be. But the Madonna Hans Liebsten bought of me—is it not the dead body without the living spirit, and so false work? No, Albrecht; you must long have known what I know now—that I may be fit to build houses for our good Nuremberg folk, but I must let Art be."

Not a word could Dürer say, because of his heart-ache at Franz's quiet resignation of his dearest hopes.

"It will be hard for Gretchen," he went on. "Yet, I think, even she has not her old faith in my pictures. And no marvel; the wonder is that she was blind so long. Ass that I was!"

He got up, and stood looking out of the window for a moment, then came back to the table where Dürer sat, still speechless, and nervously working with his pencil.

"Here," said Franz, folding his hands, "I give it all up. The good Lord gave me not an artist's hands, so He never meant them to do artist's work; but may He bless, day by day, the homely labor He *has* given me to do!"

He stood, leaning against the table. As Albrecht dared at last to look up into his friend's face, the folded hands caught his eye.

"Franz, be quiet one moment!" he exclaimed. "Don't stir!"

Weary with his long struggle, Franz cared not to ask the why or the wherefore of his friend's abrupt command, but stood passive until he was released.

"That will do now," said Dürer. "Franz, old comrade, I can say nothing, but that you are nobly right."

"Nay, Albrecht, there is no nobility in mere seeing of the truth," Franz returned, as he went down the long stair, to which assertion Dürer did not agree, nor need you and I.

A few days later, Franz was again with Albrecht; and a sketch of two folded hands was the latest addition to the treasures of the studio.

"Dost know them?" asked the artist.

Franz looked closer.

"I should; they are my very own. Was that what thou wast doing the other morning?"

Albrecht nodded.

"I have great faith in those hands. But the spirit that is in them is thine, not mine; I did but set it forth. Thou shalt see whether they go not to men's hearts!"

Franz shook his head in doubt.

"Were not the sketch the better of an inscription? say, a scroll coming from between the hands, '*Fiat voluntas tua?*'"

The artist smiled his own sweet, far-sighted smile.

"Nay, Franz," he said. "Where the spirit of Holy Writ is so plain, there needs not the graven letter. I may err; but, I think, in resigning art, thou hast done at last true artist's work!"

It proved so, indeed; for Dürer made many copies of the sketch before men ceased to call for them. How much comfort Franz Knigstein, master-builder in Nuremberg, had from that picture, the chronicles of the quaint old city do not tell; but the tradition is, that wherever Franz Knigstein's Folded Hands go, they bring a blessing with them; for the artist's skill has stayed the spirit of the living creature that was in them—of humble owning that work is to be done where and when and as God pleases; and where that spirit is, the work of the hands cannot but prosper, whether, to our eyes, it fail or it succeed.

Digitized by Google

THE LITTLE REFORMERS.

By Rossiter Johnson.

"What are you thinking about, George, to make you so sober?" said Walter Ford to George Marvin, one day when we three were sitting together on the brink of the river, looking at the reflection of the fleecy summer clouds in its clear depths, and tossing pebbles into it.

"I was thinking," said George, "of something I heard father read this morning, about some people that shut their dog up in their house when they were going away on a visit, and told him to stay there and guard it until they came back. The house caught fire; but the neighbors could n't get the dog to come out, so he was burned, poor fellow."

"That 's just like some folks!" said Walter. "Why did n't they have the dog lie down on the stoop, instead of inside the house?"

"I suppose," said I, "they always kicked and pounded the dog if he did n't do exactly what they told him to, and that 's what made him afraid to come out of the house."

"That 's what I was thinking," said George. "It seems to me dogs get more abused than any other animals."

"Yes," said Walter, "they do; and it 's a shame, for a good dog is a good thing. I always like to read stories about noble dogs. I wish I had one of my own."

"I suppose it 's so everywhere, and everybody knows it," said I, "for, when folks think they don't have a good time, they say they 're leading a dog's life of it."

"I wish we could do something about it," said George, thoughtfully.

"Perhaps we could get all the boys to sign a pledge not to throw any more stones at dogs," said Walter.

"Yes," said George, "perhaps we might; but that would n't help much."

"Why not?" said I; for I thought the idea was a very good one.

"Because," said George, "though the boys throw stones at all the dogs they see, they never hit one."

"Oh, yes they do!" said Walter. "I hit one once—took him right in the ear."

"I 'd like," said George, "to build a big kennel—or, may be, a row of little kennels would be better,—and get all the abused and unhappy dogs in the world to come and stay in them, and give them enough to eat, and teach them nice tricks, and let them lie around on the grass and have a good time."

"It would take an awful big kennel," said Walter. "I wonder how many dogs there are in the world."

"Must be at least a million," said George.

"But they 're not all abused," said Walter.

"No; may be not more than half of them," said George.

"Half a million would be a tremendous pile of dogs, though," said Walter. "How big a kennel would it take?"

George fumbled in his pocket, and brought out a small remnant of a lead pencil. Then from another pocket he produced an old business card, much broken, and worn at the corners.

"Let 's see," said he, "how much room would each dog want?"

"A common-sized dog would want about two feet square, to turn around and lie down in," said Walter. "That 's the average."

After figuring awhile, George said:

"That would take a kennel two thousand feet long, and one thousand feet wide. It would cover nearly forty-six acres."

"That 's too big," said Walter; "but we might begin with one that would hold a couple of dozen dogs, and then put up others as we wanted them. A nice kennel, five or six stories high, would be splendid."

"No, we can't do even that; but I 'll tell you what we *can* do. We can do something for the poor dogs that we know are abused around here," said George.

"I 'm in for that," said Walter. "How shall we do it?"

"Count me in, too," said I.

"I have n't thought much about it yet," said George; "but I guess if we could talk to their owners in just the right way, they might treat them better."

"I don't believe it," said Walter, warmly. "Any man that 'll abuse a good dog, 'll do it again as soon as you 're out of his sight. And some of 'em would tell you 't was none of your business. The only sure way 's to get the dogs away from 'em."

"That 's it exactly," said George. "That 's just what we 'll do!"

"Agreed," said Walter.

"Agreed," said I.

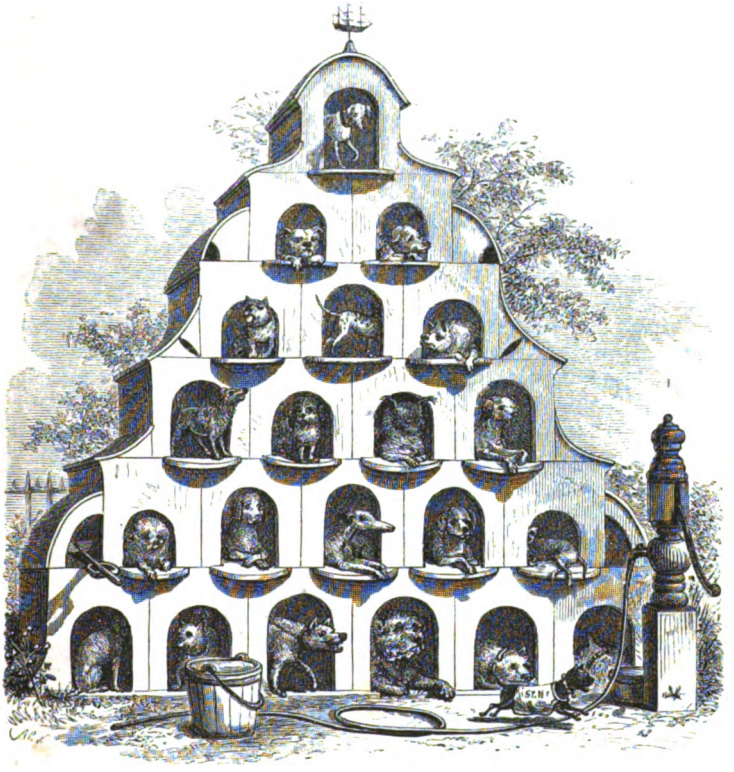
Digitized by Google

"When shall we start to hunt them up?" said Walter.

"The sooner the better," said George. "Let's go to-morrow."

So we determined that on the morrow, in good season, we would set out to rescue from man's inhumanity, all the unfortunate dogs that had cruel masters.

We met at George's house in the morning, and began to talk over the details of the plan.



WALTER FORD'S IDEAL KENNEL

"Some of the dogs," said Walter, "might not be willing to come with us. They would n't know we intended to do them any good. Ought n't we to have a little meat to coax them with?"

"Not only to coax them with," said George, "but some of the poor beasts may be starving, and need food right away."

"We must carry some meat, that's certain," said I. And I put my hand into my pocket to see if I had anything to pay for it. I found two cents. Each of the other boys contributed two cents.

"And then," said Walter, "may be some of them wont be willing to follow us, even after they get the meat."

"That's so," said we. And, for a moment, we felt a keen disappointment at the thought that our benevolent enterprise was to fail, through the ignorance of those who were to be benefited by it.

"Then," said Walter, "I guess we must take along some good strong strings to lead them by."

This suggestion was approved, and George told Walter to go for the six cents' worth of meat while we looked up the strings. In the barn we found some small rope, and we cut off several pieces, each about three yards long, and coiled them up so that we could carry them conveniently. Walter soon came back with a large piece of liver, which we cut into half-a-dozen pieces, and wrapped them in paper.

Then we sallied forth on the canine quest. Several boys of our acquaintance, who met us, asked where we were going; but they all received very evasive and puzzling answers. As we arrived before the house of a family named Hill, George stopped, and said:

"The Hill boys abuse that dog of theirs horribly. I don't know but we ought to take it away."

"They deserve to lose it," said Walter; "but there are four of them, and they can lick us. I

Digitized by Google

guess we 'd better not meddle with poor old Carlo yet."

This reasoning appeared sound and conclusive; so we passed on.

We came to Dr. Gordon's office, where a brown dog was lying on the steps.

"I 've heard," said I, "that the doctor gives that dog all sorts of drugs and medicines, to try their effect."

"I 've heard the same thing," said Walter. "My brother Dick was there once when he gave it some awful-tasting stuff; and the poor dog sneezed and then whined, and sneezed and whined, and tried to get out of the office, but the doctor would n't let him."

"We ought to take *that* dog, certain," said George, as he uncoiled one of the cords and began to make a halter of the end of it.

"Yes," said Walter, very slowly, "it would be better for the dog if he could get away; but ——"

"But what?" said I.

"Well, the fact is," said Walter, "Dr. Gordon is our doctor."

"What of that?" said I. "That does n't give him a right to abuse a poor dog; does it?"

"No, of course not," said Walter; "but, you see, the next time I was sick he might put some awful thing in my medicine. And, besides, I guess father would know the dog, and make me take him back."

George and I consented to leave the doctor's dog to his hard fate,—that of having physic thrown at him continually; but it seemed to us that Walter hardly exhibited the self-sacrificing spirit which is really necessary in such a cause.

In the outskirts of the village we found a terrier, which was very lame, and evidently in pain. It was shy of us, and hobbled away as we approached.

"That poor dog," said Walter, "has been stoned by boys. Probably that 's what broke its paw. Here, Priny, Priny! Here, Fido! Here, Cæsar! come here, good fellow!"

"Try the meat," said George.

"Sure enough!" said Walter. "Why did n't I think of that?" And he held out a piece. By some coaxing and considerable dexterity, he managed to catch the terrier, carrying it in his arms as we pursued our journey.

A little farther on, we came to a large black Newfoundland, which was harnessed to a heavily-loaded swill-cart, and was standing perfectly still, waiting patiently the return of its master, who was probably in some of the neighboring houses.

"What a shame!" said Walter.

"Dogs were never made for beasts of burden," said George.

"Especially to draw old swill-carts," said I. "And see how unmercifully it 's loaded up. I wonder that he could stir it at all."

"We must release him," said George. And he began to undo the harness.

"Be quick! Just undo the tugs, and fetch him along," said Walter.

"No," said George, "that wont do. We 've no right to take any of the harness; that would be stealing." And while he talked, he unbuckled the straps rapidly, and slipped his halter around the great, docile fellow's neck. "Come along," said he, giving the cord a little jerk; and the dog wonderingly followed us.

In the next street, a gentleman, apparently starting for his place of business, was trying to drive home his dog,—a beautiful spaniel,—which wanted to follow him. The poor dog would crouch very low, almost flat on the ground, and make a wide detour toward the other side of the road, keeping his eye all the time on his master. The man would turn around, and, in a monstrous voice, command the dog to "Go-o-o ho-o-o-me!" throwing his arms into the air, pushing his palms against it, and stamping with his foot. The dog would then stop, flatten himself almost into the earth, and perhaps retreat an inch or two. Then the man would walk on a few yards, and look back over his shoulder. There the dog would be, trotting after him at a pretty lively gait, but still keeping well over toward the safe side of the road. Finally his master got out of patience, and, walking back to where the poor beast was once more flattening himself into a canine pancake, he gave him two or three smart cuffs and a heavy kick, that turned the tide of argument, and sent the sorrowful spaniel back in earnest.

"That 's enough of that," said Walter. "I suppose he gets such treatment every morning. Can you catch him, boys?"

We held out a piece of meat, but the dog did n't seem to be hungry, and it was no temptation. George, however, by coaxing and skillful management, succeeded in making friends with the dog, and slipped a halter round his neck.

The next thing we came to that interested us, was a group of half-a-dozen boys, who stood looking at two bull-dogs fighting. The contest was just over as we came up. George took a good look at the boys, and judged it was a case for pecuniary negotiation.

"How much will you take for those dogs?" said he.

"Don't want to sell," said the owner of the victor.

"What 'll you give?" said the owner of the dog that had been defeated.

George took out his pocket-knife, which was quite a handsome one, and offered it for the dog.

Digitized by Google

"What 'll you give to boot?" said the little jockey.

"Did n't that other dog just lick him?" said George.

"Yes, he did! and he can do it again, too," said the proud master of "that other dog."

"Then," said George, "I wont give anything to boot. This is all he 's worth."

"What do you want of him?" said the boy.

"No matter what I want of him. Will you trade?" answered George.

The boy examined the knife very carefully—opened every blade, and breathed on it, watching the disappearance of the moisture from the polished surfaces, muttering to himself that they were "good steel." The other boys crowded around, and looked at the knife with evident admiration. "Trade him, Jim, trade him," said one of them, in a low voice. "I 'll give you *my* dog for the knife, if you don't want to keep it."

"No, you wont," said Jim, in the same low tone; and then, addressing George, he said, "All right! take the dog."

George put a halter on the astonished beast, and our little caravan moved on.

"Goin' to set up a sassage factory?" said the smallest boy of the group, when we were a few rods distant. But we deigned no reply.

We were now leading three dogs and carrying one. The bull-dog showed a disposition to pick a quarrel with the Newfoundland; but George got a stick, and kept him quiet with an occasional rap.

The next object of charity we came to, was a large-bodied, short-legged yellow dog, at which some small boys were throwing stones. George tweaked the ear of one of them, and asked him what he was about. The boy did not answer,—probably because he thought it was sufficiently evident what he was about,—but squirmed himself out of George's grasp, and ran away.

"Fetch him!" said George to me.

"Which?" said I. "The boy, or the dog?"

"The dog, of course."

"Do we want any such looking dog as that?" said Walter.

"Don't care how it *looks*," said George. "It 's unhappy, and that 's enough."

I took a halter and a piece of meat, and went to do as I was bid. I had a long and somewhat exciting chase across lots and through fences, but came back at last, out of breath, leading old Yellow triumphantly.

We were now in the country, and we journeyed some distance before any more dogs appeared. Just as we were talking of turning back, we heard a piteous howl, and, on looking about, we discovered that it came from a large, beautiful shepherd dog, which was chained up in a door-yard. The house was shut up, all the blinds being closed, and nobody anywhere in sight.

"I suppose they 've gone to the city," said George, "and left the poor lonesome dog to wait and howl here until they come back. Here, Walter, hold these." And he handed him the four halters.

Walter took them in one hand, the other being occupied with the lame terrier, which he still carried on his arm. George and I walked into the yard and approached the dog, which seemed heartily glad to see any human being.

"I wonder if he 's hungry," said George. And he gave him a piece of meat.

The dog ate it, but did not seem to care much about it.

"Perhaps he 's thirsty," said I. And I ran to the well, and brought some water in an old dish I found there.

The dog lapped it eagerly, and then wagged his tail in gratitude, while I patted his head.

"Such people are not fit to own such a dog," said I.

"We must liberate him," said George. And he unhooked the chain and substituted his last halter for it, and led the dog out of the yard. When we reached the road, there was Walter with his legs completely tangled up in the cords which the Newfoundland, the bull-dog, the spaniel, and the yellow dog had wound up by running around him in opposite directions. The bull-dog was growling ominously at the Newfoundland, and showing his teeth. George rapped him smartly a few times with the stick, and he subsided. Then we untangled Walter; I took the Newfoundland and the shepherd dog; George, the bull-dog and the yellow; Walter, the spaniel and the terrier, and we all started for home. We took a different route from that we had come by,—through unfrequented streets,—and arrived at George's house without accident.

We fastened the dogs under an empty, open carriage-shed: and, while I got them some water, George brought them some broken victuals from the house. Walter bound up the injured paw of the terrier, fastening some splints around it to keep it straight. Then we sat down on an old feed-box, and discussed plans for the future happiness of our wards.

"The best thing to do with them," said George, "is to find them good homes among kind people who will use them well."

"Don't be in a hurry, boys," said George; "we must go on another expedition in a few days, as soon as we get these comfortably settled; and we will then settle how we 'll keep them."

Digitized by Google

Without coming to any definite conclusion as to the education or disposal of the dogs, we separated, and Walter and I went home.

Next morning we went over to George's again.

We passed around to the shed at once. There was George, sitting silent and moody on the upturned feed-box.

The bull-dog, the Newfoundland, and the spaniel were gone. The two former had broken their halters, and the spaniel had slipped his head through his. The shepherd dog was still there, securely tied. The terrier lay dead, bitten in the neck—probably by the bull-dog. The yellow dog was howling in a corner.

While George was explaining to us his theory of the case, two men came into the yard. One of them, who carried a bit of paper in his hand, we knew to be Mr. Miller, the constable. The other was a stranger.

"That 's my dog," said the stranger, addressing Constable Miller; "and, by the description, those must be the boys. Take 'em—take 'em all!" And he proceeded to untie the shepherd dog, while the constable came toward us.

At this moment, Mr. Marvin came out of the house.

"What 's the trouble?" said he.

"Trouble enough!" said the stranger. "Your boys, there, have bin stealin' my dog. One of my neighbors met 'em goin' off with him yesterday."

"George, how is this?" said Mr. Marvin.

George told his father all about it.

"I suppose we *had* ought to have put water in his reach," said the stranger, who was listening to George's story; "but that is none of *your* business, and that don't jestify your stealin' of him."

The constable took the man aside, and I heard him say, "Better settle it." Then he went to Mr. Marvin and spoke with him, who presently took out his wallet, and handed him a bill, which, I thought, looked like a five. Then the stranger and the constable went away, taking the dog with them, while Mr. Marvin went into the house with a puzzled expression on his face, as if he did not know whether to laugh or to be angry. I have since heard him called a philanthropist, an abolitionist, a progressionist, and other hard names.

We three formed a funeral procession, and buried the terrier with appropriate honors. Then we went back to look at old Yellow.

"There 's just one dog for the three of us," said George.

"You may have my share," said I.

"And mine," said Walter.

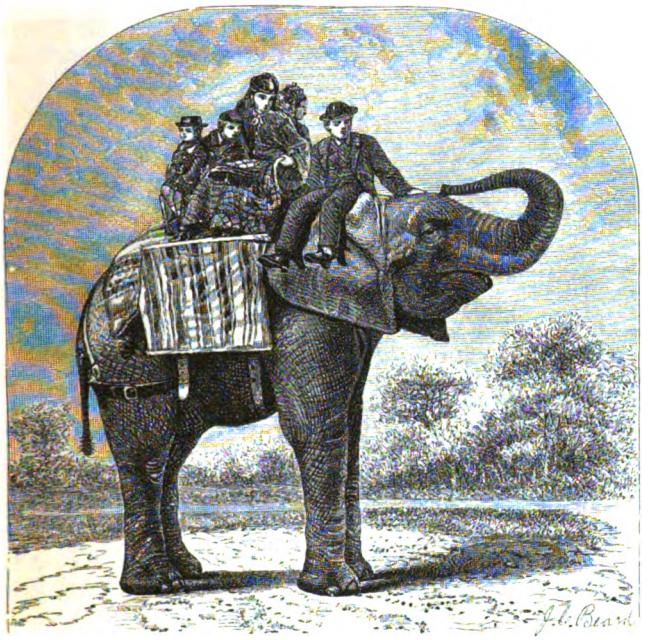
A FAMOUS GARDEN.

BY M. E. EDWARDS.

IN Paris there is a beautiful park called the Bois de Boulogne, and in this is a charming garden, where may be found trees, plants, and animals from all parts of the world. This is the Jardin d'Acclimatation, or, as we would say, the Garden of Acclimation. There are a great many other things in this park, but perhaps nothing quite as interesting to everybody as this garden. It contains thirty-three acres, and is laid out in winding roads, and pretty paths encircling the enclosures in which the animals are kept and the picturesque little cottages, which are really stables, though you would never suspect it. There is a small lake in the garden, and also several silvery streams of water. You can cross these on the daintiest little rustic bridges; and, dotted here and there, you will see fairy green islands. On these islands, and along the banks of the streams, grow the plants that live in or near water; and you will be surprised to see what a great variety there is, and that they have been brought from all the countries that you ever heard of, and from some, perhaps, of which you know nothing. The same may be said of the vegetable-growth you see all around you—it represents every quarter of the world. Some of the trees and shrubs and flowers you will recognize at once, but the greater part will be entire strangers. Some of them are great, tall trees, stretching up sixty feet into the air, and some are tiny plants, not much longer than their names; for most of them have very long names, indeed, which the wise men have taken out of the Latin dictionary, and bestowed upon them. No doubt, in their own country, the children who knew these plants, and loved them, gave them pretty names, but these were lost on the way to France. For that pretty, delicate field-blossom that we call Innocence, and that you can cover with the tip of your little finger, the botanists call *Houstonia cerulea;* and if we were to find it in a conservatory in Japan, no

Digitized by Google

doubt that would be the only name it would have; and if, in our travels through strange countries, we ever come across the potato, cultivated for its blossom only, the people will tell us it is the *Solanum tuberosum*. The Latin names are useful, however, because they are the same everywhere, no matter what the language of the country may be; and as plants grow just as well under one name as another, there is no harm done.



A STEADY OLD FELLOW.

Those plants that are natives of tropical countries will not live through a Parisian winter out of doors, so they are planted in a great hot-house, which also has a pretty little stream running through it. And it has a grotto which looks, for all the world, as if it belonged to the elves. In fact, this whole garden seems to be the work of elves, fairies, magicians, and such powerful beings whom, unfortunately for us, we meet with only in books. For, if we walk out of this hot-house, where the graceful palms, and the curious fan-leaved plants make us think of Indian jungles, which, of course, make us think of elephants and tigers, we immediately come upon these very creatures! Yes, here we see the great elephants roaming about a large enclosure, apparently very well satisfied, and, in an open space, a steady old fellow is carrying a party of girls and boys upon his back. There, too, the beautifully-striped Bengal tiger is seen, securely enclosed in iron bars. And there is a hyena grinning at us; and, directly, we see the form of a leopard gliding gracefully about, and we wish we had its beautiful skin for a rug, and are thankful we meet it here in a cage, instead of in its own home. And then, if we next come to a stream, the chances are that we will see ducks, geese, and swans from Canada, Egypt, Patagonia, and Algeria, swimming along as gaily as if they were on their native rivers. And comical storks will stand on one leg, and wink at us; and flamingoes will flash their bright colors before our eyes. And, a little way on, we may see an immense aquarium, into which are gathered sea-flowers and sponges and the oddest-looking shell-fish, and little fishes with heads shaped like horses'; and a great many other very queer things that have their abode in the salt sea.

Great care is taken in this garden to have everything made as comfortable and pleasant as possible for the different animals, so that they may all feel at home, and enjoy themselves in their own way, when that way does not interfere with the comfort of others. The gazelles have a rock all to themselves, made on purpose for them. There is a pretty little building where the worms that give us our silk dresses are tenderly cared for, and fed on luscious green leaves. There are nice poultry-yards, surrounded by a network of wire; and there are aviaries with shrubs growing in them, and fountains playing, where a great variety of birds have a good time in spaces so large that they probably have not the least idea that they are in cages.

But the finest birds in the garden are not in these aviaries. They have here some magnificent ostriches, which do not need cages, as they cannot fly; and it is well they do not, for an ostrich-cage would have to be as large as a small house. These birds are good-natured enough to allow themselves to be harnessed to little carriages filled with proud and happy children, which they draw about the grounds. A man walks by the bird to regulate its gait, otherwise it might take it into its head to travel at a prodigious speed, and with no regard whatever to roads and fences. It is estimated that an ostrich at full speed travels at the rate of thirty miles an hour, which is as fast as most trains of cars are run; and, though it might be a pleasant sensation for a time to be whizzed along at such a rate, a very short trip would suffice, and there

Digitized by Google

would be the chance that the ostrich might not choose to stop when you were out of breath. So it is best to have an attendant who can regulate matters.

This fleetness of the ostrich is given it for defence. When danger approaches, it runs away, and no animal can overtake it. Its wings are not intended for flight, but to assist it in running. These birds are very strong, and could draw heavier carriages than these light ones of the garden, if they were as tractable as horses, and could be trained. It is said that some African tribes have succeeded in training them so that they ride ostrich-back more swiftly than our cavaliers ride horseback. But this account may not be any more true than the stories told by some African travelers of the stupidity of this bird. Who that has once seen this splendid bird, with its noble carriage and its full, bright eye, will believe that it hides its head in the sand when brought to bay, and thinks, because it sees nobody, it cannot be seen? Or who will believe that other story, of its laying its eggs in the sand to be hatched by the heat of the sun, and leaving its little ones to get along as best they can? These are both mean slanders. When surrounded by enemies so that it cannot escape, the ostrich makes a bold fight; and, although it does lay its eggs in a hole in the sand, its takes good care of them, and of the young birds.

THE OSTRICH CARRIAGE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

There are carriages for little folks in the garden drawn by other steeds than ostriches,—by ponies, by goats, and by Indian oxen. But none of these, in the children's estimation, compare in beauty, or grandeur, or dignity to the ostrich chariot. It is finer even than the equipage of Juno, which, you know the fable says, was drawn by peacocks.

Digitized by Google

MRS. SLIPPERKIN'S FAMILY.

By Clara G. Dolliver.

Mrs. Slipperkin is eight years old; just eight, too, although, when she is asked, she takes pains to say that she will be nine her next birthday. It is a harmless delusion of Mrs. Slipperkin's, that such a statement makes her seem considerably older, while it has the advantage of being strictly true.

Mr. Slipperkin is said to be traveling in Europe, and his wife sometimes receives small letters, bearing a foreign post-mark, which she says are from her husband. But, on examining these letters closely, we are of the opinion that the only part which has seen the post-office is the stamp; and we have frequently remarked to Mrs. Slipperkin that her husband writes a hand resembling her own in a most surprising degree; we think, but do not say, that the letters are *fat*, and the t's and i's neglected.

She lives with her dear friend,—her sister, in fact, though she does not usually call her so,—Mrs. Coppertip, in our attic.

This latter lady is six,—I beg her pardon, will be seven her next birthday,—and she also has a husband traveling in foreign lands. Mr. Coppertip, however, does not attend to his family as he should, for his wife has received but one letter from him, and that was written on a piece of an old writing-book, in a hand strongly resembling Mrs. Slipperkin's and *not* written in her best style.

Mrs. Coppertip is one of the gentlest of human beings. She has little, soft hands, which are often cool and kind on aching heads; she has gentle brown eyes, and soft brown hair, very nice to brush, and very easy to care for. I believe she loves everybody, and I am quite sure that everybody loves her, because I know they cannot help it.

Mrs. Slipperkin's eyes are likewise brown, but they have more snap in them than Mrs. Coppertip's. Her hair, too, is brown, and very pretty, being full of snarly curls, which she loves, but which are quite dreadful to brush. I know she does n't love everybody, for she goes to school, and I have heard her say that she "hates" Laura Brown, and "despises" Amelia Lake, and "can't endure" somebody else; and so we judge from this that Laura and Amelia and somebody else, do not love Mrs. Slipperkin, either.

Mrs. Coppertip has three children, all of whom have been extremely unfortunate.

One has lost an arm, another both legs, and the youngest, shocking to say, once lost her head, which was afterwards found, and is now very insecurely fastened on with white wax.

In spite of their misfortunes, they are very still and well-behaved, and their mother loves them dearly. She does not believe in dressing them too finely; she does not think it is good for children to be so much interested in fashion; and then, besides,—this is between ourselves,—she is not much of a sewer, and really finds it impossible to put many stitches in their dresses; so they are made of calico, and all the embroidery is done with the scissors.

When her youngest child, Evelina, was baptized, she attempted a little more, and actually hemmed the skirt of her dress all around; but every stitch was marked by a drop of blood, where the cruel, sharp needle pricked the patient little finger, and I counted three great big stains on it, caused by the fall of three great big tears.

The Slipperkin children, on the contrary, are always decked out in the finest of clothes.

I cannot positively state that Mrs. Slipperkin is fond of sewing, for we have to quote the old saying, "A stitch in time, saves nine," a great many times in the course of a year. But, though she can endure rents in her own dresses with perfect calmness, yet she must dress her children well, or be wretched.

If the sewing will not bear inspection, I can affirm positively that the long stitches are all on the under side.

She says, with great pride, "My children have n't got one calico dress to their names,—so!"

"How many children have you, Mrs. Slipperkin?" said a particular friend of hers to her one day.

"Three, and a baby," was the answer; but why the baby, poor innocent! is not called a child, I have been unable to discover.

The only difference I can perceive between it and the remainder of the family, is that it wears long clothes; and, as it has lost both legs, I always supposed that long clothes were a necessity.

Mrs. Slipperkin has a brother, Joe, a big boy, who wears cowhide boots, which make a perfectly fearful noise; and he has no conception of the sort of thing a headache is, never having had one himself.

The two ladies wanted Joe to take the house next to them in the attic, adopt a family, which they offered to give him "for nothing," and call himself Mr. St. Clair, whose wife had recently died.

Digitized by Google

But Joe said it was "girls' play," and he would n't try it after the first day. Then he took the plaster-of-Paris children, poor infants! and fed them to his chickens.

Some of the boys heard of his new name, and he was greeted with a perfect yell the next morning, when he went into the school-yard. At first he did

MRS. SLIPPERKIN.

not know what they were saying, but when he realized that they were calling him Mr. St. Clair, he laid about him with his fists to the right and left, though without any signal success. He received seven notes that day, addressed, in large crooked, boys' letters, "Mr. Joe St. Clair," and the next day the number increased to twelve; and then having stood it as long as he could, Joe thought it quite time that something was done.

So, during the geography class, he printed on a piece of paper the word ATTENTION! in the largest letters he could make, not at all sparing the ink.

Then, at recess-time, when there was a little lull in tag-playing, he mounted a high bench, and pinned this paper across his breast.

At first there was lots of laughing, and considerable hooting of Mr. St. Clair, but as Joe did not move, the boys stopped and listened to what he had to say. His address was not long, neither was it marked by any flowers of speech, but it was delivered in an easy manner, and was very decisive.

"See here, fellers," he said, "you 've been a-sending a whole pack of notes to me, and a-hollering Mr. St. Clair, and all that. Now, I wont do a mean thing without first warning; but, after this recess, I 'll put every note I get with that on it, on the teacher's desk, and you 'll get a lickin' for writing notes in school. And every feller that hollers after me is a coward, if he wont haul off his jacket, and fight me. I 'll fight every one of you,—one feller at a time,—and lick you, too; you bet."

Upon that, Joe descended from the rostrum, and was no longer troubled.

One day Mrs. Slipperkin came bounding home from school, in the very best of spirits. She threw her books on a chair, and her shawl on the floor, and her hat on top of it, and cut a pigeon-wing right then and there, at the imminent risk of her hat-crown.

"Rose, Rose!" said her mother.

"O, you, Mrs. Slipperkin!" moaned the aunt, who has the headache.

"What is it, Wosey?" said Mrs. Coppertip, who does n't go to school. "If she did, she 'd speak plain," as Mrs. Slipperkin says.

"Rose" stopped after awhile; not from any particular consideration for anybody, but because she was entirely out of breath.

"You know Flora?" she asked.

"No, I don't!" said Mrs. Coppertip.

"Have n't the pleasure," moaned the aunt with the headache.

"Flora who?" said Joe. "The great race-horse?"

"Race-horse!" said Mrs. Slipperkin, indignantly, "I *do* think!"

"Do, by all means," said the exasperating Joe. "Who is she, anyhow?"

"You know that new girl, who sits front of me, with those pretty curls."

"Yes," said Joe.

"Well, that 's the one; her name is Flora Lane, and she 's got two dolls, and a blue silk dress, and she 's coming to see me Saturday afternoon,—her mother says she can,—and she 's going to wear her blue silk dress, and bring her dolls; and she 's

MRS. COPPERTIP.

awful pretty. Is n't she, Joe? And she 's my most particular friend; and, O, ma! can't we have some lemonade and cookies?"

All this was in one breath.

"Whew!" said Joe, "can't girls talk, though?"

Digitized by Google

"Dear, dear; hear that child," said the aunt with the headache; "how she runs on, to be sure."

"*Can* we, ma?"

"Yes, I guess so," said the mother.

"*Is n't* she pretty, though, Joe?"

"Ho, huh!" said Joe. "Pretty! her curls look like molasses candy."

"She 's my most particular friend," said Mrs. Slipperkin, drawing herself up with dignity.

"Well, aint molasses candy nice?" said Joe.

"Ide," said the offended lady, "you *must* make your children some new silk dresses. I 'm going to make each of mine a brand new dress for the occasion."

"O, dear!" said Mrs. Coppertip (thinking of her pricked fingers), with dismay in her voice, "I really don't see how I can."

"Ma 'll help you; wont you, ma? And aunty, too; wont you, aunty, now?"

Mrs. Coppertip, who would never have asked, looked with soft, appealing eyes, and so both "ma" and "aunty" said "yes," instantly.

Saturday came at last, as all days do come, no matter how long the time seems; Flora came, too, in her blue silk dress, and an enormous sash tied in a bow, so excruciatingly fashionable and immense, that Rose and Ida winked their eyes hard, and tried not to look astonished. She brought her doll,—nearly as big as herself,—and also arrayed in the height of fashion.

"I thought you had two little china ones, like ours," said Mrs. Slipperkin, in a subdued voice.

"O, I don't make any account of *those*," said Flora, in an extremely "grand" way, "but I put them in my pocket." So she pulled them out, and Mrs. Slipperkin was rejoiced to see that they did not look half so pretty as Ida's, to say nothing of her own.

"What are their names?" she asked.

"Miranda and Eloisa."

"Mine are named Lillie, Minnie, Nellie and Carrie," said Mrs. Slipperkin, "and Ide's are named Dora, Belle, and Evelina. Ide, she 's Mrs. Coppertip, and I 'm Mrs. Slipperkin; now, what 'll you be?"

"I 'll be Madame Labelle," said Flora; "my mother knows a lady named that, and I think it 's pretty; don't you?"

"Yes," said Rose. "Now, let 's take our lemonade and cookies down by the brook, and have a pic-nic; I know where there 's a real nice, mossy place."

But the mother would not consent to the lemonade being taken where there were silk dresses, so they drank it all up before they went, and carried only the cookies. Flora put her big doll to sleep in a corner of the sofa.

They were right in the midst of a splendid time, —the children were dancing a quadrille on the moss, and the three mothers were playing jacks on Mrs. Coppertip's shawl,—when they heard Joe calling to them.

"What do you *want?*" screamed Mrs. Slipperkin.

"Come and look at my ship," called back Joe; "she 's sailing beautiful!"

"Tow her up here!" called Mrs. Slipperkin, which Joe accordingly did.

"There! is n't she lovely?" he said. "Whater yer doing?"

"Our children are having a pic-nic," said Madame Labelle, smoothing down her silk dress.

"Well, give 'em a sailing-trip," said Joe. "Bring yours along, Ide."

"Oh, no!" said the cautious Mrs. Coppertip, who had her doubts as to the seaworthiness of Joe's craft, "I 'm welly 'bliged, I 'm sure; but my children are always sea-sick on the water."

[She had heard *her* mamma say something like this.]

"Mine are not!" cried the adventurous Rose, "and if they are, they will have to learn better.

"Come, Lillie and Minnie and Nellie, you can go, anyway; I don't know but what the baby is too young to be trusted out of my sight.

"Madame Labelle, wont you let your little darlings go, too?"

"Oh, certainly!" said that lady, catching her little darlings up by the heads, "if there 's room."

"Well, there is n't!" said Joe. "You let yours wait until these come back."

The ship—"Alexander the Great"—swung out into the stream beautifully. Rose clapped her hands, and cried, "Oh, Ide, let yours go when these come back." Then she called out, "Don't catch more cold, Nellie, dear," when,—they could never tell whether it was a twig, or a bug, or the string, or what, but over went "Alexander the Great," soaking her sails, and sending Minnie and Lillie and Nellie, in their new dresses, to the bottom.

Mrs. Slipperkin gave one cry, half rage and half despair, and flying at Joe, pulled his hair with all her might.

"You did it on purpose, you horrid boy, you know you did," she cried.

"Oh, Wosey!" said Mrs. Coppertip, with tears in her voice, "I 'll div you one of mine."

"And I 'll give you both of mine," said Madame Labelle, who had been laughing, and now tried to look sorry.

"O, let go, do!" cried Joe, "I did n't mean to, Rosy; on my word, I did n't."

"You did!" sobbed Rose. "Oh, my precious children!"

Digitized by Google

"Let 's drag the water," said Madame Labelle, with difficulty suppressing another laugh.

"No use," said Mrs. Slipperkin; "it 's all deep mud."

Joe picked up his ship, Mrs. Coppertip the remainder of the cookies, while Mrs. Slipperkin clasped her sole remaining darling to her heart, and they wended their way homeward.

Madame Labelle soon took her departure, leaving Miranda and Eloisa to console the bereaved mother's heart, Mrs. Coppertip also insisting on giving up her beloved Dora as a comforter.

The next day, Mrs. Slipperkin "played" that the water had been dragged, and the bodies recovered, and had a grand funeral under the peach-tree. Penitent Joe contributed a wooden monument, on which were engraved—that is, cut with a penknife—the names: "NELLIE," "MINNIE," "LILLIE;" and this now marks the last resting-place of Mrs. Slipperkin's lamented family.

THE RABBIT ON THE WALL.

Digitized by Google

NIMPO'S TROUBLES.

By Olive Thorne.

Chapter XII.

KEEPING HOUSE.

Since the day when Mrs. Primkins said that Mrs. Rievor was clean tuckered out, Nimpo had taken care to write cheerful letters to her mother; but she was really very unhappy at her boarding-house.

She had no more violent outbursts, for she had a little better control of her temper. But in spite of her efforts to endure it quietly, she was so homesick that she began to think anything would be better than staying there; so she proposed to Rush that they should go home and keep house by themselves.

To be sure, she had not forgotten the unlucky cake business; but she knew of one or two plain things that she could cook, and then they could live on crackers and raisins, and such things, from the store, where, you must know, they sold not only dry goods and crockery, but groceries, hardware, boots and shoes, and, in fact, nearly everything needed in a house.

Rush, of course, was delighted with the plan. So, for several days, he and Nimpo, with Cousin Will's consent, helped themselves to crackers and cheese, and other things, and coaxed from the two clerks such delicacies as candy, raisins, nuts, and lemons.

Everything they could get they carefully took to the house, without eating a bit, and so by Friday night they thought they had enough to begin housekeeping.

On Saturday morning, after breakfast, without saying a word to Mrs. Primkins, they all went down to the house to stay.

First they built a fire in the kitchen, not because they needed a fire, but somehow a fire in the kitchen seemed a necessary part of housekeeping.

Nimpo, feeling the housekeeping fever stirring within her, tied a veil on her head, and gave the house a most energetic sweeping. By the time she had swept the dirt out on the back piazza, ready to take up (or sweep over the edge, more likely), she was quite tired.

So she ransacked the book-case, and found a book which she had not read since she went to Mrs. Primkins'. It was "Thaddeus of Warsaw,"—a very delightful book, she thought, as she threw herself on the lounge and began to read.

Her housekeeping fever evaporated, and she read and read, letting the dust settle all over everything in the house, and leaving the furniture in confusion.

Meanwhile, Robbie amused himself about the house, and Rush played in the yard with Johnny Stevens, who never knew how nearly he came to owning that coveted bow and arrows.

By and by, he came in.

"Nimpo, are n't we going to have dinner? Johnny 's gone home to his."

"Well, I s'pose so," said Nimpo, reluctantly laying down her book, where the hero was in a desperate situation,—as book heroes always are, you know; and down stairs they all went.

"Let 's eat it right here," said Rush, going into the pantry where the precious stores were kept.

"Oh, no!" said Nimpo. "Let 's set the table nice; it 'll seem so much more like home."

"Well," said Rush, "where 's the table-cloth? I 'll help."

"In that drawer," said Nimpo, from the dining-room where she was drawing out the table.

The dishes were soon on with three such active workers, for Robbie brought the knives and the napkins. But now a difficulty arose,—the forks and spoons were all locked up in the safe at the store.

"Never mind," said Rush; "we can use the kitchen ones. They 're as good as Mrs. Primkins', any day."

"We can go without," said Nimpo, who could n't bear to have anything like Mrs. Primkins; "and besides, we don't need them."

It was a droll meal that they sat down to at last, for Nimpo insisted upon having everything served in style.

At the head of the table, by her plate, she had a pitcher of milk (brought from the next neighbor) and a dish of candy, also one of raisins. The candy was sticks, cut into small pieces,—"to look like more," Nimpo said.

Before Rush was a large plate of crackers, and a glass of radishes—suspiciously large—out of the garden. Scattered about were plates of cheese, butter, dried beef, and so on, which completed this odd meal.

They ate a few crackers, as a matter of duty, and then attacked the candy and raisins.

After dinner, Nimpo hurriedly put on an apron and cleared up the kitchen, while Rush and Robbie played in the barn on the hay.

Digitized by Google

"Thaddeus of Warsaw" contented Nimpo for another hour, and then a thorough and exhaustive rummaging of boxes, drawers, and shelves, with the zest of a long absence, occupied her till tea-time.

That was rather a dull meal. The candy and raisins being gone, it consisted of crackers and milk and dried beef.

By the time that the children went up into the parlor it began to be dark, and somehow a dreadful loneliness seemed to settle over the rooms. It was unpleasant to think that there was nobody in the house but themselves. Then Nimpo remembered that she had left all the windows open in her sweeping of the morning.

She asked the boys to go up with her to shut them. Not that she was afraid!—of course not—but it seemed more cheerful to keep together.

Accordingly, they all went up stairs and closed the windows, and then they went down stairs and did the same in the basement, locking every door.

"Where 'll we sleep to-night?" asked Rush, when they were all back in the parlor again, with a light; "in our own rooms?"

"No," said Nimpo: "Robbie and I will sleep in mother's bed, and you can sleep on the lounge in the sitting-room."

"I think *I* might sleep with Robbie in mother's room. You 're the oldest, and you ought to sleep on the lounge."

"No, I have to sleep with Robbie," said Nimpo, with dignity; "besides, you 're a boy, and you ought to protect us."

What protection there was in sleeping on the lounge, Nimpo did n't say; but Rush accepted the compliment to his boyhood, and made no more objections to the lounge.

"Nimpo," he said presently, "let 's tell stories."

So they told stories till they were tired.

"I wonder what old Primkins 'll say when we don't come home," said Rush.

"Oh, she 'll say 'them children are up to some mischief again, I 'll be bound,'" said Nimpo, bitterly. "Wont it be nice when the folks are back, and we can have our own home again?"

"I guess it will," said Rush. "Say, Nimp, it is n't so fine, boarding out, as you expected, is it?"

"I never thought Mrs. Primkins was so mean," said Nimpo, blushing at the recollection of her airs.

A long silence followed. The wind was rising, and a blind blew open up stairs. Nimpo's book had made her nervous.

"Hark!" she said. "What 's that?"

"It sounded like shutting a door!" whispered Rush.

"I believe some one 's up stairs," said Nimpo, excitedly.

Robbie, frightened at their manner, began to cry.

"Nimp, let 's go back!" exclaimed Rush.

"Well," said Nimpo, hurriedly, "Robbie cries so!"

And, with very unusual haste, they got their things and hurried out, leaving the lamp burning, and locking the door on the outside.

Then each took hold of one of Robbie's hands, and they ran as fast as they could fly to Mrs. Primkins'.

That lady was just shutting up the house for the night. Probably she suspected the state of the case, for she said, grimly, as they came in:

"I thought, mebby you 'd gone to stay this time."

"Rush," said Nimpo, as they went up stairs, "we left that lamp burning!"

"So we did!" said Rush; "and, oh dear! our kittens, asleep on the bed! Well, they wont get hurt, I guess; and their saucer was half full of milk."

"And we can go over the first thing in the morning and get them," said Nimpo.

CHAPTER XIII.

RUSH RUNS AWAY.

YOU know, in the story-books, when boys are unhappy in their homes, it is customary for them to run away,—generally to sea,—and, after long years, come back very rich, drive into the village they left, with four prancing horses, forgive everybody, especially their enemies, take a big house, and live in fine style.

Well, Rush, though in general rather a quiet boy, had read a good many of these stories, and they had worked on his mind till, feeling very uncomfortable and unhappy at Mrs. Primkins', he gradually began to think it was a suitable epoch in his life to run away.

He had not said much about it, only occasionally a mysterious hint to Nimpo, which she thought nothing of. But his wrongs rankled in his soul; and one morning, having left the hatchet out in the rain, he got a scolding from Mrs. Primkins, which decided him at once to start out in the world to seek his fortune.

He had no very definite plan as to where he wanted to go,—the sea-coast was hundreds of miles from him,—but he finally decided to go to Cleveland, thirty or forty miles off, where an acquaintance of his had lately gone to live.

This friend was a boy of his own age, and they had often talked over together plans for running away, and Rush knew if he could get to George Handy that he would join in the plan. To be sure,

Digitized by Google

he had no idea of George's whereabouts in the city, but he thought he could ask the boys till he found him. So he went quietly up stairs and put on two pair of pantaloons and two pair of stockings, for he thought it would be his last chance to have any clothes for some time.

Nimpo noticed that he looked rather bunchy; but when she asked him what was the matter with his clothes, he said, "Nothing," and she thought no more of it, but started off early to go to school with Anna Morris.

As soon as she was gone, Rush went up to her room, got some paper and a pen, and sat down to write a letter. Runaways always do that, you know. He was n't much of a writer, but he stumbled on, and this is what he produced:

DEER SISTER:

When you get this I shall be fur of on the—no, on the way to a big city! I 've run away.

Take care of Robbie and Minzeyboo. I 've taken 2 pants. That's what made me look bunchy.

It's 'cause old primkins scolded me so.

Tell Mother I 'll come back in a few years, and I send my love to her. Tell her I took my bow and arrows.

Robbie can have my sled. R. RIEVOR.

This note he laid on the stand in Nimpo's room, and stole down stairs like a thief. He need n't have been so careful though, for Mrs. Primkins was making pies in the kitchen, and she did not look up as he went through.

She had just been frying doughnuts, and the jar full of them stood on the table, emitting a fresh and spicy odor. Rush looked longingly at them.

"Mrs. Primkins, may I have one?" he asked, timidly.

"No," was the harsh reply. "I can't stand round on my feet all day, frying doughnuts for good-for-nothing boys to eat between meals—not by a jug-full! You 'll have them at the table, like the rest of us." And then, feeling still grieved about the hatchet, she went on: "I 'm sure, if ever a body was glad, I 'll be when your mother gets back and takes you all home agin. If I 've got to have children around, I prefer to have the hull trainen of 'em, from the cradle up."

"You wont be troubled with me very long, Mrs. Primkins," Rush could n't help saying, proudly.

"No, I know it; only two weeks more, thank goodness! and I can have some peace of my life once more!" And she lifted a finished pie on one hand, and cut off the superfluous upper crust with a vim.

Rush slipped out, went round to the shed and got his bow and arrows, and started off on the road which the stage took when it went to Cleveland.

The road went past the store, and he thought he might as well go in and get something to eat. So in he went. None of the clerks noticed him, which surprised him, for he felt in such a tragic mood that he thought he must look different from his usual self.

He lounged about awhile, filling some pockets with crackers and raisins, and others with matches, to start his fires in the woods.

At last, about eleven o'clock, he finally started on his way. He walked up the hill past Mr. Stevens', where he saw Johnny playing in the back-yard, and he felt as if he had grown years older since last he played with him.

It was a lovely day, and Rush enjoyed his walk very much for two or three miles, till he began to get tired.

Then he turned into the woods, which came up to the road on each side. He found a soft bed of moss, and laid down to rest. Of course he fell asleep.

When he awoke and sat up, he could not, for a moment, remember where he was. But it came to him very soon that he had run away, and as he had slept off his indignation about the scolding, it struck him, with a sort of a pang, that he was alone in the world, with his own way to make.

However, he got up to go on. But the moss he had slept on was rather damp, as moss is apt to be, and he felt stiff and sore.

"I declare, I believe it 's getting night!" he said to himself, as he came to a clear place in the woods and saw how dark it was. "I 'd better be shooting a bird for my supper, or I 'll have to go hungry."

So he strung up his bow and prepared an arrow, and then began to look around for a bird or squirrel.

For a long time, not a living thing could he see, and he began to think the birds had left the country, and the squirrels taken refuge from his arms in their holes. But at last he caught sight of a red squirrel sitting in a high branch of a tree, his tail curled up over his back, and very busy nibbling a nut.

Rush could n't desire a better mark, so he fired. Away scampered the squirrel, and Rush could not find him or the arrow either.

Now, he had but two arrows left, and he began to feel discouraged, especially as it was getting quite dark, and, in following his game, he had lost his direction, and did n't know which way to go to find the road.

"Never mind!" he said. "I can make a fire, and camp out. I 've always wanted to, and here 's a splendid place for it, too. First, I must gather some sticks."

He threw down his bow and arrows, and started out to find sticks. But that was a droll piece of woods; scarcely a stick could he find. The trees were very high, and he could n't reach the branches,

Digitized by Google

and the pieces that he did find were so wet and decayed that, when he had collected half-a-dozen, and tried to light them, they refused to burn.

In fact, he used all his matches, and could not produce a blaze.

"Well, it does n't matter," he said at last—though rather faintly. "Other fellows have slept without a fire, and I can. Besides, it 's so warm one does n't need a fire."

So he started back for the place where he had left his bow and arrows, but he could not find it now. In vain he searched up and down in the growing darkness, and at last, quite disheartened, he lay down on the ground.

"If mother 'd been home, I 'd never have run away," said he; "and I might have stood it a week or two more," he added, after a minute. "I wonder what Nimpo 's doing now. I wonder if she 's found my note!"

Then he laid still and tried to go to sleep, but his long nap had made him wakeful, and he began to listen to the sounds in the woods.

First he heard a subdued chattering, as though some naughty squirrel was getting a scolding for staying out late; then he heard an owl, but though it sounded lonely, it did not frighten him, for he had heard owls before.

But soon he heard the breaking of sticks, not far off, and at once he thought of bears.

Now, bears were his pet horror. All Sarah's horrible stories had bears in them, and he had often laid awake at night, and thought he heard them scrambling up the side of the house.

To be sure his mother told him it was foolish, that bears were very seldom found in Ohio; still he knew there was occasionally one, and that left room for dread.

He sprang to his feet and listened. Again he heard the cracking of twigs, and it seemed to be nearer! Without stopping to think, letting his terror have complete control of him, he started and ran. His hat fell off; he stumbled over roots, and fell; he ran against trees, and was knocked nearly breathless; but on he ran, till he was fairly exhausted.

Then he stopped to listen. All was still once more, and as the ground was soft, and seemed very wet, he thought he would go more slowly, and try to get out of the woods. After wading through the swamp into which he had stumbled, falling over logs, getting very wet and fearfully tired, he caught sight of a light.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, when he had cautiously drawn nearer to the mysterious spot. "If it is n't old Lisle's hut!"

"NIMPO SAT ON THE BED WHILE RUSH TOLD HIS STORY."

"What a goose I am! Why, I can't be more than two miles from home!" was his next thought, with—I must say it—a thrill of joy.

"Camping out, and running away are all very nice in the books, or when there 's two or three fellows, but I don't want any more of it. Ugh! it 's horrid! I wish I had n't written that letter," was the next thought, with a blush. "I hope Nimp has n't found it." But there could n't be much hope of that, for he had been careful to put it where she would be sure to see it.

As well as he could, with his soaked shoes and stiff legs, he started off for home. He knew the way well from Lisle's house, and now that his

Digitized by Google

confidence had returned, he realized that the stars were out and that he could get on pretty well. When at last, after many tumbles, he reached the village, he slunk through the back streets, dreading to meet any one, until, by crawling through the fence, he was safe in Mrs. Primkins' garden.

He hoped she would not hear him, but everything was against him on that occasion. She was at the back door in a moment.

"Well! well!" was her remark. "What, under the canopy, have you been up to now? this time o' night, too. If your mother don't come home soon, you 'll be a vagabond on the face of the earth!"

Rush made no reply. He hurried up stairs, glad to get off so easily.

At the head of the attic stairs he met Nimpo, his letter and a lighted candle in her hand, and a look of horror in her face.

She had just found it then, and the cry she was about to give, died on her lips at sight of him.

"Why, Rush!" she began, but he interrupted:

"Don't say a word, Nimp, and I 'll tell you all about it. Come in here." And he pulled her into the room.

Then, while he took off what was left of his shoes, and washed his face and hands, Nimpo sat on the edge of the bed, and he told his story. Nimpo was shocked with his adventures, but, at his earnest request, she promised not to tell, and also —what was harder—to get Mrs. Primkins to give him something to eat.

(To be continued.)

WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN TO A LITTLE BOY WHO WILL NOT HAVE HIS HAIR BRUSHED.

Digitized by Google

A NICE OLD GENTLEMAN.

By D. G. M.

Boys, in a general way, don't make a great hero of a man who does such things as to discover the law of gravitation, or laws about the refraction of light, or the laws of the higher mathematics. How could there be anything great (to a boy) in a man who wrote algebraically concerning the Differential Calculus?

And as for that law of gravitation—of course, a man was likely to discover that who wore a wig, and lived in a library with a globe and instruments about him, and with a window opening on an apple-orchard, where he could n't help seeing the apples fall. Or, if one man of this sort did n't discover the law of gravitation, some other man in a wig probably would.

I think it was in this way, at any rate, that the matter struck us boys when our old master undertook to make a *point* about the greatness of Sir Isaac Newton. If he had spoken in the same solemn way about Alexander and Bucephalus, or about Richard Cœur de Lion, with his big battle-axe, or about William Wallace,—ah, indeed, that were quite another matter!—I think we should have pricked up our ears along the benches and sniffed the odor of battle. We should never have confounded those characters; but some of us did confound Sir Isaac Newton and that most excellent old gentleman, Dr. Isaac Watts. I don't know why—except the Isaac. But I have a vivid recollection of how one of us, in a splendid composition, introduced a little poetic quotation, beginning—

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,"—

with "from the well-known British poet, Sir Isaac Newton."

The truth is, at the age of fifteen we measure differently the work that makes men great, from the way in which we measure it when we are fifty. The din of the great battle-axes goes down, and Bucephalus is not so grand a figure.

But at the age when good "alleys" are in demand ("alley" was the name we used to give to a good solid marble, that would make havoc in a ring full of lighter metal), there is n't much account made of the laws of gravitation, or of their discoverer. We kept Franklin in mind, because he made kites and flew them; and if our old teacher, instead of harping on gravitation, had told us how Isaac Newton, when he was a lad, made a mill with his jack-knife, copied wheel by wheel from a wind-mill that ground corn upon a hill near to Grantham, in Lincolnshire, where he went to school, we should have kept Isaac Newton better in mind; and better still, if we had known how he made his little mill, at last, so perfect, that by turning a mouse into its door, by some curious system of tread-wheels the machinery would begin to move, and the mill to grind. He made also a little water-clock, which kept time perfectly; and he placed a dial on the wall of the house where he was born, which only a few years back was in place still.

I don't suppose he won any triumphs at marbles or in wrestling bouts. He was never strong-limbed, but a quiet, shy lad, plodding and thinking by himself. And so sure was he of his own drift, that before he was twenty-seven, he had thought out and ripened all his great discoveries. I sha' n't try to explain to you what those discoveries were, for it would make too long a story, and besides, I do not think I should do it so well as you will find it done for you in your school-books.

There were quarrelsome, envious people in that time (nearly two hundred years ago), who said that Mr. Newton did n't deserve all the honor he received, and who said that other philosophers had more than half-discovered the same things before Newton did.

But half-doing things does n't count in the long run; so the world thought then, and so the world thinks now. You may have a great many happy and wise thoughts; but if you don't follow them up with industry and patience, they will never come to any great show of blossom.

Newton himself said that industry and patience had done more for him than all beside. He did n't think much of that swift cleverness which boys are too apt to admire and strive after,—which makes a little spurt in a speech or a poem, and then is lost.

There were other jealous and unwise people in Newton's day, who said that he was undermining religion. There are just such unwise people now-a-days, who are shocked by the discovery of any new laws in nature. They are very weak and blind. All the little truths men can find out will never shut out or alter the big Truth, which is past finding out.

Sir Isaac Newton was called a very absent-minded man,—that is to say, he forgot common things because he was thinking so keenly and so constantly

Digitized by Google

of uncommon things. They tell a story of his table being served one day with a nice broiled chicken; but he forgot his dinner-hour, and forgot it for so long a time, that a friend came in and ate up his chicken. Presently after, Sir Isaac came bustling in, and seeing the remnants of the dinner, exclaimed, "How stupid of me! I quite forgot that I had dined!"

On another day, when he went out for an airing, he got off his horse at the bottom of a high hill, to lead him up. When he reached the top, and would have mounted again, he found he had only the bridle in his hand! The horse had slipped his head-gear quietly, and trotted home. This was stupid; but if you can think as steadily as Sir Isaac Newton thought, you can afford to be stupid at times.

Sir Isaac was never married, and always possessed a calm and unruffled temper. [I declare solemnly to the elderly people who may read this, that I joined the above two statements in one sentence by sheerest accident.]

The picture accompanying this article illustrates one incident in the life of Sir Isaac Newton, that is often spoken of, in token of his mild temper. His dog Diamond, which was a great favorite with him, and had the privilege of his library, one day overset a candle among his most valued papers, and before rescue could be made, they were utterly burned. "Oh, Diamond! Diamond!" said Sir Isaac, "thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!"

I must confess that it seems to me rather a tough story. I know a great many goodish sort of people who, in such a strait, would have used a different word from "Diamond," and repented of it next day.

There were enemies of Sir Isaac Newton who said he had lost his mind by reason of this mishap; if he did lose it, he found another, for he died with a good solid one at over eighty.

It is true that he made no great discoveries in the later years of his life; indeed, he almost ceased to be known as a philosopher, and was for a long

"HIS DOG DIAMOND OVERSET A CANDLE AMONG HIS MOST VALUED PAPERS."

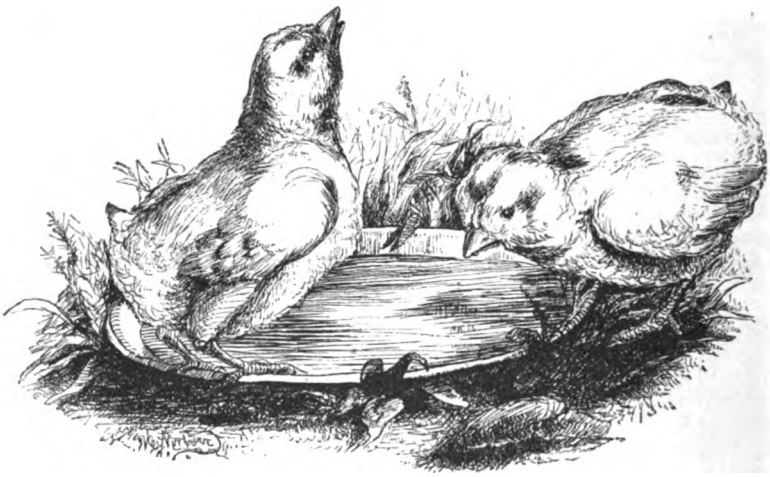
Digitized by Google

period a quiet office-holder under government in London. In our time, you know, office-holders are said not to favor discoveries; but Sir Isaac had nothing to conceal. He was attached to no rings but the rings of Saturn.

As I said, he was a bachelor; and living modestly, he grew rich. He was kindly and charitable throughout his life, and left his personal fortune to a niece (the daughter of a half-sister), who had been for a long time the mistress of his London home. His landed property, which was inherited, and which included the old stone farm-house where the philosopher was born, fell into the hands of a Robert Newton, eldest son of a cousin, who was a worthless, dissolute fellow, who squandered his inheritance, and who, in a drunken fit, fell while smoking his pipe, and was choked by a portion of the pipe-stem.

If you ever go to London, and into Westminster Abbey, you will see an elaborate tomb, in honor of Sir Isaac Newton, against the choir-screen, to the north of the entrance; but, in the rooms of the Royal Society, you will find what is better worth seeing,—that is, the first telescope that Newton made, and also the old dial which he constructed when a boy, and which, in 1844, was brought away from the walls of his early home in Lincolnshire; and, last of all, a lock of his silver hair.

THE DRINKING-PAN.



KIPPY! Kippy! what a pleasure!
Kippy! Kippy! such a treasure!
Here 's a lake of water clear,—
Little Polly put it here.

See, the water has a sky!
Like the one that shines so high;
All the other birds are there,
Playing in the sunny air.

Shall we ever sing and play
In the sky, the livelong day?
Oh, no, no; such silly tricks
Would not do for downy chicks.

Digitized by Google

THE COAST-WRECKERS.

By William H. Rideing.

In the days of old, before light-houses were built, the coast of maritime nations was lighted at night by beacon-fires, which blazed out on the steepest cliffs to show the homeward-bound mariner his way into port. When their red flames were seen through the mist and storm, the anxious seamen were sure of their position, and steered fearlessly on their course to the safe haven that was thought to be near. Not always wisely, for there were false beacons as well as true,—beacons that were as fatal to the vessel trusting them as the candle is to the moth; beacons that were kindled by villains to lead her astray and on to the reefs and hidden rocks, that she might be plundered of her cargo.

Wreckers these wicked men were called, and at one time they existed in such numbers, and were so bold, that the mariners of England dreaded them as much as they dreaded the noted buccaneers of the Spanish main. The more desperate of them inhabited remote caves on the roughest part of the coast, and were without laws and without hearts. After alluring some vessel into their stronghold, they never attempted to save the lives of the poor wretches on board, for had they done so their guilt might have been revealed; and the worst of them, with their own merciless hands, did not scruple even to hasten the death of those struggling sufferers who were washed ashore.

Many of these wreckers lived in disguise as honest fishermen, like wolves in lambs' clothing, and at night went forth from their slumbering villages to decoy ships to destruction. Even in our day, the people of English fishing villages considered all wrecks that came to their shores as their rightful prizes, and assisted in despoiling the cargo. They complained bitterly when new light-houses were built; and an anecdote is told, that one of the constructing engineers was traveling near the Orkney Islands in a small boat, and observed to the captain that his sails were in a bad condition. "Had it not been God's will that you should come here with your light-houses," the old fellow answered, "we should have had better sails to our boats and more of other things." Happily, all the wreckers of this kind have passed away; only their name remains, and that is changed in meaning. Instead of causing wrecks and robbing them, as of old, the new wreckers prevent them, and, failing in that, protect wrecked property from the ravages of the waves at sea and from thieves on shore. The cargo is not all they aim at. There are many vessels afloat now, staunch as the staunchest, that have been engulfed in fathoms of water and raised, with their treasure, by the wonderful appliances of modern wreckers. It is about these men that I intend to give you some information, as was promised in the article on Life-Saving on our Coast, in the April number of St. Nicholas.

At the outset, I shall explain that while all our wreckers are sanctioned by law, not all are of the one character. The principal wreckers are wealthy companies, employing hundreds of men and fleets of steam and sailing vessels. But there are also many fishermen wreckers, who, two or three together, scour parts of the coast in small boats, and give whatever aid they can with their limited means to distressed vessels. Between the two there is as much difference as between the wholesale trader and the roadside peddler. One is famous for its resources and systematic dealings, while the other is inefficient, incomplete, and untrustworthy. Those of you who are familiar with the Florida coast may have seen these fishermen wreckers. In their frail sloops and schooners they patrol the shallow waters near the dangerous shoals called the Dry Tortugas, where many vessels run aground, and only need to be lightened before they will float again. The boats of these wreckers are useful here in relieving the grounded ship of part of her cargo; but they have earned a bad name for dishonesty, and many captains refuse to employ them, unless their ship is in a very unsafe position.

The large wrecking companies have depots at New York, Boston, New Orleans, Norfolk, and at various ports on the great Lakes, where they have vessels and apparatus for raising sunken ships and removing the cargo. Some of them also employ agents along the coast, whose duty it is to telegraph information of all wrecks that occur within their districts to the chief offices, from which assistance is sent. You wonder, no doubt, as you reach this point, what motive the wreckers have, and may be accrediting them with unusual kindness; but, though many of them have very kind hearts, theirs is really a business enterprise, and, while it requires courage and skill, it is only pursued for the sake of gain. The wreckers are entitled to salvage, which, as most of you know, means a part of the value of whatever property they may save. The amount is fixed by a tribunal called the Admiralty Court, and is large or small, according to the risks borne by the wreckers in

Digitized by Google

their work, the value of the property saved, the condition of the vessel or cargo when saved, the skill displayed, and the time and labor expended.

But no claim is entertained unless the wreckers prove that the passengers and crew were removed out of danger before any attempt was made to rescue the vessel or her cargo. Thus the wreckers are encouraged to assist the life-saving men, and many instances might be given of the good work they have done in that way. Sometimes the salvage amounts to one-half the value of the property saved, and occasionally it is more. But often the claim for salvage is abandoned, and an agreement made between the wreckers and the owners of the wrecked vessel that a stated sum of money shall be paid for lifting her and bringing her into harbor.

These little details may be somewhat tiresome to you, but without them you could not understand the subject. I am done with them now, however, and from this point mean to tell you something about the romance of a wrecker's life.

If you heard that a great ship, of two or three thousand tons burthen, had gone to the bottom of the sea, several miles from the shore, you would perhaps think it impossible that she could be recovered and brought to the surface again. Out of sight, filled with water and torn by rocks, she would be considered lost forever, by inexperienced people —old as well as young. But, hopeless as her case seems to you, a wrecker might decide that it would be quite possible to save her. Several of the Hudson River and Sound steamers, which some of us often travel on, have once disappeared beneath the waves, though they are now as strong, as busy, and as fast as ever. The Albany steamer "Dean Richmond," familiar to many of you, was sunk in the Hudson two or three years ago, and was lifted by the Coast Wrecking Company within thirty days after the disaster, and brought to New York under her own steam. So, too, the steamer "City of Norwich" was capsized in the Long Island Sound, and went down, bottom up, apparently a total wreck. In three or four months she was lifted, and again in service.

ASHORE ON A FLORIDA REEF.

But a much greater achievement than either of these was the rescue of the ship "Aquila" from the bottom of San Francisco Harbor, by the Coast Wrecking Company, in 1864. She was a large three-masted vessel, and sailed from New York, having on board, in detached parts, the United States monitor "Comanche," which *weighed one thousand six hundred and fifty tons.* In four months, ship and monitor were raised; damaged, of course, but still fit for work. Very likely you imagine that this must have required the labor of many hundred men; but so complete is the machinery used by the wreckers, that only twenty-five of them were needed in the task. In the fresh water of the Lakes, vessels may be submerged for years without falling to pieces. For example, the steamer "Lac la Belle" lay deep in the St. Claire River for three years, and was then raised in fourteen days by the company before mentioned. Does not this read like a wonder-story rather than a record of facts? Yet it is all true; and there are other things in the wrecker's experience yet more strange. The fine steamer "Thomas A. Scott" went down in Lake Huron a year or two

Digitized by Google

ago, and was hidden in ten fathoms of water. Twelve hundred tons of cargo held her closely to the bottom; but the wreckers came promptly, and on the fifth day of their work she was afloat.

Slowly rising to the surface from imprisonment beneath the sea, a vessel is not as she was before her disaster, you may be sure. All her beauty is gone; her planks are torn apart; her masts are fallen or broken; and her once shapely rigging clings about her in rags. Her sides are gashed as the body of some old gladiator. Rust and water dim the bright brass-work and gaily-painted wood. The decks are strewn with splintered spars, frayed cordage, and loose merchandise that has been washed up from the hatchways. Verily, she is a poor wreck, wounded and exhausted, that excites our pity as a thing of life. But she has safely passed the crisis of her injuries; and there is an hospital for her, where she may be restored to beauty and strength,—an hospital with skillful surgeons, whose most dreadful operations you or I might watch without a qualm. You have heard of doctors of divinity, doctors of common law, doctors of medicine, and doctors of chemistry, yet you say you have never heard of doctors of ships. Think again, young friends. Surely you have heard of ship*wrights*, as they are commonly called; it is these men who doctor the unfortunate ships that meet with misfortune.

It is yet a mystery to you how the wreckers do their work—how they raise a ship that has sunk with a hole in her bottom. Presently you shall learn, and for this purpose let us suppose at this moment that we are sitting in the office of the Coast Wrecking Company in New York. The walls are covered with pictures of ships that have been lost and saved. In a case yonder we see trophies from a hundred different wrecks,—bits of wood from the hulls of famous ships, coils of old rope, savage weapons from cannibal islands, stuffed reptiles from Florida swamps, and many other things which all old sailors are fond of preserving. Tilting themselves in chairs, smoking and spinning yarns, are some of the master-wreckers, who could, if they would, tell you stories of perils by sea and land that would surpass Captain Marryat's best. But they are a silent, almost sullen set of fellows in the presence of outsiders, and our questions are met by the briefest possible answers. While we are waiting and examining the many curious objects in the room, a messenger enters with the intelligence that during the past night a valuable clipper went ashore on the Long Island coast. Following him, a second messenger enters with letters from the owners of the vessel, ordering the company to the wreck. An hour later we are on our way to the stronghold of the wreckers on Staten Island, and there we are allowed a place in the store-house to watch the preparation of the expedition. A very powerful tug-boat is already under steam, and a gang of workmen are loading her with ponderous machines, which the wreckers modestly call "tools." Length after length of iron cable, each link measuring two and a-half inches in thickness, are dragged on board and coiled in the bows. Great steam-pumps are wheeled out of the store-house and deposited on the after-deck, and when other apparatus in covered boxes has been taken on board, the tug rapidly steams out into the stream. A line is paid out astern, and several large oblong boxes,—that is what they look like,—are taken in tow. These queer, ungainly objects are called "pontoons," and useless as they appear, without them a vessel could not be raised.

We steam quietly down along the coast for nearly two hours, until we reach the wreck, which is indicated by the tops of three masts tapering a few feet above the surface. It is not certain yet that the vessel can be saved, and before work is begun a survey of her bottom must be made by divers. We have noticed a stalwart fellow on the tug, who has a courageous face and a thick-set frame. He is one of the divers, who of all seamen have the strangest experiences. They go deep beneath the sea, separated only by a thread from death. Watch this man as he dons his submarine armor and prepares to descend into the water. Over a suit of thick flannels he puts a pair of trow-

COAST-WRECKERS' STATION ON STATEN ISLAND.

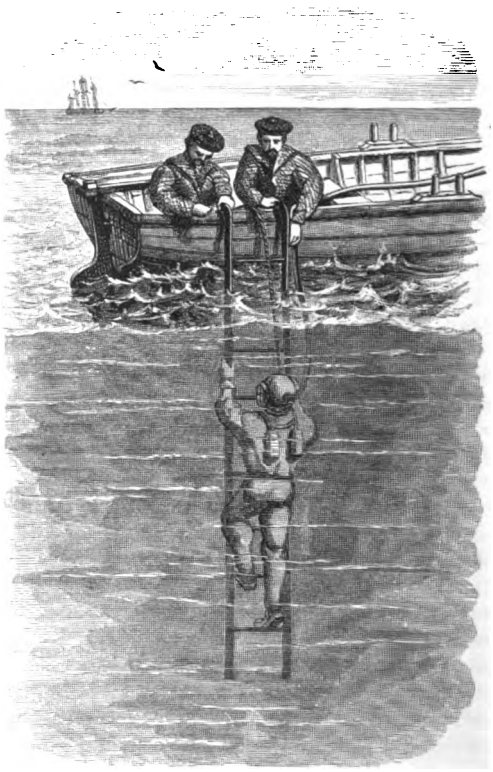
Digitized by Google

sers and a jacket made from India-rubber cloth. These fit close to the ankles, wrists, and across the chest. Next he thrusts his head through a copper breast-plate provided with grooves, into which the body of the jacket is fitted and screwed down by an attendant. The head is now covered by a helmet, with a glass face, which is also screwed to the breast-plate,—helmet and breast-plate weighing together about fifty-six pounds. Twenty-eight pounds more are added to this burthen by a pair of shoes with leaden soles, and thus equipped the diver resembles neither man nor fish. A near-sighted naturalist might puzzle over him for hours, without finding out to which species he belongs, so monstrous does he appear. And it is not surprising that the sharks themselves are afraid of the divers, and flee incontinently if one of their arms be outstretched.

The extreme weight of the diver is fatiguing above water, and he is glad to embark in the surf-boat, which has been launched from the tug to convey him nearer the wreck than she dare approach. A few strokes of the oar bring the surveying party directly over the sunken vessel, and the final preparations for the descent are made. You and I watch breathlessly, but the diver thinks very little about the danger of what he is to do. One end of a coil of strong rubber tubing is fastened to a mouth-piece at the back of the helmet, and the other end is connected with an air-pump in the boat. A hempen line is also secured to the outside of the helmet, and passes down the diver's right side, within easy reach of his hand. Upon this tubing and line his life will depend. Four blocks of lead, weighing fifty pounds, are now slung over his shoulders; and a waterproof bag, containing a hammer, a chisel, and a dirk-knife, is fastened over his breast. A short iron ladder is lowered over the starboard side of the boat, and the diver heavily climbs down each round. His weight causes the boat to dance and rock unsteadily. It is a very exciting moment for a novice, I can tell you! His comrades watch his movements attentively, and in another moment he is standing on the bottom round of the ladder. Two men stand by the handles of the air-pump at the other end of the boat. All is ready. The diver grasps a rope, to prevent a too rapid descent; he releases the ladder, and the green water swells over and hides him.

Full fathom five he sinks; and as the sea closes about him, the great weight of his armor dwindles away, and his movements are as free as an athlete's. Smoothly he descends, and soon feels his feet touching the hard sand. His foothold is unsteady; for notwithstanding the weights attached to him, he is still too buoyant, and once or twice he pulls the signal-line for less air. Well he knows that, unless the supply be rightly adjusted, he will either be suffocated or sent bubbling to the surface feet first.

But his signals are heeded, and as his tread becomes firm, he glances around him out of the little window in his helmet, Shoals of fish crowd inquisitively near, and some daringly rub their noses against his breast; but a wave of his hand drives them off in utmost terror. A few yards away lies the wreck, bedded in the sand, and plainly visible in the green light of the depths. There is as much light, indeed, as we have on shore during ordinary foggy weather. The diver approaches cautiously. His greatest peril is in the tangled rigging and splinters, which might twist or break the air-pipe and signal-line. He does not move a step without first finding out whither it will lead him, and in good time he safely reaches the hull. Thus far he is pleased with the "job;" the water is clear and his feet do not sink into the sand. Now he begins his search for the damages, and



DIVER DESCENDING.

works for four or five hours without interruption, examining the vessel in every part, and humming a lively tune as he moves briskly about. The water

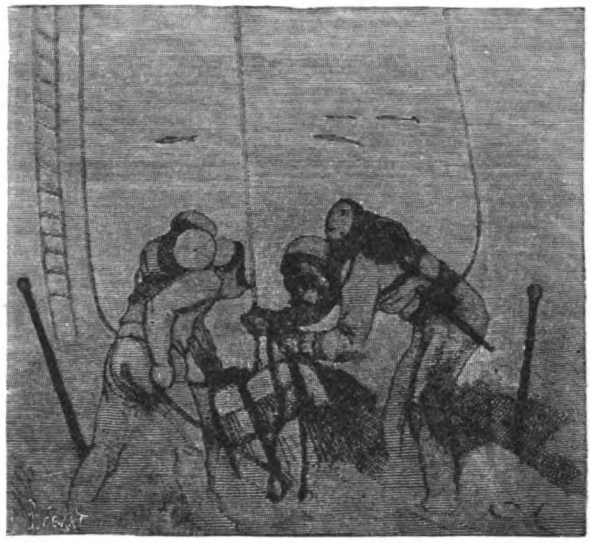
Digitized by Google

is cold, and if he loiters he will be chilled; and, moreover, he understands that industry is the best cure for the loneliness of his position. At last, he signals to ascend, and he is brought on board the tug-boat. The master-wreckers crowd about him for information.

"Can the vessel be saved?" "She can," he answers. The planking amidships, a few feet above the keel, has been torn away; but she holds together, and if the weather is fair she may be afloat again in two weeks. The diver, having removed his dress, then calmly sits down to eat, while preparations are making for another descent.

As he is refreshing himself there, with a keen appetite, we, who have been watching him with awe, engage him in a brief conversation. Was he ever frightened? Never that he remembers, although it has been a terrible experience to work about a wreck in which some poor souls have been drowned. Once the air-pipe of his helmet was caught on a strip of loose iron hanging from the deck of a sunken ship. What did he do? Why, he kept cool, of course; and if he had not done that we would not be talking to him now. If one quality is necessary in a diver above another, it is presence of mind. A nervous man would perish before he had made many descents. There was a Frenchman he knew,—queer people those Frenchmen are,—who boasted of what he had done as a diver. Well, sir, that man put on his toggery and went down the ladder from the surf-boat. There he stopped, and would not have gone further had not his companions laughed at him and forced him. Down he went, sir, all right as you would have thought; but before reaching the bottom he confused the signals, called for more air when he wanted less, and came rolling to the surface with as much splutter as a wounded whale. An old diver is as comfortable under water as above, and can easily do eight hours' work a day in seven or eight fathoms. As the business is precarious, however, the men are paid $150 a month, and supplied with board and lodging. Do they serve an apprenticeship? Not exactly that, but most of them have been attendants to other divers, and have picked up the secrets in that way. "I waited on a man myself, and did n't get promoted until I knew the service like a book," says the diver, as he rises and calls for his boy. "All ready, Tom? Excuse me now, sir; it 's time to go down again." And so he leaves us.

Two other men accompany him in his next descent, and after they have been down for an hour or two, they signal to the men in the boat, and the heavy cable that we have seen is lowered to them. In their curious dress, they work together with a will, and drag the massive links of iron underneath the hull of the ship,—one length amidships, a second length astern, and a third length forward. This is slow work, and before it is complete night



DIVERS AT WORK UNDER WATER.

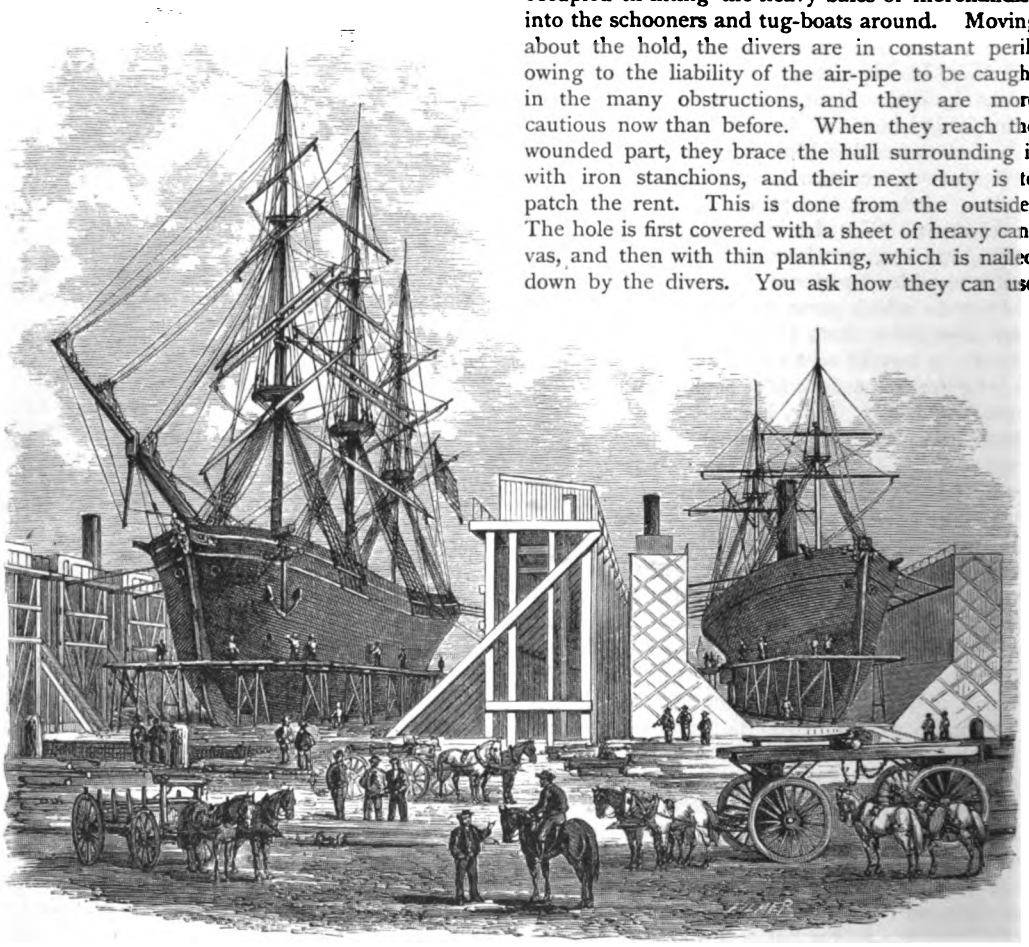
has set in, and the divers are brought to the surface. Betimes next day it is resumed, and when the centre of each great chain is right under the keel, the pontoons are towed over the wreck. Meanwhile, constant communication is established between the men below and the men in the boats, by means of the signal-line. Once in about four hours the divers come to the surface for fresh air and food. But these pontoons—what are they? Let us pause a moment to glance at them. They are built of wood, and painted black. The largest measure 120 feet in length, 18 feet in width, and 14 feet in depth. Those selected for the present case are much smaller, and three are stationed at each side of the wreck to buoy her. In each pontoon there are several wells, or holes, running through the centre, from deck to bottom. Into these the divers insert the ends of the three cables, which are drawn upward by hydraulic power. This part of the work costs severe effort and much time, and when it is done the injured vessel, as a doctor would say, in on the fair way to recovery. The cables are drawn up through the wells, link by link, and are tightened gradually, until the wreck lifts. She rises slowly, and the pontoons groan from the weight bearing upon them as they are drawn nearer to her. For some time yet she is out of sight;

Digitized by Google

but, at last, her deck is seen dimly through the waves, and soon afterwards it is above water. The wreckers, as we observed, are impassive in their manner; but they cannot repress their enthusiasm over the success, and two or three of the more excitable burst into cheers.

Thus the vessel is raised, and you see how invaluable the unsightly pontoons are. Attempts have been made to improve upon them, but without success, as in the instance of the gutta-percha pontoons, which were tested a few years ago. This invention was so curious that a brief description may interest you. The pontoons looked like balloons, and were attached by hose to air-tanks. Several of them were sunk and fastened to a submerged vessel by divers. When inflated with air, they brought the wreck to the surface; but being freed from the pressure of the water, they burst and let the vessel sink again.

But we must not forget our wreck. After her decks have been raised above water, several powerful steam-pumps are put on board, and the divers go to work once more. The hatchways have been forced up by the water, and the cargo is seen through them packed close to the decks. Much has to be removed before access can be had to the torn part of the vessel's hull, and many hours are occupied in lifting the heavy bales of merchandise into the schooners and tug-boats around. Moving about the hold, the divers are in constant peril, owing to the liability of the air-pipe to be caught in the many obstructions, and they are more cautious now than before. When they reach the wounded part, they brace the hull surrounding it with iron stanchions, and their next duty is to patch the rent. This is done from the outside. The hole is first covered with a sheet of heavy canvas, and then with thin planking, which is nailed down by the divers. You ask how they can use tools under the water, and in answer to your question, they simply tell you that it is done as easily under water as above. Had the vessel been iron instead of wood, the planking would have been useless, and iron plates would have been screwed down in place of it,—a more difficult operation.



VESSELS ON THE DRY DOCKS.

As soon as the damaged places are well covered, however, the steam-pumps on deck are started, and each throws out about sixty hogsheads of water a minute, until the hold is empty. Two strong steamers make their appearance, and take

Digitized by Google

the vessel, pontoons and all, in tow for New York. She is saved! Again we see her in the Dry Docks, where a hundred swarthy workmen are repairing her; and again as she leaves her wharf, outward bound, three months later, brave and beautiful as ever. The wreckers have done their duty well, and when we learn of their reward, we all agree that they deserve it.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

By Frank R. Stockton.

Chapter XVIII.

THE ARRIVAL.

When Kate and her father reached Aunt Judy's cabin, the boys had not yet arrived, but they were anxiously expected by about a dozen colored people of various ages and sizes, and by two or three white men, who were sitting under the trees waiting to see the "telegraph come."

Telegraph apparatus and wires were not at all novel in that part of the country, but this was to be the first time that anything of the kind had been set up in that neighborhood, in those familiar old woods about Crooked Creek.

And then it must be remembered, too, that most of these interested people were "stockholders." That was something entirely novel, and it is no wonder that they were anxious to see their property.

"I hopes, Mah'sr John," said Aunt Judy to Mr. Loudon, "dat dem dar merchines aint a-goin' to bust up when dey 're lef' h'yar all alone by theyselves."

"O, there 's no danger, Aunt Judy," said Mr. Loudon, "if you don't meddle with them. But I suppose you can't do that, if the boys are going to case them up, as they told me they intended doing."

"Why, bress your soul, Mah'sr John, ye need n't be 'fraid o' my techin 'em off. I would n't no more put a finger on 'em dan I 'd pull de trigger ov a hoss pistol."

"There is n't really any danger in having these instruments in the house, is there, father?" asked Kate, when she and Mr. Loudon had stepped out of the cabin where Aunt Judy was busy sweeping and "putting things to rights" in honor of the expected arrival.

"That depends upon circumstances," said Mr. Loudon. "If the boys are careful to disconnect the instruments and the wires when they leave the cabins, there is no more danger than there would be in a brass clock. But if they leave the wires attached to the instruments, lightning might be attracted into the cabins during a thunderstorm, and Aunt Judy might find the 'merchines' quite as dangerous as a horse-pistol."

"But they must n't leave the wires that way," said Kate. "I sha' n't let Harry forget it. Why, it would be awful to have Aunt Judy and poor old Lewston banged out of their beds in the middle of the night."

"I should think so," said Mr. Loudon; "but the boys—I am sure about Harry—understand their business, to that extent, at least. I don't apprehend any accidents of that kind."

Kate was just about to ask her father if he feared accidents of any kind, when a shout was heard from the negroes by the roadside.

"Dar dey come!" sang out half-a-dozen voices, and, sure enough, there was the wagon slowly turning an angle of the road, with the mounted members of the Board riding close by its side.

All now was bustle and eagerness. Everybody wanted to do something, and everybody wanted to see. The wagon was driven up as close to the cabin as the trees would allow; the boys jumped down from their seats and their saddles; the horses' bridles were fastened to branches overhead; white, black and yellow folks clustered around the wagon; and some twenty hands were proffered to aid in carrying the load into the cabin.

Harry was the grand director of affairs. He had a good, loud voice, and it served him well on this important occasion.

"Look out, there!" he cried. "Don't any of you touch a box or anything, till I tell you what to do. They 're not all to go into Aunt Judy's cabin. Some things are to go across the creek to Lewston's house. Here, John William and Gregory, take this table and carry it in carefully, and you, Dick, take that chair. Don't be in a hurry. We 're not going to open the boxes out here."

"Why, Harry," cried Kate, "I did n't know there were to be tables and chairs."

"To tell the truth, I did n't think of it either,"

Digitized by Google

said Harry; "but we must have something to put our instruments on, and something to sit on while we work them. Mr. Lyons reminded us that we'd have to have them, and we got these in Hetertown. Had to go to three places to get them all, and one's borrowed, anyway. Look out, there, you, Bobby! you can't carry a chair. Get down off that wheel before you break your neck."

"Lor' bress your heart, Mah'sr Harry, is ye got a bed? I never did spect ye was agoin' to bring furniture," cried Aunt Judy, her eyes rolling up and down in astonishment and delight. "Dat's a pooty cheer. Wont hurt a body to sot in dat cheer when you all aint a-usin' it, will it?"

"Blow you right through the roof, if you set on the trigger," said Tom Selden; "so mind you're careful, Aunt Judy."

"Now, then," cried Harry, "carry in this box. Easy, now. We'll take all the wire over on the other side. You see, Tom, that they leave the wire in the wagon. Do you know, father, that we forgot to bring a hammer or anything to open these boxes?"

"There's a hammer under the seat of the buggy. One of you boys run and get it."

At the word, two negro boys rushed for the buggy and the hammer.

"A screw-driver would do better," said Harvey Davis.

"One-eyed Lewston's got a screw-driver," said one of the men.

"Dar Lewston!" cried John William Webster. "Dar he! Jist comin' ober de bridge."

"Shet up!" cried Aunt Judy. "Don't spect he got him screw-driber in him breeches pocket, does ye? Why don' ye go 'long and git it?"

And away went John William and two other boys for the screw-driver.

In spite of so many cooks, the broth was not spoiled; and after a reasonable time the beautifully polished instruments were displayed to view on the table in Aunt Judy's cabin.

Everybody looked with all their eyes. Even Mr. Loudon, who had often examined telegraphic apparatus, took a great interest in this, and the negroes thought there was never anything so wonderful. Especially were those delighted who owned stock.

"Some o' dat dar's mine," said a shiny-faced black boy. "Wonder ef dat little door-knob's my sheer."

"You go 'long, dar," said Dick Ford, giving him a punch in the ribs with his elbow. "Dat little shiny screw's 'bout as much as you own."

As for the members of the Board, they were radiant. There was the telegraphic apparatus (or a part of it) of the Crooked Creek Telegraph Company, and here were the officers!

Each one of them, except Brandeth Price, explained some portion of the instruments to some of the bystanders.

As for Brandeth, he had n't an idea what was to be done with anything. But he had a vote in the Board. He never forgot that.

JOHN WILLIAM WEBSTER.

"Can't ye work it a little, Mah'sr Harry?" asked Gregory Montague.

"Dat's so!" cried a dozen voices. "Jist let's see her run a little, Mah'sr Harry, please!" Even Kate wanted to see how the things worked.

Harry explained that he could n't "run it" until he had arranged the battery and had made a great

Digitized by Google

many preparations, and he greatly disappointed the assembly by informing them that all that was to be done that day was to put the instruments in their respective houses (or stations, as the boys now began to call the cabins), and to put up the cases which were to protect them when not in use. These cases were like small closets, with movable tops, and there was great fear that they would not fit over the tables that had been brought from Hetertown.

On the next day, Mr. Lyons had promised to come over and show them how to begin the work.

"There 'll be plenty for you fellows to do," said Harry, "when we put up the wires."

CHAPTER XIX.

CONSTRUCTING THE LINE.

THE next day was a day of hard work for the Board of Managers. Mr. Lyons, who took the greatest interest in the enterprise, got another operator to take his place at the Hetertown station, and came over to help the boys.

Under his direction, and with his help, they arranged the instruments and the batteries, sunk the ground-wires, and, in a general way, put the office-apparatus in working order. When night came, there were still some things that remained to be done in the two stations, but the main part of the office arrangements had been satisfactorily concluded, under Mr. Lyons' supervision.

Now, it only remained to put up the wire; and this was a piece of work that interested the whole neighborhood. There had been lookers-on enough while the instruments were being put in working order, but the general mind did not comprehend the mechanism and uses of registers and keys and batteries.

Anyone, however, could understand how a telegraphic wire was put up. And what was more, quite a number of persons thought they knew exactly how it ought to be put up, and made no scruple of saying so.

Tony Kirk was on hand,—as it was not turkey season,—and he made himself quite useful. Having had some experience in working under surveyors, he gave the boys a good deal of valuable advice, and, what was of quite as much service, he proved very efficient in quieting the zeal of some ambitious, but undesirable, volunteer assistants.

Certain straight pine-trees, at suitable distances from each other, and, as nearly as possible, on a right line between the two cabins, were selected as poles, and their tops were cut off about twenty-five feet from the ground. All trees and branches that would be apt to interfere with the wires were cut down, out of the way.

At one time,—for this matter of putting up the wire occupied several days,—there were ten or twelve negro men engaged in cutting down trees and topping and trimming telegraph-poles.

Each one of these men received forty cents per day from the company, and found themselves. It is probable that if the Board had chosen to pay but twenty cents, there would have been quite as many laborers, for this was novel and very interesting work, and several farm-hands threw up their situations for a day or two and came over to "cut fur de telegraph."

When the poles were all ready on each side of the creek, the insulators, or glass knobs, to which the wires were to be attached, were to be fastened to them, a foot or two from the top.

This was to be done under Harry's direction, who had studied up the theory of the operation from his books and under Mr. Lyons.

But the actual work proved very difficult. The first few insulators Harry put up himself. He was a good climber, but not being provided with the peculiar "climbers" used by the men who put up telegraph wires, he found it very hard to stay up at the top of a pole after he had got there, especially as he needed both hands to nail to the tree the wooden block to which the insulator was attached.

In fact, he made a bad business of it, and the insulators he put up in this way looked "shackling poorly," to say nothing of his trowsers, which suffered considerably every time he slipped part way down a pole.

But here Tony Kirk again proved himself a friend in need. He got a wagon, and drove four miles to a farm-house, where there was a long, light ladder. This he borrowed, and brought over to the scene of operation.

This ladder was not quite long enough to reach to the height at which Harry had fastened his insulators, but it was generally agreed that there was no real necessity for putting them up so high.

The ladder was arranged by Tony in a very ingenious way. He laid it on the ground, with the top at the root of the tree to be climbed. Then he fastened a piece of telegraph wire to one side of the ladder, passed it loosely around the tree, and fastened it to the other side. Then, as the ladder was gradually raised, the wire slipped along up the tree, and when the ladder was in position it could not fall, although it might shake and totter a little. However, strong arms at the bottom held it pretty steady, and Harry was enabled to nail on his insulators with comparative ease, and in a very satisfactory manner.

After awhile, Tony took his place, and being a fellow whom it was almost impossible to tire, he finished the whole business without assistance.

Digitized by Google

It may be remarked that when Tony mounted the ladder, he dispensed with the wire safeguard, depending upon the carefulness of the two negro men who held the ladder from below.

The next thing was to put up the wire itself, and this was done in rather a bungling manner, if this wire were compared with that of ordinary telegraph lines.

It was found quite impossible to stretch the wire tightly between the poles, as the necessary appliances were wanting.

Various methods of tightening were tried, but none were very successful; and the wire hung in curves, some greater and some less, between the poles.

But what did it matter? There was plenty of wire, and the wind had not much chance to blow it about, as it was protected by the neighboring tree-tops.

There was no trouble in carrying the wire over the creek, as the bridge was very near, and as trees close to each bank had been chosen for poles, and as the creek was not very wide, the wire approached nearer to a straight line where it passed over the water than it did anywhere else.

At last all was finished. The "main line" wire was attached to the copper office-wire. The batteries were charged, the register was arranged with its paper strip, and everything was ready for the transmission of messages across Crooked Creek.

At least, the Board hoped that everything was ready. It could n't be certain until a trial was made.

The trial was made, and everybody in the neighborhood, who could get away from home, came to see it made.

Harry was at the instrument on the Akeville side, and Mr. Lyons (the second operator of the company had not been appointed) attended to the other end of the line, taking his seat at the table in Aunt Judy's cabin, where Mr. and Mrs. Loudon, Kate, and as many other persons as the room would hold, were congregated.

As President of the company, Harry claimed the privilege of sending the first message.

Surrounded by the Board, and a houseful of people, besides, he took his seat at the instrument, and after looking about him to see if everything was in proper order, he touched the key to "call" the operator at the other end.

But no answer came. Something was wrong. Harry tried again, but still no answer. He jumped up and examined the instrument and the battery.

Everybody had something to say, and some advice to give.

Even old "One-eyed Lewston" pushed his way up to Harry, and exclaimed:

"O, Mah'sr Harry! Ef you want to grease her, I got some hogs'-lard up dar on dat shelf."

But Harry soon thought he found where the fault lay, and, adjusting a screw or two, he tried the key again.

This time his call was answered.

"Click! click! click! click!" went the instrument.

Wild with excitement, everybody crowded closer to Harry, who, with somewhat nervous fingers, slowly sent over the line of the Crooked Creek Telegraph Company its first message.

When received on the other side, and translated from the dots and dashes of the register, it read thus:

To Kate.—Ho-ow are you?

Directly the answer came swiftly from the practiced fingers of Mr. Lyons:

To Harry.—I am very well.

This message had no sooner been received and announced than Harry, followed by everyone else, rushed out of the house, and there, on the other side of the creek, he saw his father and mother and Kate and all the rest hurrying out of Aunt Judy's cabin.

Mr. Loudon waved his hat and shouted, "Hurrah!"

Harry and the Board answered with a wild "Hurrah!"

Then everybody took it up, and the woods rang with, "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

The Crooked Creek Telegraph Line was a success!

Chapter XX.

AN IMPORTANT MEETING OF THE BOARD.

Now that the telegraphic line was built, and in good working order, it became immediately necessary to appoint another operator, for it was quite evident that Harry could not work both ends of the line.

It was easy enough to appoint an operator, but not so easy for such person to work the instruments. In fact, Harry was the only individual in the company or the neighborhood who understood the duties of a telegrapher, and his opportunities for practice had been exceedingly limited.

It was determined to educate an operator, and Harvey Davis was chosen as the most suitable individual for the position. So, day after day was spent by Harry and Harvey, the one in the cabin of "One-eyed Lewston," and the other in that of Aunt Judy, in steady, though often unsatisfactory, practice in the transmission and reading of telegraphic messages.

Of course, great interest was taken in their prog-

Digitized by Google

ress, and some members of the Board were generally present at one or the other of the stations. Kate often came over to Aunt Judy's cabin, and almost always there were other persons present, each of whom, whenever there was a chance, was eager to send a telegraphic message gratis, even if it were only across Crooked Creek.

Sometimes neither Harry nor Harvey could make out what the other one was trying to say, and then they would run out of the station and go down to the bank of the creek and shout across for explanations. A great many more intelligible messages were sent in this way, for the first few days, than were transmitted over the wire.

Tony Kirk remarked, after a performance of this kind, "It 'pears to me that it was n't no use to put up that ar wire, fur two fellows could a been ap-p'inted, one to stand on each side o' the creek, and holler the messages across."

But, of course, such a proceeding would have been extremely irregular. Tony was not accustomed to the strict requirements of business.

Sometimes the messages were extremely complicated. For instance, Harry, one day about noon, carefully telegraphed the following:

I would not go home. Perhaps you can get something to eat from Aunt Judy.

As Harvey translated this, it read:

I would gph go rapd gradsvlt bodgghip rda goqbsjcm eat dkpx Aunt Judy.

In answer to this, Harvey attempted to send the following message:

What do you mean by eating Aunt Judy?

But Harry read:

Whatt a xdll mean rummmlgigdd Ju!

Harry thought, of course, that this seemed like a reflection on his motives in proposing that Harvey could ask Aunt Judy to give him something to eat, and so, of course, there had to be explanations.

After a time, however, the operators became much more expert, and although Harvey was always a little slow, he was very careful and very patient — most excellent qualities in an operator upon such a line.

The great desire now, not only among the officers of the company, but with many other folks in Akeville and the neighborhood, was to see the creek "up," so that travel across it might be suspended, and the telegraphic business commence.

To be sure, there might be other interests with which a rise in the creek would interfere, but they, of course, were considered of small importance, compared with the success of an enterprise like this.

But the season was very dry, and the creek very low. There were places where a circus-man could have jumped across it with all his pockets full of telegraphic messages.

In the meantime, the affairs of the company did not look very flourishing. The men who assisted in the construction of the line had not been paid in full, and they wanted their money. Kate reported that the small sum which had been appropriated out of the capital stock for the temporary support of Aunt Matilda was all gone. This report she made in her capacity as a special committee of one, appointed (by herself) to attend to the wants of Aunt Matilda. As the Treasurer of the company, she also reported that there was not a cent in its coffers.

In this emergency, Harry called a meeting of the Board.

It met, as this was an important occasion, in Davis' corn-house, fortunately now empty. This was a cool, shady edifice, and, though rather small, was very well ventilated. The meetings had generally been held under some big tree, or in various convenient spots in the woods near the creek, but nothing of that kind would be proper for such a meeting as this, especially as Kate, as Treasurer, was to be present. This was her first appearance at a meeting of the Board. The boys sat on the corn-house floor, which had been nicely swept out by John William Webster, and Kate had a chair on the grass, just outside of the door. There she could hear and see with great comfort without "settin on the floor with a passel of boys," as Miss Eliza Davis, who furnished the chair, elegantly expressed it.

When the meeting had been called to order (and John William, who evinced a desire to hang around and find out what was going on, had been discharged from further attendance on the Board, or, in other words, had been ordered to "clear out"), and the minutes of the last meeting had been read, and the Treasurer had read her written report, and the Secretary had read his, an air of despondency seemed to settle upon the assembly.

An empty corn-house seemed, as Tom Selden remarked, a very excellent place for them to meet.

The financial condition of the company was about as follows:

It owed "One-eyed Lewston" and Aunt Judy one dollar each for one month's rent of their homesteads as stations, the arrangement having been made about the time the instruments were ordered.

It owed four dollars and twenty cents to the wood-cutters who worked on the construction of the line, and two dollars and a-half for other assistance at that time.

("Wish we had done it all ourselves," said Wilson Ogden.)

It owed three dollars, balance on furniture pro-

Digitized by Google

cured at Hetertown. (It also owed one chair, borrowed.)

It owed, for spikes and some other hardware procured at the store, one dollar and sixty cents.

In addition to this, it owed John William Webster, who had been employed as a sort of general agent to run errands and clean up things, seventy-five cents,—balance of salary,—and he wanted his money.

To meet these demands, as was before remarked, they had nothing.

Fortunately, nothing was owing for Aunt Matilda's support, Harry and Kate having from the first determined never to run in debt on her account.

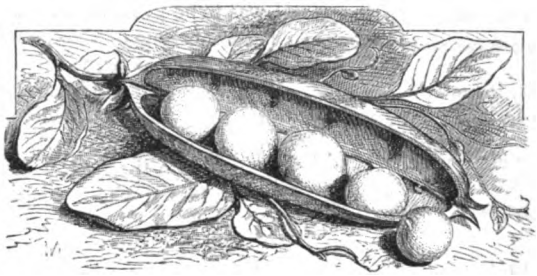
But, unfortunately, poor Aunt Matilda's affairs were never in so bad a condition. The great interest which Kate and Harry had taken in the telegraph line had prevented them from paying much attention to their ordinary methods of making money, and now that the company's appropriation was spent, there seemed to be no immediate method of getting any money for the old woman's present needs.

This matter was not strictly the business of the Board, but they nevertheless considered it.

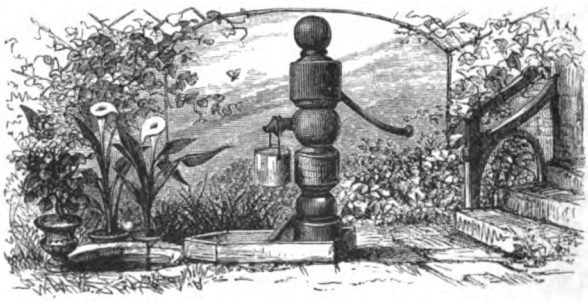
(To be continued.)

JINGLES.

By M. F. B.



Five little bald-heads in a green house,—
House and heads together, smaller than a mouse;
Cook opens the door, and out they all run:
"Bless us!" they say, "now, is n't this fun?"



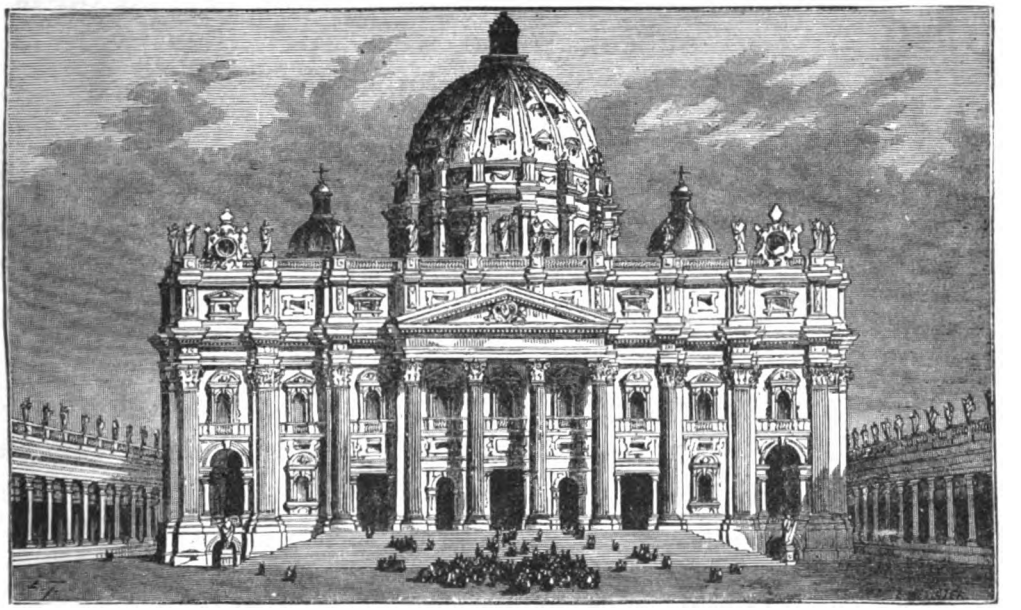
Give, give! Pour, pour!
Everybody asking for more.
Seems to me there 's a good deal expected
Of a one-armed fellow, poorly connected.

Digitized by Google

SANCTI PETRI ÆDES SACRA.

J. H. MORSE.

SANCTI Petri Romæ ædis sacræ (quæ infra effincta est) lapis angularis anno Domini MDVI. a Julio Secundo Papa positus est. Opus extructionis, multis intermissionibus, multis architectis, centum et quinquaginta annos per principatus viginti ordine Pontificum obtinuit. In primis architectis Michaelis Angelo, celeber architectura militari, sculptura celebrior, pictura celeberrimus, atque designatus per multos hosce centum annos exstare magister hoc opere alicujus praestantissimo.



Opus ab aliis inceptum quadraginta annis ante iniit jam senex, et tamen studiose vehementerque prosecutus est. Recusans stipendium sibi accipere, tam honeste laboravit et ab aliis laborem sic sine fraude exegit ut statim efficeret ut in cupidis et corruptis eo tempore hominibus permulti sibi acriter inimici fierent quorum nonnulli, civitatis Romanæ principes ac socii atque etiam consanguinei, Pontificis Julii III.; qui tandem eorum machinationibus operis investigationem esse jubere persuasus est.

Senex, fortis et eminens, ad architectorum concilium vocatus est. Pontifex Julius adfuit. Gravissimum crimen fuit luce ædem sacram carere, et architectum parietibus cinxisse recessum constitutum ad tria sacraria et tres nimis parvas fenestras fecisse.

Quo crimine facto, Pontifex Romanus ex Michaele Angelo quæsivit quare id fecisset. Hic respondit: "Primum vicarios audire vellem."

Duo statim principes potentissimi exstiterunt, et dixerunt, "Nos ipsi vicarii sumus."

"Tum vero," ait, "in illa parte ædis significata supra has sunt tres aliæ fenestræ ponendæ."

"Illud adhuc nunquam dixisti," unus ex principibus retulit.

Ad quem ille ira haud nulla respondit, "Neque cogor neque unquam cogar vel vobis, serenissimi, vel alii quid debeat aut quid libeat me facere. Vestrum est videre ut ad opus conficiendum suppeditari possit, cavere fures, et mihi Sancti Petri ædis extructionem relinquere."

Ad Pontificem, "Sancte pater," inquit, "videte quid emolumenti mihi sit. Nisi hæ machinationes quibus objicior commodo mihi cœlesto sint, et laborem et tempus perdam."

Pontifex in ejus humeros manus ponens respondit, "Ne dubita; et nunc est et olim erit tibi præmium."

The translation of this Latin sketch will be given in the August number. Meantime, we hope to receive a great many translations from our boys and girls.

Next month we shall publish the translation of "La Petite Plume Rouge." See end of "Letter Box" for translators' names.

Digitized by Google

PLAYING CIRCUS.

"OH! mamma, please take us to the circus," said Archie and Katie. "Oh do, and we will kiss you five times!"

"Me too!" cried little brother Ben.

Six little arms went round her neck; fifteen sweet kisses were pressed on her cheeks; and soon after they were on their way to the show.

First, they saw General Prim, a monkey, in a red coat, with a sword by his side. Mr. Monkey danced a jig, jumped through a hoop, threw rings over a peg fastened in the floor, and at last trotted off, with a polite bow.

Then out came a funny little man, who seemed to be made of India-rubber. He stood on his head. He danced on one hand. He tied his legs up in a bow-knot, and then spread them out in a straight line; and he ended by doubling himself up, and rolling off like a ball. The horses came last. They flew round and round in a ring, with ladies and gentlemen dancing on their backs, while the clown cracked his whip, making funny faces, and shouting "Hoop la!"

Digitized by Google

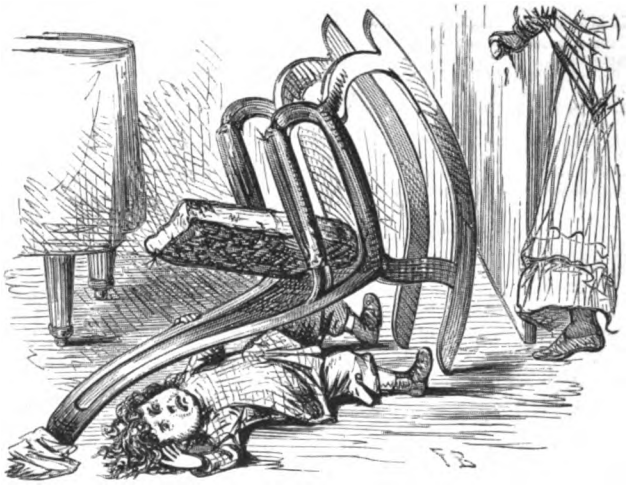
On their way home, they met little Dennis O'Flynn, who lived with his grandmother around the corner, and told him all about the sights they had seen.

"Oh, how splendid! I like the clown best!" cried Dennis.

"And I like the India-rubber man," said Archie.

As soon as they were home, Archie and little Ben ran up stairs and began to tumble up mamma's best bed by trying to stand on their heads, while Katie looked on delighted, as you can see in the picture on the other page.

But Dennis, in his house, went softly behind his grandma, who was fast asleep in the rocking-chair. He stood on the rockers, and, pulling the chair back with all his might, shouted "Hoop la! ow! ow!" like the clown in the circus.



"Yes, yes, I 'm coming," said grandma, for she thought that some one had called her. Up she got, over went the chair, and down tumbled Dennis, bumping his head so hard that he screamed "Hoop la! ow! ow!" louder than before. He did not play circus that way again; and as to Archie and Ben, they bumped their heads too, for they fell off the bed. I 'm so sorry! You see they were not at all like the India-rubber man.

Digitized by Google

A REAL letter, "In care of Mr. Jack-in-the-Pulpit," all the way from Scotland! And if it is n't from dear little Cape Heath, the sweetest flower o' the Highlands, to our own Spring darling, our queen of wild flowers! Well, well. It is late, but she may not be gone yet. Read it to her, my children.

LOCH LOMOND, SCOTLAND,
Spring of 1874.

DEAR TRAILING ARBUTUS: Ye wee crimson-tipped beauties, we ha'e the hert to sen' ye sweet words, an' bid ye gang on, for aye an' aye, in yer ain bonnie way o' thrivin' an' growin'. Yer modesty an' yer sweetness wad bid ilka ane wi' ony heart love ye. Are na yer feet cauld i' the spring o' the year? We ha'e mony a blawin' wind wi' salt sea-water in it here in oor hame, an' we maun grow verra strong an' braw, like fisher lads wha live amang the rocks: sae it is difficult for us to ken how ye grow sae fair an' delicate in yer Western hame. We are Hielan'men, while ye are bonnie, sonsie lasses, wi' sma' white han's an' sweet faces—no' like oors; still we canna help sen'in' ye oor hertfelt cheer an' love.

We ha'e scarce enough soil frae Mither Earth to gi'e us warm bed an' food, but we ha'e a way o' giein thanks wi' a' oor purple bells an' green spikes. We ha'e been thrivin' here for mony a lang year, an' ilka spring—oor wakin' time—we maun toss out oor bonnie tassels an' cups frae sheer gladness o' heart. Ye ken the spirit which is born in ilka ane o' Flower family, an' which bids us a' grow an' shine an' mak' the warld the sweeter an' the brighter for oor breath an' bonnie faces. Noo, God be thankit, that a' o' us—frae Scotland's banks an' braes to Italy's fair landscapes, and frae braid East to West—can aye hear an' ken this spirit voice.

Gi'e oor love to a' the fernie bairns wha live near ye, an' to yer sweet mither, wha lives under the leaves an' feeds ye fra mornin' till nicht wi' sap an' dew; to ilka bee an' birdie guest ye may ha'e, an' to a' the firs an' pines. An' noo we maun bid ye a lang fareweel while ye tak' yer summer rest. May ye sleep tight an' ha'e mony happy dreams.—Yer staunch frien's an' cousins,

HEATHER O' SCOTLAND.

THE GIFT OF THE NILE.

DID you ever hear that rivers made presents to the world?

I never heard it till to-day. But it seems that they do. The land of Egypt was a gift of the river Nile. It was in this way: Once this country, now so fertile, was nothing but a barren desert, like that of the Great Sahara, which lies near it. The river Nile had to flow through this desolate country to get to the sea, and every year brought down from the rich land of Abyssinia as much fertile soil as he could carry, and, overflowing his banks, spread it all over the sandy desert as far as he could reach. By doing this year after year, he turned the desert into a fruitful land. Sometimes he would bring down so much rich soil that he would have more than he could spread on the sandy plain. This he would take down and drop into the sea, until at last, in the course of ages, he has built up here a triangular piece of very fertile land, called the Delta of the Nile. The whole has formed a very rich present to the world.

A BLIND SCHOOLMA'AM.

HERE is a newspaper scrap that a kind breeze brought me the other day. It is a true story about an old blind woman, who, for many years, has been teaching blind persons to read with the fingers. She tells it in her own words, and if it is n't a touching and beautiful story, in spite of the dear old soul's queer way of talking, then your Jack does n't know anything about it. After telling about other pupils, she adds:

"Some women came in also. One of 'em was very old, an' deaf as she was blind. Well, 'ow to learn her to read was a puzzler, to be sure. She was very cross, and that nervous and fidgety that she could n't sit still, an' would stump across the room a-makin' a great racket whenever I was n't a-teachin' her.

"'Come, mother,' says I, managing to get the sense to her, 'you must keep still, you know.'

"'Wot 's the good o' my keepin' still, I 'd like to know, when I can't 'ear a word you say?' was all the reply I could get at first. The old body spoke with her fingers.

"But after she learned to read a bit she was n't troublesome at all, but would just set and pore over the Bible all day.

"'Ow did I teach her,' do you say? Well, that was rather funny. You see, in teachin' 'em you 'ave to take 'old of their two 'ands, an' that did n' give her any chance to use her ear-trumpet, which was a crooked thing about three feet long. Well, I tied that trumpet around my waist, an' by bein' careful she could keep her ear down to it, an' I could speak into it quite 'andy. She was afraid first that she never could learn, but she got along quite fast, considerin', an' I guess it was the Bible as softened her temper so."

A TRUTH

YOUNG men! It was like the song of some wonderful bird, and it made the air shine after the sound had died away; and yet it was just the remark of a brave young man who walked past me one day, arm in arm with a companion.

"Depend upon it, Tom, old St. Edmond, of Canterbury, was about right when he said to somebody, 'Work as though you would live forever: live as though you would die to-day.'"

Tom nodded, and the two walked on.

THE NEW COMET.

THESE astronomers are a frisky set. I heard a pretty little schoolma'am telling about it the other day; how, this Spring, the papers had a telegram, on April 11, from Joseph Henry, of Washington, saying a bran spicker new comet had just come into the range of their telescopes at Vienna, and how, the next day, the star-gazers telegraphed back from America that it had been seen here, too.

I don't know that there is anything very strange

Digitized by Google

in all this, considering the stretch of modern science; but, somehow, these wise old fellows peering into the skies for what they may find, make me think of children searching the grass for daisies.

"The daisy-stars her constellations be,"

sang my cousin, the poet, speaking of the grass-sky around him; and the likeness holds good. I fancy there 's many an eclipse for these constellations when the youngsters run across the grass; and when they pick a daisy-star and run with it through the sunshine, I 'd like to see the comet that could beat it.

That reminds me, youngsters. Have you heard anything yet about the coming transit of Venus? Venus is a big daisy among the astronomers, and a transit is a sort of short cut past the sun. Ask your fathers and mothers about it.

THE GRASS-TREE.

IT is wonderful how much one may learn by keeping one's eyes and ears open. The other day I heard about a grass-tree. The teacher told the children (they all were on a spring pic-nic) that botanists say it is a nearer relation to the lilies than to grass; he gave it a very long name,—longer than any Jack-in-the-Pulpit could remember, but that is no great matter. The real thing is to know that there is a tree, with a trunk about one foot thick and four feet high, that looks something as if a big hay-cock that the wind has tossed and tumbled about, had finally lodged upon a stump. Its resemblance to grass is not in looks alone, for the Australians feed it to their cattle as our farmers feed hay.

A COSTLY BURIAL ROBE.

THERE was quite an excitement among the birds not long ago, when Lunalilo, late King of the Sandwich Islands, died. I did n't understand it at first, but I 've since learned the reason. The good king, you must know, at the command of his old father, was buried in a magnificent feather cloak of great value, which had passed down to him through generations of royal chieftains. The editors have something about this cloak, which was published in a Sandwich Island newspaper, and I 'll be obliged to them if they will add it to this paragram:

About midnight, the remains of King Lunalilo were placed in a lead coffin, dressed as they appeared during the day. His aged father, Kanaina, stood by to superintend the proceedings, and when the body of his darling and only child was raised from the royal feather robe on which it had rested while in state, he ordered that the body should be wrapped in the precious robe before being deposited in the coffin, saying, "He is the last of our family; it belongs to him." The natives who stood by turned pale at this strange command, for it was the large feather robe of Kekauluohi, which came to her from her royal ancestors, the Chieftains of Hawaii. Only one like it now remains, that which is spread over the throne on the opening of the Hawaiian Parliament, and which is valued at over twenty-five thousand dollars. It is no exaggeration to state that one hundred thousand dollars could not produce a feather robe one fathom square, like that wrapped around the body of Lunalilo; for a million of birds, possessed of rare red and yellow feathers, were caught to furnish the material of which it is made.

THE GOLDEN PLANT.

I 'M told that the peasants in some parts of France believe that there is a plant, which if trod upon or plucked by persons "in a state of grace," gives them at once power to understand the language of all beasts and birds and to talk with them. But, they say, those who pluck it must be barefooted and clad in one single garment; besides, it must not be cut with iron, or the charm will be destroyed. The peasants call it "the golden plant." They say that it shines like a gold coin at a distance, but that it can only be seen by those who are free from sin.

This is only a legend, to be sure; but there does seem to be something in it. You need n't take off your shoes, my dears, nor go about the country dressed in a single slip; but if, in other respects, you are as nearly prepared to pluck the golden plant as a mortal can be, you 'll understand the language of all living things—see if you don't—and love them too.

A SNAKE AT SEA.

I KNOW a bird which belongs to a boy who knows a girl who knows a lady whose sister married a man who had read every word of Governor Seward's "Travels Around the World." This, you see, gives me a great stock of anecdotes. How would you like, for instance, to hear a first-rate snake story?

Very much? Well, here it is, and it 's true:

The shores of the island of Sumatra, in the Indian Ocean, are low, sedgy, and covered with "jungle," or a tangled undergrowth of bushes and vines. The tide often loosens great pieces of this sedgy shore, which float off to sea, and are sometimes found at a great distance from solid land.

Once a Dutch sea-captain thought he would alight on one of these floating islands, to see what flowers and plants might be growing there. The captain sailed close to the island, and landing, set his foot upon a big cactus stump. Hardly had he done so, when an enormous boa-constrictor raised his ugly head, and proclaimed, with most violent hisses, that he was lord of that bit of soil.

The plants might have been very wonderful, the flowers very beautiful, but the captain did not stop to examine. He did not even exchange compliments with the lord of the soil, but hastily left him to navigate his floating island as best he might.

MORE CONUNDRUMS.

I OFTEN have a queer notion that I must look something like a note of interrogation. Whether it 's so or not, folks do send me an astonishing lot of conundrums. Here is a fresh lot:

Why are an artist's colors, used in painting, like a piece of pork being sent home for dinner? It is pigment for the palate.

Why is the letter E like death? Because it is the end of life.

Why is a sword like the moon? Because it is the knight's chief ornament and glory.

How can you prove that twice eleven is twenty? Why if twice ten makes twenty, twice eleven must make twenty-two.

Why is wetting a shirt-collar like kicking a poodle? Because it makes it limp.

Why is a wood-cutter no better than a stick? Because he is a timber-feller.

When your father eats his supper, what aquatic animal does he represent? Manatee.

When you set a dog on the pigs twice, what tree do you name? Sycamore—(Sic 'em more).

Why was not Pegasus much of a wonder? Because every country boy has seen a horse-fly.

Digitized by Google

THE LETTER BOX.

BOSTON, April 4th, 1874

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please put in your next number some pretty piece for a little girl, eight years old, to speak at school? My little brother Eddie is learning "The Way to Do It"—that piece you put in the April number.—From one of your friends,

LILLIE T. G.

Here is something, Lillie, that we think is just what you want. It is about the Queen of the Fairies. The poem was written by Thomas Hood, the English poet, years ago, and, strange to say, very few American children know of it. We have omitted one of the verses:

QUEEN MAB.

A little fairy comes at night,
Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,
With silver spots upon her wings,—
And from the moon she flutters down.

She has a little silver wand,
And when a good child goes to bed
She waves her wand from right to left,
And makes a circle round its head.

And then it dreams of pleasant things,
Of fountains filled with fairy fish,
And trees that bear delicious fruit,
And bow their branches at a wish.

Of arbors filled with dainty scents
From lovely flowers that never fade;
Bright flies that glitter in the sun,
And glow-worms shining in the shade.

And talking birds, with gifted tongues
For singing songs and telling tales,
And pretty dwarfs to show the way
Through fairy hills and fairy dales.

But when a bad child goes to bed,
From left to right she weaves her rings,
And then it dreams all through the night
Of only ugly, horrid things!

Then lions come with glaring eyes,
And tigers growl a dreadful noise,
And ogres draw their cruel knives,
To shed the blood of girls and boys.

Then wicked children wake and weep,
And wish the long black gloom away;
But good ones love the dark, and find
The night as pleasant as the day.

J. B., JR.—Your schoolmate was right in saying that Christopher Columbus was a white-haired man for nearly forty years. But this does not prove, as you claim, that therefore the great navigator must have been nearly one hundred when he died. History tells us that trouble and disappointment had turned his hair perfectly white by the time he was thirty years old. He was nearly sixty when at last he set sail in the "Santa Maria," in search of a new world; and at seventy he died. His body was at first buried in Spain; afterwards it was removed to San Domingo, and finally it was buried in the cathedral of Havana, on the island of Cuba.

JAMES C. DELONG.—Glad to know that another boy intends to keep a list of all the books he reads in the year 1874. We hope to receive a number of these lists from our boys and girls when the year is ended.

"ORIOLE" is answered at last, and well answered, by several of her "ST. NICHOLAS" friends. She asked for the name of a city of nine letters (containing a mole, a tailor, a bat and a lamb), out of which she had made two hundred words, in none of which is any letter repeated. A number of children found out the name, "BALTIMORE;" and the following also sent well-written lists of over two hundred words, all made out of its nine letters (without repeating a letter):

Nellie G. H. sends 215 words (but *her* list contains eighteen proper nouns); John A. P., of Eastport, Me., 217 words; Ella L. P., of Brooklyn, 220 words; "Carrie and Dick," of New York, 232; Celia D——r, of Cincinnati, 255; and "Hattie and Sallie," of Providence, R. I. (to whom all the rest must bow), send 296 words.

GERTRUDE M. writes to us from Paris to say that she has just been to a grand concert, where a daughter of Thalberg played superbly. But, she adds:

The great feature of the evening was a duet. I wish all of the other ST. NICHOLAS children could have heard it. It was a piece written by the great composer, Bach, played on the clavichord by the famous pianist, Saint-Seance, and accompanied by a violin of Bach's day. The clavichord, as almost everybody knows, is the instrument that was made when the piano-forte was unknown. It is something like it, but, oh, so small, and with such very thin little legs! The music was faint and very sweet; and though the performer in this Bach piece is a splendid player, all he could do he could not make as much noise on the clavichord as a baby could make on one of our common pianos. Queen Elizabeth once praised somebody, they say, for playing so many notes in a minute,—and no wonder; for the only way you can increase the sound of the clavichord is by increasing the number and rapidity of the notes. I was delighted to find out that our present instrument received its name *piano-forte* (soft-loud), because it was capable of producing soft and loud sounds. It does seem so queer to me to think that Bach and Mozart and the other great old composers never heard their compositions played on a real piano, only on some such odd little spindle-legged *make-do*, as the one I heard last night.

ROBERT F. PEARSON wishes to know "what people mean, when they say it is too cold to snow." We think he will find a satisfactory answer in a very simple article in our March number, entitled "Making Snow."

THE BIRD-DEFENDERS.—The children still are flocking to Mr. Haskins' ranks. One dear little fellow, Fred L. B., who is too young to write and spell well, sends the following:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wold like to join in Mr. haskins army. I wish you wold grow as large as Webster's dectionary.

John W. Smith, of Prairie City, Iowa, writes:

I have read the piece in the ST. NICHOLAS, by Mr. Haskins, and would like to join your army.

If the girls and boys would not take it amiss, I would propose that they be careful not to kill the harmless little striped snakes and toads, as they are on the birds' side of the bug question.

Jennie Fleischmann, of Cazenovia, N. Y., says:

Put me down on the roll of the Bird-defenders. I will try to do what I can for the wild birds.

"Rosel," of Barton, Ala., says:

Please let me join the Bird-defenders and do all I can to help carry out Mr. Haskins' resolutions to encourage kindness to every living thing.

We wish we could print all the notes that come to us on this matter. But, as that is not practicable, we must be content with merely entering the names of the recruits. After this, however, we cannot enter any assumed names. Surely no boy or girl need be ashamed to join this army openly.

Besides the names given in the Letter Box for April and May, the birds now have the following pledged defenders: John W. Smith, Prairie City, Iowa; Fred L. B.; Louis Mitchell, Chicago, Ill.; Edward Halloway; Lily Graves, Springfield, Mo.; "Rosel," Barton, Ala.; "Ned," Brooklyn, N. Y.; Jessie A. Hall, Greenfield, Mass.; Jennie Brown, and Susie Brown, Rye, N. Y.; Jennie Fleischmann, Cazenovia, N. Y.; Cora Wallace, East Brady; Fred L. Bancroft, Syracuse, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

W. H. D.—We are glad you have asked us about the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, because, in replying, we have an opportunity to tell you, and all the other boys and girls of America who have learned to honor the late Professor Agassiz, of a noble project in which many may wish to take part. Perhaps we can do this best by quoting entire the following printed circular, as the present number of ST. NICHOLAS will reach nearly all of its subscribers before the day therein appointed. Many of our young folk may have heard of this circular already. The subscriptions to this fund, so far, amount to nearly $100,000, and we doubt not the children's pennies will swell the amount to hundreds of dollars more. It requires a great deal of money to keep up a national museum like this.

THE AGASSIZ MEMORIAL TEACHERS' AND PUPILS' FUND.

LOUIS AGASSIZ, Teacher.—This was the heading of his simple will: this was his chosen title; and it is well known throughout this country, and in other lands, how much he has done to raise the dignity of the profession, and to improve its methods. His friends, the friends of education, propose to raise a memorial to him, by placing upon a strong and enduring basis the work to which he devoted his life, the Museum of Comparative Zoology, which is at once a collection of natural objects, rivaling the most celebrated collections of the Old World, and a school open to all the teachers of the land.

It is proposed that the teachers and pupils of the whole country take part in this memorial, and that on the birthday of Agassiz, the 28th day of May, 1874, they shall each contribute something, however small, to the TEACHERS' AND PUPILS' MEMORIAL FUND, in honor of LOUIS AGASSIZ; the fund to be kept separate, and the income to be applied to the expenses of the Museum.

JOHN EATON, Commissioner of Education, Washington, D. C.
JOSEPH HENRY, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.
JOSEPH WHITE, Secretary of the Board of Education of Massachusetts, Boston.
W. T. HARRIS, Superintendent of Public Schools, St. Louis, Mo.
EDWARD J. LOWELL, Boston.
JOHN S. BLATCHFORD, Boston.
JAS. M. BARNARD, Treasurer Teachers' and Pupils' Fund, Boston.

All communications and remittances for the "Teachers' and Pupils' Fund" of the "Agassiz Memorial," may be sent to the Treasurer,

JAS. M. BARNARD,
Room 4, No. 13 Exchange Street, Boston.

JOHN GREGG.—Good! We are glad the "big fellows" of your neighborhood have joined the "Non-askers." It is a capital idea. The Non-askers are next best to the Non-takers. The Non-askers' motto is, "Mind your own business." They do not pledge themselves never to drink spirituous liquors, but they solemnly promise *never, by act or word, to ask any human being to take a drink of any alcoholic beverage.* We would be satisfied, as a starting-point, if every young man in the country would sign this very sensible pledge.

H. W. CARROLL wishes to know who invented carpet-making; also, who invented oil-cloth-making. Can any of our young readers answer the questions?

"BIRTHDAY."—You will find just what you need in the pages of ST. NICHOLAS,—"some good games and home amusements." See all the back numbers, and watch the new ones.

MINNIE THOMAS, OF BOSTON.—We do not know how many children President Grant has. If the Presidential office were hereditary, we should consider it our duty to be informed on this point.

FRANK E. MOREY, of Chicago, wants to know how much a telegraphic instrument, such as we offer as a premium, will cost him.

The publishers do not sell the instrument, but they will send one for seven subscriptions to ST. NICHOLAS, as stated in premium list.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to ask you a question about Mr. Beard's fish-picture, in your number for March.

We go a-fishing a great deal; Frank and I.

Frank is my cousin. He is twelve years old, and I am sixteen.

Uncle Odin, whose home is in Norway, and who has traveled almost all over the world, told me that he once caught a fish off the Society Islands that had two fore legs, something like a frog's.

He said the young ones were spotted, but the old ones were striped, and very brightly colored. I looked in all the books I could find about fishes, but never saw a picture or description that at all corresponded with what he told me. But here I find, almost in the centre of your "Curious Fishes," a funny little fellow with two fore legs· and I want you to please say something especially about him in your explanation.

Is he a real fish, and can he travel on the land at all?

Yours respectfully,
NAT. S. EMERSON.

We sent the above letter to Mr. Beard, and received the following reply, which will, we think, interest other boys, as well as Nat.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In answer to your intelligent little correspondent, Master Nat. S. Emerson, please say, the fish about which he wishes information belongs to the same genus or kind as the Mouse-fish, or Sea-mouse, in the illustration. (See ST. NICHOLAS for March and May.)

There are so many varieties in form and color among these fishes, that naturalists find the greatest difficulty in separating them into proper species. No two specimens seem to be exactly alike. The particular fish in question is probably nearly akin to the Walking-fish —*Antinnarius hispidus.* In such fishes, the bones that answer to those of the wrist in man are greatly lengthened, and carry claw-like fins at their extremities, so that these bones form, in fact, a pair of somethings, resembling short, stout legs, on which the fish actually moves about on the bottom of the ocean. I am glad to see the children are interested in subjects such as these, for it has always been a favorite idea of mine that, stripped of technicalities, science presents no difficulties that cannot be readily surmounted by the minds of children; in fact, that Nature is the most wonderful and interesting story-teller in the world.—Yours respectfully,

J. C. BEARD.

"CHARL" sends the following specimen puzzle and explanation to our young puzzle-lovers. After stating that it is not new, but that having lately been revived, it is just now "quite the rage" in his household, and that he has never seen it explained in any magazine, he proceeds to business:

WHAT SHALL WE CALL THEM?

First of all, get out your paper and pencils. Now you must think of some word of ten letters. Wont eleven do? No, because, as you will see, we want every letter to stand for one of the ten digits. How will "ST. NICHOLAS" do? First-rate; but it will make a hard puzzle, because you see that the letter S is repeated, and will have to stand for both *one* and the *cipher*. However, we will try it. Write down the digits, and set the letters of the word chosen right under them, like this:

```
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
S T N I C H O L A S
```

You see that N stands for three, H for six, and so on. This is called the "key." The next thing is to work out an example.

To do this, we will take any easy example in long division, if it bring in all the ten digits. Let us divide 4561098 by 237. Here it is:

```
237)4561098(19245 33/237
    237
    ---
    2191
    2133
    ----
     580
     474
     ---
     1069
      948
      ---
      1218
      1185
      ----
        33
```

Now we must substitute for the figures the letters which stand for them. Put T first, and then all the others in order, and the puzzle stands like this:

```
TNO)ICHSSAL(SATIC NN/TNO
    TNO
    ---
    TSAS
    TSNN
    ----
     CLS
     IOI
     ---
     SSHA
      AIL
      ---
      STSL
      SSLC
      ----
        NN
```

When you give it to anyone to guess, you can tell him that the letters are all contained in some word or words, which are to be

Digitized by Google

found. Though they look very puzzling at first, they are not as hard as some other kinds. There are two or three ways to work them out, but only one way which I like. It is a very pretty method, I think, and will also be good gymnastics for your mind. Let's try it. Oh! I forget; you know the answer already. But that will only help you to understand it the better.

In the first place, then, write down the digits, so:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0.

Now let us look at the puzzle, and see what we can learn from it; that will help us arrange the letters in the right order, and so find out the key-word. Remember, it is only an example in Division.

Well, you see, if you are looking sharply, that TNO "goes" into ICH S times, and that TNO multiplied by S equals TNO.

Now you know that *one* is the only thing which, multiplied into TNO, will give TNO as a product. Once TNO is TNO. So you see that S must stand for *one*. Put that down, so:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
S

Now, I don't see that you can find out anything more until you get down to the third multiplication, which is T times TNO is equal to IOL. Here you notice that T times T equals I. Now, I stands for some figure less than ten, because nine is the largest one there is; and so T can't be larger than *three*, because *four* times *four* equals sixteen, a number larger than ten. T can't stand for *one* either, because S is one. T must be either two or three. And if T is either two or three, T times T, which you see equals I, must be either *four* or *nine*, unless there were some to carry. Set down, then, what we have found out about T and I, at one side, as follows:

T times T less than ten.
T either two or three.
I either four or nine, probably.

Now look at the next multiplication: I times TNO equals AIL.

You see that I times T equals A,—it can't be *smaller* than A, even if there be something to carry,—and, therefore, must be less than ten. Now, suppose that T stands for three,—we know it's either two or three,—then I must be nine. But nine times three equals twenty-seven, which is a number *larger* than ten. So T can't be three, and you see it must be two. Also, T times T, which is I, equals four. Put them down:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
S T I

Now, if you will look at the place where IOI is subtracted from CLS, you will see that I, which we take to be *four*, taken from C leaves S, which is *one*. C must be *five*. In the last multiplication, you will find the next clue. C times O equals C. C equals five, as we have just discovered. Now, what numbers are there which, multiplied by five, will give a five for the last figure in the product? One, three, five, seven, and nine. O must be one of these. O can't be *one*, for S is one. O can't be five, for C holds that position. So it must be three, seven, or nine.

Now, in the third multiplication, T times O equals I, which is four; and since T equals two, O must stand for a digit, which, multiplied by two, will give a four for the last figure of the product. It must be two (twice two are four) or seven (twice seven are fourteen); and as T is two, O must be seven. Now we have:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
S T I C O

Now, if you look at the third subtraction, you will see that O from L leaves S. That is,—seven from L leaves one. L equals *eight*. In the next subtraction, L from A leaves S. That is, eight from A leaves one; and you see that A equals *nine*. In the same subtraction, I from H leaves T. That is, four from H leaves two, and H is six. Put 'em down with the others:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
S T I C H O L A

You could guess the answer now easily enough; but if you would rather "reason" it all out, you have only to notice in the last subtraction that C from L leaves N, and you see that N must be three; and as there is only one more vacant space to be filled, and only one more letter in the puzzle wanting a place, you naturally connect the empty space with the lonely letter, and the answer is complete.

You will hardly ever find one of these puzzles as hard as this one; so if you have followed this one through, you will be able to solve any you may meet. I have been led to try to make this clear to you, because these examples are being used pretty frequently now, and almost everyone "gives them up" at first sight. I don't think there is any good name for them. Seems to me I've heard them called "Examples," and I just used that name; but I don't like it. Who'll give them a christening? Now you should have a fresh specimen, and so I'll leave you one,—an easy one. The answer shall appear in the July number. Meantime, I think you will find profit in studying it out.

```
ORA)BLATPO(RAFF RBI/ORA
      TIF
      ---
      RFOT
      RRBL
      ----
      PFAP
      POEB
      ----
      PIOO
      POEB
      ----
      RRI
```

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Mary and Lotty," F. D. M., Louis Mitchell, Charles W. Booth, Mary E. Baldwin, "Plymouth Rock," "Excelsior," Byron R. D., Minnie Thomas, "Leila," Flora S. Dutton, Lilian D. Rice, Ethel J. Bolton, O. Smith, Lawrence Norton, S. J. Borden, Jas. C. De Long, H. W. Carrell, Lewis Hopkins Rutherford, Leonard Mayhew Daggett, George B. Adams, E. F. Younger, Carrie Campbell, Seargent P. Muslin, Fred L. B., Bobby Haddow.

We thank you for your kind and hearty letters, dear young friends, and wish that we had the power to reply to each individually; but the Letter Box is full, several answers being crowded out, after all, and we can only give you a hasty nod for "How do ye do?" and "Good-by," just as the last line goes to the printer.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Birdie and his Fairy Friends, by Margaret T. Canby. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

The Story of the Wanderer, by Edward H. Bath. Seeley, Jackson & Halliday, London.

Storm Warriors; or, Life-boat Work on the Goodwin Sands, by Rev. John Gilmore, M. A. MacMillan & Co., London.

Seven Years from To-night, by Mrs. Julia P. Ballard. Congregational Publishing Society.

The Heroes of the Seven Hills, by Mrs. C. H. B. Laing. Porter & Coates.

Flower Object Lessons; or, First Lessons in Botany, from the French of M. Emm. Le Maout, translated by Miss A. L. Page. Miss A. L. Page, Danvers, Mass., or Naturalists' Agency, Salem, Mass.

Animal Locomotion, Pettigrew. D. Appleton & Co.

Elements of Zoology, for Schools and Science Classes, by M. Harbison. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Croquet: Its Principles and Rules, by Professor A. Rover. Milton, Bradley & Co., Springfield, Mass.

MUSIC RECEIVED.

From S. T. Gordon & Son, New York:

GEMS FROM THE OPERA OF AIDA, BY VERDI.—*Aida Waltz*, *Aida Galop* and *Aida March*, by H. Maylath. Simple and effective pieces for children.

The same publishers send TWINKLING STARS, for the Piano—six little pieces for beginners: *Little Star* (Rondo); *My Darlings* (Waltz); *Children's Frolic* (Rondo); *Little Soldiers to the Front* (March); *Trotty Horse* (Polka Mazurka); *Little Maids* (Waltz). These six pieces are pleasing, and are suitable for the youngest beginners.

From Elias Howe, Boston:

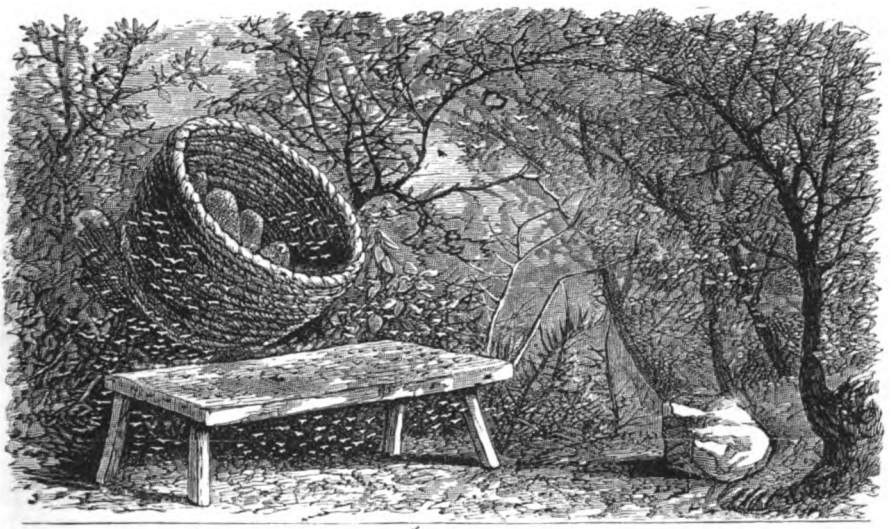
HOWE'S MUSICAL MONTHLY, containing twenty-one pieces of music; eleven for piano-forte and ten songs with piano accompaniment.

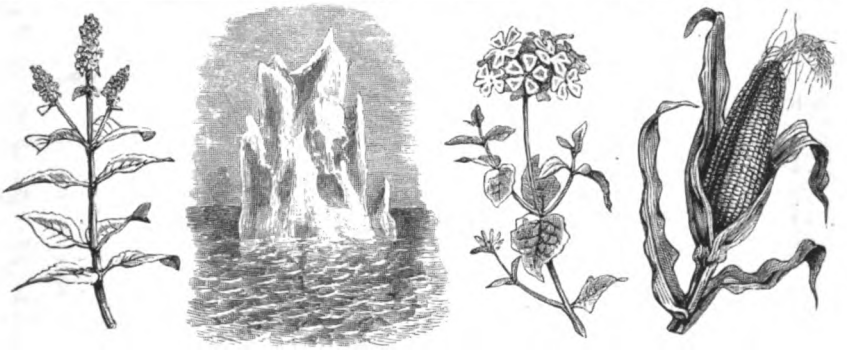
TRANSLATIONS OF "LA PETITE PLUME ROUGE" have been received from Clara L. Anthony, Alexander D. Noyes, "Plymouth Rock," Frank H. Burt, Livingston Hunt, Ethel J. Bolton, F. Morton, Susie Brown, "Hallie and Sallie," Anna Peck, David W. Lane, Hattie P. Woodruff, Elaine Goodale, Minnie L. Reid, Ella M. Truesdell, Frank A. Eaton, T. E. Murphy, Sallie H. Borden, Agnes L. Pollard, Frank F. Coon, Alice Wooten, H. Curtis Brown, Mary Faulkner and Julia L. Woodhull.

Digitized by Google

THE RIDDLE BOX.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC PICTURE PUZZLE.

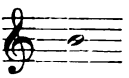




GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

TAKE a certain word of five letters, which reads the same backward and forward. Place another letter before and a conjunction after it, and you will have a city of the United States. C. D.

ADVICE TO YOUNG ORATORS.



HITTY MAGINN.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty-nine letters. My 6, 12, 8, 19, 15, 7 is an article of furniture; my 1, 13, 20, 10 is a vehicle; my 16, 4, 23, 27 comes every day; my 22, 2, 11, 24 is an article of wearing apparel; my 14, 20, 3, 17, 18, 26 is innocently wicked; my 1, 2, 21 is a very little spot; my 5, 25, 4, 12, 29, 15, 9, 28 is a number. My whole is a piece of counsel to the extravagant.

SOME HIDDEN INSECTS.

1. HE, at length, was persuaded to enter the temple. 2. When can Thèresa come home to those who love her? 3. There was a calf lying in the shade of the great elm. 4. It cannot be entirely finished until spring. 5. I left the design at the architect's house. J. J.

ELLIPSES.

(Blanks to be filled by names of British authors.)

BE not so ——, my friend; don't hurry so,
But stay and dine and see —— will go;
A ——, which erewhile roamed the —— at will,
As —— worthily the board will fill;
Besides, to tempt the appetite still higher,
A piece of —— is —— by the fire.
And to the —— a caution I will send,
Great care to take it —— not in the end.

H. M.

Digitized by Google

SPELLING LESSON.

SPELL in two letters: 1. A shady resort. 2. Enthusiasm. 3. A bird of prey. 4. A coat of mail. Spell in three letters: 5. To hang. 6. A symbol.

HITTY MAGINN.

AN EASY CHARADE.

MY first is one of the human race;
My second is a preposition, in its place;
My third is a bloody strife too oft incurred.
My whole is useless without my third.

W. H. G.

HIDDEN WORD.

WE can see that the ancient arrow heads do bless the vision of the old antiquarian, and he will see you invited to tea, after the essay is read, and double the amount you ask for the specimens. The letters hidden in this sentence spell the name of a well-known tool. L. G.

QUINTUPLE SQUARE-WORD.

1. MYRIAD workers out of sight
   Bring my beauty to the light.
2. Music, sentiment, and song
   I afford the busy throng.
3. Monarchs will my cares endure,
   While their crowns remain secure.
4. That which lawyers love to do
   When their eager clients sue.
5. Narrow paths where lovers meet,
   Rather than in crowded street.

PUZZLE.

FROM six take nine; from nine take ten; from forty take fifty; and have half-a-dozen left. C. R.

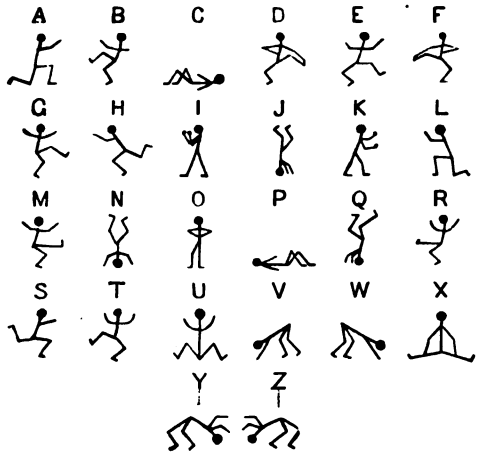
ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

SOMETHING NEW: THE LANGUAGE OF THE RESTLESS IMPS.—

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the beauteous land.

Little acts of kindness,
Little deeds of love,
Make this world an Eden,
Like the Heaven above.

Below is given the alphabet of the language of the Restless Imps:



RIDDLE.—Pearlash.
ENIGMA, No. 1.—Great Britain.
PREFIX PUZZLE.—TRANS: 1. Scribe. 2. Fur. 3. Parent. 4. Pose. 5. Fuse. 6. Late. 7. Spire. 8. Plant. 9. Verse. 10. Form. 11. Figure. 12. Atlantic.

TEN CONCEALED RIVERS. - James, Volga, Elbe, Red, Po, Obe, Dee, Ural, Fox, Pedee.

WORD SQUARE.—

A R O M A
R I V E R
O V U L E
M E L O N
A R E N A

CHARADE.—Cashmere.
PUZZLE.—Utensil: U XXX IL.
REBUS.—"A thing well begun is half done."
GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—Siberia, Liberia, Iberia, Tiber, Tibet.
CURIOUS CROSS-WORD.—

1. C
2. H O T
3. F U N N Y
4. R E G U L A R
5. C O N U N D R U M
6. P U D D I N G
7. P A R T Y
8. F U N
9. M

DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—West Eaton, Eagle Rock.

W Y A N D O T T E
F E T T E R M A N
P A S S E N G E R
E A S T A L T O N
M I L L E R T O N
F A I R H A V E N
S T O U G H T O N
S C A R E C R O W
K A B L E T O W N

ENIGMA, No. 2.—Kinsale.
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Messina, Antwerp.

M —crid— A
E —dwi— N
S —ura— T
S —cre— W
I —mmut— E
N —amu— R
A—bout shi—P

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER have been received from Johnnie Sherwood, Nellie Packard, Frank E. Morey, H. F. Lydecker, Ettie Allabough, V. G. Hoffman, R. S. Murphy, Louise F. Olmstead, J. A. H., Katie P. Baldwin, Gracie Payne, "F.," I. Walter Goodson, Thomas L. Holf, Eddie L. Bishop, Perry S., Arthur G. Hatch, O. Smith, Isaac W. Gage, "Christine." R. L. B., Eddie H. Eckel, George B. Adams, Leonard Mayhew Daggett, Joe Dolby, May Keith, John Boyle, Sophie Winslow, Philip Gibson, Clara L. Anthony, D. and P. Nutt, Mary S. Morrill, Katie T. Morris, Lulie M. French, Nellie S. Colby, Annie D. Latimer, Kate and Ida P., F. C. Griswold, Edwin and Mary Buttles, Addie M. Sackett, J. B. C., jr., "Cambridge Place," Frank H. Burt, Thomas W. McGaw, Commodore Ruple, Charles W. Booth, Alice S. Morrison, Florence Shove, May E. Baldwin, Jeanie Case, Mamie B. Sherman, Edwin E. Slosson, "Hallie and Sallie," W. B. M., "Pansy," and Irene S. Hooper.

ANSWERS TO "A QUEER AQUARIUM."—Sarah De Normandie, Sophie Winslow, Lincoln Houghton, Philip Gibson, D. and P. Nutt, Joe Dolby, Clara L. Anthony, Edgar Levy, "Daylight," Larry A. Clarke, E. F. Y., Edith Holbrook, Katie T. Morris, Lulie M. French, Nellie S. Colby, Edward R. Kellogg, Kate and Ida P., F. C. Griswold, Edwin and Mary Buttles, Addie M. Sackett, J. B. C., jr., "Cambridge Place," Frank H. Burt, Commodore Ruple, Nannie B. Tamberton, Edwin E. Slosson, "Hallie and Sallie," "Pansy," W. B. M., and Alfred B. Staples.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE CALLED "SOMETHING NEW," IN THE MAY NUMBER, have been received from Hettie Richards, Frank H. Ulmer, Miles D. McAlister, "Flo," F. H. P., A. D. Davis, James E. Whitney, L. H. P. and F. E. L., John L. Wakefield, Irene S. Hooper, Mary Jameson, Mrs. Clara Doty Bates, R. J. D., Louise Y. De Casse, "Totty," Lizzie P. Cramer, "Will," Florence Chandler, Robbie Bates, Emily Grace Gorham, Edgar Levy, Posie Devereux, Delia M. Conkling, H. E. Brown, "Clifton," David H. Shipman, Edith J. Brown, H. S. M., "Arrow," Ralph Wells, Jamie S. Newton, Isabelle E. Thompson, Lizzie M. Knapp, George W. Leighton, Alice Whittlesey, Clarence H. Campbell, Leila B. Allen, Fannie S. Hulbert, Theodora Brenton, Rebecca T. Yates, Jennie A. Brown, Fred and John Pratt, W. L. Rodman, John R. Eldridge, W. L. Cowles, "Sexton," and C. W. Perrine. Others will be acknowledged next month.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

AN AMERICAN ARMY OF TWO.

(See "Rebecca, the Drummer.")

Digitized by Google

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. I. JULY, 1874. NO. 9.

REBECCA, THE DRUMMER

(A True Story of the War of 1812.)

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

IT was about nine o'clock in the morning when the ship first appeared. At once there was the greatest excitement in the village. It was a British war-ship. What would she do? Would she tack about in the bay to pick up stray coasters as prizes, or would she land soldiers to burn the town? In either case there would be trouble enough.

Those were sad days, those old war-times in 1812. The sight of a British war-ship in Boston Bay was not pleasant. We were poor then, and had no monitors to go out and sink the enemy or drive him off. Our navy was small, and, though we afterwards had the victory and sent the troublesome ships away, never to return, at that time they often came near enough, and the good people in the little village of Scituate Harbor were in great distress over the strange ship that had appeared at the mouth of the harbor.

It was a fishing-place in those days, and the harbor was full of smacks and boats of all kinds. The soldiers could easily enter the harbor and burn up everything, and no one could prevent them. There were men enough to make a good fight, but they were poorly armed, and had nothing but fowling-pieces and shot-guns, while the soldiers had muskets and cannon.

The tide was down during the morning, so that there was no danger for a few hours; and all the people went out on the cliffs and beaches to watch the ship and to see what would happen next.

On the end of the low, sandy spit that makes one side of the harbor, stood the little white tower known as Scituate Light. In the house behind the light lived the keeper's family, consisting of himself, wife, and several boys and girls. At the time the ship appeared, the keeper was away, and there was no one at home save Mrs. Bates, the eldest daughter, Rebecca, about fourteen years old, two of the little boys, and a young girl named Sarah Winsor, who was visiting Rebecca.

Rebecca had been the first to discover the ship, while she was up in the light-house tower polishing the reflector. She at once descended the steep stairs and sent off the boys to the village to give the alarm.

For an hour or two, the ship tacked and stood off to sea, then tacked again, and made for the shore. Men, women and children watched her with anxious interest. Then the tide turned and began to flow into the harbor. The boats aground on the flats floated, and those in deep water swung round at their moorings. Now the soldiers would probably land. If the people meant to save anything it was time to be stirring. Boats were hastily put out from the wharf, and such clothing, nets and other valuables as could be handled were brought ashore, loaded into hay carts, and carried away.

It was of no use to resist. The soldiers, of course, were well armed, and if the people made a stand among the houses, that would not prevent the enemy from destroying the shipping.

As the tide spread out over the sandy flats it filled the harbor so that, instead of a small channel, it became a wide and beautiful bay. The day was fine, and there was a gentle breeze rippling the water and making it sparkle in the sun. What a splendid day for fishing or sailing! Not much use

Digitized by Google

to think of either while that war-ship crossed and recrossed before the harbor mouth.

About two o'clock the tide reached high water mark, and, to the dismay of the people, the ship let go her anchor, swung her yards round, and lay quiet about half-a-mile from the first cliff. They were going to land to burn the town. With their spy-glasses the people could see the boats lowered to take the soldiers ashore.

Ah! then there was confusion and uproar. Every horse in the village was put into some kind of team, and the women and children were hurried off to the woods behind the town. The men would stay and offer as brave a resistance as possible. Their guns were light and poor, but they could use the old fish-houses as a fort, and perhaps make a brave fight of it. If worse came to worse, they could at least retreat and take to the shelter of the woods.

It was a splendid sight. Five large boats, manned by sailors, and filled with soldiers in gay red coats. How their guns glittered in the sun! The oars all moved together in regular order, and the officers in their fine uniforms stood up to direct the expedition. It was a courageous company come with a war-ship and cannon to fight helpless fishermen.

So Rebecca Bates and Sarah Winsor thought, as they sat up in the light-house tower looking down on the procession of boats as it went past the point and entered the harbor.

"Oh! If I only were a man!" cried Rebecca.

"What could you do? See what a lot of them; and look at their guns!"

"I don't care. I'd fight. I'd use father's old shot-gun—anything. Think of uncle's new boat and the sloop!"

"Yes; and all the boats."

"It's too bad; is n't it?"

"Yes; and to think we must sit here and see it all and not lift a finger to help."

"Do you think there will be a fight?"

"I don't know. Uncle and father are in the village, and they will do all they can."

"See how still it is in town. There's not a man to be seen."

"Oh, they are hiding till the soldiers get nearer. Then we'll hear the shots and the drum."

"The drum! How can they? It's here. Father brought it home to mend it last night."

"Did he? Oh! then let's ——"

"See, the first boat has reached the sloop. Oh! oh! They are going to burn her."

"Is n't it mean?"

"It's too bad!—too ——"

"Where is that drum?"

"It's in the kitchen."

"I've a great mind to go down and beat it."

"What good would that do?"

"Scare 'em."

"They'd see it was only two girls, and they would laugh and go on burning just the same."

"No. We could hide behind the sand hills and the bushes. Come, let's ——"

"Oh, look! look! The sloop's afire!"

"Come, I can't stay and see it any more. The cowardly Britishers to burn the boats! Why don't they go up to the town and fight like ——"

"Come, let's get the drum. It'll do no harm; and perhaps ——"

"Well, let's. There's the fife, too; we might take that with us."

"Yes; and we'll ——"

No time for further talk. Down the steep stairs of the tower rushed these two young patriots, bent on doing what they could for their country. They burst into the kitchen like a whirlwind, with rosy cheeks and flying hair. Mrs. Bates sat sorrowfully gazing out of the window at the scene of destruction going on in the harbor, and prayir g for her country and that the dreadful war might soon be over. She could not help. Son and husband were shouldering their poor old guns in the town, and there was nothing to do but to watch and wait and pray.

Not so the two girls. They meant to do something, and, in a fever of excitement, they got the drum and took the cracked fife from the bureau drawer. Mrs. Bates, intent on the scene outside, did not heed them, and they slipped out by the back door, unnoticed.

They must be careful, or the soldiers would see them. They went round back of the house to the north and towards the outside beach, and then turned and plowed through the deep sand just above high-water mark. They must keep out of sight of the boats, and of the ship, also. Luckily, she was anchored to the south of the light; and as the beach curved to the west, they soon left her out of sight. Then they took to the water side, and, with the drum between them, ran as fast as they could towards the mainland. Presently they reached the low heaps of sand that showed where the spit joined the fields and woods.

Panting and excited, they tightened up the drum and tried the fife softly.

"You take the fife, Sarah, and I'll drum."

"All right; but we must n't stand still. We must march along the shore towards the light."

"Wont they see us?"

"No; we'll walk next the water on the outside beach."

"Oh, yes; and they'll think it's soldiers going down to the Point to head 'em off."

Digitized by Google

"Just so. Come, begin! One, two,—one, two!"

Drum! drum!! drum!!!

Squeak! squeak!! squeak!!!

"For'ard—march!"

"Ha! ha!"

The fife stopped.

"Don't laugh. You'll spoil everything, and I can't pucker my lips."

Drum! drum!! drum!!!

Squeak! squeak!! squeak!!!

The men in the town heard it and were amazed beyond measure. Had the soldiers arrived from Boston? What did it mean? Who were coming?

Louder and louder on the breeze came the roll of a sturdy drum and the sound of a brave fife. The soldiers in the boats heard the noise and paused in their work of destruction. The officers ordered everybody into the boats in the greatest haste. The people were rising! They were coming down the Point with cannons, to head them off! They would all be captured, and perhaps hung by the dreadful Americans!

How the drum rolled! The fife changed its tune. It played "Yankee Doodle,"—that horrid tune! Hark! The men were cheering in the town; there were thousands of them in the woods along the shore!

In grim silence marched the two girls,—plodding over the sharp stones, splashing through the puddles,—Rebecca beating the old drum with might and main, Sarah blowing the fife with shrill determination.

How the Britishers scrambled into their boats! One of the brave officers was nearly left behind on the burning sloop. Another fell overboard and wet his good clothes, in his haste to escape from the American army marching down the beach—a thousand strong! How the sailors pulled! No fancy rowing now, but desperate haste to get out of the place and escape to the ship.

How the people yelled and cheered on the shore! Fifty men or more jumped into boats to prepare for the chase. Ringing shots began to crack over the water.

Louder and louder rolled the terrible drum. Sharp and clear rang out the cruel fife.

Nearly exhausted, half dead with fatigue, the girls toiled on,—tearful, laughing, ready to drop on the wet sand, and still beating and blowing with fiery courage.

The boats swept swiftly out of the harbor on the outgoing tide. The fishermen came up with the burning boats. Part stopped to put out the fires, and the rest pursued the flying enemy with such shots as they could get at them. In the midst of it all, the sun went down.

The red-coats did not return a shot. They expected every minute to see a thousand men open on them at short range from the beach, and they reserved their powder.

Out of the harbor they went in confusion and dismay. The ship weighed anchor and ran out her big guns, but did not fire a shot. Darkness fell down on the scene as the boats reached the ship. Then she sent a round shot towards the light. It fell short and threw a great fountain of white water into the air.

The girls saw it, and dropping their drum and fife, sat down on the beach and laughed till they cried.

That night the ship sailed away. The great American army of two had arrived, and she thought it wise to retreat in time!

Rebecca is still living, old and feeble in body, but brave in spirit and strong in patriotism. She told this story herself to the writer, and it is true.

Digitized by Google

THE EAGLE AND THE SERPENT.

(From the Spanish.)

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A SERPENT saw an eagle gain,
On soaring wing, a mountain height,
And envied him, and crawled with pain
To where he saw the bird alight.
So fickle fortune oftentimes
Befriends the cunning and the base,
And oft the groveling reptile climbs
Up to the eagle's lofty place.

BABY SYLVESTER

BY BRET HARTE.

IT was at a little mining camp in the California Sierras that he first dawned upon me in all his grotesque sweetness.

I had arrived early in the morning, but not in time to intercept the friend who was the object of my visit. He had gone "prospecting," — so they told me on the river—and would not probably return until late in the afternoon. They could not say what direction he had taken; they could not suggest that I would be likely to find him if I followed. But it was the general opinion that I had better wait.

I looked around me. I was standing upon the bank of the river; and, apparently, the only other human beings in the world were my interlocutors, who were even then just disappearing from my horizon down the steep bank toward the river's dry bed. I approached the edge of the bank.

Where could I wait?

O, anywhere; down with them on the river-bar, where they were working, if I liked! Or I could make myself at home in any of those cabins that I found lying round loose. Or, perhaps it would be cooler and pleasanter for me in my friend's cabin on the hill. Did I see those three large sugar-pines? And, a little to the right, a canvas roof and chimney over the bushes? Well, that was my friend's,—that was Dick Sylvester's cabin. I could stake my horse in that little hollow, and just hang round there till he came. I would find some books in the shanty; I could amuse myself with them. Or I could play with the baby.

Do what?

But they had already gone. I leaned over the bank and called after their vanishing figures:

"What did you say I could do?"

The answer floated slowly up on the hot, sluggish air:

"Pla-a-y with the ba-by."

The lazy echoes took it up and tossed it languidly from hill to hill, until Bald Mountain opposite made some incoherent remark about the baby, and then all was still.

I must have been mistaken. My friend was not a man of family; there was not a woman within

Digitized by Google

forty miles of the river camp; he never was so passionately devoted to children as to import a luxury so expensive. I must have been mistaken.

I turned my horse's head toward the hill. As we slowly climbed the narrow trail, the little settlement might have been some exhumed Pompeian suburb, so deserted and silent were its habitations. The open doors plainly disclosed each rudely-furnished interior,—the rough pine table, with the scant equipage of the morning meal still standing; the wooden bunk, with its tumbled and disheveled blankets. A golden lizard—the very genius of desolate stillness—had stopped breathless upon the threshold of one cabin; a squirrel peeped impudently into the window of another; a woodpecker, with the general flavor of undertaking which distinguishes that bird, withheld his sepulchral hammer from the coffin-lid of the roof on which he was professionally engaged, as we passed. For a moment, I half-regretted that I had not accepted the invitation to the river-bed; but, the next moment, a breeze swept up the long, dark cañon, and the waiting files of the pines beyond bent toward me in salutation. I think my horse understood as well as myself that it was the cabins that made the solitude human, and therefore unbearable, for he quickened his pace, and with a gentle trot brought me to the edge of the wood and the three pines that stood like videttes before the Sylvester outpost.

Unsaddling my horse in the little hollow, I unslung the long *riata* from the saddle-bow, and tethering him to a young sapling, turned toward the cabin. But I had gone only a few steps when I heard a quick trot behind me, and poor Pomposo, with every fibre tingling with fear, was at my heels. I looked hurriedly around. The breeze had died away, and only an occasional breath from the deep-chested woods, more like a long sigh than any articulate sound, or the dry singing of a cicala in the heated cañon, were to be heard. I examined the ground carefully for rattlesnakes, but in vain. Yet here was Pomposo shivering from his arched neck to his sensitive haunches, his very flanks pulsating with terror. I soothed him as well as I could, and then walked to the edge of the wood and peered into its dark recesses. The bright flash of a bird's wing, or the quick dart of a squirrel, was all I saw. I confess it was with something of superstitious expectation that I again turned toward the cabin. A fairy child, attended by Titania and her train, lying in an expensive cradle, would not have surprised me; a Sleeping Beauty, whose awakening would have repeopled these solitudes with life and energy, I am afraid I began to confidently look for, and would have kissed without hesitation.

But I found none of these. Here was the evidence of my friend's taste and refinement in the hearth swept scrupulously clean, in the picturesque arrangement of the fur skins that covered the floor and furniture, and the striped *serápe** lying on the wooden couch. Here were the walls fancifully papered with illustrations from the *London News;* here was the wood-cut portrait of Mr. Emerson over the chimney, quaintly framed with blue jays' wings; here were his few favorite books on the swinging shelf; and here, lying upon the couch, the latest copy of *Punch.* Dear Dick! The flour-sack was sometimes empty, but the gentle satirist seldom missed his weekly visit.

I threw myself on the couch and tried to read. But I soon exhausted my interest in my friend's library, and lay there staring through the open door on the green hillside beyond. The breeze again sprang up, and a delicious coolness, mixed with the rare incense of the woods, stole through the cabin. The slumbrous droning of bumble-bees outside the canvas roof, the faint cawing of rooks on the opposite mountain, and the fatigue of my morning ride, began to droop my eyelids. I pulled the *serápe* over me, as a precaution against the freshening mountain breeze, and in a few moments was asleep.

I do not remember how long I slept. I must have been conscious, however, during my slumber, of my inability to keep myself covered by the *serápe*, for I awoke once or twice, clutching it with a despairing hand as it was disappearing over the foot of the couch. Then I became suddenly aroused to the fact that my efforts to retain it were resisted by some equally persistent force, and, letting it go, I was horrified at seeing it swiftly drawn under the couch. At this point I sat up completely awake; for immediately after, what seemed to be an exaggerated muff began to emerge from under the couch. Presently it appeared fully, dragging the *serápe* after it. There was no mistaking it now—it was a baby bear. A mère suckling, it was true,—a helpless roll of fat and fur,—but, unmistakably, a grizzly cub.

I cannot recall anything more irresistibly ludicrous than its aspect as it slowly raised its small wondering eyes to mine. It was so much taller on its haunches than its shoulders,—its fore-legs were so disproportionately small,—that in walking, its hind-feet invariably took precedence. It was perpetually pitching forward over its pointed, inoffensive nose, and recovering itself always, after these involuntary somersaults, with the gravest astonishment. To add to its preposterous appearance, one of its hind-feet was adorned by a shoe of Sylvester's, into which it had accidentally and inextricably stepped. As this somewhat impeded its first im-

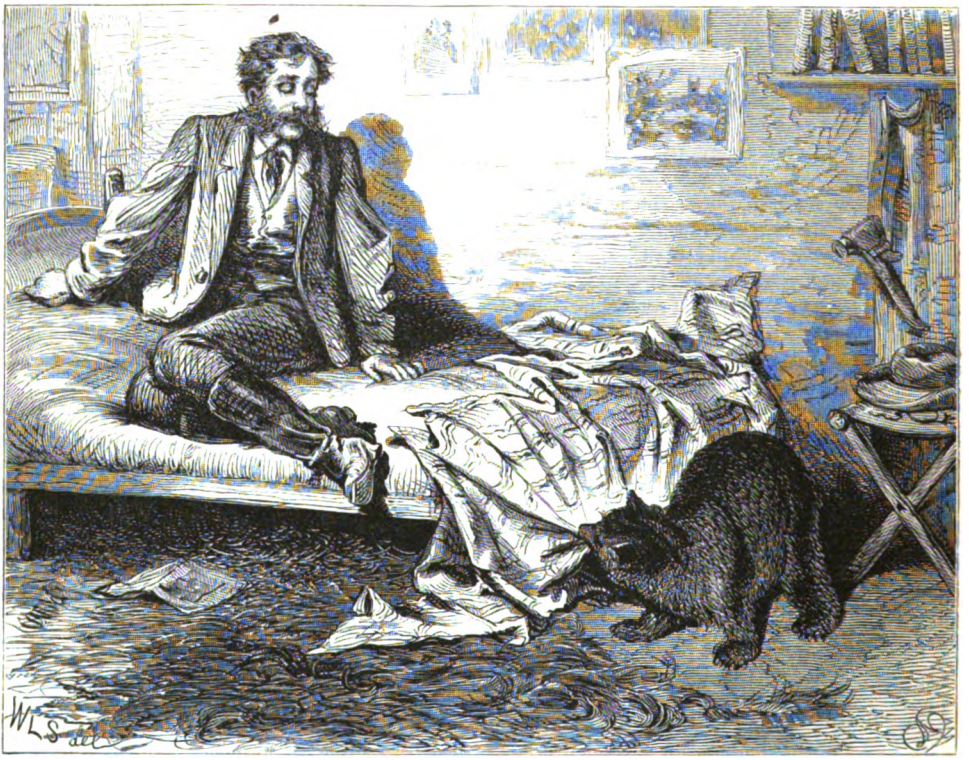
* A fine Mexican blanket, used as an outer garment for riding.

Digitized by Google

pulse to fly, it turned to me; and then, possibly recognizing in the stranger the same species as its master, it paused. Presently, it slowly raised itself on its hind-legs, and vaguely and deprecatingly waved a baby paw, fringed with little hooks of steel. I took the paw and shook it gravely. From that moment we were friends. The little affair of the *seráp*e was forgotten.

Nevertheless, I was wise enough to cement our friendship by an act of delicate courtesy. Following the direction of his eyes, I had no difficulty in finding, on a shelf near the ridge-pole, the sugar-box and the square lumps of white sugar that even the poorest miner is never without. While he was eating them I had time to examine him more closely. His body was a silky, dark, but exquisitely modulated grey, deepening to black in his paws and muzzle. His fur was excessively long, thick, and soft as eider down; the cushions of flesh beneath, perfectly infantine in their texture and contour. He was so very young that the palms of his half-human feet were still tender as a baby's. Except for the bright blue, steely hooks, half-sheathed in his little toes, there was not a single harsh outline or detail in his plump figure. He was as free from angles as one of Leda's offspring. Your caressing hand sank away in his fur with dreamy languor. To look at him long was an intoxication of the senses; to pat him was a wild delirium; to embrace him, an utter demoralization of the intellectual faculties.

When he had finished the sugar, he rolled out of the door with a half-diffident, half-inviting look in his eye, as if he expected me to follow. I did so, but the sniffing and snorting of the keen-scented Pomposo in the hollow, not only revealed the cause of his former terror, but decided me to take another direction. After a moment's hesitation, he concluded to go with me, although I am satisfied, from a certain impish look in his eye, that he fully understood and rather enjoyed the fright of Pomposo. As he rolled along at my side, with a gait not unlike a drunken sailor, I discovered that his long hair concealed a leather collar around his neck, which bore for its legend the single word, "Baby!" I recalled the mysterious suggestion of the two miners. This, then, was the "baby" with whom I was to "play."



"THERE WAS NO MISTAKING IT NOW—IT WAS A BABY BEAR."

How we "played;" how Baby allowed me to roll him down hill, crawling and puffing up again

Digitized by Google

each time, with perfect good humor; how he climbed a young sapling after my Panama hat, which I had "shied" into one of the topmost branches; how after getting it he refused to descend until it suited his pleasure; how when he did come down he persisted in walking about on three legs, carrying my hat, a crushed and shapeless mass, clasped to his breast with the remaining one; how I missed him at last, and finally discovered him seated on a table in one of the tenantless cabins, with a bottle of syrup between his paws, vainly endeavoring to extract its contents—these and other details of that eventful day I shall not weary the reader with now. Enough that when Dick Sylvester returned, I was pretty well fagged out, and the baby was rolled up, an immense bolster at the foot of the couch, asleep. Sylvester's first words after our greeting were:

"Is n't he delicious?"

"Perfectly. Where did you get him?"

"Lying under his dead mother, five miles from here," said Dick, lighting his pipe. "Knocked her over at fifty yards; perfectly clean shot—never moved afterwards! Baby crawled out, scared but unhurt. She must have been carrying him in her mouth, and dropped him when she faced me, for he was n't more than three days old, and not steady on his pins. He takes the only milk that comes to the settlement—brought up by Adams Express at seven o'clock every morning. They say he looks like me. Do you think so?" asked Dick, with perfect gravity, stroking his hay-colored moustachios, and evidently assuming his best expression.

I took leave of the baby early the next morning in Sylvester's cabin, and out of respect to Pomposo's feelings, rode by without any postscript of expression. But the night before I had made Sylvester solemnly swear, that in the event of any separation between himself and Baby, it should revert to me. "At the same time," he had added, "it 's only fair to say that I don't think of dying just yet, old fellow, and I don't know of anything else that would part the cub and me."

Two months after this conversation, as I was turning over the morning's mail at my office in San Francisco, I noticed a letter bearing Sylvester's familiar hand. But it was post-marked "Stockton," and I opened it with some anxiety at once. Its contents were as follows:

O FRANK!—Don't you remember what we agreed upon anent the baby? Well, consider me as dead for the next six months, or gone where cubs can't follow me—East. I know you love the baby; but do you think, dear boy,—now, really, do you think you *could* be a father to it? Consider this well. You are young, thoughtless, well-meaning enough; but dare you take upon yourself the functions of guide, genius or guardian to one so young and guileless? Could you be the mentor to this Telemachus? Think of the temptations of a metropolis. Look at the question well, and let me know speedily, for I 've got him as far as this place, and he 's kicking up an awful row in the hotel-yard, and rattling his chain like a maniac. Let me know by telegraph at once. SYLVESTER.

P. S.—Of course he 's grown a little, and does n't take things always as quietly as he did. He dropped rather heavily on two of Watson's "purps" last week, and snatched old Watson himself, bald-headed, for interfering. You remember Watson: for an intelligent man, he knows very little of California fauna. How are you fixed for bears on Montgomery street,—I mean in regard to corrals and things? S.

P. P. S.—He 's got some new tricks. The boys have been teaching him to put up his hands with them. He slings an ugly left.—S.

I am afraid that my desire to possess myself of Baby overcame all other considerations, and I telegraphed an affirmative at once to Sylvester. When I reached my lodgings late that afternoon, my landlady was awaiting me with a telegram. It was two lines from Sylvester:

All right. Baby goes down on night-boat. Be a father to him.—S.

It was due, then, at one o'clock that night. For a moment I was staggered at my own precipitation. I had as yet made no preparations,—had said nothing to my landlady about her new guest. I expected to arrange everything in time; and now, through Sylvester's indecent haste, that time had been shortened twelve hours.

Something, however, must be done at once. I turned to Mrs. Brown. I had great reliance in her maternal instincts; I had that still greater reliance, common to our sex, in the general tender-heartedness of pretty women. But I confess I was alarmed. Yet, with a feeble smile, I tried to introduce the subject with classical ease and lightness. I even said, "If Shakespeare's Athenian clown, Mrs. Brown, believed that a lion among ladies was a dreadful thing, what must ——" But here I broke down, for Mrs. Brown, with the awful intuition of her sex, I saw at once was more occupied with my manner than my speech. So I tried a business *brusquerie*, and, placing the telegram in her hand, said hurriedly, "We must do something about this at once. It 's perfectly absurd, but he will be here at one to-night. Beg thousand pardons, but business prevented my speaking before ——" and paused, out of breath and courage.

Mrs. Brown read the telegram gravely, lifted her pretty eyebrows, turned the paper over and looked on the other side, and then, in a remote and chilling voice, asked me if she understood me to say that the mother was coming also.

"O dear no," I exclaimed, with considerable relief; "the mother is dead, you know. Sylvester—that is my friend, who sent this—shot her when the Baby was only three days old ——" But the expression of Mrs. Brown's face at this moment was so alarming, that I saw that nothing but the fullest explanation would save me. Hastily, and I fear not very coherently, I told her all.

She relaxed sweetly. She said I had frightened

Digitized by Google

her with my talk about lions. Indeed, I think my picture of poor Baby—albeit a trifle highly-colored—touched her motherly heart. She was even a little vexed at what she called Sylvester's "hard-heartedness." Still, I was not without some apprehension. It was two months since I had seen him, and Sylvester's vague allusion to his "slinging an ugly left" pained me. I looked at sympathetic little Mrs. Brown, and the thought of Watson's pups covered me with guilty confusion.

Mrs. Brown had agreed to sit up with me until he arrived. One o'clock came, but no Baby. Two o'clock—three o'clock passed. It was almost four when there was a wild clatter of horses' hoofs outside, and with a jerk a wagon stopped at the door. In an instant I had opened it and confronted a stranger. Almost at the same moment, the horses attempted to run away with the wagon.

The stranger's appearance was, to say the least, disconcerting. His clothes were badly torn and frayed; his linen sack hung from his shoulders like a herald's apron; one of his hands was bandaged; his face scratched, and there was no hat on his disheveled head. To add to the general effect, he had evidently sought relief from his woes in drink, and he swayed from side to side as he clung to the door-handle; and, in a very thick voice, stated that he had "suthin" for me outside. When he had finished, the horses made another plunge.

Mrs. Brown thought they must be frightened at something.

"Frightened!" laughed the stranger, with bitter irony. "Oh no! Hossish aint frightened! On'y ran away four timesh comin' here. Oh no! Nobody's frightened. Everythin's all ri'. Aint it, Bill?" he said, addressing the driver. "On'y been overboard twish; knocked down a hatchway once. Thash nothin'! On'y two men unner doctor's han's at Stockton. Thash nothin'! Six hunner dollarsh cover all dammish."

I was too much disheartened to reply, but moved toward the wagon. The stranger eyed me with an astonishment that almost sobered him.

"Do you reckon to tackle that animile yourself?" he asked, as he surveyed me from head to foot.

I did not speak, but, with an appearance of boldness I was far from feeling, walked to the wagon and called "Baby!"

"All ri'. Cash loose them straps, Bill, and stan' clear."

The straps were cut loose, and Baby—the remorseless, the terrible—quietly tumbled to the ground, and rolling to my side, rubbed his foolish head against me.

I think the astonishment of the two men was beyond any vocal expression. Without a word the drunken stranger got into the wagon and drove away.

And Baby? He had grown, it is true, a trifle larger; but he was thin, and bore the marks of evident ill-usage, His beautiful coat was matted and unkempt, and his claws—those bright steel hooks—had been ruthlessly pared to the quick. His eyes were furtive and restless, and the old expression of stupid good humor had changed to one of intelligent distrust. His intercourse with mankind had evidently quickened his intellect without broadening his moral nature.

I had great difficulty in keeping Mrs. Brown from smothering him in blankets and ruining his digestion with the delicacies of her larder; but I at last got him completely rolled up in the corner of my room and asleep. I lay awake some time later with plans for his future. I finally determined to take him to Oakland, where I had built a little cottage and always spent my Sundays, the very next day. And in the midst of a rosy picture of domestic felicity, I fell asleep.

When I awoke it was broad day. My eyes at once sought the corner where Baby had been lying. But he was gone. I sprang from the bed, looked under it, searched the closet, but in vain. The door was still locked; but there were the marks of his blunted claws upon the sill of the window, that I had forgotten to close. He had evidently escaped that way,—but where? The window opened upon a balcony, to which the only other entrance was through the hall. He must be still in the house.

My hand was already upon the bell-rope, but I stayed it in time. If he had not made himself known, why should I disturb the house? I dressed myself hurriedly, and slipped into the hall. The first object that met my eyes was a boot lying upon the stairs. It bore the marks of Baby's teeth; and as I looked along the hall, I saw too plainly that the usual array of freshly-blackened boots and shoes before the lodgers' doors was not there. As I ascended the stairs I found another, but with the blacking carefully licked off. On the third floor were two or three more boots, slightly mouthed; but at this point Baby's taste for blacking had evidently palled. A little further on was a ladder, leading to an open scuttle. I mounted the ladder, and reached the flat roof, that formed a continuous level over the row of houses to the corner of the street. Behind the chimney on the very last roof something was lurking. It was the fugitive Baby. He was covered with dust and dirt and fragments of glass. But he was sitting on his hind-legs, and was eating an enormous slab of pea-nut candy, with a look of mingled guilt and infinite satisfaction. He even, I fancied, slightly stroked his stomach with his disengaged fore-paw, as I ap-

Digitized by Google

proached. He knew that I was looking for him, and the expression of his eye said plainly, "The past, at least, is secure."

I hurried him, with the evidences of his guilt, back to the scuttle, and descended on tip-toe to the floor beneath. Providence favored us; I met no one on the stairs, and his own cushioned tread was inaudible. I think he was conscious of the dangers of detection, for he even forebore to breathe, or much less chew the last mouthful he had taken; and he skulked at my side, with the syrup dropping from his motionless jaws. I think he would have silently choked to death just then, for my sake: and it was not until I had reached my room again, and threw myself panting on the sofa, that I saw how near strangulation he had been. He gulped once or twice, apologetically, and then walked to the corner of his own accord, and rolled himself up like an immense sugar-plum, sweating remorse and treacle at every pore.

I locked him in when I went to breakfast, when I found Mrs. Brown's lodgers in a state of intense excitement over certain mysterious events of the night before, and the dreadful revelations of the morning. It appeared that burglars had entered the block from the scuttles; that being suddenly alarmed, they had quitted our house without committing any depredation, dropping even the boots they had collected in the halls; but that a desperate attempt had been made to force the till in the confectioner's shop on the corner, and that the glass show-cases had been ruthlessly smashed. A courageous servant in No. 4 had seen a masked burglar, on his hands and knees, attempting to enter their scuttle; but on her shouting, "Away wid yees," he instantly fled.

I sat through this recital with cheeks that burned uncomfortably; nor was I the less embarrassed on raising my eyes to meet Mrs. Brown's fixed curiously and mischievously on mine. As soon as I could make my escape from the table, I did so; and running rapidly up stairs, sought refuge from any possible inquiry in my own room. Baby was still asleep in the corner. It would not be safe to remove him until the lodgers had gone down town; and I was revolving in my mind the expediency of keeping him until night veiled his obtrusive eccentricity from the public eye, when there came a cautious tap at my door. I opened it. Mrs. Brown slipped in quietly, closed the door softly, stood with her back against it and her hand on the knob, and beckoned me mysteriously towards her. Then she asked, in a low voice:

"Is hair-dye poisonous?"

I was too confounded to speak.

"O do! you know what I mean," she said, impatiently. "This stuff." She produced suddenly from behind her a bottle with a Greek label—so long as to run two or three times spirally around it from top to bottom. "He says it is n't a dye; it 's a vegetable preparation, for invigorating ——"

"Who says?" I asked, despairingly.

"Why, Mr. Parker, of course," said Mrs. Brown, severely, with the air of having repeated the name a great many times,—"the old gentleman in the room above. The simple question I want to ask," she continued, with the calm manner of one who has just convicted another of gross ambiguity of language, "is only this: If some of this stuff were put in a saucer and left carelessly on the table, and a child or a baby or a cat, or any young animal, should come in at the window and drink it up—a whole saucer full—because it had a sweet taste, would it be likely to hurt them?"

I cast an anxious glance at Baby, sleeping peacefully in the corner, and a very grateful one at Mrs. Brown, and said I did n't think it would.

"Because," said Mrs. Brown, loftily, as she opened the door, "I thought if it was poisonous, remedies might be used in time. Because," she added suddenly, abandoning her lofty manner and wildly rushing to the corner, with a frantic embrace of the unconscious Baby, "because if any nasty stuff should turn its boofull hair a horrid green or a naughty pink, it would break its own muzzer's heart, it would!"

But before I could assure Mrs. Brown of the inefficiency of hair-dye as an internal application, she had darted from the room.

That night, with the secrecy of defaulters, Baby and I decamped from Mrs. Brown's. Distrusting the too emotional nature of that noble animal, the horse, I had recourse to a hand-cart, drawn by a stout Irishman, to convey my charge to the ferry. Even then, Baby refused to go unless I walked by the cart, and at times rode in it.

"I wish," said Mrs. Brown, as she stood by the door wrapped in an immense shawl, and saw us depart, "I wish it looked less solemn—less like a pauper's funeral."

I must admit, that as I walked by the cart that night, I felt very much as if I were accompanying the remains of some humble friend to his last resting-place; and that, when I was obliged to ride in it, I never could entirely convince myself that I was not helplessly overcome by liquor, or the victim of an accident, *en route* to the hospital. But, at last, we reached the ferry. On the boat I think no one discovered Baby except a drunken man, who approached me to ask for a light for his cigar, but who suddenly dropped it and fled in dismay to the gentlemen's cabin, where his incoherent ravings were luckily taken for the earlier indications of *delirium tremens*.

Digitized by Google

It was nearly midnight when I reached my little cottage on the outskirts of Oakland; and it was with a feeling of relief and security that I entered, locked the door, and turned him loose in the hall, satisfied that henceforward his depredations would be limited to my own property. He was very quiet that night, and after he had tried to mount the hat-rack, under the mistaken impression that it was intended for his own gymnastic exercise, and knocked all the hats off, he went peaceably to sleep on the rug.

In a week, with the exercise afforded him by the run of a large, carefully-boarded enclosure, he recovered his health, strength, spirits, and much of his former beauty. His presence was unknown to my neighbors, although it was noticeable that horses invariably "shied" in passing to the windward of my house, and that the baker and milkman had great difficulty in the delivery of their wares in the morning, and indulged in unseemly and unnecessary profanity in so doing.

At the end of the week, I determined to invite a few friends to see the Baby, and to that purpose wrote a number of formal invitations. After descanting, at some length, on the great expense and danger attending his capture and training, I offered a programme of the performances of the "Infant Phenomenon of Sierran Solitudes," drawn up into the highest professional profusion of alliteration and capital letters. A few extracts will give the reader some idea of his educational progress:

1. He will, rolled up in a Round Ball, roll down the Wood Shed, Rapidly, illustrating His manner of Escaping from His Enemy in His Native Wilds.
2. He will Ascend the Well Pole, and remove from the Very Top a Hat, and as much of the Crown and Brim thereof as May be Permitted.
3. He will perform in a pantomime, descriptive of the Conduct of the Big Bear, The Middle-Sized Bear, and The Little Bear of the Popular Nursery Legend.
4. He will shake his chain Rapidly, showing his Manner of striking Dismay and Terror in the Breasts of Wanderers in Ursine Wildernesses.

The morning of the exhibition came, but an hour before the performance the wretched Baby was missing. The Chinese cook could not indicate his whereabouts. I searched the premises thoroughly, and then, in despair, took my hat and hurried out into the narrow lane that led toward the open fields and the woods beyond. But I found no trace nor track of Baby Sylvester. I returned, after an hour's fruitless search, to find my guests already assembled on the rear verandah. I briefly recounted my disappointment, my probable loss, and begged their assistance.

"Why," said a Spanish friend, who prided himself on his accurate knowledge of English, to Barker, who seemed to be trying vainly to rise from his reclining position on the verandah, "Why do you not disengage yourself from the verandah of our friend? and why, in the name of Heaven, do you attach to yourself so much of this thing, and make to yourself such unnecessary contortion? Ah," he continued, suddenly withdrawing one of his own feet from the verandah with an evident effort, "I am myself attached! Surely it is something here!"

It evidently was. My guests were all rising with difficulty,—the floor of the verandah was covered with some glutinous substance. It was—syrup!

I saw it all in a flash. I ran to the barn; the keg of "golden syrup," purchased only the day before, lay empty upon the floor. There were sticky tracks all over the enclosure, but still no Baby.

"There 's something moving the ground over there by that pile of dirt," said Barker.

He was right; the earth was shaking in one corner of the enclosure like an earthquake. I approached cautiously. I saw, what I had not before noticed, that the ground was thrown up; and there, in the middle of an immense grave-like cavity, crouched Baby Sylvester, still digging, and slowly, but surely, sinking from sight in a mass of dust and clay.

What were his intentions? Whether he was stung by remorse, and wished to hide himself from my reproachful eyes, or whether he was simply trying to dry his syrup-besmeared coat, I never shall know, for that day, alas! was his last with me.

He was pumped upon for two hours, at the end of which time he still yielded a thin treacle. He was then taken and carefully enwrapped in blankets and locked up in the store-room. The next morning he was gone! The lower portion of the window sash and pane were gone too. His successful experiments on the fragile texture of glass at the confectioner's, on the first day of his entrance to civilization, had not been lost upon him. His first essay at combining cause and effect ended in his escape.

Where he went, where he hid, who captured him if he did not succeed in reaching the foot-hills beyond Oakland, even the offer of a large reward, backed by the efforts of an intelligent police, could not discover. I never saw him again from that day until ——

Did I see him? I was in a horse-car on Sixth avenue, a few days ago, when the horses suddenly became unmanageable and left the track for the sidewalk, amid the oaths and execrations of the driver. Immediately in front of the car a crowd had gathered around two performing bears and a showman. One of the animals—thin, emaciated, and the mere wreck of his native strength—attracted my attention. I endeavored to attract his

Digitized by Google

He turned a pair of bleared, sightless eyes in my direction, but there was no sign of recognition. I leaned from the car-window and called, softly, "Baby!" But he did not heed. I closed the window. The car was just moving on, when he suddenly turned, and, either by accident or design, thrust a callous paw through the glass.

"It's worth a dollar-and-half to put in a new pane," said the conductor, "if folks will play with bears! ——"

SMALL VESSELS AND GREAT BUILDERS.

By Fannie Roper Feudge.

Preserved with commendable pride by the people of England, are several beautiful little models of ships that were constructed by King William IV., long before he ascended the throne. He is often called England's "sailor king," because he spent the best years of his life in active service in the navy of his country, entering as a midshipman at thirteen years of age, and passing through its regular gradations to the exalted position of Lord High Admiral, which he did not reach till he was past fifty; not very long before he succeeded to the throne of England. He was a boy of earnest, practical character; and though the son of a king, surrounded by the pomp of royalty, he was noted for his simple, unostentatious habits.

While a midshipman, on board his frigate, he studied diligently, and performed with alacrity the duties assigned him; and for recreation in his leisure hours, he built a model of the ship in which he was sailing, and afterward made several others.

The first one was something less than four feet long; the second and third, each about thirty-four inches; and all were beautifully executed, showing that the boy-builder knew what he was about, and meant to accomplish his work to the best of his ability. Every mast and yard was whittled out with as much care as if it had belonged to a real vessel; each bit of canvas was cut and sewed according to rule; and rigging, rattlings, and shrouds were as skillfully disposed as if the tiny craft had been expected soon to "hoist anchor" and bear away a living freight of men and women.

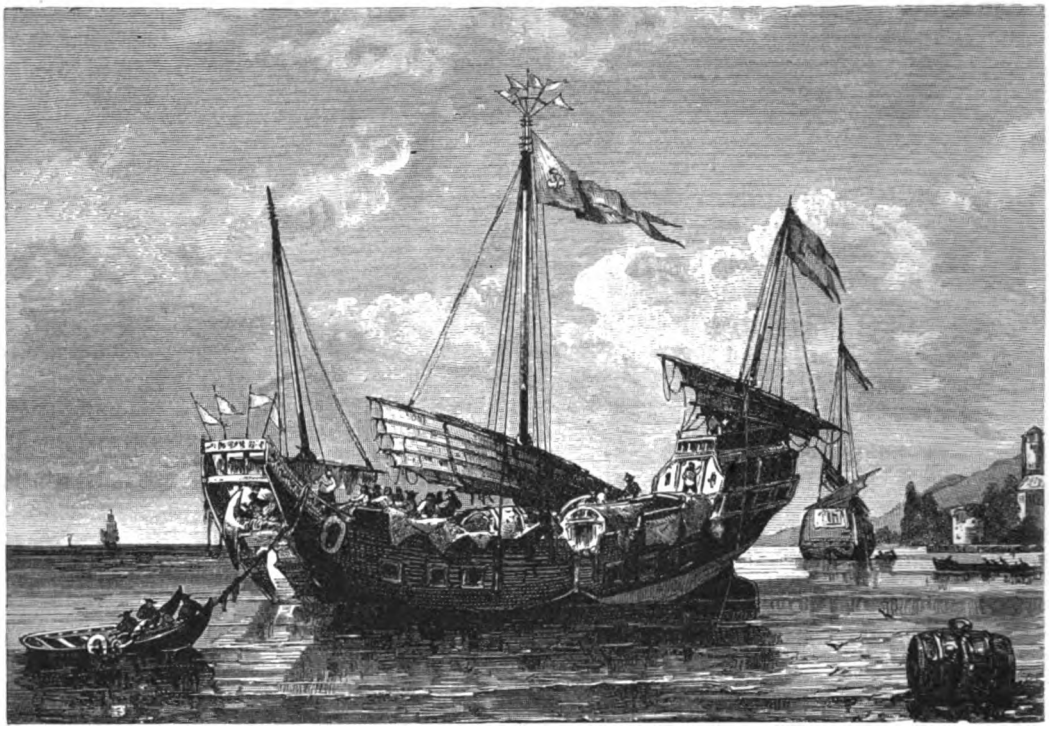
These models, built by England's "sailor king," in his young boyhood, are carefully preserved in the Royal Polytechnic Institution of London, where I have often seen them, in company with quite a variety of miniature crafts of different nations.

Another miniature model that I have often admired, is one built by the late King of Siam, who died about five years ago—the father of one, and the uncle of the other, of the two young princes now on the throne.

When I first met Prince Çháu Fá Noi, he was about thirty-five years of age, the "heir apparent"

Digitized by Google

to the grandest of oriental monarchies, and surrounded by pomp and luxury of every kind. He lived in a fine palace, had hundreds of servants to wait upon him, and of the ten millions of people who live in that country, all who met him, with the single exception of the king, had to do him reverence as their liege lord. But though so rich and powerful, he studied to improve his mind; and to elevate the condition of his people, he worked with his own hands harder than did many of his servants, till his mind and character quite outshone his wealth and rank. He studied astronomy, drawing, mathematics and navigation, besides several European languages. Nor did he spend all his time with books; for his main design was not to gain the reputation of a scholar, but to help the nation, over whom he afterwards reigned, to become wiser and better. So he learned how to make watches and clocks, by taking several to pieces and putting them together again, and then afterwards he taught some of his servants to do the same. They succeeded so well, that now people in Siam do not have to send to Europe or America for watches and clocks, as formerly, but good timepieces, made by natives, can be bought there nearly as cheaply as in our own country. This good prince also taught his people the use of many articles of furniture of which they knew nothing, and provided the doctors with foreign medicines and surgical instruments, that are far better than those formerly used in the country. But especially was his kind heart touched with pity for the great number of poor sailors who lost their lives by making voyages in Chinese junks,—which, as you see by the picture below, are very clumsy and unwieldy ships,—and he determined to introduce better vessels. But first he must make a model, and learn shipbuilding himself, in order to be able to teach others. So he went bravely to work, and, with his own hands, built a beautiful little barque, about four feet long. I have often seen and handled this miniature vessel, and both inside and out every part was complete and beautifully executed. In the cabin were state-rooms, with their tiny berths all ready for passengers; in the saloon were sofas, tables, and chairs; even lamps and mirrors; and the steward's pantry had its full complement of well-stored "lockers" and "cuddies." On deck, rigging, sails, and anchors were all in "ship-shape," and a dainty little capstan had the bars in, and the cable about it, ready to "haul up anchor" when the command should be given.



A CHINESE JUNK.

But all this was not meant for play, nor to show

Digitized by Google

how nice a toy could be made by a prince. Its design was *to teach shipbuilding* to people who knew nothing about it; and as the things I have spoken of would all be needed in a real ship, they were included in the model.

This he afterwards took to pieces, and explained all the parts to some of his picked men, instructing them carefully how everything was to be made, first in miniature, and afterwards of full size, then how they were to be put together, and real, working ships made.

Almost any day during those months the prince might be found hard at work with his men in the ship-yard or at the dock, sometimes at the anvil or forge, the very busiest man in all that busy hive of cheerful, eager workers. I have often seen him there, in his old straw hat and linen jacket, his handsome face all aglow with exercise and happiness. When he afterwards became king, he was just as earnest a worker, in other ways, for the good of his people.

The only remaining model I shall describe to you here, is one carefully disposed in the large hall of our own Patent Office, at Washington.

It was the work of Abraham Lincoln, our late President, and bears the date of 1849, when the builder was known mainly as a successful lawyer in his Illinois home, and long before either he or his countrymen had thought of his being called to guide the ship of state. The little model is a steamer, about twenty inches in length, and it looks as if whittled with a common jack-knife, out of a few shingles, or such boards as are used for cigar boxes. Unlike the numerous well-finished models that surround it, this unpretentious little craft contains no superfluous ornament; but by the very simplicity of its construction arrests the attention of every visitor, seeming thus to imply utility of design rather than the display of skillful work or costly material.

A portion of the early life of Abraham Lincoln had been spent as a flatboatman on the Mississippi river, where he became familiar with the dangers and difficulties attendant on the navigation of Western rivers, so beset with snags and shoals. So, with the prudent thoughtfulness characteristic of his later career, the young lawyer set himself, in his intervals of leisure, to study out some easy method of transporting vessels over the dangerous obstructions.

This quaint little model is the embodiment of his invention. It contains a sort of bellows, placed on each side of the hull, just below the water line, and designed to be so worked by valves and pulleys that, as the bellows became inflated with air, the ship would be buoyed up and floated lightly over the shoals lying in its pathway. The builder of this curious-looking little craft having thus clearly embodied his design, added nothing in the way of embellishment, but forwarded his work, uncomplicated by a single unnecessary rope or pulley, to the proper authorities at Washington. He obtained a patent, and his rough model of a steamboat was assigned a place among the countless treasures and manifold wonders of our great national museum, the Patent Office.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

By Alice Williams.

I LAID aside my pen as the far-off chimes of the cathedral were tolling the midnight hour, and sat dreamily gazing into the embers of the dying fire.

"Forget-me-not!"

Was I dreaming? Or did a voice really pronounce the words close to my ear? I looked carefully around. No one could have entered through the bolted door. The arrangements of the room were undisturbed. Clearly, I was dreaming!

I settled myself again to think, when the odor of the Forget-me-nots in the little vase attracted my attention. The flowers seemed moved by some fresh instinct of life; the hue was deeper, the perfume was stronger, and —— Could it be? Yes, surely! Even as I gazed, the flowers lifted their heads, and from the midst of the tiny cluster of bloom came again, in clear, ringing tones, the selfsame words which I had heard, "Forget-me-not!"

"Was it *thou*, Blümchen?" I asked, wondering.

"Yes," said the flower, in the same silvery accents. "Dost thou not know that just at midnight all plants of my race are permitted, for one hour, the gift of speech? Listen, and I will tell thee why we are so gifted above all others.

"In the Garden of Paradise, when the pure Eve walked among the flowers, and gave each a name,

Digitized by Google

according to her liking, all flowers and plants had a language of their own, and this it was given to Eve to understand; and during the long hours she conversed often with them, and they told her many things; but, above all, she loved the tiny blossoms of a little blue flower, and kissed it often, and twined it in her sunny tresses. And the flowers all loved her, but, best of all, the little blue flower, which she named Heaven-blossom,* because its hue was so like that of the skies.

"But at length came the dark day when sin entered into Paradise, and the Lord commanded the pair to leave their Eden-garden, and wander in the bleak wilderness, beyond the gates. And as, for the last time, the weeping Eve passed, hand in hand with Adam, through the fragrant lanes of Eden, the flowers shrank trembling from her, and bowed their heads with shame, or gazed scornfully upon her; and this, more than all else, rent the heart of Eve, —that those whom she had named and caressed and called her children, should shrink away from her in scorn and shame. And her tears fell faster and faster, so that, when she reached the gates where stood the Cherubim with that flaming, terrible sword, she scarcely saw at her feet the little tuft of Heaven-blossom, until it murmured, in piteous accents, 'Forget-me-not!'

"Eve bent down and plucked the tiny plant, which shrank not from her touch, but nestled lovingly toward her, and she pressed it to her lips and to her sorrowing heart. Then she turned, and, with one long sad look upon her lost kingdom, went slowly out, past the Cherubim and the flaming sword, into the bleak wilderness; and all that remained to her of the glorious bloom of Paradise was the one little sprig of Heaven-blossom which she held in her hand. 'Be no longer named bloom of heaven, dear blossom!' cried the grateful Eve; 'henceforth I shall call you by a dearer name—my Forget-me-not.'

"So Eve kept the flower near her through all the dark days that followed; and when Adam had made for them a home in the new place, she planted it, and tended it carefully, and it became to her an emblem of that old life of purity and happiness before the fall.

"In time, this new land also was enriched with many flowers, some of them even as beautiful as those of the lost Eden, but, best of all, Eve loved the tender Forget-me-not; and later, when the little Cain and Abel played around the home, she told them the story of the faithful flower, and they, too, grew to love and cherish it, and it told them many and many a story of the glories of that Garden of Paradise, wherein the angels had walked and talked with their parents of old.

"And when Eve died, the loving flower covered her grave with thick clusters of its blossoms. And I am sure that the first flower which met her sight in that new life beyond the tomb, was her dear Forget-me-not.

"The children of Adam long cherished the little blue flower; but, after many years, when the world became more and more wicked, and the hearts of men were turned away from God, they lost the power to understand its language.

"When the waters swept away after the Deluge, the first plant that blossomed was the Forget-me-not, but it no longer spoke to the children of men. It was voiceless for long, long years; until, one day, a child upon the hills of Galilee bent down and kissed its blossoms clustering in his path. It was the Christ-child! And from that hour, each night at midnight, if one who loves flowers listens, the blossoms of the Forget-me-not may tell this history.

"Hark! the Cathedral chimes are striking the first hour after midnight. I have spoken. Adieu!"

The flower now drooped drowsily upon its slender stalk, and was silent.

* Himmel-blümchen, in German.

Digitized by Google

THE SHAG.

By Celia Thaxter.

"What is that great bird, sister, tell me,
Perched high on the top of the crag?"
"'T is the cormorant, dear little brother·
The fishermen call it the shag."

"But what does it there, tell me, sister,
Sitting lonely against the black sky?"
"It has settled to rest, little brother,
It hears the wild gale wailing high."

"But I am afraid of it, sister,
For over the sea and the land
It gazes, so black and so silent!"
"Little brother, hold fast to my hand."

"O, what was that, sister? The thunder?
Did the shag bring the storm and the cloud,
The wind and the rain and the lightning?"
"Little brother, the thunder roars loud;

"Run fast, for the rain sweeps the ocean!
Look! over the light-house it streams,
And the lightning leaps red, and above us
The gulls fill the air with their screams."

O'er the beach, o'er the rocks running swiftly,
The little white cottage they gain,
And safely they watch from the window
The dance and the rush of the rain.

But the shag kept his place on the headland,
And when the brief storm had gone by
He shook his loose plumes, and they saw him
Rise, splendid and strong, in the sky.

Clinging fast to the gown of his sister,
The little boy laughed, as he flew;
"He is gone with the wind and the lightning!
And I am not frightened; are you?"

Digitized by Google

WHY THE PETERKINS HAD A LATE DINNER.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

THE trouble was in the dumb waiter. All had seated themselves at the dinner-table, and Amanda had gone to take out the dinner she had sent up from the kitchen on the dumb waiter. But something was the matter; she could not pull it up. There was the dinner, but she could not reach it. All the family, in turn, went and tried; all pulled together, in vain; the dinner could not be stirred.

"No dinner!" exclaimed Agamemnon.

"I am quite hungry," said Solomon John.

At last, Mr. Peterkin said, "I am not proud. I am willing to dine in the kitchen."

This room was below the dining-room. All consented to this. Each one went down, taking a napkin.

The cook laid the kitchen table, put on it her best table-cloth, and the family sat down. Amanda went to the dumb waiter for the dinner, but she could not move it down.

The family were all in dismay. There was the dinner, half-way between the kitchen and dining-room, and there were they all hungry to eat it!

"What is there for dinner?" asked Mr. Peterkin.

"Roast turkey," said Mrs. Peterkin.

Mr. Peterkin lifted his eyes to the ceiling.

"Squash, tomato, potato, and sweet potato," Mrs. Peterkin continued.

"Sweet potato!" exclaimed all the little boys.

"I am very glad now that I did not have cranberry," said Mrs. Peterkin, anxious to find a bright point.

"Let us sit down and think about it," said Mr. Peterkin.

"I have an idea," said Agamemnon, after awhile.

"Let us hear it," said Mr. Peterkin. "Let each one speak his mind."

"The turkey," said Agamemnon, "must be just above the kitchen door. If I had a ladder and an axe, I could cut away the plastering and reach it."

"That is a great idea," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"If you think you could do it," said Mr. Peterkin.

"Would it not be better to have a carpenter?" asked Elizabeth Eliza.

"A carpenter might have a ladder and an axe, and I think we have neither," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"A carpenter! A carpenter!" exclaimed the rest.

It was decided that Mr. Peterkin, Solomon John and the little boys should go in search of a carpenter.

Agamemnon proposed that, meanwhile, he should go and borrow a book; for he had another idea.

"This affair of the turkey," he said, "reminds me of those buried cities that have been dug out,—Herculaneum, for instance."

"Oh, yes," interrupted Elizabeth Eliza, "and Pompeii."

"Yes," said Agamemnon, "they found there pots and kettles. Now, I should like to know how they did it; and I mean to borrow a book and read. I think it was done with a pick-axe."

So the party set out. But when Mr. Peterkin reached the carpenter's shop, there was no carpenter to be found there.

"He must be at his house, eating his dinner," suggested Solomon John.

"Happy man," exclaimed Mr. Peterkin, "he has a dinner to eat!"

They went to the carpenter's house, but found he had gone out of town for a day's job. But his wife told them that he always came back at night to ring the nine o'clock bell.

"We must wait till then," said Mr. Peterkin, with an effort at cheerfulness.

At home, he found Agamemnon reading his book, and all sat down to hear of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

Time passed on, and the question arose about tea. Would it do to have tea, when they had had no dinner? A part of the family thought it would not do; the rest wanted tea.

"I suppose you remember the wise lady from Philadelphia, who was here not long ago," said Mr. Peterkin.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"Let us try to think what she would advise us," said Mr. Peterkin.

"I wish she were here," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"I think," said Mr. Peterkin, "she would say, let them that want tea have it; the rest can go without."

So they had tea, and, as it proved, all sat down to it. But not much was eaten, as there had been no dinner.

When the nine o'clock bell was heard, Agamemnon, Solomon John, and the little boys rushed to the church, and found the carpenter.

Digitized by Google

They asked him to bring a ladder, axe and pick-axe. As he felt it might be a case of fire, he brought also his fire-buckets.

When the matter was explained to him, he went into the dining-room, looked into the dumb waiter, untwisted a cord, and arranged the weight, and pulled up the dinner.

There was a family shout.

"The trouble was in the weight," said the carpenter.

"That is why it is called a dumb waiter," Solomon John explained to the little boys.

The dinner was put upon the table.

Mrs. Peterkin frugally suggested that they might now keep it for next day, as to-day was almost gone, and they had had tea.

But nobody listened. All sat down to the roast turkey; and Amanda warmed over the vegetables.

"Patient waiters are no losers," said Agamemnon.

"THIS IS OUR BABY."

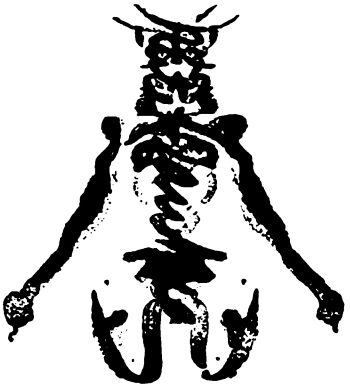
Digitized by Google

MAGIC PICTURES.

By M. M.

THE children were not at all surprised when Miss May said that she could make magic pictures.

But their delight was past all expression when



KATIE JENKS.

she told them that if they would come to her room some day after school, she would make a picture of each one, and, best of all, teach them how to do it for themselves.

They came—ten of them—just as soon as lessons were over, the very next day after the invitation

MARIA JONES.

was given. Katie had a bandage over one eye, and was a little afraid it might spoil her picture, but she was n't going to stay away for that. There was n't much the matter with the eye—Minnie had just stuck one corner of her geography into it, that was all. Miss May assured her that it would n't make any difference with the picture.

Sallie's round face was unusually serious. Perhaps she was thinking of some of her experiences in sitting for pictures. What could be harder for Sallie than to sit perfectly still? But she brightened up when she found that Miss May had no

SALLIE SCOTT.

queer-looking box standing on stilts to point at her, nor any hateful pitch-fork in a frame, to threaten her with if she did n't hold her head just right.

Indeed, it all looked a great deal more like magic, when they found that all that was needed in making the pictures was a bottle of very black ink, a coarse pen, and some thick white paper.

"Now, children," said Miss May, "you must remember that these are *magic* pictures, and I can't possibly tell whether they will be good likenesses or not; so do not expect too much. One may look wonderfully like an oyster, another like

Digitized by Google

a skeleton, and another like a velocipede; *I* don't know."

"Oh! oh! oh! like an oyster! like a veloci-

BILLY BAKER.

pede! like a skeleton! What *is* she going to do?" cried the little people, excitedly.

Everything was ready now, and Miss May seated herself at the little table. First, she prepared some strips of white paper, about three inches wide, and then dipping her pen into the ink, asked whose picture she should make first.

"Mine! mine!" cried Katie, "because, you know, I've got a sick eye."

So, in consideration of Katie's misfortune, her picture was made first.

Miss May wrote Katie's name very rapidly in a heavy, coarse style through the centre of the strip, shading the letters very freely, and never minding if little points of ink, as big as a pin head, were left here and there; then quickly folding the paper exactly in the middle, she gave a little pat with her finger about where the head ought to be, a quick little downward rub where the arms should come, and left the rest of the body to take care of itself. Then she opened the paper. The result was very comical. A droll sort of face could be made out; the arms were stretched out, as if Katie were making a speech, and two funny little feet were turned straight up and seemed to be hunting for the hands. The picture was received with shouts of laughter, and the young art critics were not slow in expressing their opinions upon it.

The magic work went on rapidly after this, and in a short time all the orders were filled.

Maria Jones looked like an old Continental soldier with his back turned and his legs very much moth-eaten.

Sallie Scott had on a long Ulster overcoat, and her hands in her pockets and a cane sticking up from under her arm. If you looked at her closely, you could see two gentlemen shaking hands in front of her.

Billy Baker resembled an Irishman with short trowsers, sitting down with two wide-brimmed hats in his lap. He had very glaring eyes, a wide-open mouth, ears like a rabbit, and whiskers like a cat.

But Ella Ferris had the most dreadful portrait. She looked like a ferocious "Jack-in-the-box" who had jumped up so often that he had nearly shaken himself to pieces. Her toes were turned in, and her heels needed darning.

When all the ten portraits had been taken, Miss May told them that they now might make some pictures for themselves. And so they set about it,

ELLA FERRIS.

and had a grand time. They found no trouble in making the funniest kind of magic pictures, provided they had ink enough on their pens.

Digitized by Google

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

By Frank R. Stockton.

Chapter XXI.

A LAST RESORT.

The Board was fully agreed that something must be done to relieve Aunt Matilda's present necessities, but what to do did not seem very clear.

Wilson Ogden proposed issuing some kind of scrip or bonds, redeemable in six or seven months, when the company should be on a paying basis.

"I believe," said he, "that Mr. Darby would take these bonds at the store for groceries and things, and we might pay him interest, besides redeeming the bonds when they came due."

This was rather a startling proposition. No one had suspected Wilson of having such a financial mind.

"I don't know," said Harry, "how that would work. Mr. Darby might not be willing to take the bonds, and besides that, it seems to me that the company ought not to make any more promises to pay when it owes so much already."

"But you see that would be different," said Wilson. "What we owe now we ought to pay right away. The bonds would not have to be paid for ever so long."

"That may be pretty sharp reasoning," remarked Tom Selden, "but I can't see into it."

"It would be all the same as running in debt for Aunt Matilda, would n't it?" asked Kate.

"Yes," said Wilson, "a kind of running in debt, but not exactly the common way. You see ——"

"But if it 's any kind at all, I 'm against it," said Kate, quickly. "We 're not going to support Aunt Matilda that way."

This settled the matter. To be sure, Kate had no vote in the Board; but this was a subject in which she had what might be considered to have a controlling interest, and the bond project was dropped.

Various schemes were now proposed, but there were objections to all of them. Everyone was agreed that it was very unfortunate that this emergency should have arisen just at this time, because as soon as the company got into good working order, and the creek had been up a few times, it was probable that Aunt Matilda would really have more money than she would absolutely need.

"You ought to look out, Harry and Kate," said Harvey Davis, "that all the darkies she knows don't come and settle down on her and live off her. She 's a great old woman for having people around her, even now."

"Well," said Kate, "she has a right to have company if she wants to, and can afford it."

"Yes," said Tom Selden; "but having company 's very different from having a lot of good-for-nothing darkies eating her out of house and home."

"She wont have anything of that sort," said Harry. "I 'll see that her money 's spent right."

"But if it 's her money," said Harvey, "she can spend it as she chooses."

A discussion here followed as to the kind of influence that ought to be brought to bear upon Aunt Matilda to induce her to make a judicious use of her income; but Harry soon interrupted the arguments, with the remark that they had better not bother themselves about what Aunt Matilda should do with her money when she got it, until they had found out some way of preventing her from starving to death while she was waiting for it.

This was evidently good common sense, but it put a damper on the spirits of the Board.

There was nothing new to be said on the main question, and it was now growing towards supper-time; so the meeting adjourned.

On their way home, Harry said to Kate, "Has Aunt Matilda anything to eat at all?"

"Oh yes; she has enough for her supper to-night, and for breakfast, too, if nobody comes to see her. But that 's all."

"All right, then," said Harry.

"I don't think it is all right," replied Kate. "What 's two meals, I 'd like to know?"

"Two meals are very good things, provided you don't take them both at once," said Harry. And he began to whistle.

The next day, Harry went off and staid until dinner-time.

Kate could not imagine where he had gone. He was not with the Board, she knew, for Harvey Davis had been inquiring for him.

Just before dinner he made his appearance.

Kate was in the house, but he hurried her out under the catalpa tree.

"Look here!" said he, putting his hand in his pocket and pulling out several "green-backs." "I reckon that 'll keep Aunt Matilda until the company begins to make money."

Kate opened her eyes their very widest.

Digitized by Google

"Why, where on earth did you get all that money, Harry? Is it yours?"

"Of course, it's mine," said Harry. "I sold my gun."

"Oh, Harry!" and the tears actually came into Kate's eyes.

"Well, I would n't cry about it," said Harry. "There's nothing to shoot now; and when we get rich I can buy it back again, or get another."

"Get rich!" said Kate. "I don't see how we're going to do that; especially when it's such dreadfully dry weather."

CHAPTER XXII.

A QUANDARY.

ABOUT a week after the meeting of the Board in the Davis corn-house, old Miles, the mail-rider, came galloping up to Mr. Loudon's front gate. The family were at breakfast, but Harry and Kate jumped up and ran to the door, when they saw Miles coming, with his saddle-bags flapping behind him. No one had ever before seen Miles ride so fast. A slow trot, or rather a steady waddle, was the pace that he generally preferred.

"Hello, Mah'sr Harry," shouted old Miles, "de creek's up! Can't git across dar, no how?"

This glorious news for the Crooked Creek Telegraph Company was, indeed, true! There had been wet weather for several days, and although the rain-fall had not been great in the level country about Akeville, it had been very heavy up among the hills; and the consequence was, that the swollen hill-streams, or "branches" as they are called in that part of the country, had rushed down and made Crooked Creek rise in a hurry. It seemed to be always ready to rise in this way, whenever it had a chance.

Now the company could go to work! Now it could show the world, or as much of the world as chose to take notice, the advantages of having a telegraph line across a creek in time of freshets.

Harry was all alive with excitement. He sent for Harvey Davis, and had old Selim saddled as quickly as possible.

"H'yars de letters and telegrums, Mah'sr Harry," said Miles, unlocking his saddle-bags and taking out a bundle of letters and some telegrams, written on the regular telegraphic blanks and tied up in a little package.

As the mail was a private one, and old Miles was known to be perfectly honest, he carried the key and attended personally to the locking and unlocking of his saddle-bags.

"But I don't want the letters, Miles," said Harry. "I've nothing to do with them. Give me the telegrams, and I'll send them across."

"Don't want de letters?" cried Miles, his eyes and mouth wide open in astonishment. "Why, I can't carry de letters ober no mor'n I kin de telegrums."

"Well, neither can I," said Harry.

"Den what's de use ob dat wire?" exclaimed Miles. "I thought you uns ud send de letters an' all ober dat wire! Dere's lots more letters dan telegrums."

"I know that," said Harry, hurriedly; "but we can't send letters. Give me the telegraphic messages, and you go back to the mines with the letters, and if there's anything in them that they want to telegraph, let them write out the messages, and you bring them over to Lewston's cabin."

Harry took the telegrams and old Miles rode off, very much disturbed in his mind. His confidence in the utility of the telegraph company was woefully shaken.

By this time Harvey had arrived on a mule, and the two operators dashed away as fast as their animals would carry them.

As they galloped along, Harry shouted to Harvey, who kept ahead most of the time, for his mule was faster than Selim:

"Hello, Harvey! If Miles could n't get across, how can either of us go over?"

"O, I reckon the creek is n't much up yet," answered Harvey. "Miles is easily frightened."

So, on they rode, hoping for the best; but when they reached the creek they saw, to their dismay, that the water was much higher already than it usually rose in the summer-time. The low grounds on each side were overflowed, and nothing could be seen of the bridge but the tops of two upright timbers near its middle.

It was certainly very unfortunate that both the operators were on the same side of the stream!

"This is a pretty piece of business," cried Harry. "I did n't expect the creek to get up so quickly as this. I was down here yesterday, and it had n't risen at all. I tell you, Harvey, you ought to live on the other side."

"Or else you ought," said Harvey.

"No," said Harry; "this is my station."

Harvey had no answer ready for this, but as they were hurriedly fastening Selim and the mule to trees near Lewston's cabin, he said:

"Perhaps Mr. Lyons may come down and work the other end of the line."

"He can't get off," said Harry. "He has his own office to attend to. And, besides, that would n't do. We must work our own line, especially at the very beginning. It would look nice,—now, would n't it?—to wait until Mr. Lyons could come over from Hetertown before we could commence operations!"

Digitized by Google

"Well, what can we do?" asked Harvey.

"Why, one of us must get across, somehow."

"I don't see how it's going to be done," said Harvey, as they ran down to the edge of the water. "I reckon we'll have to holler our messages across, as Tony said; only there is n't anybody to holler to."

"I don't know how it's to be done either," said Harry; "but one of us must get over, some way or other."

"Could n't we wade to the bridge," asked Harvey, "and then walk over on it? I don't believe it's more than up to our waists on the bridge."

"You don't know how deep it is," said Harry; "and when you get to the bridge, ten to one more than half the planks have been floated off, and you'd go slump to the bottom of the creek before you knew it. There's no way but to get a boat."

"I don't know where you're going to find one," said Harvey. "There's a boat up at the mill-pond, but you could n't get it out and down here in much less than a day."

"John Walker has his boat afloat again," said Harry, "but that's over on the other side. What a nuisance it is that there is n't anybody over there! If we did n't want 'em, there'd be about sixty or seventy darkies hanging about here now."

"O, no!" said Harvey, "not so many as that; not over forty-seven."

"I'm going over to Lewston's. Perhaps he knows of a boat," said Harry, and away he ran.

But Lewston was not in his cabin, and so Harry hurried along a road in the woods that led by another negro cabin about a half-mile away, thinking that the old man had gone off in that direction. Every minute or two he shouted at the top of his voice, "O, Lewston!"

Very soon he heard some one shouting in reply, and he recognized Lewston's voice. It seemed to come from the creek.

Thereupon, Harry made his way through the trees and soon caught sight of the old colored man. He was in a boat, poling his way along in the shallow water as close to dry land as the woods allowed him, and sometimes, where the trees were wide apart, sending the boat right between some of their tall trunks.

"Hello, Lewston," cried Harry, running as near as he could go without getting his shoes wet, for the water ran up quite a distance among the trees in some places. "What are you about? Where did you get that boat? I want a boat."

"Dat's jist what I thought, Mah'sr Harry," said Lewston, still poling away as hard as he could. "I know de compuny 'd want to git ober de creek, an' I jist went up to Hiram Anderson's and borrowed his ole boat. Ise been a-bailing her out all de mornin'."

"You're a trump, Lewston," said Harry. "Pole her down opposite your house, and then one of us will go over. Why don't you go out further? You can't get along half as fast in here by the trees and hummocks as you could in deeper water."

"You don't ketch me out dar in dat runnin' water," said Lewston. "I'd be in the middle afore I knowed it, and dis pole's pooty short."

"Well, come along as fast as you can," cried Harry, "and I'll run down to your house and get your axe to cut a longer pole."

By the time Harry had found a tall young sapling and had cut it down and trimmed it off, Lewston arrived with the boat.

Chapter XXIII.

CROSSING THE CREEK.

"Now, then," said Harry, "here's the boat and a good pole, and you've nothing to do, Harvey, but just to get in and push yourself over to your station as fast as you can."

But the situation did not seem to strike Harvey very favorably. He looked rather dissatisfied with the arrangement made for him.

"I can't swim," he said. "At least, not much, you know."

"Well, who wants you to swim?" said Harry, laughing. "That's a pretty joke. Are you thinking of swimming across and towing the boat after you? You can push her over easy enough; that pole will reach the bottom anywhere."

"Dat's so," said old Lewston. "It'll touch de bottom ob de water, but I don't know 'bout de bottom ob de mud. Ye must n't push her down too deep. Dar's 'bout as much mud as water out dar in de creek."

The more they talked about the matter, the greater became Harvey's disinclination to go over. He was not a coward, but he was not used to the water or the management of a boat, and the trip seemed much more difficult to him than it would have appeared to a boy accustomed to boating.

"I tell you what we'll do," cried Harry, at last. "You take my station, Harvey, and I'll go over and work your end of the line."

There was no opposition to this plan, and so Harry hurried off with Harvey to Lewston's cabin and helped him to make the connections and get the line in working order at that end, and then he ran down to the boat, jumped in, and Lewston pushed him off.

Harry poled the boat along quite easily through the shallow water, and when he got further out he found that he proceeded with still greater ease, only

Digitized by Google

he did not go straight across, but went a little too much down stream.

But he pushed out strongly towards the opposite shore, and soon reached the middle of the creek. Then he began to go down stream very fast indeed. Push and pole as he would, he seemed to have no control whatever over the boat. He had had no idea that the current would be so strong.

On he went, right down towards the bridge, and as the boat swept over it, one end struck an upright beam that projected above the water, and the clumsy craft was jerked around with such violence that Harry nearly tumbled into the creek.

He heard Lewston and Harvey shouting to him, but he paid no attention to them. He was working with all his strength to get the boat out of the current and into shallower water. But as he found that he was not able to do that, he made desperate efforts to stop the boat by thrusting his pole into the bottom. It was not easy to get the pole into the mud, the current was so strong; but he succeeded at last, by pushing it out in front of him, in forcing it into the bottom; and then, in a moment, it was jerked out of his hand, as the boat swept on, and, a second time, he came near tumbling overboard.

Now he was helpless. No, there was the short pole that Lewston had left in the boat.

He picked it up, but he could do nothing with it. If it had been an oar, now, it might have been of some use. He tried to pull up the seat, but it was nailed fast.

"HE RAPIDLY FLOATED DOWN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREAM."

On he rapidly floated, down the middle of the stream; the boat sometimes sidewise, sometimes with one end foremost, and sometimes the other. Very soon he lost sight of Lewston and Harvey, and the last he saw of them they were hurrying by the edge of the water, in the woods. Now he sat down, and looked about him. The creek appeared to be getting wider and wider, and he thought that

Digitized by Google

if he went on at that rate he must soon come to the river. The country seemed unfamiliar to him. He had never seen it, from the water, when it was overflowed in this way.

He passed a wide stretch of cultivated fields, mostly planted in tobacco, but he could not recollect what farmer had tobacco down by the creek this year. There were some men at work on a piece of rising ground, but they were a long way off. Still, Harry shouted to them, but they did not appear to hear him.

Then he passed on among the trees again, bumping against stumps, turning and twisting, but always keeping out in the middle of the current. He began to be very uneasy, especially as he now saw what he had not noticed before, that the boat was leaking badly.

He made up his mind that he must do something soon, even if he had to take off his clothes and jump in and try to swim to shore. But this, he was well aware, would be hard work in such a current.

Looking hurriedly around, he saw, a short distance before him, a tree that appeared to stand almost in the middle of the creek, with its lower branches not very high above the water. The main current swirled around this tree, and the boat was floating directly towards it.

Harry's mind was made up in an instant. He stood up on the seat, and as the boat passed under the tree he seized the lowest branch.

In a moment the boat was jerked from under his feet, and he hung suspended over the rushing water.

He gripped the branch with all his strength, and giving his legs a swing, got his feet over it. Then, after two or three attempts, he managed to draw himself up and get first one leg and then his whole body over the branch. Then he sat up and shuffled along to the trunk, against which he leaned with one arm around it, all in a perspiration, and trembling with the exertion and excitement.

When he had rested awhile, he stood up on the limb and looked towards the land. There, to his joy, he saw, at a little distance, a small log-house, and there was some one living in it, for he saw smoke coming from the log and mud chimney that was built up against one end of the cabin.

Harry gave a great shout, and then another, and another, and presently a negro woman came out of the cabin and looked out over the creek. Then three colored children came tumbling out and they looked out over the creek.

Then Harry shouted again, and the woman saw him.

"Hello, dar!" she cried, "Who 's dat?"

"It 's me! Harry Loudon."

"Harry Loudon?" shouted the woman, running down to the edge of the water. "Mah'sr John Loudon's son Harry? What you doin' dar? Is you fishin'?"

"Fishing!" cried Harry. "No! I want to get ashore. Have you a boat?"

"A boat! Lors a massy! I got no boat, Mah'sr Harry. How did ye git dar?"

"O, I got adrift, and my boat 's gone! Is n't there any man about?"

"No man about here," said the woman. "My ole man 's gone off to de railroad. But he 'll be back dis evenin'."

"I can't wait here till he comes," cried Harry. "Have n't you a rope and some boards to make a raft?"

"Lor', no! Mah'sr Harry. I got no boards."

"Tell ye what ye do, dar," shouted the biggest boy, a woolly-headed urchin, with nothing on but a big pair of trowsers that came up under his arms and were fastened over his shoulders by two bits of string, "jist you come on dis side and jump down, an' slosh ashore."

"It 's too deep," cried Harry.

"No, 't aint," said the boy. "I sloshed out to dat tree dis mornin'."

"You did, you Pomp!" cried his mother. "Oh! I 'll lick ye fur dat, when I git a hold of ye!"

"Did you, really?" cried Harry.

"Yes, I did," shouted the undaunted Pomp. "I sloshed out dar an' back agin."

"But the water 's higher now," said Harry.

"No, 't aint," said the woman. "'T aint riz much dis mornin'. Done all de risin' las' night. Dat tree 's jist on de edge of de creek bank. If Pomp could git along dar, you kin, Mah'sr Harry! Did ye go out dar, sure nuff, you Pomp? Mind, if ye did n't, I 'll lick ye!"

"Yes, I did," said Pomp; "clar out dar an' back agin."

"Then, I 'll try it," cried Harry; and clambering around the trunk of the tree, he jumped off as far as he could towards shore.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

THE MICROSCOPE ON SHIPBOARD.

By Prof. A. Rattray.

The amusements in which boys and girls may indulge are numerous and varied, and every season —spring, summer, autumn and winter—has its special games. But most persons enjoy an occasional change; and any new toy or play, especially one suited for all times, is apt to be welcome. The microscope, for magnifying very small objects, is not a new instrument; but its use, no doubt, would be new to many of our readers; and if once introduced to our young friends' notice, they would find it one of the most enjoyable and instructive of pastimes.

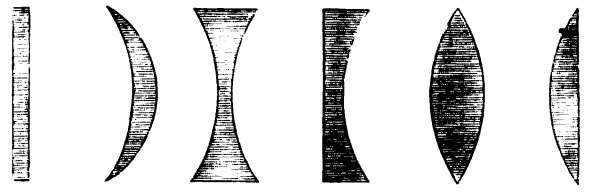
This is one of those pleasures which can be followed at all times and anywhere; for example, when darkness, or bad weather, or sickness keeps you indoors, and in town or country, at the sea-side or at sea. You also can take it up and put it aside as easily as any other amusement; and so enticing is it, that what you first indulge in as pastime, may at last become an earnest study. Even if you do not carry it so far, however, mere amateur work, for the sake of the many beautiful structures it reveals, will be sufficiently alluring to keep up a life-long interest. And the deeper you thereby dive into the mysteries of creation, the more you will marvel at the design, adaptation and perfection of the works of the Creator.

Beginners, however, are apt to be afraid of microscopic work. The instrument itself frightens some. But its racks, screws and lenses, though delicate, are no more likely to be broken or disordered, by careful handling, than are the works of a clock. The difficult sciences, and the long Latin and Greek names often given to objects, frighten others. But you will soon, and with little (if any) study, become familiar with as many of these as it is necessary to know. All scientists, both professional and amateur, were once beginners like yourselves, as ignorant of this pursuit, and perhaps as little self-reliant.

A few lessons will usually make a beginner sufficiently expert, and show him that there is nothing mysterious in the microscope, or difficult in the mode of handling it. Frequent use will make an adept. If once interested, the constant succession of marvels it unfolds to view will prompt to further search. Remember, young friends, half-an-hour so employed daily will make a large total at the end of a year. Valuable books have been written and important inventions made in the intervals of business. To facilitate study and economize time, the instrument should be kept where it may be readily taken up or laid aside at a moment's notice.

It is not necessary to have a very costly microscope. One of moderate price and power is good enough for most purposes. Larger and more complicated ones are only occasionally used, when we wish to magnify any object very highly. A $5 or $10 one, magnifying from 50 to 200 times, is sufficient for a beginner; or at most a $50 instrument, enlarging from 400 to 500 diameters. But you may get cheaper ones of less power, or more costly and magnificent ones, magnifying from 1000 to 2000 times. You can have an American, English, French, or German instrument. American microscopes are probably as good as any, and may be procured of several makers in New York.

The magnifying power of the microscope lies in its lenses. These are small pieces of crown or flint glass of different shapes,—flat, convex, or concave, chiefly of the former two. They are named according to their shape, thus:

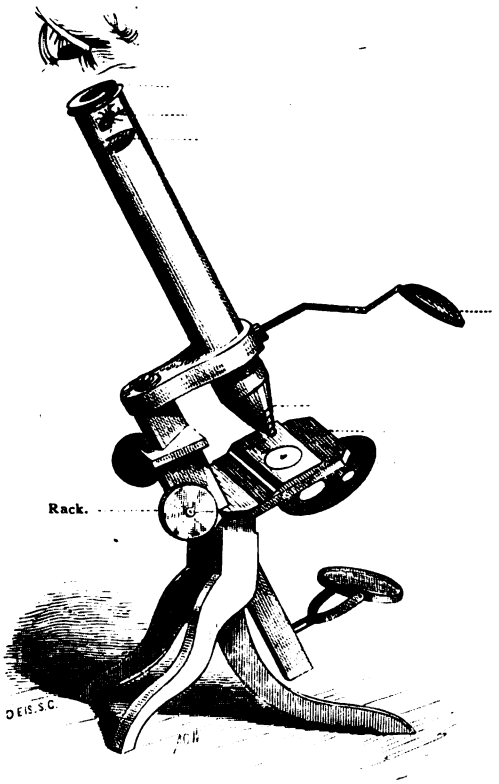


DIFFERENT FORMS OF LENSES.

These refract—that is, bend and magnify—the image of the object looked at. You will learn how they do this when you study optics, if you have not already begun to study it. When only one lens is used, it is called a simple microscope, like the ordinary photograph magnifier. Microscopes of this kind, made of rock crystal, were probably known to the Greeks, Romans, and, perhaps, Assyrians. Those with more than one lens are called compound microscopes. These were first invented by the Dutch, about 280 years ago, but were of an unwieldy form, being sometimes six feet long. For various reasons, the microscope

Digitized by Google

was not much used until within the past thirty years. Since then, however, it has been much employed, both by scientists and physicians. Smaller and far more perfect instruments are now made; and it would be impossible, in this brief space, to



THE MICROSCOPE AND ITS PARTS.

tell you how much they have added to our knowledge, both of natural history and disease.

I shall now suppose that you have an ordinary compound microscope, like that in the accompanying sketch. You will observe the lens next the object to be magnified. That is called the object-glass. That next the observer's eye is called the eye-glass. In the better kinds of microscope, both the eye and object glasses consist of several lenses, arranged so as to have the same effect as one. When you look at an object through the microscope, you see an inverted likeness of it. It is the object-glass which thus turns it upside down, and it is the eye-glass which magnifies, as, again, optics will explain.

Between these two, and at the lower part of the eye-piece, there is usually another lens, called the field-glass, which enlarges the field of view. Most microscopes are monocular,—that is, made for one eye, like that shown in the sketch. Others have two convergent tubes, to use with both eyes, and are called binocular.

You will usually find the eye and object glasses of modern microscopes marked to indicate their different magnifying powers. If you wish to ascertain the exact size of any object, however, you must use a micrometer, which is merely a slip of glass divided into minute squares, each indicating one-thousandth of an inch. A pair of small scissors, a dissecting-knife, and one or two wooden-handled needles, are usually found with every microscope; also thin slips of glass for making preparations, and Canada balsam for gluing them together. A Valentine or Quekett knife, for making very thin cuttings of objects, is necessary for advanced students.

Having found an object for examination, it should be laid on a slip of transparent glass; if dry, alone,—if moist, immersed in fresh or salt water, or glycerine. The slip is then put on the stage under the object-glass. If the object be transparent, a strong light is sent through to illuminate it, by a small mirror called the reflector. If non-transparent, light is thrown on it from above by a bull's-eye condenser. The diaphragm, with different sized holes, is used to cut off the light if too much is sent upwards by the reflector. Both to preserve the eye of the observer, and for perfect illumination, a good light, and especially a white one, is indispensable, either from a window or lamp. If the object be not in view when you look through the instrument, or if it appear hazy, the rack behind will raise or depress the tube until it becomes clear.

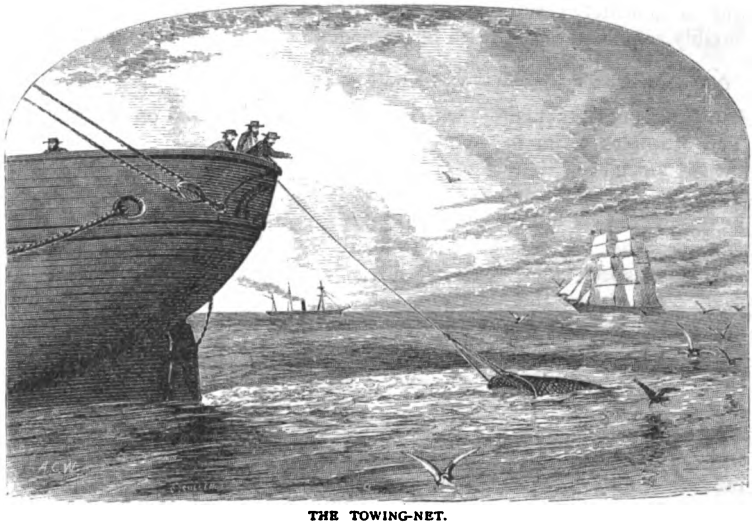
A few failures must not discourage you, as all beginners, and even advanced students, have them. A little practice will soon make you perfect in the various details of the instrument: and having fairly mastered it, you may pursue your studies either in the animal, the vegetable, or the mineral world. The air, the earth and the ocean, all furnish an abundant supply of objects for microscopic work. Circumstances and individual taste will decide what direction your investigations may take. One may prefer to look at plant, another at animal life; a third at mineral crystals, and so on. It would be impossible in the present article to give illustrations of all of these. Our present object is to show how easy it is to use the microscope; and also how many interesting and beautiful objects can be everywhere had for examination. This may interest you in it, and in the different domains of nature explored by

Digitized by Google

its aid. To do this, I shall confine myself to one department of natural history, and take my examples from one seldom chosen for illustration, viz., the minute animals of the sea. You may sometimes find specimens of this kind at the sea-side, but more easily and abundantly far out in mid-ocean. None of you can tell in what part of the globe your lot may yet be cast. Some may have to take long voyages,—may have done so already, and know how tiresome life on shipboard is, and how glad one is of anything to pass the time and relieve the monotony which succeeds the novelty of the first few days. If you have a small microscope, you will find it an endless source of amusement. You have plenty of spare time, and nowhere can you find more suitable objects or better opportunities for this ennobling pursuit.

Every boy and girl knows that our sea-coasts are crowded with fish and other water-animals. But many fancy that, like the air, the sea contains little life far out in mid-ocean, where you only occasionally see Mother Carey's chickens and other ocean-birds, chiefly of the petrel tribe, or a school of dolphins gamboling round the ship, or, perhaps, an ugly and ominous shark following in her track. If you throw a piece of broken plate overboard, you can see it gleaming for many a fathom as it zig-zags down towards the bottom. But you may have noticed nothing else in the clear blue water. You may have wondered what caused the nightly star-like sparkling in the sea, and the silvery appearance in the ship's wake; and, perhaps, asked on what the petrels and other ocean-birds fed, and why they skimmed the surface of the sea. If you get closer, however, than the ship's deck,—say in a boat,—or if you haul up a bucketful of sea-water, these mysteries will be explained. The sea is not thinly but very densely inhabited, and everywhere, especially near its surface, crowded with tiny animals, sometimes so transparent as to be scarcely, if at all, visible to the naked eye, and often so minute as to require a microscope to distinguish them. The larger fish tribes, familiar to you, exist in great numbers, but these in myriads. It is these which chiefly cause the phosphorescence of the sea, and it is on them that the ocean-birds feed, and even some of the largest marine animals—for example, the huge Greenland whale. You may catch them in a common ship's bucket or pannikin, but better by a towing-net. This you can easily make of bunting,—that is flag-cloth,—or of gauze, cut bag-shape, open at one end, and there hooped or half-hooped with wood. This filters the surface-water as the ship glides slowly along, and is best used when the wind is light. In half-an-hour you may thus get more specimens than you can examine in a day. To keep them alive, empty the net gently into a basinful of salt water. The picture below will show you how the towing-net is worked.

You will soon notice several peculiarities regarding these creatures. Many float in shoals, sometimes in such numbers as to color the surface of the sea. You can catch them best at night and in calm weather, because by day, especially in rough weather, they sink below the surface to avoid the glare and heat of the sun and the buffeting of the waves. Day is their period of repose, and night that of activity,—their chief feeding and breathing time. Again, they are most abundant in warm currents of water. Maury was the first to lay stress on this, and to call the tropics their birthplace. And you will also notice how much of the phosphorescence of the sea is caused by them, especially by the shrimp-like and jelly-like ones. You cannot see them by day, but you can after dusk, when they light up the ocean with their tiny lamps.

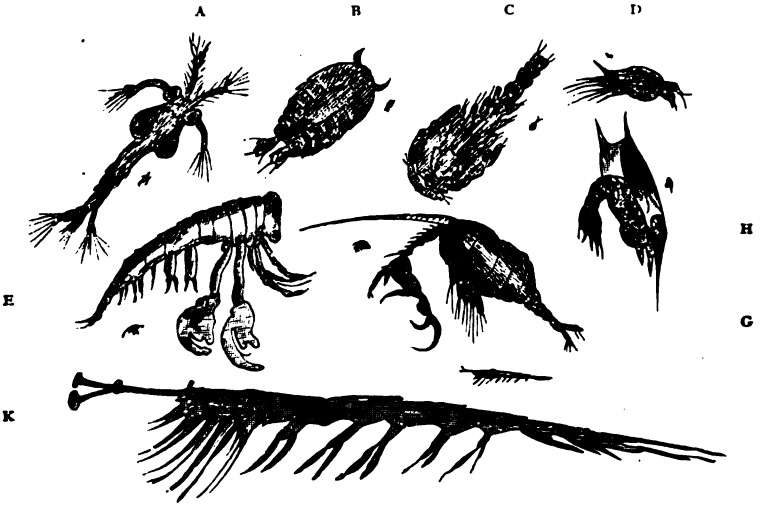


THE TOWING-NET.

Minute crustaceans,—that is, animals of the shrimp tribe,—often as small as a pin-point, are the commonest of them all. They are the first you will notice, as they curve and dart about sidewise so fast that you can scarcely catch them.

Digitized by Google

Nothing can be prettier under the microscope than their transparent bodies, in which you can see the heart beating and blood flowing; watch them



MICROSCOPIC OCEANIC CRUSTACEANS.

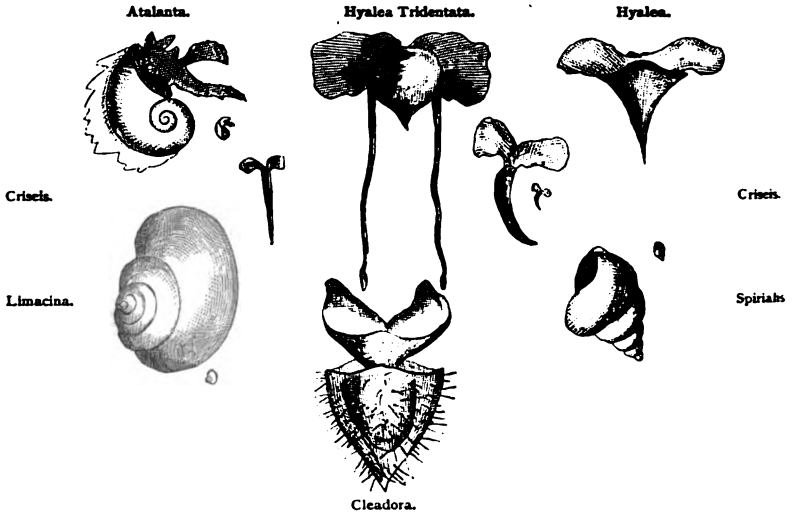
breathing and eating, or trace their nervous systems, beautifully-jointed shells, and curious, many-lensed, compound eyes. You cannot conceive how gorgeously some are colored. No mortal can tint so delicately; and as you gaze, you will be forcibly reminded of the truth of the poet's lines,—

"Who can paint like nature?
Or can imagination boast, amid its gay creations, hues like hers?"

I shall not tax your memory with many long names. The examples given in the cut above are chiefly from the Pacific ocean, but they are as abundant in the Atlantic. The small speck alongside each shows their natural size; and, if you choose, you can enlarge them much more than here shown. *Sapphirina gemma* (B) is tinted with all the colors of the rainbow; and *Cœligus* (C) is of a rich brown. Fig. K is a long, slender animal, which you seldom catch alive, possibly because it is easily injured in the net. Fig. G, of a bright blue, has a curious, curved proboscis, as long as itself; and Fig. E has curved, lobster-like claws, and a nimble, flexible body.

Curious minute and very delicate-shelled animals are equally numerous, such as the *Criseis*, *Limacina*, *Atalanta*, *Spirialis*, *Hyalea*, shown in the cut at the bottom of the page. You will also admire much the larger *Ianthina*, or sea-snail, a violet-colored shell of rare delicacy and beauty, once highly prized by shell-collectors. It is often larger than in the cut on the next page; and its eggs and egg-bags are attached to the under surface of the peculiar float which buoys the animal on the surface of the ocean, and prevents the weight of its body and shell from sinking. With your microscope you can watch their growth, first as simple soft round cells (A), then as tiny shells (B), which get larger in the older egg-pouches (C), and then escape when large enough to look after themselves.

These, you must remember, are only a few of the thousands of tiny creatures which inhabit the ocean, especially near its surface. I might go on to tell you of many others equally curious; for example, of the bladder-like *Physalis*, or Portuguese man-of-war, and the *Velella* and *Porpita*, which float on the top of the water, driven about by the



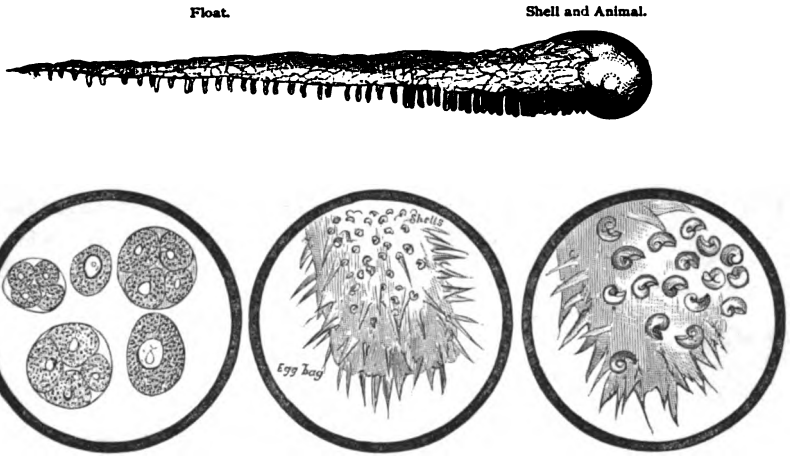
MINUTE OCEANIC ANIMALS WITH SHELLS.

winds and waves; of the *Velia*, which runs about on the surface dry-shod, and dives below at will;

Digitized by Google

of the *Clio*, *Glaucus*, *Sagitta annelids*, and many others. Every haul of the towing-net will bring up something new to you, with more brilliant coloring, more singular shape, or more delicate formation. And every new current or ocean you enter will disclose fresh ones, till you become fairly astounded with their number and variety.

If you can, let me advise you to sketch and color what you see, as a souvenir of the voyage or sea-side visit. Or if you wish to preserve some specimens for further examination at home, you may do so, especially the crustaceans and shells, in a vial partially filled with diluted alcohol. But those of you who cannot take sea-voyages need not despair. There are just as wonderful things to be found on dry land, and in the little streams and ponds that are accessible to almost all of you, as in the mighty deep. You can wander in the fields, as other naturalists have done before you; and so long as there are ferns or flowers or butterflies, there will be something for your lenses. You can use your hand-microscopes in the field, and take many of your specimens home to be examined with more elaborate instruments.



A.—First Stage. B.—Second Stage. C.—Third Stage.

IANTHINA, OR OCEAN-SNAIL.

AN OBSERVING LANDSMAN.

Digitized by Google

FOUR YEARS OLD.

By L. G. Warner.

"THERE'S NEVER A WINK MORE SLUMBER."

Bright in the early morning
His brown eyes open wide,
And there's never a wink more slumber
To be thought of at his side.

"AND DOWN TO HIS BREAKFAST GOES."

Awake from his hair all a-tumble
To the tips of his springing toes,
Into his clothes he dances,
And down to his breakfast goes.

Then out with his little barrow,
And where, oh! where is his spade?
To-day his corn must be planted,
And all of his garden made.

"TO-DAY HIS CORN MUST BE PLANTED."

Don't speak to him,—proud young farmer,
Half lost in his big straw hat;
If you dare to suggest an errand,
Not a minute has he for that!

Ten minutes, and "Where is my hammer
And nails?—drate big uns," he calls.
Lo! his garden is turned to a cellar,
And now he must put up his walls!

Digitized by Google

"OH NO, I 'M A BUILDER NOW."

What, you, my brave young farmer?
"Oh no, I 'm a builder now.
I build big barns and houses;
Come out and I 'll show you how."

Soon, starting, he hears the oxen
Dragging the big hay-cart;
And, houses and barns forgotten,
Away he flees like a dart.

"SO, WHIP ON HIS SHOULDER, HE MARCHES."

"Please, Hugh, let me be driver;
I 'll keep right here by the side."
So, whip on his shoulder, he marches
With more than a soldier's pride.

Now back, calling, "Mamma, mamma,
Here 's a 'tunnin' hop-stool for you;
'T was growing close up by the fountain,—
Oh dear! *now* what shall I do?

"WHOA! WHO 'LL HAVE A RIDE WITH ME?"

Why, there is my fast, wild Rollo,—
Whoa! who 'll have a ride with me?
This small one 's my work-horse, 'Daisy;
He 's steady and old, you see."

So, hour after hour, through the daytime,
He works and plays with a will;
The brown little hands always busy,
The quick little feet never still,

Digitized by Google

"PLEASE, IS N'T IT STORY-TIME?"

"GOOD NIGHT! I LOVE YOU!

Until, when at last the evening
  Drops down like a soothing chime,
A tired little voice comes calling,
"Please, is n't it story-time?"

Then, two dear arms, all caressing,
  Are round me, and sweet, low words
I hear—as gentle and tender
  As the cooing good-night of birds.

And he, the bright eyes half-closing,
  With kisses on cheek and brow,
Says softly, "Good-night! I love you!
  I 'm only your little boy now."

FAST FRIENDS.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Author of the "Jack Hazard" Stories.

CHAPTER XXI.

GEORGE AND THE BOOKSELLER.

JACK returned to his files of old newspapers, and George went to call on a bookseller in Nassau street, with whom he had left his bundle of manuscripts the day before.

He was a kind-hearted man, who had been so much interested in George's appearance that, without entertaining much hope of being able to make a paying book out of the mass of verses submitted to him, he had consented to examine them, from mere good will.

He was writing a letter at a desk in the back part of his store, when the tall young poet reappeared. Having motioned him to a chair, he continued writing. George took up a newspaper, and pretended to be reading at his ease, while he was, in fact, suffering from terrible anxiety and suspense.

At length, the letter finished, the bookseller lifted the lid of his desk, and took out the package of manuscripts.

"I am sorry," he began, and hesitated, turning over the leaves of the manuscripts. George nerved himself to bear his fate and look calm. "Sorry I can't say of these things what you would like to have me say," the bookseller added, kindly. "But you are young yet. It would be very remarkable, indeed, if you could produce a volume of poems which the public would care to buy and read. Five years from now you will thank me more for not printing these verses than you would now for printing them."

George managed to shape his features into a

Digitized by Google

sickly smile, and replied with an effort, "I dare say you find them mere trifles."

"Well,—yes,—and no," said the man of books, who appeared anxious to temper the wind of his criticism to the shorn lamb who shiveringly awaited it. "There 's merit in some of the verses, but they have nearly all one great fault—there is too great facility of versification."

"I—I was not aware," George ventured to reply, "that one could have too great facility of versification, if one versifies at all."

"What I mean is this: Your language glides along too easily. You hurry on after your rhymes and fancies,—you go skipping and dancing like a brook, from pebble to pebble,—all pretty and musical, but there is no great depth. A little of that sort of thing is agreeable, but you give us too much of it. We grow weary; we want less music, and more meaning."

"I think I see your objection," confessed poor George, who immediately began to regard his poetical compositions as a mass of wordy and empty rubbish.

The bookseller, looking as if it gave him quite as much pain to say what he did as it gave George to hear him, went on.

"Nearly everything here, that I have had time to look at, reminds me of either Scott or Byron, with here and there a touch of Burns. I venture to say these are your three favorite poets."

George admitted that they were.

"Now, what you need, is to read other poets, or none at all, for a little while. Don't give us any more feeble echoes of anybody. Put a curb on your too lively fancy. Condense—condense—condense. Prune—prune—prune. Go deeper into the subjects you write upon; think more of the substance, and less of the fluency of your lines. Now, here is one little thing." And the bookseller drew out a piece, entitled "The Old Meeting-House," from amid the "Fugitive Leaves."

"I never thought much of that," said George. "A homely subject,—I don't know why I left it with the rest."

"I dare say, you think it the poorest piece of all."

"I am sure it is."

"And yet, I think you felt a secret pleasure in writing it."

"Perhaps I did,—yes," said George, "there was something about it pleasing to me; but I never fancied it would please anybody else very much."

"That," said the bookseller, with a smile, "is a poem."

"You think so!" cried George, with a look of astonishment.

"It is the one original piece in the lot. You were writing of what you knew something about, and every stroke tells. You make us see the picture, for you saw it clearly and strongly yourself. We hear the old bell tolling in the belfry. We see the tall and gaunt old bell-ringer in the porch below. The wagons driving up to the meeting-house steps; the country people, a little stiff in their best clothes, and with their grave Sunday faces, passing down the aisle, and entering the pews; the good old minister, and the sermon, which seems so long to the little boys on the hard seats; the singing of the choir; the birds singing outside;—why, you make us see and feel everything, even to the doves that alight on the window-sill, and the bad boys trading jack-knives in the wagons under the sheds. You did not run so much to pretty fancies in this, because you were so full of the subject. You were at home in 'The Old Meeting-House,' but not in 'Golboda: a Romance of the African Coast.' 'T is a poem,—a little loose in some of the lines, here and there,—but still a poem. If you had worked a week at it, instead of a few hours, as you probably did, you would have made something striking and excellent."

"You really think, then," said George, with rekindling hope, "that I have some—talent?"

"A great deal," replied the bookseller, cordially.

"And that I can hope to—to earn something with my pen?"

"That is another thing. Poetry—even good poetry—is n't a commodity that it pays very well for anybody to write. A few poets have received large sums for their verses, but they are the rare exceptions. Hundreds fail where a single one succeeds. No, my dear sir, don't think of relying upon poetry for a livelihood."

"I have sometimes written a little prose,—essays, stories," faltered George. And he timidly took "The Mohawk Spy" from his pocket.

"This is more like what the newspapers and magazines are willing to pay money for," said the bookseller, glancing at the manuscript.

He read a passage here and there. George watched him with an anxiety so keen that it was almost anguish. Of this man's good will and sound judgment he was so thoroughly convinced, that it seemed to him almost as if his life depended on the sentence about to fall from his lips.

"I take it, you are a stranger in the city," remarked the bookseller.

"A perfect stranger."

"And you have not an abundant supply of means?"

George was prompted to reply that he and his friend had a shilling between them, earned by carrying a trunk; but his characteristic diffidence—or shall we call it false shame?—checked the confession.

Digitized by Google

"I am dependent on my own exertions for my bread," was his more elegant way of putting it.

"And you have no other employment, except writing?"

"None."

"But there is nobody dependent on you for a support? That is fortunate. I see that the pursuit of literature, in some form, is a passion with you; and it would be useless for me to attempt to dissuade you from it. If you are virtuous and frugal and hardy and heroic, there is hope of your final success. Meanwhile, you must be prepared to encounter slights, disappointments, privations. No matter how hard your bed and how bitter your crust: a soldier of fortune can sleep beneath the stars. But, if at any time you suspect that money is sweeter than the Muse,—if you prefer luxurious habits to a life of patient and prudent industry,—then say good-by to the pen, and try almost any other occupation."

In George's eyes shone bright tears, as he replied, in tones thrilling with a fine enthusiasm, "Give me literature and daily bread, before honors, riches, everything! That 's my choice."

"Then I say, God speed you!" replied the bookseller, with a sympathetic glimmer in his own eyes. "Meanwhile, don't be afraid of turning your hand to any other occupation, however humble, to earn the necessary bread, till you have gained a foothold in literature."

"I have made up my mind to that," said George, whose heart, so lately despairing, was now fired with heroic resolution.

"Come with me," then said the bookseller, putting on his hat.

George followed, wonderingly, as this new, wise and kind friend conducted him a short distance down the street, and then up two flights of office stairs, to a door, on which were lettered the words, so charming to the young poet's fancy:

UPTON'S LITERARY MAGAZINE.—EDITOR'S ROOM.

Mr. Upton was in,—a fleshy young man, of a rather dashy appearance,—and George was introduced, with a kind word from the bookseller, who then withdrew.

"I will read your manuscript to-night," said the editor. (It was "The Mohawk Spy," which George had placed in his hands.) "I hope it is a good story; for I am in want of a few first-rate, capital stories—something out of the beaten track."

George said he hoped he might have the pleasure of writing a few such for him; since, if the magazine needed the articles, he needed the pay for them still more. He remembered his experience with the *Western Empire*, and thought it best to have the mercantile part of the transaction understood at once.

"My magazine is a new thing—hardly established yet, and I can't afford the prices now, which I mean to pay by-and-by. I pay a dollar a page, when the article is published. I hope this arrangement will suit you, and that your articles will suit the magazine."

George, glad of the prospect of any pay in the future, expressed himself satisfied, and went home, feeling—as he said to Jack afterwards—like a youth who had gone out in search of a castle in the air, and found himself at night only too happy to lay his head in a hut.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN EVENING AT BOWERY HALL.

GEORGE was indeed so much encouraged by the prospect of gaining a subsistence with his pen, that he quite abandoned the idea of earning more shillings by carrying trunks, or of playing the flute to Jack's dancing, at some of the great hotels.

"Wait, at all events, till I hear from my manuscript to-morrow," he urged.

"But you don't expect to get pay for it to-morrow," Jack argued. "The week is slipping away, another board bill will be due Saturday evening, and how are we going to meet it?"

"If I can get *one* piece accepted, that will make an opening for me elsewhere, and the money will begin to come in."

"Yes, to you, perhaps, but not to me. What am *I* going to do?"

"If I earn anything, it will be the same as if you earned it, you know," said George.

"I *don't* know!" exclaimed Jack. "I must be doing something to pay my way, till I get through with my business here. I don't yet give that up. When I do, then I give up New York, too, and work my passage on the boats straight back to Mr. Chatford's. But I sha' n't run in debt, in the meanwhile, if I can help it—not even to you, George, generous as you are! And *you* may be counting chickens that will never be hatched," Jack added, with a rather desolate smile.

"They 'll be hatched sometime," cried George, confidently.

He went to the attic door to answer a rap.

A servant-girl handed in a note, which, she said, a boy had just left at the door for the "young gentleman."

"For me?" said George, eagerly, thinking it must be from some editor he had called on, and that it contained tidings of fortune. But the note was addressed to Jack.

Digitized by Google

Greatly surprised, Jack opened it, and read as follows:

BOWERY HALL, Tuesday P. M.

DEAR SIR: Call and See me this Evening. My Triangle is sick, and I have a Magnificent Idea.—Resp'lly,

LUCIUS FITZ DINGLE,
Proprietor Colored Artist Troupe.

"His triangle sick!" cried Jack. "Who ever heard of a sick triangle?"

"It can't be triangle!" said George, taking the letter. "It is, though!" And for awhile both boys were as much puzzled as if Fitz Dingle had gravely informed them that his rhomboid had the measles, or his hypothenuse was down with a fever. "I have it!" George suddenly exclaimed. "A triangle is a kind of musical instrument."

"So it is!" laughed Jack. "And he means the member of his troupe who plays it. I 'm not glad," he added, gleefully, "that a triangle, or any other geometrical figure, should be laid up with sickness; but I 'm going around to Bowery Hall, to see what this affliction has to do with me."

"If you can work into his 'magnificent idea,' then we are in clover," said George,—"you with your heels, and I with my pen!"

Jack insisted on his friend's accompanying him, and they set out for Bowery Hall.

The place was easily found. Approaching, they saw from afar off, through the mist (for it was a drizzly evening), a huge transparency over the sidewalk, painted with the life-size figure of a colored minstrel playing a banjo, and grinning with a marvelous display of ivory, on a glowing background of gas-lit canvas. Beneath this they passed into a broad doorway, mounted a flight of stairs, and presented their tickets to the foremost of two men who stood just inside the entrance door of the hall.

"Keep your tickets—keep your tickets; pass right in—pass right in," cried the second man, with one good eye winking keenly at them over a hooked nose, while the lids of the other were peeling slowly apart. "Welcome to Bowery Hall! I 'll talk with you by-and-by. Walk right in—walk right in; you 'll see what a unique and elegant show it is!" And Mr. Fitz Dingle (for we recognize that enterprising proprietor), took the trouble to conduct them to eligible seats, placarded "RESERVED," well down in front.

The hall did not strike the boys as particularly elegant. Neither was the display of fashion on the part of the spectators so dazzling as might have been expected. The audience was good-humored, and somewhat coarse and loud, and addicted overmuch to caterwauling and peanuts.

That the place was not ventilated in the most approved modern style soon became apparent. At the same time, into the dim atmosphere of steam and dust from the assembling crowd, went up a terrific noise of stamping and hooting and whistling from youthful spectators, who found it necessary thus to give vent to their excessive vitality while waiting for the performance to begin. A rattling piano, which did service in place of orchestra, struggled heroically against the overwhelming torrent of confused noises, and sometimes went down with a faint tinkle scarcely heard amid the breakers, and sometimes rode triumphantly on a lull.

At length the curtain rose, discovering the minstrels seated in a semicircle fronting the audience. Their faces were very black, their shirt-collars very large and very white, and their coats and trowsers all much too long or much too short, or designed in some other way to produce a burlesque effect.

These artists were five in number, and each was provided with some instrument of music. There were a banjo, a set of bones, a bass-viol, a fiddle, and a flute. The audience and the piano were silenced, and there was a hush of expectation, broken by the rich bass voice of one of the performers:

"Good morning, Dandy Jim!"

"Good morning yourself, Mr. Jones," replied the mellow tenor of Dandy Jim.

"I 've cogitated one or two skientific questions I 'd like to dispose to you and the other gentlemen of the profession," continued Mr. Jones.

He was invited to "elucidate;" and thereupon followed two or three conundrums and other small jokes, hardly of a nature to be transferred to these pages. They had the desired effect, however, of making the audience laugh. Then Mr. Jones inquired:

"How about that song I heard you singing under your lady's window last night, Dandy Jim?"

After considerable dispute about the lady's window, and many bashful excuses on the part of the sentimental Jim, when urged to favor the company with the said song, Mr. Jones proposed that they should keep him in countenance by all singing together. This agreed upon, the whole troupe burst into a chorus of melody, which so encouraged and inspired Jim, that he was afterwards enabled to perform his solo, with a banjo accompaniment, in a manner which brought out uproarious applause from the audience.

Then came more conundrums, and then more vocal and instrumental music, accompanied by some really comical acting.

"I don't wonder Fitz Dingle boasted he had the best Bones in this or any other country!" said George, laughing till the tears ran down his cheeks. "Look at the fellow!"

After Dandy Jim had melodiously informed the audience that he was "the best-looking nigger in

Digitized by Google

the country, O!" and the remarkable fact that Nellie Bly was in the habit of shutting her eye when she went to sleep, had become pretty well established,—and Susannah had been pathetically entreated not to weep for the young man who was going to Alabama with his banjo on his knee,—there was a lull in the songs and conundrums, which was presently enlivened by a new arrival.

A very tall and slim, and very awkward plantation darkey entered upon the scene, staring about him in a way which indicated inexperience of the world. Some coarse jokes passed between him and his more polite and better-informed brethren; when, after walking around them, and staring with stupid wonder at their coat-tails and shirt-collars, as if he had never seen fashionably-dressed darkeys before, he wished to be enlightened as to that "quar, long-handled skillet with strings," which Dandy Jim held in his hand. His thirst for knowledge was gratified by the information that it was a banjo. He then wished to know "what it was fer;" at which simple questions Bones seemed in imminent danger of turning himself inside out with excessive merriment. Dandy Jim, by way of explanation, obligingly touched a string. At the first note, the electrified questioner leaped—his length of limb proving favorable to the movement—half across the stage. At the second note, he leaped as far in another direction. At a third touch,—which Dandy Jim ventured, reckless of consequences,—he jumped completely over Bones, who keeled from his seat to the floor in shrieking hysterics, and came up chattering and gibbering and snapping his eyes, more like a terrified ape than anything human.

Dandy Jim gradually passed from his staccato prelude into a lively plantation jig, which carried the long-limbed leaper with it into a dance, which made George and Jack nudge each other hard.

"He 's the new man!" "It 's Goffer!" they whispered to each other.

It was now his brother artists' turn to be overcome by wonder and admiration, which Bones, particularly, illustrated by some very laughable performances. He hopped about the dancer like a toad; now stretching up tall to look over him, now crouching low to look under his feet, and even getting leaped over two or three times when curiosity carried him too far. All the while he kept up an amusing accompaniment with his clappers, which advanced with cautious clicks or rattled with starts of astonishment, or whirled off in fits of insane rapture, expressive of the mixed emotions of his soul.

The new-comer wound up by snatching the banjo, and picking the strings to his own dancing; which feat so overcame Bones, that he tumbled flat upon his back, and clappered and kicked with legs and arms in the air.

"That 's good," commented George, when the dance was near its conclusion; "but it is n't *you!*"

"It 's great jumping, but not what I call ——"

Jack had got so far in his criticism, when a young man touched him on the shoulder, and said that Mr. Fitz Dingle would like to speak with him.

"Wait here till I come back," he said to George, and followed the messenger.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FITZ DINGLE AND THE COLORED MINSTRELS.

JACK was taken around the hall by the outer circle, then through a little corner door into a passage beside the stage. Glancing through openings in the wing, he could see the artists still at their antics; and he came near running against the tall Mr. Goffer, who had just come off.

"Beg pardon!" said Jack, who "felt queer" (as he afterwards told his friend) on finding himself in personal contact with a being who seemed to him a sort of embodied fiction,—a creature who did not belong to the actual world.

"No harm," replied Goffer, fanning his blackened face with his plantation hat. "Where 's Fitz Dingle?"

"This way," said a voice farther on; and Jack caught sight of the hooked nose and comical eye at the end of the passage. The other eye was twinkling with great satisfaction,—at Goffer, however, not at Jack.

"How was it, eh?" said Goffer, as Fitz Dingle took them into the company's dressing-room.

"Capital! a decided hit!" said the manager. "For a first appearance—good! very good! What do *you* say to it?" turning to Jack.

"I thought the whole performance very entertaining," Jack replied.

"Of course. I knew you would be delighted. My show, in its characteristic features, has n't its equal in the world; I say it boldly,—not in the civilized world. In its peculiar features, you understand. What part pleased you most?"

"Oh, Bones I think the funniest fellow! I never saw anything so ludicrous!"

"Bones is a finished artist—a great genius!" said Fitz Dingle. "He is an entertainment of himself. But there 's one difficulty—the public are used to him; and what a show like this needs is variety—novelty—surprise. Goffer is a surprise,—though, between me and you" (lowering his voice, and glancing at the tall artist, who had walked off to a looking-glass), "he aint a great genius like Bones; he won't last like Bones; I shall be obliged to supplement him—follow him up with some new

Digitized by Google

attraction. Sir!" said Fitz Dingle, expanding his soiled white waistcoat, and putting on a fierce, pompous look, "you 've no conception of the vast amount of thought it requires—the talent, the tact, I may say the genius" (touching his forehead)—"to keep up an entertainment like this. The public sees the splendid result; but the public does *not* see—the public is blind" (he stuck his bad eye very tightly

"THE TALENT, THE TACT,—I MAY SAY, THE GENIUS."

together, as if to represent the public vision)—"blind, sir, to the intellectual power, and the vast strain upon the intellectual power, behind the scenes."

Jack, anxious to come to business, interrupted this harangue with, "You wrote me that your Triangle was sick."

"Yes; gave up this afternoon. A very useful man—not brilliant—good fair tenor—consumption, I'm afraid—and that put into my head an idea," Fitz Dingle rattled on. And he proceeded to unfold the said idea, while Jack listened with reddening cheeks and downcast eyes. "What do you say, young man?"

"I'm afraid I never could!" said Jack. "I don't mean playing the triangle, I think I could do that,"—for Fitz Dingle had produced the instrument, and shown how simple a thing it was for a person with a "good notion of time" to learn to play it,—"but the other part!" and Jack shook his head, laughing at the ridiculous suggestion.

"There 's no doubt about it whatever!" Fitz Dingle declared. "You can adapt yourself. I 'll see to everything. Only you put yourself under my direction. Attend our rehearsals the rest of the week, and give your whole mind to the business; then I 'll make a special announcement of you for next Monday night, when your engagement and pay will begin."

"What is the pay to be?" Jack inquired, poising the triangle in his left hand, and touching it softly with the striker.

"Three dollars a week at first, with a chance of three or four times that amount in as many weeks, in case you prove a big success, as I 've no doubt you will."

The temptation was too great to be resisted by an enterprising lad in Jack's straightened circumstances; and the bargain was closed.

"Now, if we could get a fresh hand, to make us up a little dialogue,—something rich and sparkling, you know,—for your daybew, ——"

"My what?" queried Jack.

"Excuse me. I forget you 're not a professional. 'Daybew'—first appearance." (French, *début.*) "You 'll soon catch the terms. I 've generally arranged the jokes and conversations, with a little assistance from Bones and Dandy Jim. But our stock is getting rather threadbare, and I 'd give a good price for something new and racy."

With the instinct of true friendship, Jack had constantly, in his thoughts, connected George with his own advancing fortunes; and now he eagerly caught at an opportunity of turning the new position of affairs to his friend's advantage.

"The young fellow you saw with me,—he is an author; writes for the magazines and newspapers,—prose, poetry, stories, songs—I don't know what else; he could get you up something."

"Is he a joker?" inquired Fitz Dingle.

"Capital!" said Jack. "He is always making puns and conundrums;" which was, indeed, the truth. although it has not been developed in these

Digitized by Google

pages, for the reason that what is funny enough in jocose conversation, is too apt to appear flat in print.

"Bring him with you to the rehearsals," said Fitz Dingle. "If he is up to the business, no doubt I can give him highly lucrative employment. In short," he added, with the usual swell and flourish and peeling open of the comical eye, "put yourselves under my direction, and you are sure of large incomes; I may say fortunes,—fortunes, young man!"

The first part of the performance was now over, and during the intermission the room was thronged by the minstrels, lounging about, talking in their natural tones, and perhaps touching up their faces with burnt cork. The contrast of their easy and quiet behavior, with their artificial complexions and grotesque costumes, struck Jack almost as funnily as anything they did on the stage. Bones was especially an object of curiosity to him; and he was much surprised to find that incarnation of buffoonery the most serious and gentlemanly person of the troupe. Dandy Jim alone seemed inclined to carry the tricks and grimaces of his assumed character into private life.

Jack walked about on the stage while the curtain was down, and talked with Fitz Dingle and Goffer, and even enjoyed the high honor of exchanging a few words with that eminent person of genius, Mr. Bones. Seeing the proprietor applying his good eye to a little hole in the curtain, through which, himself unseen, he could survey the audience on the other side, Jack went and took his turn at the aperture. A misty sea of faces was before him; and it must be owned that a curious feeling came over the boy, at the thought of his appearing before such an audience on the following Monday night.

He saw George sitting alone, and looking rather melancholy down in front; and wished he could make himself seen by him through the eyelet. But just then Fitz Dingle touched him on the shoulder. Looking around, he perceived that the minstrels had already taken their places, in readiness for the second part of the performance. The bell tinkled, and Jack's heels had just time to disappear in the wing when the curtain rose.

Chapter XXIV.

PEN AND PURSE.

GREAT was the astonishment of George, when his friend returned to the seat beside him, and told him, in gleeful whispers, the result of his interview with Fitz Dingle.

"But I never can write negro talk!" he said, smothering his laughter.

"This is n't negro talk," replied Jack, "but only a kind of made-up lingo. You can catch it, and then make up some more, as well as anybody."

George did not say whether he thought he could or not. But he now regarded the minstrels with fresh interest; and on the way home, and for hours after he got to bed, his brain teemed with dialogues and songs, with which (as he fondly hoped) future audiences in Bowery Hall were to be kept in a roar.

At ten o'clock the next day, he went with Jack to the rehearsal, and showed Fitz Dingle a few things which he had jotted down.

The professional eye sparkled with satisfaction.

"Excellent! Capital! You 've got the idea, exactly. It only needs working up. You 've dramatic talent, too,—why, here 's a very good dramatic situation! I believe, after a little study and experience, you can write us a play, a regular low comedy piece,—hits at the times,—interspersed with songs and dances—appropriate parts for all our artists!" And Fitz Dingle puffed and glared and winked his good eye, and closed and peeled open the funny one, in the enthusiasm kindled by these fertile suggestions of his genius.

George was greatly encouraged; and he began at once to think of writing something which should not only suit Fitz Dingle, and divert the public, but also serve to elevate the character of the performances at Bowery Hall.

"I believe," thought he, "that an entertainment need not be too broadly burlesqued, in order to be amusing; and who knows ——?" his mind wandering off in a splendid, but rather vague, vision of future success and usefulness.

The rehearsal was nothing like what the boys had thought it would be. The minstrels did not take the trouble to black their faces, or change their clothes, or even their manners, for the occasion, but appeared much like common place mortals, met together to talk over a dull matter of business. Nobody would have believed that the serious man with the clappers in his hands, who languidly went through his part, like one but half awake, was the inimitable mimic, the inspired Bones, of the night before.

"Now, my lad," cried Fitz Dingle, approaching Jack, after the new things for the evening's performance had been arranged, "I want you to show the gentlemen what you can do."

Jack modestly took a position near the centre of the stage, and waited for Mr. Jenkins (the Dandy Jim of the previous night) to get ready his banjo and play an appropriate air. George stood near by, anxiously watching him, while Fitz Dingle and his artists were grouped around. The dance began

Digitized by Google

rather quietly, and George feared his friend might have caught too much of the careless spirit of the rehearsal. But gradually Jack warmed up to his work; his face became animated, his attitudes agile and jaunty, and every movement alive with a lithe grace and gayety; so, with hand on hip, or flung airily above his head, he went through with his marvelous double-shuffle, and, at the close, bowed laughingly at an imaginary audience in the hall.

Fitz Dingle clapped enthusiastically; others nodded approvingly; and the serious Mr. Bones was heard to remark, at George's elbow, that a young fellow who could do that could do anything. Only Goffer, it was observed, made no sign, but walked off, looking melancholy.

After that, Jack touched the triangle to the music of the banjo, and found that he could easily master that instrument of sweetly tinkling sounds. Then he and his friend went home, highly elated with the result of the forenoon's business.

In the afternoon, George called at the office of *Upton's Literary Magazine*, and met with a cordial reception from the dashy young editor.

"Pretty good story," said Mr. Upton, taking the manuscript from a pigeon-hole over his desk. "Will make about five and a-half pages. I shall try to get it into our next number. Not in the June—that is already in type; but the July."

So at last George had got one article really accepted by a paying magazine! It was a great event in his history; at least, it seemed so to him then. The editor's manner had prepared him for the welcome news, and he was not visibly excited by it; only a glistening of the eye and a tremor of the lips betraying the inward relief and satisfaction which he felt.

"Do you think I can write something else for you?" he quietly asked.

"Yes; good short stories. And it has occurred to me that you can write us a novelette, to run through, say, half-a-dozen numbers. I see you 've got what few young writers have—an idea of character. Your 'Old Backwoodsman' is first-rate. Perhaps a trifle too Leatherstockingish (you 've read Cooper, I see), but not enough to do any hurt. You 've dramatic talent, too; did you know it?"

"So I 've been told," George replied, with a smile, remembering the words of Fitz Dingle.

"Suppose you try your hand at a novelette, and let me see the first chapters; I can tell whether you hit the nail on the head. Good, lively stories, full of humor and human nature—plenty of incident, good plot, and all that—are rare in the market; and I believe you 're up to just that sort of thing. What do you say?"

George said, that with such encouragement, he should like extremely well to try his hand at the work proposed. And he left the editorial presence with a heart so light that he seemed to be treading on air.

He scarcely knew which way he walked, but turned his steps instinctively towards his favorite place of resort,—the Battery,—where the sight of the green grass, and the trees, and the dashing water, and the bay enlivened by ferry-boats and sails, might well bring refreshment to the heart of a country boy in town.

There, under the powerful stimulus of knowing that his talents were recognized, and that something was wanted of him, George thought of the subject, and of some of the characters and scenes, of a novelette for Mr. Upton, which he determined to begin without delay. It was to be a story of pioneer life, embodying some of the early settlers' adventures with the Indians, which he remembered to have heard related in his childhood.

The shilling which had been earned by carrying a trunk, was now boldly invested in foolscap, and the front attic of Mrs. Libby's house assumed a decidedly literary aspect. George commenced "Jacob Price, the Pioneer," and divided his time between that and the work he had undertaken for Bowery Hall. It must be owned that the romance was much more to his taste than the dialogues, and that his interest in these was kept up only because they promised a present gain, while he could not expect pay for his magazine articles until they were published.

As Saturday night was drawing near, when the boys would have to pay another week's board in advance, if they staid at Mrs. Libby's, George did not neglect the newspaper offices, where he had hoped to raise a little money on his poems and sketches. He met with no success. He found editors willing enough to print his articles, but not to pay for them. And even Fitz Dingle, who had a sharp eye for his own interests, turned only the dull one (provokingly stuck together) to the boys' necessities, which they respectfully laid before him.

"It 's against my rule," he said, "to pay anybody a cent in advance. If I should break that rule, my whole troupe would come down on me. Everyone would want assistance. My business would be ruined. Artists (between ourselves) are the most improvident set of men in the world."

It was not so clear to the boys that a loan of four dollars, to relieve their immediate distress, would involve Bowery Hall in ultimate disaster. But men who have at heart no principle of action will often insist most strenuously upon one which they find it convenient to assume. And so Fitz Dingle, who might have told the boys truly that he could

Digitized by Google

not always pay what he actually owed, chose to put them off with a pretence.

Chapter XXV.

PROFESSOR DE WALDO AND MASTER FELIX.

On Saturday, as George was retiring from a newspaper office with a rejected manuscript, a stranger, with a smiling countenance, and in seedy apparel,—his coat buttoned to his chin,—followed him out.

"You are a writer, I believe," said the man, accosting him at the foot of the stairs.

"In a humble way," George admitted.

"On the contrary," said the man, with a flattering smile, on a lean and not very prepossessing visage, "I think you are a very good writer;" and he bowed deferentially, placing his hand on his chest, across which his coat was tightly buttoned.

George, who was in no mood to be trifled with, and did not quite like the stranger's manners, asked what means he had of forming such an opinion.

"From your talk with the editor, up stairs. He made a great mistake in rejecting your piece. I think it was because you wanted pay for it."

"I think so, too," said George.

"Allow me to glance at it. Excuse the liberty," said the man, with a skinny smile, "but I am—ha—a little in the literary line myself."

"An author?"

The man pleasantly shook his head. "Guess agin."

"An editor?" said George, reluctantly giving the manuscript.

"Neither," replied the man, politely receiving it. "Ah! I see you are indeed a ready writer. Would that I had the wings of a dove, and that mine enemy had written a book!" he added, softly and sweetly, though somewhat irrelevantly, as it seemed to George. "I am Professor De Waldo."

"Indeed?" said George, because he did not know what else to say.

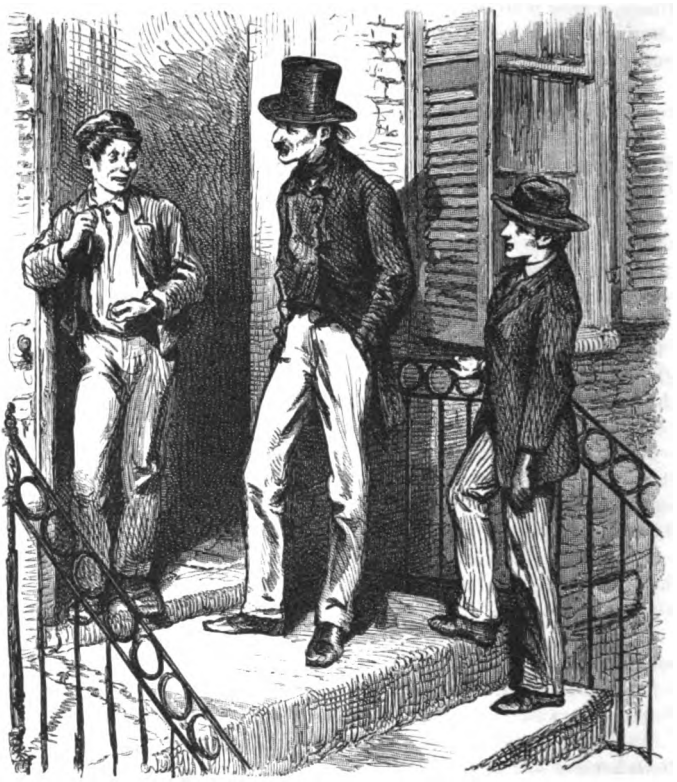
"Professor of Biological Science and Mesmerism. You write for money. I am in the way of getting things wrote, which I pay money for. I think we can trade. Thank you." And Professor De Waldo returned the manuscript with a bow, adding, "Remarkably fine, I am sure!"

George now became interested, and wished to know what he could do for the Professor of Biological Science and Mesmerism.

"I have to lay my discoveries before the public. In a condensed and cheerful way,—no long-winded treatise, you understand,—in short, a hand-bill."

"I know nothing about Biological Science or Mesmerism," George objected.

"Not necessary. Come to my room. I 'll give you the ideas, and you shall put 'em in words.



"ANY CALLERS?" ASKED THE PROFESSOR.

Something in this style." And Professor De Waldo showed him a soiled slip of printed paper,—evidently the advertisement of some quack doctor,—which he wished to have imitated.

George saw that it would not require much professional knowledge or literary skill to write such a document; and with a smile, he said he thought he could do it.

"How much will it be worth to you—a paper about the length of this?" he inquired.

"Fix your own price; money is a small consideration with me," answered the professor, loftily.

Digitized by Google

But George, who was to undertake the job solely for the money it would bring him in (just as he would have undertaken to carry trunks or dig potatoes), required a rather more definite statement of terms.

"O, five or ten dollars,—not less than five; but we 'll arrange that without any trouble. The laborer is worthy of his hire," said the liberal professor, "and I am one that had always druther pay too much than too little, especially to literary men. Come with me."

He took George to a somewhat shabby-looking house on Murray street, in the doorway of which stood a shabby-looking lad, amusing himself by blowing peas through a tube, at some doves in the gutter.

"Any callers?" asked the professor of this youthful marksman.

"Nobody but the furniture man," the boy replied, with a grin. He blew a pea, and added, "He brought his bill again, for the sofa-bed."

"Never mind about that," said the professor, shortly. Then, turning to George, "This is my mesmeric subject,—Master Felix,—a very remarkable clairvoyant. Walk up stairs."

Preceded by the professor, and followed by the mesmeric subject, George went up one flight, to a gloomy back room, lighted by a single window that looked out in a narrow court between high brick walls.

"Take a seat here at the table. I 'll give ye the pints while you write 'em down. To begin with—Master Felix, tell the gentleman how you happen to be with me."

"The professor was lecturing in our town," began the boy, preparing to blow a pea out of the window.

"Put up your pastime, and 'tend to business," said the professor. "I was lecterin in your town, was I? And what town was that? Be explicit. Facts is facts."

"Chester, Pennsylvania," said the boy, stooping to pick up a pea he had dropped.

"On the Delaware river; a very old and very respectable town," added the professor. "Any person"—he made a sweeping gesture with his hands, and stood as if addressing an audience—"any person or persons doubtin' the facts of this very wonderful case, can easily satisfy themselves by takin' the slight trouble of runnin' down to Chester, and makin' careful inquiries—too much care cannot be took in such matters—of any number of people, includin' three clergymen and five physicians, whose names I shall be most happy to furnish. I was lecterin in the place, to a remarkably large and intelligent aujence, when this young gentleman —— But tell your own story." Seeing the tube still in the boy's hands, he muttered in a gruff undertone, "Put up that pop-gun, or I 'll smash it." Then added, blandly, aloud, "Tell your own story, Master Felix."

"I was in the back part of the hall, when you was lecturing, and I felt your magnetic power, and marched down the aisle, and up to the platform—at least, so they tell me; for I never knew how I got there."

"No; and you did n't know how you read with your eyes bandaged, and told what was in the pockets of the gentlemen in the front seats—one thing being a lock of a young lady's hair in a letter, which the young man was very much ashamed, and the aujence amused. You did n't know it; and why?"

"I suppose, 'cause I was under the influence."

"Because he was under the influence," repeated the professor, still addressing George as if he were a large public assembly. "And why, Master Felix, have you been here with me ever since?"

"'Cause I could n't help it; felt drawn to ye. If the professor is miles away," said Master Felix, in his turn addressing the audience, "I feel him, and can't be easy, partic'larly if he wills me to come to him; then I have to go."

"No matter how dark the night, or how thick the bandages on his eyes, if I will him to come to me,—wherever I be,—he comes. Is that so, Master Felix? A most marvelous clairvoyant!" the professor went on; "can pint out lost or stolen articles, and prescribe for all kinds of diseases with most astonishin' success. The medicines I have prepared under his direction, is the most extraordinary now in use."

George glanced from the professor to the mesmeric subject, and said he thought it quite likely.

"I 've lectered and given public exhibitions with this boy in a great many places," continued De Waldo; "and now we open here next week, with private settins in this room, to which the public is respec'fully invited. What I want is somethin' takin', for a hand-bill—somethin' to excite curiosity, and bring in the crowd. And now for the main pints, which you can fill up from your fancy."

George took down the "pints," and said he thought he could have the paper ready that evening.

"Very well," replied the professor; "then this evenin' you shall have the cash for it; five dollars if it 's good, and ten dollars if it 's very good. Now, put in the big licks,—make it flamin', ye know, and, above all, good-natered,—for, whatever else ye may call me, I 'm the best-natered man in the world. Master Felix, show the gentleman down stairs."

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

A TOAD.

By Elizabeth Akers Allen.

Close by the basement door-step,
  A representative toad
Has made, all the sultry summer,
  His quiet and cool abode;
And the way he bumps and bounces
  About on the area stones,
Would break every bone in his body,
  Except that he has no bones.

When a man is cringing and abject,
  And fawns for a selfish end,
Why they should call him a *toady*
  What mortal can comprehend?
Since for resolute independence,
  Despising the courtier's code,
And freedom from mean ambitions,
  There 's nobody like the toad.

I know how strongly against him
  Some popular whimsies go;
But the toad is never vicious,
  Nor silly, nor stupid, nor slow.
Stupid? Perhaps you never
  Noticed his jewel eyes?
Slow? or his tongue's red lightning
  Striking the darting flies?

Oh, but the mouth he carries
  To make its dimensions clear,
One longs to describe it briefly,
  As reaching from ear to ear;
But that no Professor of reptiles
  Is able (so far as appears
In books upon kindred subjects)
  To locate batrachian ears.

No matter how stern and solemn
  The markings about his eyes,
The width of his mouth preserves him
  From wearing too grave a guise;
It gives him the look (no matter
  How sad he may be the while
Or deep in profound abstraction)
  Of smiling a chronic smile.

His ponderous locomotion,
  Though brimful of nerve and force,
And well enough here in the area,
  Would n't do for a trotting-course;
Too modest to run for Congress,
  Too honest for Wall street's strife,
His principles all unfit him
  For aught but a virtuous life.

A hole in the ground contents him,—
  So little he asks of fate;
Philosopher under a dock-leaf,
  He sits like a king in state.
Should a heedless footstep mash him,
  In gravel absorbed and blent,
He never complains or grumbles,—
  He knows it was accident.

No drudging scribe in a sanctum,
  No writer of prose or rhyme,
Gets through with so much hard thinking
  In the course of a summer-time;
And if sometimes he jumps at conclusions,
  He does it with accurate aim
And after mature reflection,—
  Would all of us did the same!

But what will he do this winter,
  In the wind and snow and hail,
With his poor soft, unclad body
  Unsheltered by wings or tail?
He cannot go south, poor fellow,
  In search of a milder air,
For spring would be back triumphant,
  Before he was half-way there!

But what are his plans for the future,
  Or where he intends to go,
Or what he is weighing and planning,
  Are things we shall never know.
He winks if you ask him a question,
  And keeps his own counsel well;
For in fact, like the needy knife-grinder,
  He has never a story to tell!

Digitized by Google

FIRE-CRACKERS AND THE FOURTH OF JULY.

By William H. Rideing.

A good many elderly people are afflicted with dreadful head-aches on the Fourth of July; but I suspect they don't mind it very much, for in every puff of blue smoke that wreathes itself under their noses, they see a boy's or a girl's happy face.

It is a queer custom, this setting-off of fireworks, but it is observed in many countries; among others, in England on the Fifth of November, in China on New Year's Day, and in South America on all suitable and unsuitable occasions. As you know, the Fifth of November is the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot, in which a sad scamp named Guy Fawkes schemed to blow up the House of Parliament, with all the members, great and small, inside. But the plot was discovered and defeated, and the patriotic people of England still celebrate their escape. On every anniversary of the day they have fireworks and bonfires, and the boys burn effigies of the traitor. I have seen a capital Guy Fawkes made with a broom-stick, a ragged old coat, a battered old hat, and a penny paper mask. Boxes of matches, squibs, and crackers were secreted about his ugly person, and then he was carried over the town in an old chair, with a chorus of noisy youngsters following after and singing:

> Gunpowder plot shall never be forgot,
> As long as old England stands upon a rock!

When he had been paraded through all the streets, and reviled, and pelted with stones, he was planted on the top of a bonfire for a throne and burned, amid the splutterings and fumes of the crackers and squibs hidden in his dress.

In the Southern States, as those of you who live there know, Christmas Day is the great occasion for fireworks, and then there is as much desire for crackers and pin-wheels as in the North on the Fourth. In China, the almond-eyed natives fire off their crackers on New Year's Day, as I have said, and travelers state that the noise continues from early morning until midnight, without the least intermission. It is not the children alone who enjoy themselves; men and women share in the amusement with just as much zest as the youngsters. In South American countries, such as Chili and Peru, a friend of mine, who lived there, tells me that fireworks are introduced at every festival, and especially at those of the Church. The people derive a frantic sort of pleasure from them, and set them off in broad daylight and at all hours of the night. He is an enthusiastic fellow himself, and I am not sure that he does not exaggerate a little, but he says that he has seen a sane business-man leave his office in midday and go into the street to send off a rocket. During church services also fireworks are displayed, so there is a perpetual Fourth of July. Perhaps some of you think it would be nice to live in such a place; I don't.

What I want to tell you in this sketch, however, is about the manufacture of fireworks. The other day, I bought three packages of crackers, all manufactured in China, and paid eight cents each for them. You know how they are packed—in white straw paper, with a crimson label bearing an inscription printed in gilt characters. Well, when I

A PACK OF FIRE-CRACKERS.

got home, I began to wonder what the inscription on the margin meant. I am not a learned person, so I asked a Japanese student who understands Chinese to translate it for me. As the centre of one label is filled with the outline of an eagle, the pack evidently is designed for young Americans. And the wonderful-looking characters proved, after all, to be nothing more than an advertisement of the dealers, reading, when translated, as follows:

> Our office is in Ou Sen, and we make the best kind of fire-crackers. Please copy down the advertisement, and we hope there will be no mistake.

Digitized by Google

THE TWO CHINAMEN.

On the second pack are figures of two Chinamen, and the following inscription in Chinese:

The original store is now at the Square of Kau Chin, and we set before the public beautiful articles, including fire-crackers, made by ourselves. We hope our customers will write down the advertisement and remember.

On the same pack the address of the firm—pronounced, Man Puku Do—is given; translated, it means: "Ten thousand Prosperity Chambers." On the third pack there is the outline of a dragon, and in English, on the label, "Crescent Chop.—Superior Fire-crackers." Perhaps I was a little disappointed in finding that the outlandish characters had not something to say more significant than these things; but my interest was aroused, and I looked further into the matter. I went to the store of the largest importer of fire-crackers in America, and mentioned your names—the readers of ST. NICHOLAS—to him.

I could not have had a better introduction, for he immediately took me into his confidence, and gave me some valuable facts, which I repeat here for your benefit.

In each of the packs I had bought, there were eighty crackers, so that I obtained two hundred and forty in all, for twenty-four cents. Could anything be cheaper? It scarcely seemed possible, but the importer told me that in China the wholesale price of each pack is only two cents, which includes the exporter's profit. For considerably less than one cent, then, a Chinaman makes forty of these little rolls of paper, fills them with the ingredients, and strings them together. Most of them are made for large firms in Hong Kong, by the peasants in the suburbs during their leisure hours, just as the poor people of Germany and Switzerland employ their spare moments in making watches and toys. They are brought to America, packed in boxes containing forty packs each, in sailing-ships coming by the long and stormy passage round Cape Horn, the southern extremity of South America. The dealers could not afford to pay for the freight of them, or a ship, loaded with nothing but fire-crackers, might often come over; so they are used as ballast in vessels where the cargo consists of silks and teas. As nearly as the importer could guess, ten million packs are brought to America and sold every year.

MAN PUKU DO.

He next lighted a candle and led me into a dark cellar. Here there were stored, from the floor to the ceiling, numberless small boxes. Outside, they looked precisely like tea-chests, wrapped in paper of a brownish-green color, and stamped all over in black with Chinese characters. Another wrapper made of straw matting enclosed the paper, and was securely fastened by ropes of plaited straw.

"These are all sold," said the importer, "and as soon as the canals open we shall begin to send them out."

He also showed me a lot of card-board boxes, containing ten packs of a thousand torpedoes each. No torpedoes are imported. There are several German families in the suburbs of New York who

THE DRAGON.

Digitized by Google

make them almost exclusively, and supply the market.

My inquiries about fire-crackers led us into the subject of fireworks generally, and the importer

SIFTING AND MIXING MACHINES.

told me that about seven firms in America sell $500,000 worth in a year. There 's a pretty story to tell our parents! It takes a great deal of pocket-money, to be sure, and there are better ways of spending it; but I am not writing a sermon, and you must think the matter over and decide for yourselves.

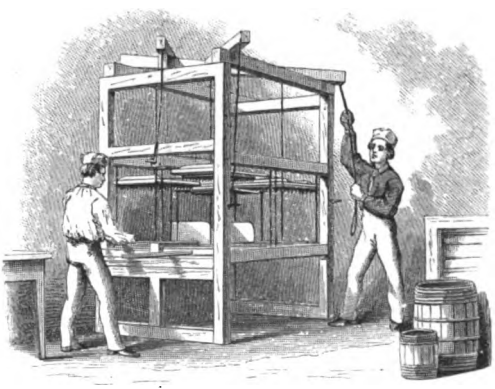
From the importer's office, I went to a large firework manufactory at Middle Village, Long Island. The business is not all done in one great building, as you might suppose, but is distributed between nearly twenty small ones, all of them separate, and some of them scarcely more than sheds. This arrangement is to prevent a fire from spreading, in case one should break out. As I crossed the yard with one of the proprietors, he pointed to a solid-looking chest, with heavy iron doors.

"That," he said, "is our powder magazine."

It stands alone on a plot of ground, and no light is allowed to approach it. At the other end of the yard is the wood-room, where are stored bundles upon bundles of sticks for rockets; tin cans for colored fires; round wooden boxes for "mines" and "batteries;" tripods for a new kind of rocket that is held by three sticks, instead of one; discs of every size for "pin-wheels;" small frames for "triangles," and large frames, reaching to the ceiling, for "exhibition pieces." You must bear in mind that such designs as American flags, eagles and ships are not called fireworks; a pyrotechnist distinguishes them as "exhibition pieces." Some of these cost over fifty dollars each. The workman binds lengths of paper tubing to the slender frame, and when the match is applied, the whole design is ignited by a swift train, and a fiery star-spangled banner is streaming in the air. The fireworks made in the greatest number are Roman candles and rockets. Three hundred and sixty thousand one-ball candles are made by one firm every year.

Not far from the wood-room, we come to the paper-room, which contains twenty-five tons of paper, to be used in fireworks. Some of it has been rolled into boxes and tubes, and much more is stored in sheets, reaching the ceiling. Next door, is the mixing-room, where we find the head of the establishment at work in a leather suit compounding ingredients for a lot of Roman candles. He is a chemist; and when we asked how he learned the secrets of his business, he told us that when he was a small boy in England, and engaged in another trade, he acquired a taste for chemistry, as applied to the manufacture of fireworks. In a small out-house of his father's, he spent all his leisure, experimenting and burning himself, and frightening his poor mother out of her wits. When he emigrated to America he had a chance for himself, and at once chose to be a firework-maker.

In opposite corners of the same room are two machines, one used for sifting, and the other for mixing. They both look alike, and are very simple in form. The saltpetre, sulphur and charcoal are first placed in the sifting machine, where they are tossed about in a rotary sieve, the fine portions falling into a tray beneath, and the lumps remain-



MACHINE FOR CUTTING STARS.

ing in the netting above. When this has been done, and the lumps have been powdered, the ingredients are placed in the mixing machine, and are here rolled and rolled about for five or ten minutes, when they are fit for use.

While we were present the chemist and his assistants were busy preparing a mysterious composition of several pale colors. What do you think

Digitized by Google

it was? Stars for Roman candles and rockets. It was rolled into cakes about half-an-inch thick and about two feet square. A man then came in and carried it off to another room where there was a machine for cutting it into little lozenges. The largest cakes were deposited on a brass plate, full of little holes. Meanwhile, another workman was standing at a rope, which held up a second plate, with a number of nipples corresponding with the holes, and this gradually descended on the composition, pressing it through the holes on to a tray beneath, where it arrived in round and smooth bits. Five hundred stars are made by the machine in ten minutes.

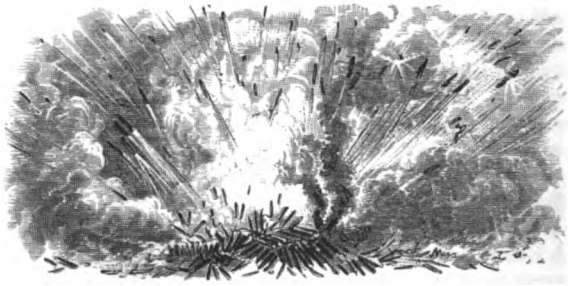
They have a room in the establishment which is used only for the storage of stars. There are long rows of shelves, occupied by small barrels painted different colors, corresponding with those of the stars they hold. Some of them are also marked by letters such as these:

Y. R. S.–R. R. S.

which mean, "yellow rocket stars," and "red rocket stars." Forty barrels of white stars alone, each containing many thousand, are used every year. Here the proprietor also showed me an immense iron mortar, which discharges one thousand five hundred stars at a time; and then he led me into a work-room, where several boys and girls were employed. Generally, only one kind of fireworks is made at a time, and on this day the hands were confined to Roman candles.

At one bench in the work-room there was a pyramid of card-board barrels, about six inches long and one inch in diameter. Into the bottom of these, four boys were pouring small quantities of finely-powdered clay, ramming it well in, and then passing the barrels to a man, who poured in a charge of gunpowder, and rammed that in too. When all this had been done, a second workman took them in hand, adding an explosive composition to the contents, and afterwards dropping in two stars and sealing the whole with some more composition. Some girls at the other end of the room finished the business. They took the common brown paper barrels, wrapped them in silver and gilt and fancy-colored paper, and so beautified them that I wondered if the men who had done the clumsier work could recognize them.

In another room two strong men were packing the completed fireworks for transportation to all parts of the country. It was yet spring, but these great wooden boxes, filled with "scrolls," "mosaic filigree," and "flower-pots," were already sold to dealers for trade with our lads and lasses on the "glorious Fourth."



THE HOME SERVICE.

By M. D. Brine.

Grandpa hears the church-bells ringing
On the holy Sabbath morn.
Poor old grandpa! he is aged,
And his strength is sorely worn.
So, within his chair he 's sitting,
With his grandchild round him flitting.

But the childish eyes discover
That his gaze is churchward turned.
Precious child! her heart is thoughtful,
Tho' she be not wise or learned,
"Dear old drandpa, *don't* be sorry!
Mate a minister of Florry."

Digitized by Google

Soon the Bible, large and heavy,
  Lies upon the little knee,
Upside down; but Florry, singing
  Little hymns so earnestly,
Never dreams but that *her* preaching
Equals all the church is teaching.

Good old grandpa! he is happy
  With the little singer near;
Now, "I want to be an angel"
  Sweetly falls upon his ear.
But—what 's this?—the church is closing;
Tired grandpapa is dozing!

NIMPO'S TROUBLES.

By Olive Thorne.

Chapter XIV.

NIMPO'S BRIGHT IDEA.

Days came and went,—each day seeming longer and bleaker than the last, in spite of what Mrs. Primkins described as "more mischiefs and goings-on than there were hairs on a cat's back,"—when, at last, Nimpo received a letter from her father.

Rush eagerly leaned over her shoulder as she read it aloud:

My Dear Little Daughter: I suppose you think it is about time we came home. So do we, and we hope to start in a day or two ——

"Oh, goody!" shouted Rush. Nimpo fairly danced for joy, waving the letter like a banner in her hand. Then she hugged Robbie, and told him mother was coming, and settled down to finish the letter:

I had occasion yesterday to go down Maiden lane, and I thought how pleased you would be to be with me. Maiden lane is a long, narrow street running out of Broadway. Here are located various stores filled with wonderful things. Whips and tops and balls, that would delight Rush and Robbie beyond measure. Walking-canes that can be changed into chairs in two minutes, and large wax-dolls with eyes which can be opened or closed at pleasure, ——

"Oh dear!" sighed Nimpo. "I wish ——" Then she went on:

which, of course, a young lady almost in her "teens" would not want. [Nimpo drew a long sigh.] I saw rocking-horses large enough for a boy of ten to ride on, ——

"Oh, I *hope* he 'll bring me one!" said Rush, fervently.

and boats with sails that can be spread by pulling a string.

"Oh, I 'd rather have the boat!" interrupted Rush again.

"Do let me finish the letter," said Nimpo, reading:

But I 'll tell you all about these and many other things when I return. Your mother is very well, and sends word to have Sarah notified of our return. Be a good girl, and mind Mrs. Primkins.

"Humph!" said Nimpo.

Your affectionate Father.

The first thing that Nimpo did, after reading the letter over twice, was to rush up stairs and cram every one of her things into her trunk.

When, at last, she went to bed, after telling the good news to everyone she met, she tumbled and tossed and could not sleep, and, finally, a bright idea came into her head. It was too bright to keep to herself till morning, so she got up, and, hastily wrapping herself in a blanket, went to Rush's door.

"Rush, are you awake?" she said.

"Yes," said Rush. "I 'm so glad the folks are coming that I can't go to sleep."

"Neither can I," said Nimpo, going in and sitting down on the foot of Rush's bed. "And I 'll tell you what I mean to do to-morrow. I mean to go and see Sarah, as mother told me in the letter; and I 'm going to have her come up and bake bread and things, so as to have something to eat when they come."

"Oh, that 'll be grand!" said Rush, eagerly, sitting up in bed; "let 's have sponge cake and mince pies!"

"Oh, no," said Nimpo; "just bread and cookies, —oh, and pumpkin pies, and, perhaps, doughnuts."

"And we 'll go down there and see her make them, and have some!" said Rush, excitedly.

"Of course, we 'll go down," said Nimpo; "but we wont eat the things,—only, perhaps, a cooky or doughnut."

"Oh, yes," said Rush; "they 're so nice hot. Old Primkins never gives a fellow one. Hers aint nice, either."

"Thank the fates, we 've got 'most through with Mrs. Primkins," said Nimpo, warmly. "For my part, I never want to see her again."

"How nice it 'll be to be home," said Rush; "seem 's if I could n't wait two days longer. I wish it was morning now."

"So do I," said Nimpo; "but it never will be if I sit here." So she went back to bed.

Digitized by Google

In the morning, Nimpo and Rush started through the woods to go to Sarah's, for they could n't think of going to school on such a joyful day.

As they came near, they heard singing, and Nimpo whispered:

"Let 's go up softly. I guess Sarah 's singing, and it 's real fun to hear her. We can hardly ever get her to sing."

So they stole up to the door and looked in. There sat Sarah on a low stool before the fire, rolling from side to side, in a kind of ecstasy, beating time with her hands, and singing, to the most unearthly, wailing tune:

O, come 'long Moses, you wont get lost,
Let my people go,—
With a lighted can'l' at yo breast.
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, 'way down in Egypt's land;
Go an' tell ole Pharo fur to let my people go.

"Keep still," whispered Nimpo; "there 's lots more of it." Sarah went on:

O, take y'r shoes from off y'r feet,—
Let my people go,—
Walkin' in de golden street.
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, 'way down in Egypt's land;
Go an' tell ole Pharo fur to let my people go.

Just then they heard the whole family returning from the woods, each one with an armful of brush. Sarah heard them too, and came out. She started when she saw her white visitors.

"Lor'! how ye scairt me! Y'r ma done came home?"

"No, but she 's coming," shouted Rush, joyfully.

"Go 'long now," responded Sarah, doubtfully; while Nimpo drew nearer to her, with a happy "Yes, she is. And, Sarah, I want you to come down and bake some things before she gets home, to surprise her, you know."

"Sure nuff," said Sarah, "there wont be a bite to eat in the house, an' I 'spect 't wont hurt none to run a broom through it."

Nimpo looked guilty.

"It 's mussed up some, and looks real lonesome," she said; "but you come to-morrow, and I 'll help you get things in order." Sarah grinned.

"Go 'way now! I reckon I haint done forgot how to clar up yet,—not yet I has n't! I 'll be up the fust thing. Shall I make up a batch o' pies? Punkins is good now. I done made some powerful nice ones yesterday."

Rush grew radiant.

"Come in 'n' take a bite," said Mrs. Johnson's hospitable voice at the door. "Sarah does make oncommon good pies, 'n' you 've had a 'mazin' long tramp."

They needed no urging, and in a moment each one received in the hand a rich golden block, cut from a square tin.

"Sarah," said Nimpo, standing in the door and eating hers, "Mrs. Wilson's dog tore up one of mother's damask towels."

"La sakes!" said Sarah, holding up her hands. "I jes wish I 'd a-cotched him at it! He 'd ought ter have a crack over the head nuff to beat his bref out! But how did he get y'r ma's towel?"

"I forgot it one day, and left it out-doors," said Nimpo, humbly. "We played Log House, and I had it for a table-cloth. Oh! and I tore mother's white shawl."

"Lor' now! I spects ye 's been up to no end o' shines since y'r ma's bin gone," said Sarah. "I hearn tell that Mah'sr Rush here done runned away."

Rush looked sheepish.

"La sakes! that 's nuffin," broke in Mrs. Johnson, who had sympathy for boys. "'Most all likely young fellars done run away oncet. 'Pears like ye aint gwine to eat noffin," she went on, as Nimpo refused a second square of the generous pie.

Nimpo laughed, and told her she had n't eaten anything so good since her mother went away.

"Pore chile!" said Sarah, who thought no trouble in life was so bad—at least for white folk—as not having nice things to eat. "I 'll come up to-morrow, 'n' make some despret nice ones."

"Sarah, wont you tell us a story before we go?" said Nimpo, coaxingly.

"I 'll show ye somethin' ye never saw, I reckon," said Sarah. "The day's work 's all done put away. Mebby the chillen will show ye how we dance down Souf whar we come from. Come, chillen, sing "My Ole Mah'sr!"

After some urging, the four older children got up into the middle of the room, while the rest of the family, with Nimpo and Rush as spectators, sat around the edge.

"You sing, Sarah," said her sister. So Sarah began singing, to one of their doleful airs, these words:

My ole mah'sr built a house,
Fifteen stories high;
An' ebry room in dat dar house
War filled wid chicken-pie.

At this point, the dancers, of whom there were two boys and two girls, locked arms in pairs, each boy and girl looking opposite ways, and whirled round and round while all sang this chorus:

Hi diddle O jump candy, jump candy, jump candy!

Here they suddenly changed arms, and danced the other way, singing:

Hi diddle O jump candy,—hi diddle O, diddle E!

Digitized by Google

Then they stood in a row clasping hands, and all sang.

Row, brothers, row!
I 'm lookin' fur a pretty little boy,
I 'm lookin' fur a pretty little boy,
To feed him on sugar an' tea!

Then Sarah began again:

My ole mah'sr went to town
On a load o' peaches;
The horse run 'way 'n' broke his cart,
Smash it all to pieces.

Then they locked arms again and danced, and sang the same chorus over again.

Nimpo and Rush were charmed with this performance; as soon as it was over, they thanked the children heartily, and after a few more words with Sarah, hurried away. It was high time, Nimpo said, to go home to Robbie.

CHAPTER XV.

THE INDIANS!

BRIGHT and early the next day, Nimpo, Rush and Robbie went to the house, and before they had time to unlock the door, Sarah joined them. Such a shout as they gave as they burst into the hall! The little Rievors were like wild creatures escaping from a cage; but, strange to say, liberty had been the cage in this instance, and the home-walls, once so confining, seemed to send the very joy of freedom into their hearts. While they were capering about, and Robbie, in his delirium, was performing the daring feat of jumping from the bottom step of the stair to the oil-cloth, Sarah slipped away to the kitchen. There the children soon found her, up to her elbows in flour, and with a look of "now I 'm at work" on her face. She was no longer Sarah the story-teller, but Sarah the cook, and, like all good cooks, rather cross to children. So Nimpo went meekly up stairs, and took a book to read, while Robbie got out all his blocks and played on the sitting-room floor, and Rush went down to the store as usual. Just about noon, Rush came back.

"Nimpo," he said, "let 's red-head pins."

"We have n't any sealing-wax," answered Nimpo, shutting her book, for the story was growing dull, and, besides, she was beginning to want some of the good things that sent up savory odors from the kitchen.

"I have," said Rush. "I found a piece down at the store, and Cousin Will said I might have it."

"Well," said Nimpo, taking the wax, which he held out, "get some pins, and we 'll do it now."

Rush snatched his mother's cushion off the bureau, and ran down just in time to see the wax laid on a handy place on the kitchen stove.

"What you gwine to do?" asked Sarah, who, now that the baking was off her mind, was as pleasant as usual.

"Going to red-head pins," answered Nimpo. "If you 've got an old darning-needle, I 'll make you a lovely shawl-pin."

"'Pears like I had one," said Sarah. "I mos' allus has one stickin' in the wood 'side o' the winder."

And she went into her room to see.

"Yes, here 's one," said she; "but yo be kereful 'bout that ar. I 've heerd tell of settin' a house afire that a way."

"Oh, we 'll be careful," exclaimed both the children.

"I 'm gwine to clar up the chambers now, an' there 's a bite fur ye on the dining-room table," said Sarah.

Then, arming herself with broom and dust-pan, and tying a gorgeous yellow cotton handkerchief over her head, to keep the dust out of her hair, she marched off up stairs.

Nimpo and Rush hurried through with the red-heading business, and rushed in to lunch. They found fresh crisp doughnuts, delicious pumpkin-pie, and a pitcher of milk; and they thought it a lunch fit for a queen.

After they had eaten all they could, and, in fact, emptied the table, they still sat there, talking over the delights of being at home once more, and wondering how other boys and girls could be contented to live with their parents.

"There 's Anna Morris," said Nimpo. "Her mother 's real cross, I think; and she 's never pleasant like our mother. She 's always working in the kitchen like fury. She never says 'Good morning' to me; but always hollers out, 'Wipe your feet!' I don't see how Anna can bear her."

"Yes," said Rush, "and Johnny Stevens' mother,—she whips him if he only falls down and gets muddy some. She keeps a stick over the clock, and if he does n't wipe his feet, or comes in muddy or with a hole torn,—how can folks help that, I 'd like to know?—she just takes down that stick and beats him."

"I should think he 'd run away," said Nimpo, indignantly.

"He 's awful 'fraid of her," said Rush.

This little village that I 'm telling about was one of the quietest and dullest towns you ever heard of; but it had one pet horror, and that was—Indians! It was not a very long time since they had been seen prowling around in the woods, and even coming to the farm-houses for something to eat. And the old settlers, who now sat in the corner by the fire, and smoked or knit,—according to their sex,—had plenty of horrible stories at their tongues' end, and delighted to tell them to groups of eager

Digitized by Google

youngsters, who enjoyed having their hair stand up with horror as well as some of you do now-a-days.

You may be sure that Nimpo and Rush were often to be found where there were stories to be heard; so they had their minds filled with the frightful things which are told of the savages.

On this day, when they were still sitting at the table, talking about other people's mothers, and Sarah, who had just come down stairs, was busy near the window, suddenly the door burst open, and a full-grown, frightful-looking Indian bounded in, with a war-whoop or some other unearthly yell, brandishing his tomahawk in the most threatening manner, as though he meant to scalp them all in a minute.

"A FULL-GROWN, FRIGHTFUL-LOOKING INDIAN BOUNDED IN"

Sarah gave a dreadful scream and scampered into the cellar. Nimpo, quick as thought, snatched Robbie and dashed into the pantry, instantly putting her back against the door, and bracing her feet against the flour-barrel. In a second, Rush bounced against the door, kicking violently and shouting, "Let me in!"

"I'll *never* open the door!" said Nimpo, desperately. "Go somewhere else."

"I think you're real mean!" said Rush, running to the cellar-door, and trying to get in there. But Sarah held that equally tight, and told him to "Go 'way dar."

Meantime, the Indian, amazed at the fright he had produced, for Robbie was screaming violently, spoke in his natural voice:

"Here, Nimpo, Rush, it's nobody but me—Cousin Will! I've just dressed up! Sarah, don't be such a goose. Robbie, come and see me; don't cry. Open the door."

Nimpo heard Rush laugh faintly, and say slowly, "Why, Cousin Will!" and then she opened the door a crack. There stood the awful figure, but talking to Rush in Cousin Will's voice; and on looking closely at his face, she could see, through the horrid stripes of paint, that it was, indeed, no other than Will.

Then she came out. pale and trembling still; but she had to soothe Robbie, who could n't bear to look at him, and Sarah utterly refused to open the door. She could not so easily be reassured.

The dress was that of an Indian chief, and Will—who delighted in startling people—had borrowed it, to try its effect on the children; but he had no idea of scaring them out of their wits.

I can't tell you just how the suit was made, but it was of gay colors, and had a long fringe down each leg and arm, that, when he danced and waved his arms, flew about and made a strange, wild appearance. Then his face was painted in gaudy stripes, and five long feathers stuck out from his head.

After this valiant exploit, Master Will—who, it must be confessed. was hardly more than a great

Digitized by Google

over-grown boy—made a raid upon Sarah's freshly-made store of good things, while Rush and Nimpo looked on in dismay, wishing that Sarah would come and "put a stop to it." But Will escaped unseen, though Sarah was angry enough when she discovered what he had been doing. They could hear her muttering for a long time about "po' white trash," and "scarin' a body's wits out," and "stuffin' 's tho' he never had nuffin," and so on.

"Rush," said Nimpo, after awhile, "let 's get the fires ready to light, so it 'll look pleasant when father and mother come. It 's cool in the evenings now, you know."

"Well," said Rush.

So they went out to the wood-shed, and brought in small sticks and kindling and dry chips.

"I 'll fix the parlor fire," said Nimpo, "and you fix the sitting-room; and then we can light them the minute the stage stops, and it 'll all be in a blaze before they get in."

These fires were built in open fireplaces, such as, I fear, you young folk have never seen, excepting, perhaps, in some old-fashioned country kitchen. Large sticks were laid across andirons,—or fire-dogs, as some called them,—and on these Nimpo made a splendid pile of fine sticks, with a handful of shavings underneath. One match would set the whole in a blaze.

Meantime, Rush, with Robbie's valuable assistance, had made the same preparations in the sitting-room, and Sarah had put the finishing touches to the house, which was now in good order from attic to cellar.

"Now I 'm gwine home," she said soon afterwards, coming out of her room with her shawl. "Mind ye come arter me the minute y'r ma comes."

"I expect it will be to-morrow," said Nimpo.

"I don't. Folks never gits home when they spects to," said Sarah.

CHAPTER XVI.

COMING HOME.—CONCLUSION.

THE next afternoon, when it was nearly time for the stage, the three children went down to the house, with clean clothes and faces, and hair in a wonderful state of smoothness.

Nimpo and Rush took matches in their hands to be ready, and Robbie climbed up to the window to watch. After long and tiresome waiting, they heard the driver's horn, and knew that the stage was coming round the corner. So both of them lighted matches, though with excited, trembling hands, and set fire to long paper lighters which they had prepared. And then they stood and held them, and gazed at the approaching red stage, ready, on the least sign of drawing up at the door, to stuff the torch into the shavings.

But, alas! it cruelly drove by, and Nimpo was so surprised and grieved, that she held her paper till it burnt her fingers.

Disappointment is a hard thing to bear, and slowly and sadly the children locked up the house, and walked back to Mrs. Primkins.

That lady stood on the steps, and something like a smile came round her mouth, though it felt so little at home that it did n't stay long.

"So your folks did n't come, eh?"

"No," said Nimpo, with a choking in her throat.

"Woll, I did n't expect 'em a mite; people 'most always get hendered on the way; likely they 've had a storm on the lake, too. You better unpack your trunk now, and stay another night or two."

Poor Nimpo had locked and strapped her trunk, sure that she should never open it again at Mrs. Primkins', and now she could n't even go to bed without getting out nightgowns and brushes. It was almost as bad to unpack that night as it was on the first day, when she was so disappointed.

The next day was fearfully long; it did seem as though school would never be out, and several times Nimpo thought the clock had stopped.

But evening came, and again the eager watchers lighted their torches and awaited with fast-beating hearts the heavy roll of the lumbering wheels. They *knew* they would come this time.

But again the hateful stage rolled by with no sign of stopping.

Robbie began to cry, and Nimpo felt very much as if she would like to cry herself, while Rush suddenly had pressing business in another part of the house.

However, they once more walked sadly back to Mrs. Primkins'.

"You 'll make out your week yet," was her greeting; "here it is Friday night, and if they don't come to-morrow, they 'll wait till Monday,—and that 'll be just five weeks to a day."

"They *must* come before Monday," said Nimpo, greatly disturbed, for Mrs. Primkins' cool way of speaking made it seem the most natural thing in the world for them to stay a week or two longer.

"If wishes were horses then beggars would ride," was Mrs. Primkins' irritating reply. "Wishing and hoping never brought anything to pass that ever I see in my experience. Waiting 's the thing for us to learn. Likely your ma 's stopped over to see somebody."

"If they don't come to-morrow, I never *can* wait till Monday," said Nimpo, excitedly.

"Hoity-toity! I guess you 'll have to," said Mrs. Primkins, mockingly. "You 've got several

Digitized by Google

things to learn yet, my lady, though you 're 'mazin' wise in your own conceit."

Nimpo felt that she could not stand another word, so she went on up stairs. But on the way she made a resolution:

"If they don't come to-morrow, I 'll get Sarah down to the house, and stay there till they do come. I *can't* stand it here another day."

But happiness was close by. The next morning, before they were out of bed, there came up the attic stairs a joyful sound, although it was Mrs. Primkins' voice:

"Children, your folks is comin'."

With a glad cry, Nimpo sprang out of bed, and tried to dress; but never were buttons so stubborn, nor hooks and eyes so clumsy; never did strings get so tangled, nor hair so snarled; it seemed as if she should never get her clothes on. And there was Robbie calling excitedly for her to dress him too.

As for Rush, he jumped into his clothes—as a boy will—and was down stairs and half-way home before Nimpo was ready to begin on Robbie.

At last, however, enough buttons were adjusted to hold the clothes on, and without stopping to pack the trunk again, Nimpo and Robbie set off on a run for home.

Before they were half-way there, they met Rush, wheeling a wonderful little wheel-barrow, which mother had brought for Robbie.

Robbie could not get by that, and Nimpo let go of his hand and rushed on alone.

In a moment she was, to her surprise, sobbing in her mother's arms.

"Oh, mother! I 'm so glad you 've come!" was all she could say.

"Then you prefer home to boarding, after all, do you, dear?" said her mother, kissing her.

"Oh, mother!" Nimpo broke out penitently, "I 've had nothing but trouble since you went away! I 've got into more scrapes than ever in my life before! I 've spoilt your black alpaca dress, and torn your white shawl, and—and—I can't tell half the mischief we 've done!"

"Well, never mind now," said Mrs. Rievor; "you can tell me by and by. Now come and see what I have brought you."

And she led Nimpo into the parlor, while Mr. Rievor, who stood in the doorway, waiting for Rush and Robbie, thought complacently of his wife's improved health and the evident change for the better in his little girl.

I shall not tell you of Nimpo's presents, and the book of poems; for, glad as she was to get them, they were nothing when compared with the best gift of all--her home and her mother.

THE END.

THE LITTLE RED FEATHER.

(Translated by "PLYMOUTH ROCK," from the French sketch published in our April Number.)

WAS it not unfortunate? Once it had been worn to go to church every Sunday, to skate on the pond on week-days, and, even to the last, it went to school every morning, and it was found on all the smart little hats in the dressing-room, with the wings and pompons. But now, alas! it has disappeared from Gertrude's dismantled hat, and it lies abandoned on the floor in the midst of the rubbish, and—can it be true? Yes, it is about to be swept up with the rubbish, and in another minute thrown into the stove.

"All is ended," sighed the poor little red feather.

But at the same moment little Kitty ran and glanced at the box where the sweepings were kept.

"Oh! stop, Norah!" cried she. "I want that feather,—I want it for my doll's hat. She is going to be married."

So the little red feather was saved, and was worn by a bride. She wore it at her wedding; she wore it out walking, and when her husband became a soldier, he also wore it in his cap during the grand review.

"And now," said little Kitty, "I am going to take the feather and make it good for writing. It looks to me precisely like a little red goose-feather; and I know that grandfather can make a pen of it to write with."

In fact, the grandfather could do it, and he did it, and, in all your life, you have never seen such a pretty little red pen.

"Now, you must write a letter with this pen," said the grandfather.

Kitty then wrote a little letter, in straight lines, and with punctuation, and sent it down to Norah in the kitchen. Norah sent a reply by Phil, Kitty's little brother. The reply was an apple tart which

Digitized by Google

had just come out of the oven. The children seated themselves in a corner, and did honor to the collation; for they ate it all.

"Now, let us go up into the garret," proposed Phil. They immediately set about collecting the games, the dolls, the balls, the dishes, the trumpets, the carriages, and all the objects serving for playthings that they could find, including the little red feather. Then they went up merrily to the attic, and chose for the field of their manœuvres a large space of unoccupied floor, which was lighted by a narrow dormer window. Then they formed streets and built houses with blocks. The dolls lived in the houses, and all the animals of Noah's Ark were pastured in the streets.

"Here is a little red pine-tree," cried Phil, seizing the red feather and planting it firmly in a mere crack of the floor.

So now it was a little red pine-tree; and how proud it felt! The camel and the elephant came to lean against it, and a long file of tin soldiers were placed all around, whilst Kitty and Phil blew the trumpets.

"Kitty! Kitty! come down!" cried a cheerful voice at the foot of the stairs. "Your mamma says that you can come to my house to tea."

"Oh, it is Nettie Haven!" cried Kitty, who felt beside herself with joy. "She wants me to go to her house to take tea. There, now! I will carry the dolls, and you take the rest, Phil!"

Kitty descended the stairs on a run to find her friend.

During this time, Phil, going more slowly than his sister, filled his arms with blocks, soldiers and animals; put the balls in his pockets, and took the trumpets in his mouth. He immediately followed Kitty, but he forgot to bring the little red pine-tree.

The latter remained then in the garret and waited. It waited all night and the next day, all the week, and all the following week; but the children did not come.

It is still there, a little red pine-tree in the middle of a dry plain. It remains standing there, and thinks of life.

Formerly, it was a white feather in the wing of a bantam cock, and shook proudly in the poultry-yard. Then it underwent great changes; became a red feather in a red wing, and traveled about on Gertrude's hat. Then, from change to change, it has happened that its destiny is now to be a little pine-tree, abandoned in a desert.

But it will not be always thus. Before long, the joyful children will go up into the garret to give themselves up anew to their plays, and you may be sure that they will not leave this little red feather standing any longer in the crack. Its adventures will begin again. So this is the best thing to do, to keep itself quiet while it can, and to profit by delivering itself to meditation.

The above is not a perfect translation, but it is very good. A press of matter prevented its insertion in our June number. The names of many translators of this sketch were published last month. Translations have since been received from Irene S. Hooper, Marion Merrill, Laura Tomkins, and Scott O. McWhorter.

The translation of the Latin story in the June number will be published next month, when we expect also to have a French story.

Digitized by Google

POMPEY AND THE FLY.

"I WONDER," thought Pompey, the dog, "what that fly will do when he gets to the top of that board? Will he jump off, or fly off, or just stop? What a lot of legs he has! Or, perhaps they are arms. He has too many for such a little fellow. I am glad I am not a fly." And the fly, who

Digitized by Google

was looking backward at Pompey, thought to itself, "I wonder why that dog is sitting there so still? Why does he not climb up a board? I am glad I am not a dog."

THE MOUSE AND THE BUMBLE-BEE.

THERE was once a bumble-bee who used to go every day to gather honey, and as he was the most of the time away from home, he could not keep his house neat and tidy. So he got a motherly-looking old mouse to keep house for him. The next day, after the mouse had finished her morning's work, and was out of doors to get a breath of fresh air, a mud-dauber came along. He said, "Good morning, Mrs. Mouse! What are you doing here?"

She answered, "I am keeping house for Mr. Bumble-bee."

"Can I come and live with you?" said the mud-dauber.

"Oh no!" she replied. "We cannot have anyone who daubs mud around the house." So he went away.

Then came a rat. "How are you, Mrs. Mouse?" said he. "I would like to live with you."

"No, Mr. Rat, you cannot," said the mouse, "for you will eat our cheese and gnaw our table-cloths." So the rat went away.

He had just gone, when a large grey hen came along. She also asked the mouse if she might live with her.

The mouse said, "What can you do, old hen?"

The hen said she could lay a fresh egg every day. So the mouse told her she might stay. The hen soon found some straw and laid an egg. The mouse went to a neighbor's house and got some cheese. Just then, the bumble-bee came home with some honey. So they had a fresh egg, some cheese and honey for dinner, and they were all well pleased.

Digitized by Google

HOW do ye do, young folks? Gather close, my dears, and we 'll discuss things in general:

WILD TURKEYS AND PECAN NUTS.

IT 'S the greatest wonder to me that the wild turkeys down in Texas don't choke to death every day of their lives. No, I don't mean exactly that; but my children will understand me when I tell them what the creatures live on. A knowing bird from that part of the world told me all about it.

All through the grazing lands of Texas, it appears, the wild turkeys congregate in great numbers. They go to their roost in single file, hundreds of them on foot, or, if flying, on a sort of hop, skip and jump, touching the ground and running a step or two every minute. They live altogether on pecan nuts, and swallow them whole at that. You 'd think this would kill them; but, no, it makes them fat and flourishing. These pecan trees, low and spreading, are something like our Northern oaks, but they are not half so large.

Unfortunately for the poor turkeys, the pecan nuts make their flesh very sweet and tender, and so the sportsmen are soon after them, tracking them to their roosting grounds, where they shoot them without mercy.

I don't like sportsmen. Give me the Bird-defenders.

MAD WOLVES.

TALKING of Texas, did you ever hear about the wolves they have there? They are ugly-looking fellows, but do not attack people unless provoked. They go mad more commonly than dogs do, and in that state will give other animals hydrophobia. I heard some army officers say that once when they were stationed in Texas, a mad wolf got into their encampment and bit six of their dogs. Poor dogs! There were twenty-four of them at that time in the encampment, but for safety sake, they were, every one of them, shot the next morning.

LOFTY LANGUAGE.

YOU should have heard the children laugh! They were all going to the brook for cresses, and little Maggie Palmer was telling them about a negro man that her mother had engaged during house-cleaning time. It appears he had once been a servant to a learned professor, and so had picked up any number of big words.

"Oh, girls!" said Maggie, "you just ought to have heard him! When mamma proposed to him to yellow-wash the kitchen walls, he stood up just like a dandy and said:

"'Miss Palmer, marm, if you 'll allow me to speak differentially about dis matter, white-wash would be appropriater, as discoloration of smoke and multifarious kitching gases is more conspícuouser on yellow-wash, marm.' And when mamma asked him what he would charge for white-washing the hall ceiling, he made *such* a bow, and said:

"'Can't say circumstantually, marm. The altitude of my charge, marm, will depend on the elewation of the walls.'"

OVER SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

IT was such an old, old newspaper!—all creased and torn and yellow, and yet the minister, as he unfolded it, handled it as though it were precious gold. He had finished his Sunday sermon, and was walking home from the meeting-house with his wife across lots. They came close by me, and stood still to look at the paper, talking about its being such a treasure, and how Sally should have it and take care of it after they were gone, and reading over the name and the date just as if it was a verse of poetry—*Washington Federalist, Monday, May 24th*, 1802. They were not young folk; but as nobody except me was around, he put his arm about her neck while she read one of its notices:

DIED.—At Mount Vernon, on Saturday evening laſt, MRS. MARTHA WASHINGTON, widow of the late illuſtrious GEN. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

To thoſe amiable and chriſtian virtues which adorn the female character she added dignity of manners, superiority of underſtanding, a mind intelligent and elevated.

The silence of reſpectful grief is our beſt eulogy.

BLUE STOCKINGS.

I AM always glad when the pretty little school-teacher walks down to our meadow with her girls, for there 's a shady mound close by where they often sit and rest, and then she is pretty sure to tell them something worth hearing. Here is the substance of a little speech she made the other day, when a quick-eyed little maid asked her what people meant when they called a lady a blue-stocking:

"About one hundred years ago," said the teacher, "one Mrs. Montague, who lived in London, introduced the fashion of 'conversation parties,' where ladies and gentlemen could meet and have pleasant and profitable chats. At that time card-playing was very fashionable, and cards were almost the only things talked of at parties; but sensible ladies were pleased with Mrs. Montague's new fashion of talking about books and art, instead of clubs and spades. Learned gentlemen, too, flocked to her parties. Johnson, the great author, was often present, and when he began to talk, the company would gather around him, four and five deep, drinking in every word he said.

"Among the gentlemen who came to these nice parties, there was a Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, who wore blue stockings, and so some of the small

Digitized by Google

wits of the day nicknamed the parties 'blue-stocking clubs.' Other small wits and critics took up the funny term, and soon the journals were full of long articles about 'blue-stocking clubs.' Many believed that the ladies who attended them wore blue stockings. After awhile, every lady who devoted a considerable portion of her time to reading was nicknamed 'a blue-stocking.' The silly term has come down to our day, and foolish people who want to be witty, even now sometimes call a well-educated lady 'a blue-stocking.' But, you see," said the teacher, smiling, "it is the gentlemen who ought to bear the name, if it is used at all, since a gentleman was the original 'blue-stocking.'"

GERMAN EMIGRANTS.

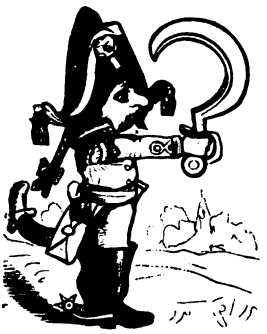
TWENTY thousand of them came over to America during four months of the year 1873—little yellowish fellows, with nimble legs, good voices and brave hearts.

To settle in the West?

Bless you, my dears! no; to settle on perches; to live in cages, and fill home-walls with music.

Their ancestors came from the Canary Isles, but they were born and bred in the Hartz Mountains of Germany, and brought over here in little bits of cages almost by the shipload. Be kind to them, my children.

ATTENTION, COMPANY!



NOW, this is n't going to be a general drill, nor a Fourth-of-July oration. It is just Jack's salute to the noble army of Bird-defenders lately started by ST. NICHOLAS, and now fast growing to be a thousand strong. All honor to the organization, says Jack, and a long life of usefulness to it!

TREES UNDER THE SEA.

I HARDLY know what to make of this. Lately I heard some travelers talking about having sailed in a boat over a forest of tall trees—some standing, some fallen, and all bare and dead. Yes, there they are, trunks and branches complete, away down under the waves, and so they are called submarine forests, *marine* standing for sea, and *sub* for under.

Where are these wonderful forests?

Why, pretty far away, I must admit; just off the coasts of France and England, the travelers said,—though I remember they did speak of one in the Bay of Fundy, if you know where that is.

At certain points, when the tides are very low off the English coast, and the water is very clear, the people sometimes go out in boats to look down under the water at the poor dead trees. And sometimes they see among the fallen branches the antlers of dead deer, and sometimes the fishermen hook up elephants' teeth.

How did the trees get under the water, or the water over the trees,—do you ask, my dears? Ah! knowledge is a wonderful thing. The travelers did n't explain the matter at all. Make haste to learn and tell me all about it.

A WORD FOR HORSES.

YOUNG gentlemen! Fourth of July is coming, and the American face of nature will soon be hardly more than one immense pack of fire-crackers lighted at all corners. So far, so good. It can't be helped, I suppose. But I want to put in a word for the animals, especially for the poor horses. Birds can fly up in the air out of reach, and dogs can slip into quiet corners, tails down, as they do, poor things! but horses often are hitched to wagons, and what not, and can't easily get out of the way. Now gunpowder, with its flash and its bang, is a trial to them. They 're afraid of it. It makes them quiver and tremble from head to foot, and if they don't run away from it, dashing their harness and wagons to pieces, it 's because they 're principled against giving way to their fears. Remember this, my boys: For once, you have the stronger animal at a disadvantage. Be manly, if you *are* free and independent.

A BIRD THAT CAN'T FLY.

WHAT should you think of a bird that could not fly? All the birds that I know can fly, even the hens, though they are rather clumsy about it; but I am told there are some that cannot. The Auks, belonging to a not very graceful family called *Alca (or Alcidæ)*, have such very short wings that they are of no sort of use to fly with. Their legs, too, are so short, and set so far back, that the poor things can hardly walk.

Then how do they get about and find their food? It was a good-natured Irish sailor who was talking about it, and he said that "all their walkin' was done by swimmin'." Their broad, webbed feet make the best of oars, while even their short stumps of wings are useful as paddles, and as our nautical Irishman said, "they get over the ground by swimmin', which is the best way for thim, seein' the ground where they live is mostly wather."

PATENT BUBBLES.

I HEAR that ST. NICHOLAS is advertising a patented thing, warranted to blow a hundred soap-bubbles. *Warranted* to blow them,—think of that, my children! as if the great charm of blowing bubbles were not the uncertainty of getting any at all! It makes me furious to think of the effect such a tool as this would have upon one's character.

Likely as not, these new-fangled bubbles, so blown, are warranted not to burst. Pah! think of it, ye youngsters who have made the real ones—the floating, picture-y, beautiful things that go out in a diamond twinkle while you are looking at them. Now, I 'll wager that these hundred bubbles of Mr. What-you-call-'im go rolling about the house until they are dusty. May be the children hurt themselves sometimes by stubbing their toes against them, and papa scolds the servants for allowing such dangerous things to lie around. Bubbles, indeed! If any of them come bumping against Jack, one of us will burst—see if we don't.

Digitized by Google

THE LETTER BOX.

HENRY B. C., who must have swallowed an encyclopædia in his infancy, wishes us to tell the boys and girls that "The glorious Fourth" is n't the only historical thing July has to boast of. England and Scotland, he says, were united on July 20, 1706; and the terrible French Bastile was destroyed on July 14, 1789. Besides these, he instances: Painting in oil colors invented by John Van Eyck, July, 1410; first newspaper published in England, July 28th, 1588; destruction of Spanish Armada, July 27th, 1588; battle of Boyne, in which William the Third conquered James the Second, July 1st, 1690; Braddock's defeat, July 9th, 1755; battle of Ticonderoga, July 8th, 1758; Revolution in Paris, July 3d, 1789; Union Act of Ireland, July 2d, 1800; Atlantic telegraph completed, July, 1866; Venice free, July, 1866. Moreover, he tells us that Archbishop Cranmer was born in July, 1489; Mary de Medicis and John Calvin in July, 1509; and among his long list of other July babies, we have Blackstone, the great legal authority, 1723; Klopstock, the eminent German poet, 1724; Mrs. Siddons, the famous tragedienne, and Flaxman, the painter, 1755—not to mention the father *and* the grandfather of Henry B. C. himself!

A LITTLE SYRACUSE GIRL, eight years old, "has a way" of making verses, her mamma says, and the mamma writes them down for her. We are not fond of encouraging such literary ways in our little folk, but may be the robins would feel hurt if we refused to show the the children her latest verses. So here they are:

THE ROBIN.

One day in early spring,
I heard a robin sing:
"*Tweet! Tweet! Tweet! Chippetty deedle dee!*"
And I thought how sweet it sounded,
As the cheery chirp resounded
Over hill and dell and tree,
"Tweedle dee!"

But a snow-storm later fell
Over hill and tree and dell,
And the robin (pretty robin!) flew away from me.
But when summer comes, and heat,
I shall hear his song so sweet:
"*Tweet! Tweet! Chippetty deedle dee!*
Tweedle dee!"

SUSIE.—The best thing that could happen to you would be just what you so dread,—"to be taken to China." You might get used then to what you call "the dreadful slits of eyes that the Chinese have, and those disgusting chop-sticks." In the very next sentence of your letter you say you never saw any chop-sticks. Then how do you know they are disgusting? They are not just like big drumsticks, as you imagine, but are little things about eight inches long, resembling a common pen-holder, and are made of bamboo or ivory. They come in pairs, and when in use are both held in the right hand, between the thumb and forefinger. Mrs. Nevins, a missionary's wife, who has written about China, says that the Chinese find as much difficulty in using knives and forks as we do in using chop-sticks. They can take up objects so small that they would fall between the tines of a fork, and they consider them much more suitable and convenient than any implement we use in eating. To their view, the use of chop-sticks is an evidence of superior culture; and they insist that the use of such barbarous instruments as knives and forks, and cutting or tearing the meat from the bones on the table, instead of having the food properly prepared in the kitchen, are evidences of a lower order of civilization.

We'll hope, Susie, that as you grow more charitable, some little Chinese girl will become charitable also, and feel willing to let us use our disgusting knives and forks a little while longer.

NED.—Your "Hidden Rivers" are too simple for the Riddle Box.

JOHN PERINE C. writes: "I was so much interested in Gertrude's letter about the clavichord and the origin of the name of piano-forte, that I think perhaps some of the boys and girls may like to be told something that I have since found out: The clavichord, like the piano, is played by means of keys, that strike the chords: and the name is derived from the Latin—*clavis*, a key, and *chorda*, a string."

ERNEST O. F.—We think "Seven Historic Ages," by Arthur Gilman (published by Hurd & Houghton), will give you just the information you need. It is a very small book, and is invaluable for all young students, especially for those who, like yourself, are "forced to study how and when you can, and always under difficulties." It will form a firm framework on which you may weave every shred of history that you are able to pick up.

New York, April 21st, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have something to tell that, I think, would interest your readers, which is the reason why I write.

I am employed in an office down here, in Wall street, where I am very often left alone; and sitting here, about two months ago, I noticed a little mouse come out of the lower cupboard of my desk and pick up a crumb and then run back with the crumb in his mouth. As soon as all the clerks had left, I opened the door, and there were four young mice and one old one, all rolled in a heap in an old map. I have fed them every day at just 12 o'clock since, and at 12 all five mice come out and run around my feet, and I can take them up in my hands and they will not run.

Is there not a flower called the *Victoria Regia*, and is it not larger than the *Rafflesia Arnoldia* mentioned in your May Letter Box?

I also want to join the "Bird army," as well as my brother and sister, whose names are Wally and Josie Stallknecht.

We all enjoy the ST. NICHOLAS very much, especially "Jack-in-the-Pulpit." His speaking of heliotropes reminds me of a mignonnette I saw in a florist's window. The bunch of flowers was nine inches long, and very fragrant; that is the largest mignonnette I ever saw.—With many wishes of success, I remain, yours affectionately,

H. SEDGWICK STALLKNECHT.

Yes, there is a very large flower called *Victoria Regia*, found in Guiana and Brazil. But while its leaves measure from three to six feet across, the flower itself does not equal in size the *Rafflesia Arnoldia*, which we may, therefore, safely name "the biggest flower in the world."

Utica, N. Y., May 4th, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your magazine very much indeed, and, though I know you are burdened with a great many letters, I thought I would write you to tell my experience in boatbuilding.

I have made a pleasure boat, something like one described in the August number of *Our Young Folks*, in 1872. I did not follow that exactly, as I did not want so large a boat, but I got my ideal from that. Any boy of fourteen, who has a knack at carpentering, can make one easily, and with very little expense.

Mine cost me just about ten dollars, boards, paint, irons, and all. If the boys have nothing much to do this summer vacation, I advise them to start a boat, that is if they live anywhere near a pond or river. They can sell it in the end, and make quite a little sum by it. I have had several offers for mine already, and intend to sell it and commence another this summer.—Truly yours,

A YOUNG BOATBUILDER.

THE BIRD-DEFENDERS.—Surely the birds will sing a gladder song this summer than ever before! Scores of boys and girls have joined Mr. Haskins' army,* pledging themselves not to harm or molest birds in any way, and still the names come pouring in. If we could give the notes sent by the young recruits, they would show how heartily in earnest the children are in this movement; but the Letter Box would not hold a tenth part of them. After giving one or two short notes, we must be content, therefore, with printing the new names.

Wilmington, Del., April 22, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS. I would like to tell Robbie Prather, through you, to please add my name to his list of Bird-defenders.

EDDIE H. ECKEL.

Canton, Stark Co., Ohio.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have seen that pledge in the May number of the ST. NICHOLAS, and we want to sign our names right away, and join Mr. Haskins' army of Bird-defenders; and we will

* For information in regard to Mr. Haskins' army, see December No. of ST. NICHOLAS, page 72, and Letter Box of Nos. 6, 7 and 8.

Digitized by Google

try and see how large a list of names we can get from this town.—Truly yours, (Signed)

Mary Morris, Katie Bachert, Lizzie Hill, J. M. Sholty, Cora Walcutt, Eva Ingram, Clara Palmer, Susie Kugler, Gracie Ballard, Elta Essig, C. W. Chapman, Ella S. Flohr, Lizzie C. Foreman, Annie M. Foreman, Mellie K. Frederick, Flora B. Becher, Edwin Smith, Orpha Stanley, Lettie C. Ingram, Katie Hayhurst, Maggie J. Becher, Nettie Skelton, Ernest Bachert, Willie Bachert, Harry Hill, Fannie Bachert, W. G. Owen, Anna Robinson, Mary P. Morris, Sallie Robinson.

Here comes a Brattleboro' girl with her list:

Brattleboro', Vt., April 30th, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have obtained the enclosed sixty signatures to the pledge about killing birds, printed in the May number of ST. NICHOLAS.—Yours respectfully, LIZZIE F. SCHUSTER.

BOYS.—Theodore Kirkland, Fred. Stevens, Walter Walker, Harry Miller, Gussie Gautert, Harry Wright, Freddie Howe, Neddie Hadley, Willie Ahers, Jonnie Drown, Eddie Atherton, Louis Horner, Harry Knight, Willie Devine, Willie Nash, Fred Hastings, Martie Austin, Hollie Reed, Jimmie Moran, Eddie Curtis.

GIRLS.—Merab Kellogg, Emma Fay, Nellie Goodrich, Mary Brown, Ann E. Brown, A. S. Higginson, L. S. Higginson, S. M. Bradley, J. P. Miles, Katharine Miles, E. B. Howland, S. C. Wells, M. E. Wells, May S. Cutts, Mamie Howard, Lizzie F. Schuster, Lillie Brooks, Alice Brooks, Annie Wyman, Emma Houghton, Emily Bradley.

BOYS AND MEN.—W. C. Bradley, J. D. Bradley, R. C. Bradley, C. F. Schuster.

MEMBERS OF CHACE STREET SCHOOL, BRATTLEBORO', VT.—Lina Holbrook, Ida Curtis, Addie Foster, Emma Dickinson, Lillie Ketting, Frederika Horner, Esther Thomas, Lucy Atherton, Minnie Baker, Mamie Howe, Emma Horner, Belle Smith, Hattie Alden, Fannie Guild, Katie Austin, Belle Guild, Louise Dennison, Annie Buggel, Nettie J. Knight, Teacher.

META GAGE, of the Sandwich Islands, writes: "I will join the army of Bird-defenders with heart and hand." And the same post brings the names of nineteen more boys and girls, who pledge themselves as Bird-defenders: Edward Seaman, Long Island; Hattie E. Alvord, of New York; Edith K. Harris and Mary A. Harris, of Grosse Isle, Michigan; Frank A. Taber, Poughkeepsie; John Fremont, Green, Minn.; Laura A. Freeman, Tadmor, Ohio; Roy Wright, Henry L. Morris, A. L. Williams, Edith Carpenter, Fanny Burton, Annie C. Pearson, Jeanie S. Pearson, Nellie E. Lucas, Minna Käsehagen, H Sedgwick Stallknecht, and his brother and sister, Wally and Josie Stallknecht.

ANSWER TO CHARL'S EXAMPLE IN JUNE LETTER BOX.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
P R O F I T A B L E.

ROBBIE HADDOW.—We are glad you are so much interested in Jack-in-the-Pulpit. Jack is full of fun; but he is careful, when he offers information, to give it correctly. You need never be afraid to "accept his facts."

"EXCELSIOR."—We are glad you are "going to study German, so as to translate the German stories in ST. NICHOLAS," but we cannot tell you how long it will take you "to be able to join in the fun." Study hard for five months, and then, probably, you 'll be able to tell *us*. We shall be much pleased to see your first translation.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: "I must write a letter to the ST. NICHOLAS," I said to mamma the other day, "and say how much I like the stories in it." Mamma said I might, so here is the letter.

Dear ST. NICHOLAS, you cannot think how glad I am when, every month, the postman brings you to me. I think I like "Nimpo's Troubles" best of all the stories.

I am eight and a-half years old, and I go to school. Every Friday we speak pieces, and last week I spoke the piece about "Sweetheart's Valentine."

I sometimes write little rhymes, and as mamma likes this best of them all, I send it to you. I wrote it a few days ago.

SPRING IS COMING.

Spring is coming, little children; Spring has come with fairy footsteps;
And hyacinths and crocuses are springing all around.
The warm, bright sun is shining,
And green grass-blades entwining,
And the snow is gone, and melted is the hard and frozen ground.
Do you know, dear little children, who has sent the joyous Spring-tide,
And the flowers, bright and blooming, to cheer us on our way?
'T is the good and kindly Father of a paradise above us,
And we children ought to thank Him for his goodness every day.

I must tell you how much I like the Roll of Honor. I have asked two little girls to subscribe, and they both say they will see. Is n't that nice? I am going to try some more.—Your loving little friend,
LOTTIE G. WHITE.

April 22d.

A MAN-KITE.—MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me how a kite in the shape of a man is made and rigged? If you are not able to oblige me, perhaps some of your readers would be able to do so. B. U.

ALDEBARAN.—You are right in regard to the signatures to rebuses. We are very glad that you appreciate the ST. NICHOLAS "Jingles" so highly, and we trust many other boys will see as clearly as you do the lessons that some of them are designed to teach.

ROBBIE N.—We shall give you a good "speaking piece" next month.

BENNIE S. COOKE, only eight years old, sends the editor a French translation, in his own handwriting, of "Red-top seeing the World," in the March number of ST. NICHOLAS.

Well done, Bennie! Many of our boys and girls have turned our French stories into English, but you are the first one who has turned our English into French.

SCRIBE'S WORD, AND OTHERS.—"Arrow" writes that Scribe's word in the May Letter Box must be "facetiously" or "abstemiously." Laura A. F. says it is "abstemiously," and she makes 780 good English words out of its letters, thereby beating Scribe, if her answer be correct; for he made only 250 words. "Bessie," of Lake Superior, sends the answer "facetiously," in the form of an enigma, in which "the next three-fifths of my third syllable is what Micawber used to pay his debts with;" and several others from various parts of the country echo "facetiously." Are they right, Scribe? Certainly the word fulfills your conditions of containing all the vowels in their proper order. "Abstemiously" has the same peculiarity, but it contains one more consonant than the other.

Ellen G. Hodges makes 180 words out of the letters of "Metropolitan," and Julia Bacon challenges the boys and girls to find more than sixty-three good English words in common use, in the word "Ecclesiastical."

THE CHERRYFIELD CAT.—Not long ago, we met with this paragraph in one of the New York papers:

AN AFFECTIONATE CAT.—Recently Daniel E. Nichols, of Cherryfield, Me., died, and shortly after the funeral the family cat, which Mr. Nichols had always petted, was observed for several nights to leave the house and return the next morning covered with mud. On following puss, it was discovered that she went directly to the grave, where she had dug a hole to the coffin in the endeavor to find her kind master.

Wishing to ascertain the exact truth in regard to this wonderful story, we wrote, as follows, to Cherryfield, enclosing the paragraph and addressing our letter, at a venture, to Mrs. Nichols.

DEAR MADAM: Is this account *literally true?* or is it one of the fictions that so often creep into the newspapers? You will oblige me very much by replying per enclosed envelope, and by returning the paragraph. Is the cat living, and what kind of a cat is it?—Yours respectfully, * * *

In a few days the reply came, and believing that it will deeply interest not only our boys and girls, but all persons who believe cats to be capable of real affection, we print it entire.

Cherryfield, Me.

DEAR MADAM: As you wish to know the truth in regard to what has been said about our cat of notoriety, I have no other object in view than the truth, so I will tell you of the circumstances, and you can judge for yourself.

The kitty was only nine months old when my husband died, and no one but himself ever petted her. From the commencement of his sickness she would go into his room daily, and stand and put her paws on the bedside and look at him until he spoke to her, and then would leave and not return until the next day.

After his death we could hardly keep her out of the room, but she

Digitized by Google

did not make any noise until he was buried. Then she began to search and cry about the house, and would lie down by his clothes or under his bed for hours, and she did so for the first week; the second week she would leave the house, and be gone all night at first, then she would stay longer—a night and day, and at the end of the week she would be gone two or three days at a time; and what made it strange to us was that she left a young kitten. We feared she was dead, because she had pined away to a mere skeleton before she left.

On her return home the last time, she came before we heard of the cavity in the grave. We noticed she was looking terribly rough and muddy, and were curious to know about it.

As soon as I heard of the state of the grave, I went to satisfy myself about the matter, being suspicious that it was the work of the cat during her absence. I found the hole newly filled, but on inquiry found it was about the size of a cat, and was dug entirely to the coffin. I was the more convinced that it was the cat, from the fact that she did not leave the house after, but continued her search and still refused her food; and I think she would have died, had not my son returned home from Massachusetts, and taken it upon himself to pet and nurse her, so that she is now living and has become like her former self. She has other remarkable traits—will not allow a child to be corrected without interfering.

You may say, after all this long account of the cat, that it does not prove that it was she that dug the hole in the grave. I know that: but did you know her as I do, you would not hesitate to believe it.

She is of the common sort of cats, and her color is light grey and white. I would not part with her, but yet I fear her sometimes. I would not have written as much, only that I wished you to know the circumstances, as you were so desirous to know the truth of the thing. You can judge for yourself. I do not doubt it in the least.—Yours respectfully, MRS. D. E. NICHOLS.

ISAAC W. HALL.—You will find the prices of the required tools given in the article on Wood-Carving, in the December number.

ROSINA EISEN, OF BERMUDA.—Your clever translation of "Jack Rytzar's Breakfas'," was received too late to be credited with the other translations.

BYRON R. DEMING, who lives in Arcata, the most western town in California, and so could not be on time, sent good descriptions of the fish in Mr. Beard's picture in our March number.

"BETSEY TROTWOOD."—As the *first* puzzle of your budget is not original, we cannot venture to put the rest in our Riddle Box, for fear that they, too, have been printed before.

"ELAINE," whose verse was printed in our March Letter Box, wishes us to state that the poem supposed to be sent by her mother, was forwarded to ST. NICHOLAS by another person, without the knowledge of either her mother or herself.

S. H. WHIDDEN—We are always pleased to receive *good and original* puzzles from subscribers.

Cambridge, April 28, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take your magazine, and read it, and like it.

I have got twenty-five hens, and they have laid, since June 22, 1873, three thousand eggs,—an average of twenty-one a day. I have got Brahmas, Leghorns, Dorkins, Cochins, Black Spanish, Houdans.

Yours truly, J. ERNEST FARNHAM.

Can any of our young poultry-raisers beat this?

JIMMY CHRISTIAN, W. L. Cowles, Minnie L. Gay, Nelly S. Colby, Anery Lee, Lizzie M. K., Roy Wright, Hetty Richards, "Pearl," F. E. D., Edwin E. Slosson, Remo, Libbie Van Doorn, Lily B., "Flo," Keziah, Claire, Julia, Lizzie L. Bloomfield, "Emerald," Paul De S., Harry F. Griscom, C. W. Perine, Frank M. Ulmer, J. P. S., V. G. Hoffman, Annie D. Latimer, Lottie G. White, W. L. Rodman, John R. Eldridge, J. McCormick, Netty Harris, "Pansy," Ellen G. Hodges, Louise King, Abner J. Easton, "Arrow," May S. Jenkins, "Gerty Guesser," T. E. D., J. F. G., and others:

Dear young friends, if we had space, we should be glad to print your notes in the Letter Box. As it is, we can only thank you warmly for your hearty and encouraging words, and rejoice in the genuine delight you appear to take in ST. NICHOLAS, and in the many ways in which it meets your special needs.

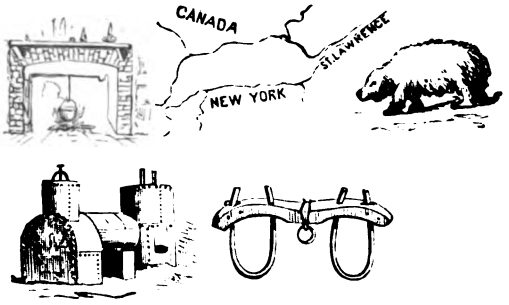
THE RIDDLE BOX.

A TRAGEDY.

(Fill the blanks by successive beheadings.)

THE driver gave abundant ——
That when he drove along the ——
He would avoid the rocky ——
And bring them safely home;
So happy-hearted Jennie ——
Rode fearlessly beside her ——
Till, luckless moment! they went ——
No more again to roam. J. P. B.

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.



CHARADE.

I AM composed of three syllables, of which my first is not quite sane; my second has to confess that it owns only three-quarters of a head; my third belongs to either a dish or a part of a gentleman's dress; and my whole is the name of a Jewish council. F. R. F.

PUZZLE.

YOU may make me a nickname,
May lay me 'neath your feet;
May place on me rare china,
Or mud from out the street.

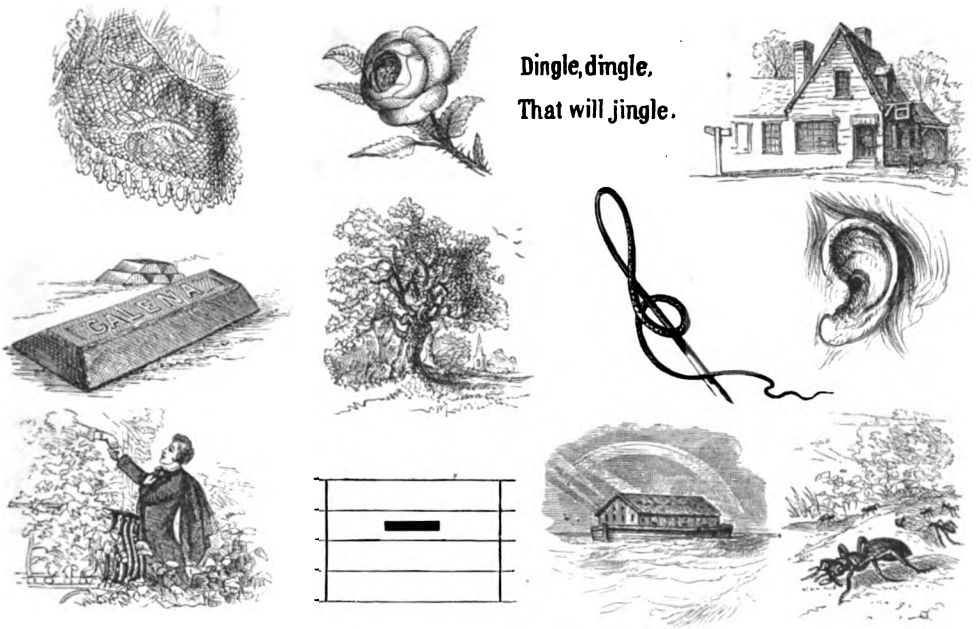
I 'm planted by the farmer,
Converted into bread;
Admit me to your temper,
All will your coming dread.

To win my last two portions
All men do much desire;
And though they may increase me,
Still more they will require.

My whole,—you 've guessed it, surely!
One of the "United States;"
And those who find it truly,
May bless their happy fates. M. D. N.

Digitized by Google

PREFIX PUZZLE.



(Prefix the same letter to each of these pictures, and make a word of it (twelve words in all).

CONCEALED SQUARE WORD.

My own love, stay, the choicest hours
Of passing day may yet be ours;
Hope stops to whisper in mine ears,
And drives away all lingering fears. A. S.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

(Every other letter is omitted.)

"P t c k p t c k b k r m n
S I o a t r s a t s c n
P t t n r l i a d a k t i h
A d o s n h o e f r a y n m."

RUTHVEN.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty-six letters. My 15, 20, 3, 7, 24 is, in the old Latin religion, the god of the lower world. My 16, 9, 17, 19, 1 is the physician of the Olympian gods. My 4, 17, 12, 17, 2, 18 is an Athenian, a son of Ion and father of the Argonaut Butes. My 20, 7, 4, 17, 1, 22 is a people of Celtic Gaul. My 18, 9, 17, 1, 5, 19 is a goddess among the Romans who presided over funerals. My 17, 6, 19, 4, 7, 26 is one of the suitors of Penelope mentioned in the Odyssey. My 21, 11, 1, 19, 10, 17 is a daughter of Enarete, and my 19, 17, 2, 6, 7, 26, who is the god of the winds. My 25, 20, 9, 18, 5, 11 is one of the Muses. My 23, 17, 20, 9, 16, 22, 26 is a celebrated Egyptian deity. My 22, 26, 23, 2, 20, 14, 9 is a surname of Diana. My 13, 7, 16, 17, 20, 8, 25, 23 is an ancient Italian divinity. My whole forms three characters in mythology; the first being a surname of Diana, as indicating the goddess that shines during the night season, the second, one of the Muses, and the third, a beautiful youth, son of the river-god, Cephisus, and the nymph, Liriope. ALDEBARAN.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

ONE —— sees more perfect ——.
The teacher will —— me if — —— well.
In our charities — —— —— when our gifts are —— wisely.
He —— the —— on a stone pedestal.
The —— of the polish was an increased ——.
It would —— no one of the —— of men from agriculture, to tell them that the owner of —— added to his ——.
The —— kind of coloring would please me for —— of flowers, on fruit ——, which form a —— article in potteries. J. P. B.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

PART of a boat; a conveyance; an island; a territory; a city; sleeping; a support; to tire; part of a vessel. The centrals, read down and across, form a city.

NIP.

RIDDLE.

MY 1, 4, 5 and 7 are written in Greek; my 2 and 3 are in Oriental; my 6 is in Latin; and my whole is in plain English,—familiar as a household word,—a name applied to both girls and boys. C. C.

SEVENTEEN CONCEALED LAKES.

"WELL done, Ida! How energetic you are! Eva, now for the news."

"Well, this morning Phil mentioned that Uncle Leonard, Aunt Constance, and their little one, Gay, arrived on the noon train yesterday. They could not stop at Oswego, as the locomotive gave them but a half-minute. Is that thunder? I expect to catch a drenching; but if I do not catch any cold, will enjoy galloping over there. Thanks for your kindness." E. H.

Digitized by Google

REBUS.

BIBLICAL CHARADE.

I AM a word of three syllables. My first and second form half the name of one of the most beautiful of Oriental languages; my third is eaten by some nations, and detested by others; and my whole is the name of a mountain in Turkey, celebrated in Scripture history by an event that occurred 1656 years after the creation of the world. F. R. F.

LETTER PUZZLE.

ONCE B, once C, once F, thrice D;
Twice I, twice H, once L, thrice E;
A's, two; R's, three; T's, two; N's, one;
Now add S, U, and then you are done.
When these correctly are combined,
A well-known proverb you will find. TYPO.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC PICTURE PUZZLE.—Hive, Bear.

H —er— B
I —c— E
V—erben—A
E —a— R

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—Cleveland.

ADVICE TO YOUNG ORATORS.—Be natural.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—"Do not burn your candle at both ends."

SOME HIDDEN INSECTS.—1. Wasp. 2. Ant. 3. Fly. 4. Bee. 5. Gnat.

PUZZLE.—

```
S I X   I X   X L
  I X     X     L
 -----   ---   ---
  S       I     X
```

ELLIPSES.—1. Swift. 2. Howitt. 3. Hogg. 4. Field. 5. Bacon. 6. Lamb. 7. Browning. 8. Cook. 9. Burns.

SPELLING LESSON.—1. B-O, R—bor. 2. D-O, R—dor. 3. G-L, E—gle. 4. M-O, R—mor. 5. P-E-N, D—pend. 6. B-L-E, M—blem.

AN EASY CHARADE.—Man-of-war.

QUINTUPLE SQUARE-WORD.—

```
C O R A L
O P E R A
R E I G N
A R G U E
L A N E S
```

HIDDEN WORD.—Cross-cut saw. (See—arrow—do bless—see—you—tea essay—double you.

ANSWERS to "*Something New: Language of the Restless Imps*," in addition to those credited in our June number, were received, previous to May 16, from Bessie Dickinson, Charles and Johnnie McGenniss, Jennie Johnson, Florrie A. Ford, H. R. E., Johnnie Sherwood, Charles Morris, Estelle Parker, "Typo," Arthur E. Smith, William Llewellyn Rauer, "Mab," F. H. Eastwood, Mary A. Harris, E. L. Dillman, "Kate," Rillie Cortleyon, Nellie S. Colby, Charles J. Gayler, Eva G. Wauzer, "Paul," Tillie F. Salter, "We Girls," Harry Latham, Harry McCormick, jr, Sarah F. Finney, Ernest W. Clement, "Bessie" (of Michigan), Mabel Jameson, "One of the Restless Imps," C. S. Patterson, "Annie and Minnie," Heman G. Crane, Frederic B. Studwell, Nellie F. Jenkins, Harry F. Griscom, Frank G. Moore, Lucy R. Gillmore, Lily B., George B. McManus, Mrs. A. N. Littlefield, Fannie J. Burton, Mrs. George Copeland, Emily I. Smith, Mary Lucia Hubbard, C. E. Dusenberry, "Sam Sawder," H. L. Satterbee, Susie Brent, Ellen P. Smalley, Charlie K. Winslow, Nathaniel G. Parks, Arthur Rose, "Musa," Libbie Van Doorn, Ernest W. Keeler, Kittie E. Young, Janie Seawell, J. McCormick, Laura B. Tuttle, G. W. Tuttle and A. C. Tuttle, Louise King, Jimmie Christian, "Anna," Lyman Baker, Henry A. Krause, Grace E. Rockwell, Carrie F. Judd, Parker C. Choate, O. H. Babbitt and "Leghorn," S. W. H., Harry Horsland, Mattie Rosenthal, Effie C. Sweetser, Edward C. Powles, Willie P. Siebert, E. R. J., Willie S. Burns, "Claire" for "Fannie and Jamie," Nellie Beach, Hampden Hoge, Daniel I. Pratt, Theodore M., Willie Axtman, Minnie L. G., Charles H. Pelletreau, Katie Hunter, Henry K. Gilman, Alfred V. Sayre, Stevie H. Whidden, "Bessie" (of Pennsylvania), Annie Moseley, Louis Shoemaker, Allie C. Moses, "Gerty Guesser," Fred. B. White, Thomas T. Baldwin, Nellie M. Brear, Will R. Barbour, Mollie H. Beach, J. J. Greenough, James F. Dwiggins, L. H. B., Edgar L. R., Mabel Loomis, Clara P. Crangle, Harry M. D. Erisman, Mamie Perkins, "Edgar," A. Lovell, K. B. Cox, Keziah, Alice R. Cushing, Charles G. Corsor, J. G. W., Tinnie A. Drummond, "Ploomy," Sallie J. Whitsitt, Howard R. Lord, Nellie G. Hill, Mary Hopkins, "Nip," A. L. A——y, Bessie De Witt, Charlie and Carrie Balestier, John Lyle Clough, Harry E. Knox, "Aldebaran," Louise F. Olmstead, "Hallie and Sallie," Rigely Payne Randall, Roy Wright, Anna W. and Willie M. K. Olcott, Sam Melrose, Kate J. McFarland, Horace Ritchey, Minnie S. Horner, S. Van Santvoord, Effie D. Tyler, Minnie C. Sill, Addie M. Sackett, Lulu S. Lothrop, George H. Hudson, F. H. Briggs, Jennie A. Wade, Nellie P. Clarke, Amelia F. Nichols, L. Whitney, "Fourth Ward," Georgie Marshall, H. L. C., "Max and Maurice," "Master Harris," Ernest and Winnie White, and Annie Lee.

ANSWERS to other Puzzles in May number were received, previous to May 16, from Carrie L. Hastings, Mary Buttles, Arthur Goodwin, John Hersh, Julia Bacon, Emma H. Massman, Edith Bennett, F. W. Randolph, Anery Lee, W. E. Birchmore, R. Cromwell Corner, Eddie H. Eckel, Edward H. Saunders, A. D. Davis, Bessie Wells, C. W. Newman and T. T. Baldwin, Edgar Levy, Selina I. M. Long, Johnnie Sherwood, "Kate," Charlie K. Winslow, Harry McCormick, Jr., Ernest W. Clement, Nathaniel G. Parks, Arthur E. Smith, Estelle Parker, "Mab," Willie S. Burns, "Claire" for "Fannie and Jamie," "Typo," Libbie Van Doorn, "Paul," Arthur Rose, Nellie Beach, George Barrell and Oscar H. Babbitt, Nellie S. Colby, "One of the Restless Imps," Frederic Studwell, Harry F. Griscom, Lily B., Edward C. Powles, Carrie S. Simpson, Edgar L. R., Alice R. Cushing, "Totty," Nellie G. Hill, Minnie Thomas, A. L. A y, Charlie and Carrie Balestier, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Horace S. Kephart, Louise F. Olmstead, "Hallie and Sallie," Hattie R., Sam Melrose, S. Van Santvoord, Minnie C. Sill, Addie M. Sackett, George H. Hudson, Elmer E. Burlingame, Lutie R. Munroe, "Max and Maurice," Lulie M. French, Jennie Grace Douglas, Mima G. Austin, Guerdon and Frank Cooke, S. Walter Goodson, Annie Lee, and Mary Green.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE FIRST LOOKING-GLASS.

Digitized by Google

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. I. AUGUST, 1874. NO. 10.

THE BOY WHO TOOK A BOARDER.

BY CHARLOTTE ADAMS.

ONCE upon a time, long before any of you children were born,—about two hundred and fifty years ago, in fact,—a little boy stood, one morning, at the door of a palace in Florence, and looked about him.

Why he was standing there, I do not know. Perhaps he was watching for the butcher or the milkman, for he was a kitchen-boy in the household of a rich and mighty cardinal. He was twelve years old, and his name was Thomas.

Suddenly he felt a tap on his shoulder, which made him turn around, and he said, with great astonishment:

"What! Is that you, Peter? What has brought you to Florence? and how are all the people in Cortona?"

"They 're all well," answered Peter, who likewise was a boy of twelve. "But I 've left them for good. I 'm tired of taking care of sheep—stupid things! I want to be a painter. I 've come to Florence to learn how. They say there 's a school here where they teach people."

"But have you got any money?" asked Thomas.

"Not a penny."

"Then you can't be a painter. You had much better take service in the kitchen with me, here in the palace. You will be sure of not starving to death, at least," said the sage Thomas.

"Do you get enough to eat?" asked the other boy, reflectively.

"Plenty. More than enough."

"I don't want to take service, because I want to be a painter," said Peter. "But I 'll tell you what we 'll do. As you have more than you need to eat, you shall take me to board—on trust at first, and when I 'm a grown-up painter, I 'll settle the bill."

"Agreed," said Thomas, after a moment's thought. "I can manage it. Come up stairs to the garret where I sleep, and I 'll bring you some dinner, by and by."

So the two boys went up to the little room among the chimney-pots where Thomas slept. It was very, very small, and all the furniture in it was an old straw bed and two rickety chairs. But the walls were beautifully whitewashed.

The food was good and plentiful, for when Thomas went down into the kitchen and foraged among the broken meats, he found the half of a fine mutton-pie, which the cook had carelessly thrown out. The cardinal's household was conducted upon very extravagant principles.

That did not trouble Peter, however, and he enjoyed the mutton-pie hugely, and told Thomas that he felt as if he could fly to the moon.

"So far, so good," said he; "but, Thomas, I can't be a painter without paper and pencils and brushes and colors. Have n't you any money?"

"No," said Thomas, despairingly, "and I don't know how to get any, for I shall receive no wages for three years."

"Then I can't be a painter, after all," said Peter, mournfully.

"I 'll tell you what," suggested Thomas. "I 'll get some charcoal down in the kitchen, and you can draw pictures on the wall."

So Peter set resolutely to work, and drew so many figures of men and women and birds and trees and beasts and flowers, that before long the walls were all covered with pictures.

Digitized by Google

At last, one happy day, Thomas came into possession of a small piece of silver money. Upon my word, I don't know where he got it. But he was much too honest a boy to take money that did not belong to him, and so, I presume, he derived it from the sale of his "perquisites."

You may be sure there was joy in the little boarding-house up among the chimney-pots, for now Peter could have pencils and paper and India-rubber, and a few other things that artists need. Then he changed his way of life a little. He went out early every morning and wandered about Florence, and drew everything he could find to draw, whether the pictures in the churches, or the fronts of the old palaces, or the statues in the public squares, or the outlines of the hills beyond the Arno, just as it happened. Then, when it became too dark to work any longer, Peter would go home to his boarding-house, and find his dinner all nicely tucked away under the old straw bed, where landlord Thomas had put it, not so much to hide it as to keep it warm.

Things went on in this way for about two years. None of the servants knew that Thomas kept a boarder, or if they did know it, they good-naturedly shut their eyes. The cook used to remark sometimes, that Thomas ate a good deal for a lad of his size, and it was surprising he did n't grow more.

One day, the cardinal took it into his head to alter and repair his palace. He went all over the house in company with an architect, and poked into places that he had never in all his life thought of before. At last, he reached the garret, and, as luck would have it, stumbled right into Thomas's boarding-house.

"Why, how 's this?" cried the great cardinal, vastly astonished at seeing the mean little room so beautifully decorated in charcoal. Have we an artist among us? Who occupies this room?"

"The kitchen-boy, Thomas, your Eminence."

"A kitchen-boy! But so great a genius must not be neglected. Call the kitchen-boy, Thomas."

Thomas came up in fear and trembling. He never had been in the mighty cardinal's presence before. He looked at the charcoal drawings on the wall, then into the prelate's face, and his heart sank within him.

"Thomas, you are no longer a kitchen-boy," said the cardinal, kindly.

Poor Thomas thought he was dismissed from service,—and then what would become of Peter?

"Don't send me away!" he cried, imploringly, falling on his knees. "I have nowhere to go, and Peter will starve—and he wants to be a painter so much!"

"Who is Peter?" asked the cardinal.

"He is a boy from Cortona, who boards with me, and he drew those pictures on the wall, and he will die if he cannot be a painter."

"Where is he now?" demanded the cardinal.

"He is out, wandering about the streets to find something to draw. He goes out every day and comes back at night."

"When he returns to-night, Thomas, bring him to me," said the cardinal. "Such genius as that should not be allowed to live in a garret."

But, strange to say, that night Peter did not come back to his boarding-house. One week, two weeks went by, and still nothing was heard of him. At the end of that time, the cardinal caused a search for him to be instituted, and at last they found him in a convent. It seems he had fallen deeply in love with one of Raphael's pictures which was exhibited there. He had asked permission of the monks to copy it, and they, charmed with his youth and great talent, had readily consented, and had lodged and nourished him all the time.

Thanks to the interest the cardinal took in him, Peter was admitted to the best school for painting in Florence. As for Thomas, he was given a post near the cardinal's person, and had masters to instruct him in all the learning of the day.

Fifty years later, two old men lived together in one of the most beautiful houses in Florence. One of them was called Peter of Cortona, and people said of him, "He is the greatest painter of our time." The other was called Thomas, and all they said of him was, "Happy is the man who has him for a friend!"

And he was the boy who took a boarder.

Digitized by Google

FAST FRIENDS.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Author of the "Jack Hazard" Stories.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MRS. LIBBY IS "MUCH OBLEEGED."

GEORGE reached home at dinner-time; when, meeting Jack, he told him briefly of his encounter with De Waldo, and of the job he had undertaken.

"Don't put it into my biography, if you live to write it!" said he, laughing and blushing. "I was never more ashamed of anything; and my conscience troubles me a little. I 'm sure the professor is a humbug, and am I not aiding and abetting him?"

"But it 's a big price, and I don't know what we should do without the money. I say, secure that, humbug or no humbug!" replied Jack, gaily. And so our boys did as men are too prone to do, letting the loud voice of necessity overwhelm the delicate sense of right and wrong.

George would have been disgusted with his task, but for the fun he got out of it. He drew on his wit for his inspiration, and laughed well over the ludicrous extravagance of phrase in which he indulged, and which he believed would suit the professor. At five o'clock his hand-bill was written, and neatly copied; and, in high spirits, he set out to get his pay for it.

He found Master Felix standing in the door of the shabby-genteel house, looking melancholy, there being no doves to shoot peas at,—or it may be the professor had confiscated his gun, and destroyed his ammunition.

"He has got a caller," said the boy. "He can't see anyone just yet."

"Tell him I have brought the document," replied George.

Master Felix went up to the room, and presently returned with a polite message. Professor De Waldo was engaged, but he would like to have the young gentleman leave the paper for him to examine, and call again in half-an-hour, to which George consented.

He walked the street till the half-hour had expired, and then returned to Master Felix, who informed him that the professor had gone out.

George was somewhat disturbed by this announcement; but Master Felix said coolly:

"He did n't have time to read your paper, but he said if you came again before he got back, he would send the money around to you this evening."

"I want the money before I leave," said George, firmly. "I 'll go up to his room and wait."

"You can't get in," replied Master Felix, with a grin. "He has locked the door and taken away the key."

"Then I 'll wait here."

"You can, if you like; but I 'm going to get my supper."

And Master Felix sauntered away.

George waited, growing more and more anxious as the time passed, and the professor did not appear. At length, tired and hungry, he determined to go home to his supper, and return for his money afterwards.

"I 'll lay siege to that door," he said to Jack, "and I wont leave it without taking one of three things,—the money, or the manuscript, or the professor's life!"

Though this was said laughingly, he was quite in earnest with regard to the first two articles named; and he kept his word.

Arrived at the house in Murray street, he found the door closed, and the night-latch down. But our young poet from the rural districts had by this time learned the use of a door-bell; and he put that knowledge and the muscles of his right arm into so vigorous use on this occasion, that he soon brought Master Felix to the door.

The mesmeric subject was looking pale and wild, as if expecting some one whom he had come unwillingly to admit; and the sight of George, flushed and resolute, did not seem to soothe his troubled mind.

Almost before the visitor had time to ask for the professor, Master Felix pushed out a folded sheet of foolscap through the half-opened door.

"He told me to tell you he don't want it."

"Don't want the hand-bill I have written for him!" cried George, astonished.

"He don't like it," said Master Felix, still holding out the manuscript. "And he says he did n't expect to pay for it unless it suited him."

"Where is he?" demanded George, pushing into the entry, as he seized the manuscript.

"I don't know," said the frightened Master Felix. "He came home, and went off again."

George mounted the dimly-lighted stairs, tried

Digitized by Google

the professor's door, and found it locked. Then, as there seemed to be nothing else he could do, he put the manuscript into his pocket, and went home. I am sorry to record of him that he ever in his life felt as if he would like to wreak mortal vengeance on a man; but I fear that,—of the three things aforesaid, having missed the first,—he would have much preferred the professor's life to the manuscript.

As he went up to his room, wondering what he should say to Jack, and what they would both say to Mrs. Libby, he heard voices in the attic; and there were the two persons he was thinking of, having a private talk together in his absence.

"Here he is now!" said Jack, starting eagerly to meet him.

"I am very glad he has come," said the feeble tones of Mrs. Libby; "for I don't want nothing but what is right, and I hope it 's as you say about the money, though the gentleman is waiting down stairs now to know whether he can have the room or not."

"Have n't got it?" exclaimed Jack, with dismay, at the sight of his friend's face, which told the dismal story before his tongue could speak.

"It 's a perfect swindle. He don't want the hand-bill, and he wont pay for it."

"Then it 's all up with us!"

"How so?" said George, casting anxious looks at the landlady.

"If we can't pay, we must give place to somebody who can," replied Jack.

"I 've had three applications for the room this afternoon," said Mrs. Libby; "and one of 'em is in the parlor now, waiting, with his three dollars in his pocket,—for it 's three dollars to one person, four for two, and very cheap at that,—and I have my rent and butchers' and bakers' bills to pay, and how can I give lodgings and breakfases and dinners, without my boarders pays up?"

"We 'll pay you, of course," said George. "We are sure of some money next week. Besides, here are our trunks."

"Your room-mate has told me all that, and I don't doubt your good intentions, and I must say, two more quiet and well-behaved young persons I never had in my house, and it 's nothing I have agin you, but boarders, somehow, never does have the money they promise, if they don't have it when it 's due, and I 've been made to suffer so many times when I 've let a bill run, and trunks is no great satisfaction, I 've found that out, to my sorrow, and I 'm worrited to death as it is, to make both ends meet; and a husband that don't do what a husband should, though I do say it; and I assure you, young men, it goes to my heart to have to ask you to vacate, for if I had the money I would never turn the poorest wretch in the world out of doors!"

And tears of distress actually ran down the good woman's cheeks.

"She is right," said Jack. "Come on, George! Pack your trunk. I 'll have my things ready to move out in five minutes."

"But where shall we go?"

"No matter now. We shall have time enough to think about that, by-and-by."

And Jack proceeded with cheerful alacrity to pack up, while George stood by, quite bewildered.

"I am sure I shall be ever so much obleeged to you," said the landlady, wiping her eyes. "And if you do git your money, and want to come back, and there is a vacant room in the house, there 's nobody I 'd sooner see enter my doors and set at my table, and you know it aint my will, but my necessity."

And she went to close the bargain with the three dollars waiting in her parlor.

George now having by degrees come to his senses, he began—though in a dazed and stupid way—to pack his trunk.

"Going to leave?" said a pleasant voice at the door.

"We are," replied Jack, coldly; for it was Mr. Manton who spoke.

"Too bad!" said that gentleman, politely. "Anything I can do for you?"

"Yes! lend us four dollars!" cried George. "Or, at least, pay us the half-dollar you borrowed of us the other night. We 're turned into the street, and have n't a cent to pay for a night's lodging."

"Sorry I can't oblige you. I shall have some money next week, but I 'm hard up just now. I 'll see Mrs. Libby, though, and get her to trust you on my account."

"Don't trouble yourself; you are too kind—you 've been too kind to us from the first!" said Jack, with bitter sarcasm, raising his voice, as Mr. Manton retired.

The trunk and valise were soon packed, and taken down the stairs, up which they had been so hopefully carried the Saturday night before; then lugged out into the street, and set down upon the sidewalk.

"Well! now what?" said Jack, wiping his forehead.

"I don't know!" replied George, with a long breath. "It has all happened so quickly that it has quite taken my wits away. I must stop and think."

And the two houseless and penniless lads sat down on the trunk to rest, and talk over the situation.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XXVII.

A VISIT TO THE PAWNBROKER'S.

"WE might have pawned some of my things, and got money to pay another week in advance," said George. "Why did n't you speak of it?"

Jack had not spoken of it, because they were George's things, and not his own. But he said:

"We can do better than that. I 've had my eye on two or three rooms to let, and I inquired the rent of one, only this afternoon, not knowing what might happen. It 's only a dollar and a-half a week; and nothing was said about pay in advance."

"Just for the room?" said George. "But we must have something to eat!"

"Yes; but don't you see? If we have a place to sleep, then we can regulate our diet according to our means. If we have only sixpence a day, we can buy a loaf of bread, and live on that. At all events, we sha' n't have to pay our board in advance; and that 's the great difficulty just now."

"You 're right, Jack,—as you always are in these practical matters. Where 's the room you inquired about?"

"Just around here, in Reade street, over the wine store. Stay with the things, and I 'll go and see if I can engage it,—if you say so."

"Of course, I say so!" cried George, greatly relieved and encouraged. And he added, gratefully, "Jack! what should I do without you?"

"If it had n't been for me, you would n't have had your pocket picked, in the first place," said Jack, who could never forget that he was the first to spring to the support of the man who had robbed them.

"But that was nothing you were to blame for," George replied, as he always did to remarks of this nature; for, since their quarrel, these fast friends in discussing their good or evil fortune, generously vied with each other in disclaiming the credit for it, or in assuming the blame.

Jack was gone about fifteen minutes, and returned, out of breath with haste, but with a gay countenance.

"The room was a dollar and a-half for one—two dollars for two, but I beat 'em down to a dollar and seventy-five cents; and we can move right in!"

"Anything said about pay in advance?" George asked.

"Not a word! And I don't believe there will be, when we take possession. Catch hold here!"

"What a fellow you are!" laughed George, admiringly. "Oh! but you must let me carry the valise, with my end of the trunk!"

"Wait till my arms get tired, then you shall have a chance," replied Jack. And away they went to their new lodgings in Reade street.

It was even a better room than that which they had just vacated, and it contained two chairs instead of one.

"This is what I call a good thing!" exclaimed George, looking about him, after they had fairly taken possession. "This stand will do for my writing table; and here 's a good place for it in the niche between the chimney and the window. Farewell, Mrs. Libby! Fare-thee-well, and if forever, still forever fare-thee-well; though you 're very good and clever, we must leave you for a spell!" he cried gaily, parodying his favorite, Byron. "What are you thinking, Jack?"

"What an amusing fellow you are!" Jack replied, sitting astride a chair, leaning his arms on the back.

"You don't look much amused at my nonsense. I believe you 're thinking about to-morrow; Sunday, you know."

Jack nodded; and, opening his mouth, tossed his finger at the cavity, with a droll look and gesture.

"Something to eat?" said George. "I wish now I had saved Fitz Dingle's shilling, which I paid out for writing-paper; we might have worried through the day on that. But here are my books; I can spare these better than anything else; and we 'll pawn one or two, for enough to live on till our ships come in." And he opened his trunk.

"Try one first," said Jack. "Which shall it be?"

The most valuable books for their purpose were the poetical works of Byron, Scott and Burns, each complete in a large volume; and both boys thought it should be one of these.

"Byron is the fellow!" said George; but, after a moment's reflection, "I don't know, though! I don't see how I can spare him, he 's so good to take up now and then." And he began to read or recite favorite passages, as he turned the leaves. "No, I 'll keep Byron, and let Burns pay a visit to the pawnbroker. But how good this is!" He had chanced upon "Tam O'Shanter," of which he read a few lines with great spirit, which, to Jack's mind, more than made up for his bad pronunciation of the Scotch.

So he laid Burns aside with Byron, and declared that Scott should be the martyr. But then, Scott! so robust, so picturesque! how could he sacrifice him? The third precious volume was therefore placed with the other two; and now the matter of choice was to be entirely reconsidered.

"Pshaw!" said George, impatiently. "You choose for me. Here, I 'll place the books in a row on the table, and blind your eyes, and lead you up

Digitized by Google

to them, and let you touch one; and that shall decide it.

So Jack, with a handkerchief over his eyes, stood before the row of books, and stretched forth his hand, while George held his breath with suspense. The lot fell upon Byron; and in five minutes the noble poet was on his way to the nearest pawnbroker's shop, in company with our two boys.

They entered under the sign of the three gilt balls, and found themselves in a narrow shop, with a bare wall on one side, and a counter on the other, over which was stretched a coarse wire screen. The wall on that side was lined to the top with shelves, divided off into large-sized pigeon-holes, which (as the boys could see through the wire screen) were stuffed full of all sorts of curious articles and odd-shaped bundles. At the end of the screen was a sort of sentry-box, with a hole in the back part, over the counter, where modest customers, one at a time, could transact their delicate business with the proprietor, unobserved.

There was a woman in the box at the time; and as the boys awaited their turn, they could hear her low tones of entreaty, interrupted by sobs.

"This must be a dreadful business!" murmured George; "to live upon other people's distress! I 'd rather be a beast of prey, outright; for then I should n't be troubled with any conscience in the matter."

"These men are not troubled with much," Jack replied. "Hear how calm and business-like his tones are!"

"Jack," said George, with a shudder, "do you think we shall have to pay many visits to the sign of the three golden balls?"

"It is n't likely; though when people begin to come here," said Jack, "I suppose it 's a good deal like rolling down hill,—the farther they go, the faster, and the harder to stop. But come! it 's our turn now."

The woman, draped all in black, passed them quickly and silently as a ghost, except that a low sob, stifled by her close veil, was heard as she went out.

THE PAWNBROKER'S SHOP.

"A poor widow, pawning something dear to her, perhaps her dead husband's watch, or her wedding-ring," whispered George, his own voice choking with emotion, as they took her place in the box.

A shriveled little old man, with a large nose, and large black eyes, which looked strangely black and bright under his white hair and white eyebrows, received the book, glanced at it sharply as he turned the leaves, and laying it back on the

Digitized by Google

counter with a discontented air, said, briefly, "Two shillings."

"Two shillings!" echoed George, crowding into the box behind his friend. "Why, it cost two dollars!"

"Two shillings is all I can advance on dat," said the man, with a strong foreign accent, and in the same low, firm, business-like tones which had answered the woman's entreaties. "It will pring no more as dat, if sold at auction."

"Sold at auction!" again echoed George. "We shall redeem it in a few days."

"I do not know dat. I take no reesk. Two shillings," was the cold, dry response.

Jack thereupon soothed his indignant friend by saying that they could live on that sum for a day or two; and that the less money they borrowed, the less interest they would have to pay when they should come to redeem the article pledged. After some further consultation, the book was left in exchange for a silver quarter-of-a-dollar (two York shillings), and a pawnbroker's ticket, duly numbered; and the boys gave place to a shabby old man, who entered the box with a rolled-up bed-quilt in his arms.

On their way home they stopped at a grocery, and invested eighteen cents of their money in a small loaf of bread, a pound of crackers, and a piece of cheese. When they finally reached their room, they were in the best of spirits. The very novelty of this way of life had an attraction for them; and they felt now as if they could meet, with heroic cheerfulness, any sort of hardship or privation, as long as they remained together.

The next day they breakfasted, dined, and supped off their humble fare, and found it sweet. They were a little averse, however, to letting their neighbors in the house know how they were obliged to economize their means; and so, at the regular hours for meals, they went out and took long walks, returning after a lapse of time which might have allowed of a very sumptuous repast at a public table or the house of a friend. Both boys naturally despised pretence, and they made a good deal of fun of this weakness in themselves; George proposing, with humorous gravity, that they should add a finishing stroke to the innocent little humbug, by picking their teeth, after dinner, on the steps of the Astor House.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE END OF AN AIR CASTLE.

THE next day was Monday; and in the evening Jack was to make his first appearance before a New York audience, at Bowery Hall. He was to have but little to say or sing; but he was expected to make a lively sensation by coming out as *Miss Dinah*, a colored young lady, and dancing, first alone, and afterwards with Goffer; "a tip-top idea, sure to take with an appreciative public," in the words of the sagacious Fitz Dingle.

The novelty of the new enterprise, and the prospect of earning some money, inspired Jack; and he set off, full of hope, accompanied by his friend, to attend the forenoon rehearsal.

George had that morning finished a little dialogue, in which Jack, as a young lady, and Goffer, as a beau (both colored, of course), were to have the principal parts, and perform some choice dances; he was now to submit his work to the judgment of Fitz Dingle, and, as he fondly hoped, receive a small advance of money for it.

The friends reached Bowery Hall at the usual hour, and were surprised to find the door closed, and several of their "artist" friends waiting for it to open. Some of them appeared much excited; and when Jack asked what was the matter, Bones, with a grimly significant look, pointed at the playbill posted beside the main entrance. It was the old bill, advertising the last week's performance, instead of a new bill, in which Jack's appearance as *Miss Dinah* should have been announced.

Jack turned pale; for, although he had already, impelled by a natural curiosity, looked for this interesting announcement, and noticed that the Bowery Hall posters had not been changed, the circumstance did not, until this moment, strike him as anything ominous of evil. But now, interpreted by the dismal irony of Bones's smile, it became alarming.

"Where 's Fitz Dingle?"

"That 's the question!" said Bones, curtly; and he commenced walking to and fro in the street, with his head down, and those wonderful hands of his thrust deep into his pockets.

"Is he sick?" George asked, appealing to Dandy Jim.

"Who? Lucius Fitz Dingle? Not very!"

"Then what is the matter?"

"Broke, I reckon," said Dandy Jim, with a reckless laugh. "Fitz Dingle is a man of genius, of vast resources,—at least, in his own opinion; and he has certainly had some of the best artists in his troupe, in the whole country; no lack of patronage on the part of the public, either; but here you see the result. Bad management."

"Worse than that," said the dignified Mr. Jones, coming up. "Gambling! Fitz Dingle has made two or three small fortunes in the show business, and lost 'em at roulette and faro. Our pay for the past week is due every Monday morning, when we came to rehearsal; he owes every man in the troupe a week's wages, and all his other bills are in arrears. So I think he has cut stick. Goffer and one or two

Digitized by Google

others have gone to find him; but they wont succeed."

An aguish feeling of despair came over George, as he listened to this explanation; and he cast anxious glances at Jack, who was looking pale but calm.

"It throws every man of us out of employment, if he don't appear and pay up," muttered Bones, as he strode past. "There comes Goffer!"

It was indeed the long-limbed dancer, who appeared without Fitz Dingle, and with an open letter in his hand. He also brought a key in his pocket, with which he let the crowd into the hall. Then he showed the letter.

It was from the great Lucius, to the members of his troupe. In it he announced the painful necessity of his temporary withdrawal from public notice, and concluded in this eloquent strain, which Goffer read aloud with groans, and which was heard with gnashings of teeth:

Yet think not that I go without hope; for wherever fate may lead me, whether on the bounding billow or the desert sands, or in the flowery pastures of a new prosperity, I shall be actuated by a noble ambition to meet you again, at no distant date, when all arrears will be settled, and a new troupe organized, on a scale of unparalleled elegance and magnificence, which shall eclipse the glory of all former efforts, and restore the fame and fortunes of—Yours till death,

L. Fitz Dingle.

"I can fancy how his bad eye shut and peeled open when he wrote that!" said Dandy Jim, while his companions indulged in remarks far more damaging to the late proprietor's eyes and reputation.

Each seemed to think only of his own private loss and disappointment: and it must be confessed that George and Jack took about as selfish views of the matter as any of the rest. It did not seem to them that the Bowery Hall bankruptcy could prove half so crushing to anybody else's hopes and fortunes as to their own; yet to their credit it must be said that each thought first of the other's disappointment, and that it was in trying to cheer each other that they cheered themselves.

"Never mind for me!" cried Jack, bravely, as they walked away from the hall. "This shows me that I am not to get a living with my heels, as a colored minstrel. If I had fairly begun, and succeeded, I might, perhaps, have never been able to quit the business; and, from what I know of it, I say deliver me from following such a profession! Though I *should* have liked to dance *Miss Dinah* this evening, just to see how it would seem."

"You are made for something better,—I knew it all the while," said George. "And something better will come now,—it *must* come, you know!"

"And you can do better than writing those nonsensical dialogues, George! They're not worthy of your genius. Go in now for the magazines and first-class papers; that's what I see for you. Meanwhile, I'll look for something else. We've already found how little we can live on, and be jolly."

"Byron's about gone said George, ruefully, taking two cents from his pocket. "There's all that's left of him. We shall have to eat Scott for dinner; and I feel as if I should like a pretty good meal."

"Come on!" cried Jack, "let's be extravagant for once."

George consented. Their extravagance consisted in devouring the poetical works of the great Sir Walter at a single meal; taking them in the shape of two smoking dishes of veal pie, at a popular eating-house. Their appetites were excellent, and they grew quite hilarious over the repast, laughing defiance at fortune. George even showed a tendency to break forth in singing as they left the table, but he checked himself, laying his hand on his stomach, and saying that it was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" which inspired him.

To atone for this extravagance, the boys ate no supper that night.

The next day they began upon Burns; but they made him go farther, by selling him outright at a second-hand book-stall, for half-a-dollar.

They lived upon Burns a little over two days. Then some old school-books of George's, a very ancient edition of Virgil, with a literal translation, the "Vicar of Wakefield," and one or two of Cooper's novels, found their way to the book-stalls, and helped our heroes to a scanty subsistence.

To pay their rent they were obliged to begin upon their clothes.

As they had had none washed since leaving home, their under garments were hardly in a fit condition to appear before the sharp-eyed old pawnbroker; and Jack insisted on sacrificing first an extra coat which he had brought with him. A pair of trowsers belonging to George soon followed that; then went Jack's knife, George's razor (he was beginning to shave), and, alas! his flute. This had cost three dollars and a-half, and it produced, at the pawnbroker's, a loan of seventy cents.

Meanwhile, Jack divided his time between seeking employment, doing such little jobs as came in his way, for any paltry sums he could get, and running to the pawnbroker's and baker's. For the original business which had brought him to town, he had less and less time and heart. All the fun to be got out of this course of life had soon worn off, and, though they kept their spirits up as well as they could, anxiety and privation were beginning to have their effect upon both body and mind.

George all this time stayed at home, while Jack did their errands; toiling at his little writing-table

Digitized by Google

in the niche, finishing "Jacob Price, the Pioneer," for Mr. Upton (who liked the first chapters); and, at Jack's suggestion, writing such short articles as he hoped to sell for cash to one or two weekly papers.

"Why don't you try the dailies?" said Jack, one evening, after bringing home to him two rejected manuscripts.

"O, I can't write for the dailies," said George, despondently; and if they had not been sitting in the dark, to save the expense of candles, Jack might have seen how very worn and haggard his friend's face looked.

"Yes, you can. I 'll give you a subject. Take that ship-load of Dutch emigrants we saw landing the first Sunday we were in town. Describe the strange appearance of the passengers, their wooden shoes, the women in their short petticoats, and the men in their bags of trowsers. Then draw on your fancy a little,—the homes and friends they have left behind, the long sea-voyage, the new land they 've come to, the home they 'll find in the West;—though they look strange to us, we look quite as strange to them; this is a great country;—and all that sort of thing. You know how to do it!" cried Jack, encouragingly.

George's mind kindled at these suggestions, and he would have sat up till midnight writing the article, if they had not been out of candles. As it was, he lay awake long after they went to bed, thinking what he would write, and rose at day-break the next morning to begin "A Scene at the Wharves," Jack having agreed to take the sketch, as soon as completed, to an editor with whom he had become slightly acquainted, in examining the files of one of the old daily newspapers.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE PROFESSOR'S HAND-BILL.

MEANWHILE George had got two more short sketches accepted by *Upton's Magazine*, and obtained a small advance of money on them. But, frugally as they were living, this was soon gone; and, while waiting to hear from "A Scene at the Wharves" (which it took the editor several days to examine), the boys were reduced to what they would have believed the last extremity, if they had not, in their ignorance, thought they had reached that point two or three times before. Now there seemed to be no end to what they might have to endure.

It was one Saturday afternoon, when, in the early twilight, the boys sat in their room and talked.

"I 've at last written to Vinnie for her money," said George. "There 's the letter; I have n't sent it yet. I 've put off asking her for it as long as I could; but it 's no use. I 'm getting sick."

"George," said Jack, in a low, anxious voice, "you have n't seemed well lately."

"I 'm worn out—mind and body," George confessed. "I thought I could finish 'Jacob Price' to-day; but the thing spins out fearfully; and, really, I had n't the strength to write. I 'll rest to-morrow, and on Monday take a fresh start. Mr. Upton ought to advance me twenty dollars on 'Jacob.' I wish there was any way to avoid sending that letter to Vinnie! Think of my taking money of her!" And George, in his weak state, actually shed tears.

"You need n't send it," replied Jack, cheerily. "I 'll write to Mr. Chatford; he will send me something, I know,—enough for our present needs, and to pay my passage home."

George knew something of the humiliation it would be to the proud and headstrong Jack to write such a letter; but his own trouble now made him almost forget his friend's.

"Jack, I can't bear to have you leave me! Hard as this trial has been, I have felt almost thankful for it, because it has brought us so near together, and your friendship has been so precious to me. Why, when you are away, you don't know how I anticipate your coming home, or how much happiness just your sitting down in the room brings to me in my worst troubles!"

Jack tried to speak, in answer to this touching confession, but something very much like a sob checked his voice, and, for a moment, he winked hard, and silently passed his sleeve across his eyes.

"George," said he, after awhile, in tones thick with the feeling he was trying to control, "I wont leave you till I see you fairly on your legs,—I promise you that. We 'll make a raid on 'Jacob Price' next week; and I shall hear from 'A Scene on the Wharves' on Monday; I have great hopes of that, and what it will lead to, for the daily papers can give you regular employment. But you must n't work so hard, whatever happens."

"I find that I must n't," replied George, with a weary sigh. "I shall take things easier after this."

"Yes," added Jack, "and I think we can economize a little more."

"How is that possible, unless we learn to live without eating altogether?"

"Not in the matter of diet; we have been—that is to say, *you*, George, have been—rather too severely starved already. The brain-work you do requires a nice, nourishing diet, which you must have, if it can be got. But a dollar and seventy-five cents a week for our room! that is really extravagant, just now. We ought to get a lodging for half that."

Digitized by Google

"Do you suppose we shall be pushed for our rent to-night?" asked George.

"If we are," laughed his friend, "there 's only one thing to be done. It 's our last resort."

"What 's that?"

"Why, as we have nothing else to pawn but the clothes on our backs, you shall go to bed,—pretending to be sick, you know,—while I put on your clothes, and take my own to the pawnbroker's. Don't you think you could do your writing in bed?"

"Perhaps; or sitting up with the bed-clothes wrapped about me, and the door locked."

"Then when you get tired of the confinement," Jack continued, "I can be sick, and you can put on the clothes and go out. I think we could make one suit do for both of us; don't you? We 'll keep yours, because it 's a sort of medium fit for both of us, while you could n't wear mine at all." And, as if this proposition were made more than half in earnest, he began to empty his pockets.

"What 's that paper?" George asked, as his friend stopped to read something.

Jack burst into a laugh, as he stood up by the window, in order to get a good light on the paper.

"It 's an advertisement, which a little ragged boy stuffed into my hand as I was coming up Broadway a day or two ago. I did n't look at it; I had forgotten all about it."

And Jack began to read aloud:

EXTRAORDINARY DEVELOPMENTS!

A NEW SCIENCE!

WONDERS OF BIOLOGY AND MESMERISM!!

SÉANCES WITH PROFESSOR DE WALDO

AND THE CELEBRATED MASTER FELIX!!!

THE MOST ASTONISHING DISCOVERIES OF THE AGE!!

Professor De Waldo has the honor to announce that, having recently returned from Europe, where he has been for some time pursuing his Biological studies, and making Startling Discoveries in the New Science, ——

"Why, that 's my hand-bill! the very words I wrote for him!" cried George, springing to his feet. "Where 's the manuscript? You 'll see!"

"Word for word!" exclaimed Jack, when the manuscript was found, and compared with the printed hand-bill. "What a rascal your Professor De Waldo must be!"

"The meanest sort of swindler!" George declared, excitedly. "He took my manuscript, pretending to examine it; and then, when I went home to supper, believing he had gone out, he was in reality copying it. Then think of that despicable Master Felix, thrusting it into my face when I went back, and telling me the professor did n't want it!"

"I say, George!" replied Jack, "let 's make trouble for this Professor De Waldo! I 'll go right around to his place with you now, and help you get your money. Let him know he has a couple of desperate fellows to deal with, and that the best thing for him to do is to pay up."

"O, Jack! I wish I had your strength and your pluck! But, really, I am too sick to-night."

"Then I 'll go alone. Here! give me the manuscript! I 'll put that and the printed hand-bill into your professor's face, and come to some sort of a settlement with him. Take care of yourself till I come back. If you are called on for the rent, say I have gone for the money."

And Jack, full of wrath and resolution, set off to pay Professor De Waldo a visit.

CHAPTER XXX.

A MUTUAL SURPRISE.

IT so chanced that, while the boys were holding this conversation, the Professor of Biological Science was thinking of supper; and that he went out, leaving the room in Murray street in charge of Master Felix, about the time Jack was taking rapid steps down his lodging-house stairs.

De Waldo's last words to his wonderful pupil were a command not to leave the house for a moment during his absence, but to remain and wait for customers, and keep them until his return.

The boy was permitted, however, to go down stairs and stand in the street door; where he had scarcely watched De Waldo out of sight, when he discovered that his blow-pipe was out of ammunition. It was but a few rods to the usual source of supply; and Master Felix, making sure that no customer was at that moment coming to the house, started to run up the street.

After running a block or two, he began to walk. Close by was a large grocery, by the open door of which, among other objects for sale, was an open box of peas. Looking straight before him, like a young man bent on important business in a distant quarter of the city, the young gentleman passed the box, and, without turning his head, or making a motion of his body, dashed in his open hand, and brought it out clinched.

He was walking on, with an innocent air, as if unconscious of anything in the world but the urgent business that absorbed him, when a man slipped out of the door, darted along the sidewalk, and seized the swinging arm, with the guilty hand still clutching the stolen peas.

Digitized by Google

The peas were scattered over the pavement in an instant, and Master Felix made a violent struggle to free himself, but the strength of his captor was too much for him. Finding himself fairly caught, he changed his tactics.

"Come! what do you want of me? What have I done?" he exclaimed, with the air of an injured angel.

"Just come with me; and as soon as I get a policeman, you 'll find out."

"Just had a dozen peas in my hand! I did n't know I had 'em, I 'm so absent-minded! Ask the professor!"

"You 're absent-minded every time you pass our place," replied the man. "I 've watched you. You go by two or three times a-day, and put your hand into something every time. I don't believe in that kind of absence of mind!"

"I 'm a mesmeric subject," pleaded Master Felix. "Take me to the professor—he 'll tell you all about it. I don't know half the time what I do."

"I 'll teach you to know, when you pass our place!" And poor Master Felix, in spite of his wailing and entreating, was dragged into the store.

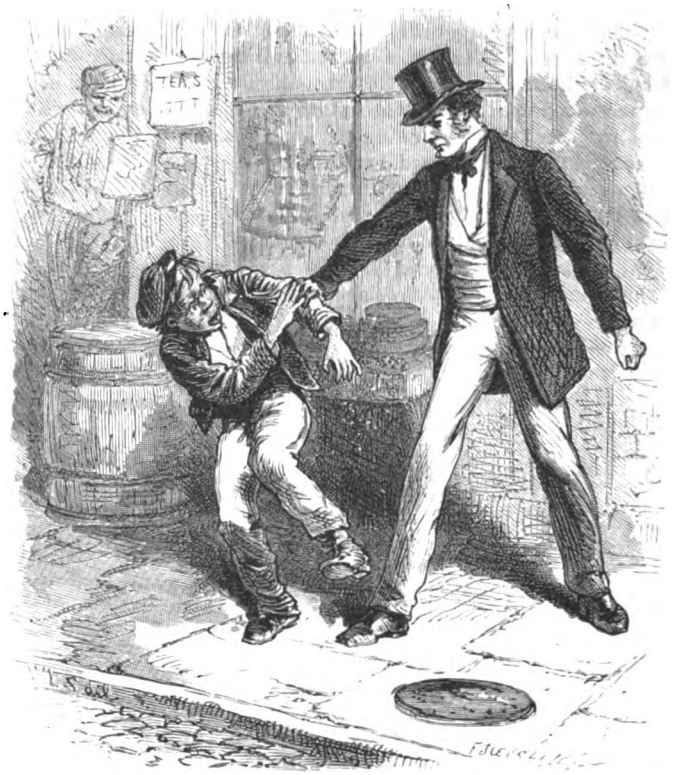
Thus it happened that when Jack reached the professor's room, he found nobody to guard it. The street door being open, he mounted the stairs; and, having knocked at the door of the "saloon" in the rear, up one flight (according to the directions in the hand-bill), and got no response, he opened, and entered.

A dismal lamp was burning on a desk in the farthest corner, by the dim light of which the chamber looked so little like a "saloon" that Jack at first thought he had got into the wrong place. But seeing a pile of the professor's hand-bills lying beside the lamp, and more scattered on a table in the centre of the room, he concluded that the "saloon" was a part of the humbug, and sat down on the sofa beside the door, to wait.

"Somebody must be coming soon, or the place would n't be left in this way," thought he. And, being somewhat fatigued, he stretched himself at length, in order to be rested and strong for action by the time the professor arrived.

Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes elapsed. The lamp burned more and more dimly, and seemed ready to go out. Jack would have grown impatient, if he had n't been so tired; as it was, he had almost fallen asleep, when a step on the landing and a hand on the door aroused him, and he started up just as a man entered the room.

"That you, my boy? Almost in the dark!" cried a voice, which sounded strangely familiar to Jack's ear. "You did n't fill the lamp to-day! What did I tell you, if you forgot it agin?" And a rapid hand made a plunge at Jack's hair.



MASTER FELIX IS CAUGHT.

Jack dodged, and parried the thrust with his arm. He did not move from the sofa, but, in his astonishment, sat crouched at the end of it, while the man passed on.

"I 'll excuse you this once; you 've done so wonderful to-day. Don't you see how complete it works? I put you into the magnetic state for a customer, and we git his half-a-dollar, any way. Then, if he 's sick, you prescribe my medicine, and we git a dollar more. We 're in clover. This is better 'n the 'Lectrical 'Lixir. I told ye, when that bust up, jest how it would be. Think of your developin' into a mesmeric subject; the celebrated

Digitized by Google

Master Felix! ha, ha! Here 's your supper,—a nice leg of cold chicken, and some brown bread I slipped off the plate at the eatin'-house, and brought away in my pocket-handkerchief. Thought I might as well save it; you see, I remembered my dear boy!"

The professor spread the handkerchief open on the table, and turned to pick up the wick of the expiring lamp.

"The laws of biological science is so curi's!" he rattled on, while Jack never stirred from his corner. "I put you into the state,—and everybody can see 't you 're in a abnormal condition,—and you show, by tellin' things, that you 're a kind of clairvoyant; and yet I can make ye see and say anything I please. I tried it to day when the old woman was here, that wanted to find out, through you, who stole her silver comb. You described the young woman that had her comb, though she could n't decide what young woman it was; then I willed you to tell her she would die of a dropsy within a year, if she did n't take some medicine. She bought *my* medicine, of course. 'T was a beautiful experiment. Aint this better 'n makin' a slave of yourself on a farm, Master Felix? But why don't you eat your supper?"

Jack, now quite recovered from his first surprise, took a chair at the table and rested his arms upon the leaf, while he watched the professor. He was hungry enough to act out the part of Master Felix admirably, by eating the supper, had it not been for a certain foolish prejudice against the De Waldo handkerchief.

The professor, finding that the lamp burned pretty well after the wick was picked up, placed it on the table, and, seating himself opposite Jack, took from his pocket a loose handful of bank notes, which he began to spread out before him.

"Ah, look at that pile!" said he, merrily "Aint that good for sore eyes, my boy! But why don't you ——"

At this moment, the boy's strange attitude appearing to attract his attention, he glanced across the table. Their eyes met, in the full light of the lamp.

The professor shrank back.

"Y—y—you!" he gasped out. "J—Jack Hazard!"

"Good-natered John Wilkins!" said Jack, without moving from his place, still resting his arms on the table, while he looked steadily at the professor.

(To be continued.)

SOME MISSIONARY INSECTS.

By Mary B. C. Slade.

I HAVE lately heard about some distinguished insects—traveled bugs, they are—which have taken a long journey from the State of Missouri, across land and ocean to France, and by rail to Paris, where they were enthusiastically received—so the story goes—by the *savants* at the French Academy of Sciences.

A supply of their favorite food was kept in the huge chip-boxes in which they went, and through the long journey they were attended, with anxious care, by M. Planchon, a distinguished French naturalist. I think we will call these important little bugs, American Missionaries to France. Do you ask why? I will tell you:

Recall to mind all you have heard and read of sunny, Southern, vine-clad France; its lovely vineyards that cover the country for miles and miles, beautifying the valleys, stretching up the fair hillsides and mountain slopes, perfuming the air, in blossoming time, with the rarest fragrance the winds ever wafted, and filling it, later on, with the rich odor of the ripened clusters.

The vineyards, blossoms, clusters, are beautiful, lovely, delicious; but that is not all. What the cotton crop is to our South, or the wheat crop to our West, the vine crop is to the grape-growing portions of France; when that fails, the resources of the people have failed. Vintagers who, with a good year, may become rich and prosperous, are ruined when a bad year comes; and there have been several bad years. There were two years when the graceful leaves of the vine turned sickly yellow, and were covered with an ugly growth of red and white bunches, when the tender green buds never bloomed, but died without one breath of fragrance, when whole districts of vineyards were ruined and their owners impoverished. But, you ask, why was not something done to prevent this? That is just what the best vine-growers, and the wisest French chemists (and there are none

Digitized by Google

wiser anywhere), have been trying to do. They applied all manner of disinfectants, and used every remedy they could think of; but their efforts were all in vain.

The disease is caused by an exceedingly minute insect with a very long name, the *Phylloxera vitifoliæ*, the term *Phylloxera* meaning, very appropriately, "withered leaf."

It is somewhat like the little green *aphis* that infests your house plants. It lives upon the sap of the tender vine, multiplies so rapidly, and feeds so ravenously, that within a few years it has as utterly ruined thousands of acres of French vineyards, as though a fire had swept over them. There comes a time when the insects assume a winged form, and millions of them are then wafted in perfect clouds, from vineyard to vineyard, and wherever they settle, the "withered leaf" of the stricken vine tells that the *Phylloxera* has been there.

This is the cause, this the disease, and now I will tell you of the cure.

When the chemists had failed, and the vine-growers were in despair, M. Planchon, the French naturalist, said that he had something to suggest, as the *Phylloxera* was imported from America (this being a fact pretty well established).

"Now," said M. Planchon, "we learn that in America, at the worst, it is never very harmful; there must evidently, then, be some other insect that preys upon and keeps this one down."

So the French Minister of Agriculture sent M. Planchon to America to learn all he could about this conqueror of the *Phylloxera*.

Professor Planchon reached America last August. He visited the vineyards of the Eastern States, of Missouri, and North Carolina.

He found the *Phylloxera* at its work of mischief, and you may try to imagine his joy when he detected also its natural enemy, the *Acarus*, a species of plant-lion, feeding upon the *Phylloxera* quite as voraciously as that feeds upon the sap; hunting it down, chasing it from leaf to leaf, dragging it from its hiding places, each little *Acarus* "doing his level best" to eat as many of the *Phylloxera* as possible.

And so M. Planchon, well paid for his long journey, joyfully collected great numbers of this useful little bug, and accompanied them, as I have told you, to their enthusiastic reception at the Academy of Sciences.

The last I heard from them, they were doing a driving business, in genuine Yankee style, in the Bordeaux vineyards.

Of all the traveling Americans who have visited France, I think the *Acarus* family have received the warmest welcome.

BIRDIES with broken wings
Hide from each other;
But babies in trouble
Can run home to mother.

Digitized by Google

IN SUMMER TIME.

BY L. G. WARNER.

LITTLE young Timothy, how he grew,
  Timothy Grass of the meadow;
He grew in the rain, he grew in the wind,
  In the sunshine and in the shadow.

At last he was up so very high,—
  So sturdy and tall and stately,—
He looked all over the big, wide world,
  And found himself pleased with it greatly.

And looking, one day,—one sweet June day,
  So dreamy and soft and hazy,
He spied,—what was it so fair and bright?
  A dear little happy young daisy.

How fair she was—fairer than moon or cloud!
  How gentle her face and cheery!
He gazed at her fondly all day long,
  And never once was he weary.

And when all the tired little meadow-flowers,
  And the birds and the bees were sleeping,
And only the owl in the far-off wood
  His night-watch lonely was keeping,

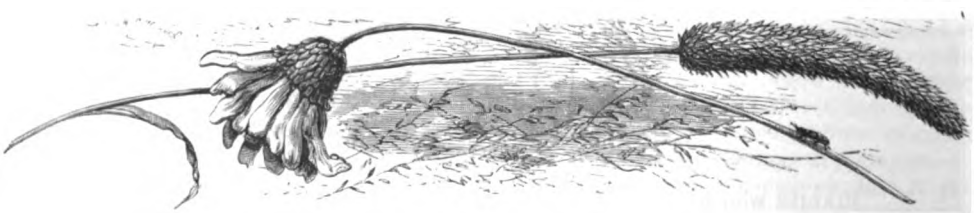
So bright she shone through the dim, still night,
  In the eyes of her longing lover,
She seemed to be one of the gleaming stars,
  Dropped down from the sky above her.

So Timothy wooed her his very best,
  Till her heart with true love was filling;
And at last, with a shy little flutter and shake,
  She answered him back, "I am willing."

So a wedding gay, one bright, sweet day,
  Set all the lily-bells ringing;
The breezes came floating from over the hill,
  The breath of the clover bringing.

And the larks and bobolinks came, their joy
  In wildest song expressing;
And the buttercups gave their rarest gold,
  And the grasses waved their blessing.

And happily glided their days away
  In the wonderful midsummer glory,
Till the scythe of the thoughtless mower came
  To end their lives—and my story.



Digitized by Google

A WHALEMAN'S GHOST.

By J. H. Woodbury.

We were making the run from the Sandwich Islands to the north-west coast for the second season, when the incidents happened which I am now going to relate.

We had been out from Honolulu but a few days, when it was found that our oil was leaking. Every morning when we pumped ship, we pumped out oil, as well as water, enough to smooth the surface of the sea for a long distance to leeward. It looked bad to see the oil running away from us, after we had worked so hard to get it, the more so because we wanted to save every drop, that we might start for home with a full ship at the close of the season. The captain seemed more troubled about it than we who did the pumping, however, his rueful visage, as he hung over the rail watching the disappearing treasure, sometimes almost exciting our sympathy. Of course, we had all worked harder than he to get the oil, still he had a larger interest in it than all we foremast hands together. Means were soon taken to remedy the trouble, though those first tried were ineffectual. It was owing to shrinkage of the casks that the oil was escaping, and it was thought that a thorough wetting down, every day, might help the matter.

Our ship was provided with a pump on the topgallant forecastle, called the head-pump, which drew up water from outside and forced it, by means of hose, to any part of the ship. So we began to "wet down the hold," keeping the head-pump going for an hour or two every day, till all the casks in the hold had been thoroughly drenched. Then we had all that water to pump out again, and, pumping in and pumping out, we did all the pumping we cared to do. It was a dirty job, crawling round with the hose on top of the gummy oil casks, but we all had to take our turns at it. For my own part, I never liked it much; I would much rather go behind the Falls of Niagara in the warm season than do it again. But after all, our labor was ineffectual; the casks were too bad to be cured by any such hydropathic treatment, and we had to resort to other means. The water may have kept them from getting worse, but they got no better, and when we had pumped till we were tired of it, the captain told Mr. Grant to keep all hands up and begin to "break out."

Now, it must not be supposed that the captain thought the casks would feel any better after they were broken out, as one does when he has the measles. To break them out, was simply to hoist them on deck, in order that the hoops might be driven down, to make the casks tighter, which is called coopering. There is a great deal of hard work in breaking out and coopering at sea, and I should be sorry to help do that again, either. But it was the only way we could save our oil, and we had to endure it. For two weeks all hands were kept on deck during the day, hoisting out, driving hoops, and stowing below again.

But all troubles have an end, I hope,—at least, ours had that time, though we soon found new ones. The oil was all coopered,—at least, the casks were, but we called it coopering oil,—and we had just got the last cask under hatches again, when it came on to blow. We seemed to have been especially favored with good weather while coopering, but now old Æolus piped up, whistling through the rigging as though he were bound to have a jolly good time after waiting so long.

"Blow away, old fellow!" said Mr. Goff; "we 're ready for you now!" And so we all thought we could well afford a day or two of rough weather, now that we had our oil all right again.

"Clew up the topgallant sails!" was one of the first orders given in taking in sail. And when the yards had been lowered, and the clews drawn close up beneath them, "Up, boys, and stow them lively!" was the word from Mr. Grant.

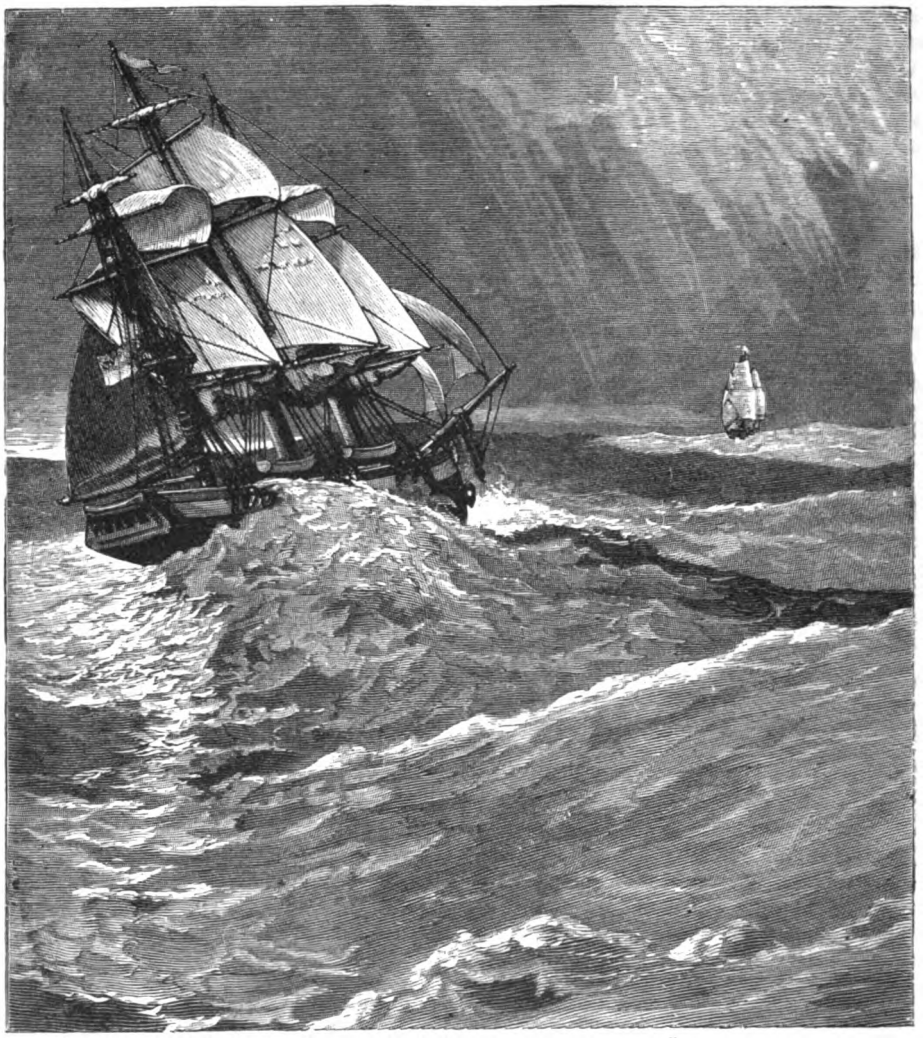
Three of the lightest hands to each topgallant sail was the usual number that went up to furl them, and with two others, one of whom was rollicking Dave Burr, from Providence, and the other a fine young fellow named Black, from Philadelphia, I sprang up the fore-rigging, and was soon on the weather fore-topgallant yard-arm. Dave was to leeward, and Black had taken the bunt. We were all in a hurry, as we always were when all the topgallant sails came in together, each doing his best to get his sail rolled up and made snug first. We were bothered a little with ours, as it got away from us once after we had it nearly rolled up, and flew out again with a crack like that of a great whip, jerking the yard in such a way that one who had never been up there before would naturally think that himself and the yard and the sail would all go on ahead of the ship together. But we went at it again, and, in a moment, had it once more gathered into the bunt, ready to roll into the yard. Black then showed his impatience by seizing the buntlines with both hands and springing upon the top of the yard, where he stood erect, that he might haul up

Digitized by Google

with better effect. It was a piece of recklessness, to be sure; though, if Dave or I had been in his place, I suppose we might have done the same. He stood square upon the yard, hauling on the sail, with nothing to steady him at all when the ship pitched forward between the seas. Up came the heavy bunt, and we had it all safe, as we thought, when the ship pitched suddenly and violently, and in an instant, Black went headlong down into the sea.

He was gone, and not one in all the ship but Dave and I knew it; the forward sails had hidden him from all who were aft. I was so shocked that I almost fell from the yard myself, and neither of us could utter a word for an instant.

"Man overboard!" was the thrilling cry that was heard as soon as we could give the alarm. The ship was at once hove to, buoys thrown overboard, and a boat lowered, although it was so rough; and every eye searched the waters for the missing man. But in vain. Poor Black had gone from our sight with the swiftness of a meteor's fall, and was seen no more.



"THE SHIP ROSE AND FELL IN THE SURGING SEAS."

And now the gale increased, the howling winds seeming wild with delight at what they had done, and still might do, shrieking gleefully, or moaning as if in mockery at our loss, as the ship rose and fell in the surging seas.

But the storm passed, and the sun shone bright once more, and our spirits became again buoyant.

Digitized by Google

A few pleasant days, and poor Black was almost forgotten. So it is, and so it may well be, for we cannot live long upon sorrows.

One pleasant night, not long after this gale, we happened to be running before the wind, and as it was blowing fresh, the ship rolled quite heavily at times. It was in my watch on deck, and I was sitting on the main-hatch with the boat-steerers, Tom and Ed, who were my particular friends, when we heard something below, that caused us to listen, and to feel just a little queer. It sounded very much like a groan, coming from the hold below. We listened for a moment, without speaking; but heard nothing more.

"What was that?" said Tom.

"'T was just like a groan," was Ed's response; "but who in the world can be down there?"

As if in reply, the doleful sound was again heard, following close upon Ed's words. It seemed more decided than at first, and we just got off the hatch and took two or three steps from it, then turned round and looked at it.

"If that was n't a groan, it was mighty like one," said Tom; "but it can't be that there is anybody down there."

"It must be there *is*," said Ed. "It was a groan, sure enough."

Mr. Bosworth—the second mate, and a very matter-of-fact man—was walking on the quarter-deck, and as he came near to us, Tom spoke to him.

"There 's something in the hold, sir," said Tom, without any explanation.

"I reckon I ought to know that as well as anyone," was Mr. Bosworth's reply, as he stopped in his walk and looked hard at Tom, "and I hope it will stay there now, without making us any more trouble."

"Aye, aye, sir, but there 's something else; perhaps, if you sit down on the main-hatch, you 'll hear it."

"Hear what?" asked Mr. Bosworth, stepping towards the hatch, and reaching it just in time to hear another of those doleful notes, fully as strong as the last.

"Hum. Who 's down there?"

"That 's more 'n I know, sir. If it 's anybody, it must be some one from for'ard."

"Are our men all on deck?"

"I reckon they are, sir."

To make sure, however, the men were called into the waist. All who belonged to the starboard watch were there, except the man on the look-out and the one at the wheel. No doubt they all wondered at being called aft, but they understood the reason when they heard those doleful sounds coming from the hold, as they stood around the hatchway.

"Go forward, Tanner, and see if the other watch are all snug," was Mr. Bosworth's order to the oldest sea-dog amongst us; and Tanner went forward and descended into the forecastle. It was evident that he made no haste, and Mr. Bosworth was getting a little impatient when he returned. "Who 's missing?" was his prompt inquiry.

"They 're all there but Black, sir. Most likely it 's his ghost ye hear."

"Ghost! Ghost, is it? I 'm mighty glad of that, for I 've never seen one yet! Just rouse round lively now, and we 'll have him. Mighty lucky he 's in the hold! He can't get out without coming through the hatches, and we 'll have him, sure! But just look in the steerage, first, Tom, and see if Bungs or Chips aint playing a trick on us."

Tom darted down into the steerage, but returned in a moment and said that the four men who had a right to be there were all asleep, and, moreover, Chips was snoring at such a rate that no ghost would be likely to disturb him, or come very near him; and Tom said it would n't be strange if what we heard was an echo to Chip's snore, after all.

Notwithstanding Mr. Bosworth's confident manner, he hesitated a little what to do, seeming half inclined, I thought, to call the captain. We all knew that Tanner was a firm believer in ghosts, and probably the greater part of the crew were inclined to the same belief. I had heard Tom relate some interesting ghost stories, in such a way as to show that he believed them to be substantially true, and a ghost story was always entertaining matter to all of us. Now, therefore, that there was a fair prospect of having a ghost of our own, we felt unusually interested, though no one seemed to be in a hurry to make the ghostly acquaintance. No doubt we all felt that the thing "would keep," and that there was no need of being in a hurry. But an unusually loud groan decided Mr. Bosworth. He told Mr. Blake, the fourth mate, to go into the cabin and bring a lantern; and while Mr. Blake was gone he ordered the men to take off the hatches.

"I don't think, sir, it 's any use to hunt for it," suggested Tanner, in response to this order. "Such things aint easy to come at, and I reckon we 'll have our trouble for our pains."

"Be quiet, Tanner, or you 'll frighten him away. Just obey orders, and keep quiet. If there 's a ghost down there, we 're bound to have him."

"Aye, aye, sir, of course, it 's just as you say; but it 's my candid opinion you wont be able to find him."

The hatches were removed, and we were favored with two or three groans of better quality than any before, and, of course our interest was heightened.

Digitized by Google

The lantern was brought, and lowered by a lanyard down upon the lower hatchway, where it shed its light upon all objects between decks that were near to it. No one supposed the ghost was there, for the sounds plainly came from the lower hold, but it was well enough to get a look between decks before going down. Then Mr. Bosworth and a few of the most resolute went down to look further. After taking another precautionary look between decks, the coverings of the lower hatch being removed, the light shone down upon the closely-stowed casks in the lower hold. After that, we heard but two or three faint groans, or rather long-drawn sighs, with long intervals between, which led Mr. Bosworth to remark at last that the ghost was probably frightened, and would not allow himself to be overhauled.

"It's no use to go for him in that way, sir," suggested Tanner. "Ghosts are awerse to light, 'specially light as comes from whale-ile, and they don't like crowds. I reckon, sir, you wont find him unless you go down alone, without a lantern."

"I reckon you're right, Tanner, and as you know all about them, and just how to take them, I'll set you to hunt him up. We'll pass up the light and get on deck, the rest of us, and you just stay down and interview the ghost." And, as if he really meant it, Mr. Bosworth told the others to get back on deck, and, passing up the light, at once left the hold. No one was long behind him, not even Tanner, and when Mr. Bosworth expressed surprise that he had not remained below, Tanner suggested that it would be of no use *now* to hunt for the ghost in *any* way. If the ghost wanted to be seen, he would n't put them to the trouble of looking for him; it was plain enough he did n't wish to be seen. Mr. Bosworth did not insist on his going down again, or seem to think it worth while to search any more for the ghost at that time, especially as the shaking sails showed that the wind was hauling and that the yards must be attended to.

We were all called away from the hatch to assist in hauling in the braces, trimming aft the sheets, &c.; and by the time everything was in trim again, the watch was out and it was our turn to go below. Of course, we stopped for a few moments around the main-hatch, to listen for those sounds; but not so much as the softest sigh was heard, and Tanner said that most likely the ghost had left the ship, though he had no doubt we would hear from it again in due time.

"The fact is," said Tanner, after we had got below and had turned in, "there's no telling how to take a ghost, anyway. They seem mighty unreasonable sometimes; but what I know about 'em makes it plain enough to me that they know what's what, as well as live folks. I never knew a ghost yet that was n't mighty well able to take care of itself."

"I reckon you've known a good many in your time, have n't you?" asks a voice from the other side of the forecastle.

"Aye, aye, matey! At least, I've known *about* 'em, and that's pretty much the same thing. They aint a talking set, anyway; and, in course, not so easy to get acquainted with as they might be, as you've had a chance to see for yourselves."

No one could equal Tanner in discoursing of ghosts, nor of anything else that interested him; and he kept our attention till we fell asleep, when, for the few hours we had below, it would have been almost impossible for even a ghost to have disturbed our repose. When we went again on deck, we were running on the wind with the yards braced sharp up. No more sounds had been heard, and no more were heard for some days. Of course, there was a good deal of talk about them, and speculation—among those who were not ghost-believers—as to what had caused them; but no satisfactory conclusion could be arrived at. As they were no more heard, the officers doubtless thought it would be a waste of labor and time to search for the cause, and they were fast becoming forgotten.

But it happened that the sounds were again heard,—this time also in the night, and the ship running with the wind, as before. A heavy, long-drawn sigh, ending in a very decided groan, was what first drew attention to the fact that the ghost was again on board. Then we all gathered around the hatchway to hear the groans. The captain had ordered that he should be called if the ghost should come again, and he soon joined our circle.

"He's at it again, sir," said Mr. Bosworth to the captain, as he came near, "and he seems to feel as bad as ever."

"Where is he?" asked the captain. "Has he been here long?"

"In the lower hold, sir; just come; and how in the world he could get there, unless he came in at the stern windows and went down through the run, is more than I can tell!"

"You don't pretend to say he has been in the cabin, do you?"

"I don't see any other way that he could have got where he is now, sir."

"He seems to be in pain," said the captain, as another very fair sample of the groans was heard.

"It's a queer sort of a ghost, sir; he always groans like that. If we could be sure of finding him, I would be willing to help break out to get at him, sir; but Tanner here knows all about ghosts, and says it would be of no use."

Digitized by Google

It was plain enough that both the captain and Mr. Bosworth were inclined to make light of the ghost, and Tanner now ventured a word in its behalf.

"I reckon," said he, "that we wont find the ghost any quicker for hunting for it. Of course you have n't forgotten poor Black yet. There would n't be anything strange in hearing from him again in some way."

"No, I suppose not," answered the captain, reflectively. "A man who has had as much experience with ghosts as you have, Tanner, ought to know about that. I don't think we will begin to hunt for him to-night, Mr. Bosworth; but if we hear him in the morning, we will hoist out a few of the casks and take a look by daylight. The casks are empty under the main-hatch, and it will not be a heavy job."

This time the sounds continued to be heard for hours, and when day dawned the ghost showed no intention of leaving, but groaned and moaned just the same. Therefore, as soon as breakfast was over, all hands were set to breaking out. The light, empty casks came up fast, and, to Tanner's surprise, as well as to the surprise of some others, the ghost was soon come at. And, now, what do you think it was? An empty cask, with the *bung out!* The air rushing in and out through the bung-hole, caused by the roll of the ship when running before the wind, produced the doleful sounds we had heard.

Tanner said there was nothing strange about that, after all; though, unless it could be shown how the bung got out, he should still believe that somebody's ghost had a hand in it.

"I say, old blower!" cried Dave Burr, interrupting him, "*the bung never was in!*"

"Bother it, so it was n't! I never thought of that. But I say, mates, if the bung had only been in, I would n't give up the ghost yet, you bet!"

A GARDEN PARTY OF WILD ANIMALS.

By Elizabeth Lawrence.

In the June number of St. Nicholas, an account was given of a home for wild animals in Paris; and you shall now hear of a very celebrated place of the kind in London.

In the beautiful gardens in the Regent's Park, the Royal Zoological Society entertains a crowd of distinguished guests, trying, with true hospitality, to make them all feel at their ease, and to give each one, as nearly as possible, what he has been used to at home.

All the world is represented here. Hot countries and cold; the arctic regions and the tropics; African deserts and polar snows; Indian jungles and South American forests, and our own Temperate Zone, all send their strange inhabitants to the gardens of the Royal Zoological Society.

A flight of steps at the end of the broad walk leads up to a wide stone terrace, and at the top of the steps you look down on your right into a square, paved court, with a high pole in the middle and little sleeping-rooms on each side. Three or four fat, clumsy bears are tumbling about on the pavement in rough, good-natured play, keeping each an eye on the parapet above to see if there is any chance for buns; and the minute they spy a visitor, it is a race which shall get to the pole first, and then the lucky one climbs up, and, drawing his four feet together, plants himself on the ball at the top, and stretches his head out as far as possible with wide-open mouth, ready to catch the bun or cake, which somebody on the parapet holds out temptingly over the railing. It looks as if he could jump off the pole into the midst of the visitors and gobble them up, buns and all, if he chose; but this kind of bear can't jump; he can only climb, so it is really quite safe, and he is obliged to wait till the bun is thrown to him, and if the aim is n't good the coveted morsel falls down and is eagerly snatched up by the bears who sit on their hind legs round the foot of the pole, casting comical, imploring glances at the people above. And then how disappointed the poor fellow on the top looks; but he waits patiently for better luck, and presently somebody puts a cake on the end of a long stick, which is always at hand, and pokes it safely across into his great red cavern of a mouth. Bears are excessively fond of sweets of all sorts, and in their native woods like to steal the honey the wild bees have stored up in hollow trees, though sometimes they get well stung for their pains.

A pretty, winding path through the shrubbery at the left of the terrace brings us down a slope to

Digitized by Google

the place where the pair of white bears live. They have a beautiful stone house, covered with flowering vines, and in front a pond with a flagged path round it, on which, as we approach, the huge creatures are pacing up and down, waiting for dinner, growling savagely every now and then at the visitors who stand in tantalizing nearness, just out of their reach. Their whole domain,—house, garden and pond,—is not only fenced in, but roofed over with the thickest iron bars. Once, they say, it was only fenced; but though the top of the fence was made of pointed spikes, turned inward, one of the bears got out early one morning and nearly killed a blacksmith who happened to cross his path; and after that they were roofed in. The white bear and his wife once had two little ones,—soft, pinky creatures,—but the unnatural mother actually killed her own children, much to everybody's disappointment. The mother bear's fur is a purer, softer white than the father's, whose hair looks rather yellowish when he stands close to his great snow-ball of a wife, and she seems to be generally in a fit of the sulks, while he tramps about in a chronic state of active fury. They suffer terribly from the heat of an English summer, and great blocks of ice are constantly kept in the pond, to make the water cool enough for their bath.

Further down the row we come to the lions and lionesses and the hyenas and a queer-looking yellow Syrian bear, and, backing against all these, on the other side of the terrace, are the cages of the tigers and leopards, and some more lions. Each beast has a parlor, with a bed-room behind it.

If it happens to be just before four o'clock, they are all in the wildest state of excitement. The lions are roaring and shaking their manes; the lionesses bounding wildly from side to side; the tigers and leopards uttering yells of anger, and every minute or two jumping up on their hind legs and tearing at the gratings with fore-paws and teeth until you almost fancy no bars can stand against such ferocious strength; and in the midst of it all you hear wild bursts of insane laughter from the hyenas, who run ceaselessly up and down their cages, seeming quite mad with rage.

THE SYRIAN BEAR.

And what do you think is the reason of all this behavior?

Why, it is just because four o'clock is dinner

Digitized by Google

time, and they can't bear to wait till it comes. Punctually at four, a keeper is seen approaching with a wheel-barrow full of joints of meat, and as they smell it, the beasts concentrate their excitement into a stupendous roar, which is most curiously lessened by the silencing of each voice as the owner thereof gets his meat and settles down to it with tooth and claw.

Such tearing and gobbling you never saw; and presently, the mighty appetites being appeased, the beasts seem like altered creatures, and sleepy serenity settles over the whole party.

Beyond the dens of these fierce beasts, some gentle deer and gazelles are quietly cropping the grass in their paddocks, enclosed only by light fences; and near them the swans and ducks swim and dive, and come gladly to be fed with crumbs.

The eagles inhabit a row of houses, with court-yards in front, in which they sit on huge perches, gloomily eyeing the people outside and turning their heads entirely round in their strange, uncanny way, while their bodies remain motionless. It is very odd, and it makes them look as if they had taken their heads off and put them on again hind side foremost by mistake.

Some camels are walking about in the yard outside their stable; and if you show them a biscuit, they will come with great strides on their soft, spongy feet to take it from your hand, which, rather to your dismay, they almost cover with their long upper lip, as if they meant not only to swallow the biscuit, but your hand and arm as well. These animals seem contented and happy, and pleased with the attentions they receive.

A little further on, we come to the flamingoes, who are very queer objects, indeed, standing on one leg, with the other tucked up out of sight and looking just like bundles of scarlet feathers stuck on poles. When the bird flies, its long legs stream behind it, rattling together like knitting-needles.

The pelicans' house is one of the nicest in the gardens,—grey stone, with ivy over it, and a shady front-yard. They are ugly birds; very strong and large, with great hanging double chins, which they use as bags, to carry provisions in; and they look stolid and stupid, as if they had eaten too much and were just about to go to sleep.

Before leaving this part of the gardens, we must go to see the wolf and the American bison.

The wolf is a thin, meagre, uncomfortable-

THE GAZELLE

looking beast, always going violently up and down his garden, never stopping to rest or take notice of anybody, and keeping his eyes fixed on the ground. His ceaseless activity is not at all like play or agreeable exercise, but the wild unrest of one in such trouble of mind or pain of body that he cannot be still. You watch him with a sort of fascination, waiting long to see him stop, sure that he *must* be tired out and sit down to rest; but you always have to come away at last, leaving him as you found him, pacing up and down, up and down the railed garden, which he probably thinks a poor exchange for his native woods.

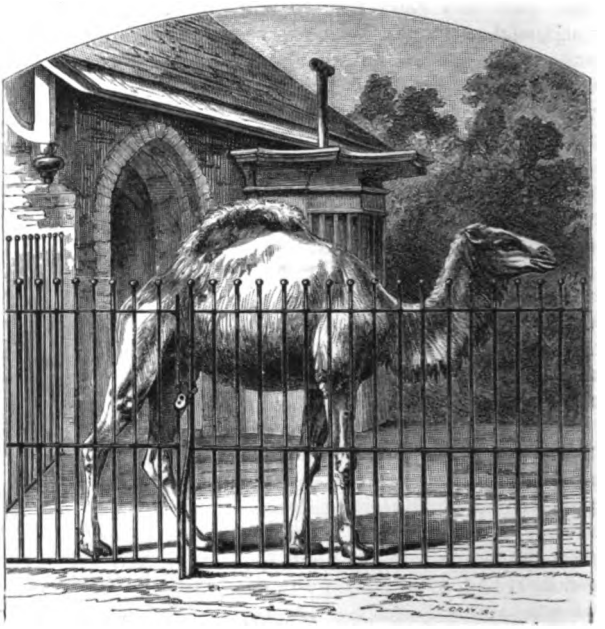
The bison, very ugly and fierce-looking, tramps about in a senseless sort of way, bellowing every now and then, and throwing dust over his huge head and shoulders, as if that rough, tangled mane were not dirty enough already.

Poor old fellow! It may be that he remembers with longing regret the boundless freedom of the great American plains, where he roamed about with his brothers. Perhaps he and the bald eagle —whose houses are not far apart—manage to ex-

Digitized by Google

change reminiscences of their old home across the Atlantic.

We now leave this part of the gardens, and go through a tunnel under the park road, which brings us out into a shady avenue on the banks of the canal. The elephant's house is in this avenue, and here he takes his daily walks, accompanied by his keeper, sometimes with a large howdah on his back, filled with giggling, half-frightened children. When the elephant is going to take people to ride, the keeper brings him out into the avenue just in front of his house, with crimson trappings and howdah on; and then the obedient beast kneels down, and a ladder is put against his broad sides, by which people climb up to their seats. The howdah has two benches, which run lengthwise on the elephant's back; these have iron rails at both ends, and each accommodates about four. When all are seated safely, the ladder is taken away and the word given to the elephant to rise. This, of course, he does with his fore-feet first, and so slowly that the children in the howdah are tipped down sidewise and dreadfully frightened, for what seems a very long minute, before the great kind-legs are drawn up too, and the elephant's back is level again. Then he starts off at a slow, majestic walk, with an undulating motion of his huge body, which is not altogether pleasant at first to the passengers in the howdah. He goes the length of the avenue and back to his house, and then he kneels down again, and the ladder is put up and the passengers dismount, very much delighted with having actually ridden on an elephant in the way people do in India. Once there was an elephant in the gardens named Chunee, an uncommonly large one, and so docile and sweet-tempered that nothing ever made her angry, and she was greatly beloved by everybody who was in the habit of going there often. But Chunee died of fright in a thunder-storm; and a great loss she was, for the son she left, Tippoo Saib by name, was so cross that nobody was ever allowed to ride him, and it was not thought safe even to take him out of his own yard into the avenue. So, for a little while, there were no more rides till they got another amiable elephant in Chunee's place, for I believe young Tippoo Saib's temper always continued to be vicious.



THE DROMEDARY, OR ARABIAN CAMEL.

THE BRAHMIN BULL.

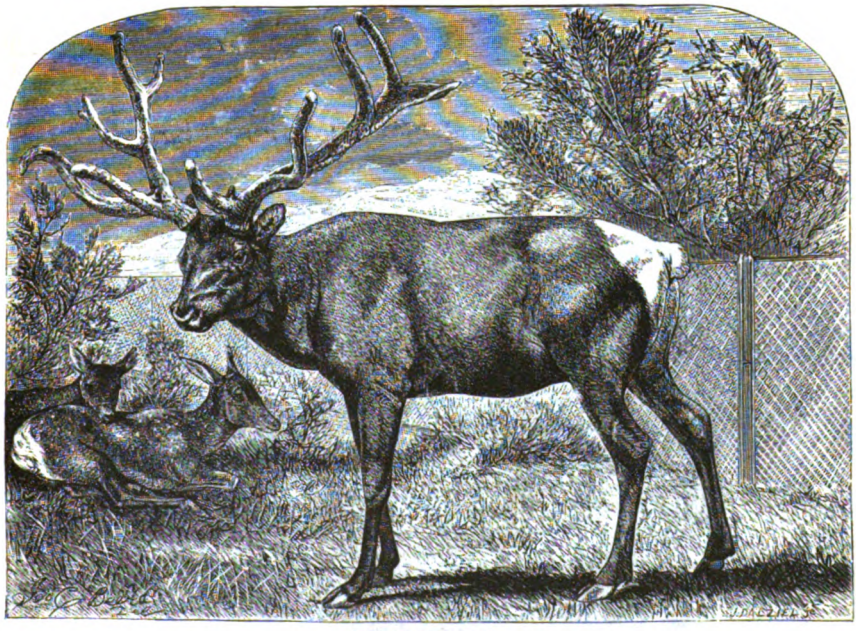
It is strange to see the elephants bathe in the tank in the yard outside their house. They plunge into the water with such a noise and

Digitized by Google

splash, that it seems as if they would go right through the bottom of the tank; and then they snort and tumble, and, finally, settle down to a good swim, varied with an occasional shower-bath from that ever-serviceable trunk, which can be put to more uses than even a human hand. It seems able to do anything you could mention, from tearing down a tree to picking up a sixpence, and can be converted into a hose or a teaspoon with equal ease, as its owner chooses.

The rhinoceros is a stupid-looking animal, but apparently not fierce, though one would not care to meet him outside the stout paling that surrounds his dwelling. He and the hippopotami are provided with huge baths of warm water inside their houses, for winter use, as well as the tanks in their yards, and the hippopotami spend as much time in the water as out of it. Besides the two old ones, there is a baby hippopotamus, named Guy Fawkes, because he was born on the fifth of November. Little Guy, being smaller and more active, is not quite so ugly as his huge father and mother, though all are hideous enough, with their pig-like bodies and horrid faces, with mouths that stretch literally from ear to ear, showing, when open, the whole roof of the mouth, the top of the head seeming to fold back like the lid of a box on hinges. These creatures are as vicious as they are ugly, and apparently entirely incapable of affection or intelligence.

THE WHITE-TAILED GNU.



THE WAPITI DEER.

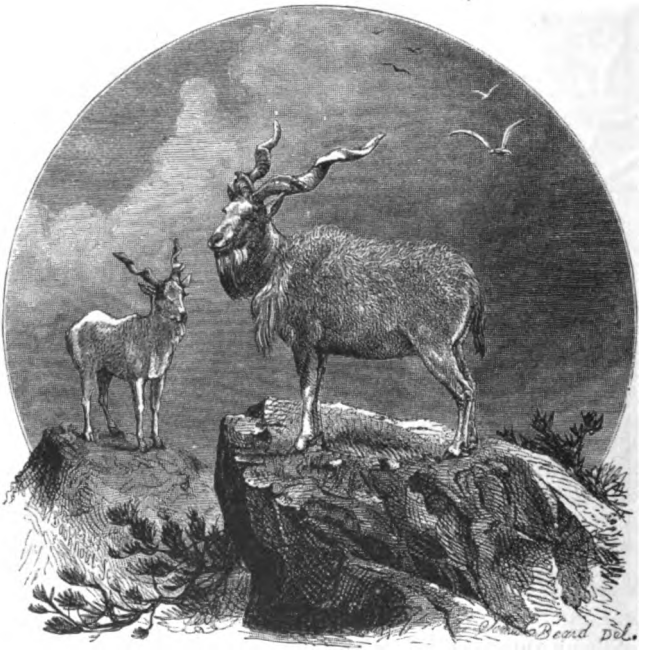
Digitized by Google

Their next-door neighbors, the giraffes, are much more attractive; awkward, it is true, but playful and not unamiable, and glad to be fed by visitors. When the weather is warm, the whole giraffe family, young and old, roam about in their paddock, cropping the leaves from the trees, so tall are they, and ready to come up to the railing to take a biscuit from your hand. The animal bends his neck down to reach the biscuit, which he grasps by twisting a long, black, snaky-looking tongue round it as you hand it up.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS AND HER BABY.

The remaining houses on the avenue are those of the elands, the largest antelopes in the world; the zebras, and the ostriches, which are very funny-looking birds, and have a queer, bustling way of running about, like gossiping people with bits of news to tell.

Not far from the elephant's house, there is a fine aviary, with brilliantly-feathered macaws sitting on perches at each side of the entrance, like sentinels in gay uniform. Besides all the beasts and birds I have told you about, there are others in the gardens, such as the Brahmin bull from India, the horse-like gnu, the Wapiti deer, and the Markhoor goat, with its curious horns. But it would take too long to describe them all. So, we must now say good-bye to the distinguished foreigners with whom we have spent the day.



THE MARKHOOR GOAT.

Digitized by Google

ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

(Translation of Latin Sketch in June Number.)

THE corner stone of St. Peter's Church at Rome, a representation of which is given below, was laid in the year 1506 by Pope Julius II. The work, with many interruptions, under many architects, was continued through the reigns of twenty successive Popes, for a period of one hundred and fifty years. Among the earlier architects was Michel Angelo, famous in military engineering, more famous in sculpture, most famous in painting, and destined to stand out for these many hundred years as the master mind in the construction of this master-piece. He was an old man when he entered upon this work, begun by others forty years before, and yet he pursued it with zeal and energy. Refusing to receive any compensation himself, he did such honorable work and exacted such honest work from others, that among the greedy and corrupt people of his day he soon acquired many bitter enemies, not a few of whom were leading men of the State, and friends and near-of-kin to Pope Julius III., who, by their machinations, was at length persuaded to order an investigation into the character of the work. The brave and eminent old man was summoned before a council of architects. Pope Julius was present. The chief charge was that the church wanted light, that the architect had walled up a recess for three chapels, and made three windows which were too small. Upon which charge, the Pope asked Michel Angelo his reasons for having done so?

He replied, "I should wish first to hear the deputies."

Forth stepped two most potent cardinals, and said, "We ourselves are the deputies."

"Then, indeed," said he, "in the part of the church alluded to, over those windows, are to be placed three others."

"You never said that before," said one of the princes; to which he answered, with some warmth:

"I am not, neither will I ever be obliged to tell your Eminence, or anyone else, what I ought or am disposed to do. It is your office to see that money be provided for carrying on the work, to take care of the thieves, and to leave the building of St. Peter's to me." Turning to the Pope, "Holy father," he said, "you see what I gain: if these machinations to which I am exposed are not for my spiritual welfare, I lose both my labor and my time."

The Pope replied, putting his hands upon his shoulders, "Do not doubt, your gain is now and will be hereafter."

WILLIE'S LITTLE BROWN SISTER.

BY JANE GREY SWISSHELM.

ONE bright, sunny morning, Mrs. Howe was clearing away the breakfast things in the kitchen of her pretty home in Colorado, and her three little boys were prospecting for silver mines in the yard, when an old squaw came in, and stood bolt upright, looking at her and seeming quite as much at home as if she were a part of the furniture and had been there ever since the house was built. She was quite as tall as a man, and had no clothing but a grey blanket. It was wrapped around her just as the warriors wear their blankets, and Mrs. Howe would not have known, at first, that she was a squaw and not a warrior, if it had not been for the bundle she carried on her back.

This bundle was nothing more than a papoose, —that is, an Indian baby,—tied down upon a piece of board. Its arms were laid along its sides, and, from head to foot, it was bandaged fast against the board, so that it could not move any part of its poor little body; and then it was hung on the squaw's back by a broad band of buffalo skin. It had no clothing but a few rags, and seemed very hungry and miserable. When Mrs. Howe took notice of it, the old squaw unfastened the band and stood it up in a corner, as one would put away a cane.

The three boys came running in to see it, and gathered around while their mother warmed some

Digitized by Google

milk and gave it a drink. It was so curious to see it drink without putting both hands into the cup, as babies usually do; but it seemed to enjoy its milk almost as much as other babies. It could not look glad, for it was too wretched; but it did look grateful, and Mrs. Howe felt like crying as she looked at the poor patient little creature, standing like a broom-handle, so stiff that one could not caress without hurting it.

The old squaw sat on the floor and took some food that Mrs. Howe gave her, and made the oldest boy understand that the papoose was not hers, but her daughter's; that its mother was dead, and that she would like to give it away. He told his mother, and begged her to take it. It was a little girl, and Willie, the youngest, said it would be their little sister—a little brown sister.

They all laughed and danced and shouted with delight at the thought of having a little brown sister, and begged their mother to take it immediately and unfasten it, so that they could hold it on their knees.

Willie ran and got his little rocking-chair, and insisted on having the baby to rock, right away; but Mrs. Howe knew that her husband would not like to have her take an Indian baby to raise. Indeed, he quite hated Indians, and did not allow one to come near the house when he was at home. So she told the boys it would not do—their father would be very angry; but they all three cried and begged. They had no little sister, and this one had such bright black eyes!

The old squaw lifted it, and stood it up against Mrs. Howe's knee, so that it would fall if she moved without holding it. Then, without saying a word, the old squaw went away.

Mrs. Howe gave it a warm bath, made it sweet and clean, and dressed it in some of the clothes Willie had worn when he was a baby. They had a nice time all day, and at night she put the boys to bed, and the little brown sister, after being tenderly rocked to sleep, was laid in Willie's baby-crib. It was the first time it had ever been in a crib, and its little brown face looked so pretty on the white pillow, that she thought her husband could not find it in his heart to send it away.

When he came home, she took him to see it, when he stood straight up and whistled, thrust his hands down into his pockets, and said:

"Whew! What next? Going to raising Indians, are you? That's a tall contract; but you can't fill it on this ranch. Keep that thing here and you'll have the whole tribe to support. They'd hang round like a pack of wolves. Oh no, Lizzie! You've been a good wife, and I like to please you; but I can't stand this!"

She pleaded that it was so wretched; but he told her that it took something more than food and clothes to make people happy; that children were happiest with their own folks; that God knew what he was about when he sent a baby into this world, and always put it just where it belonged; that an Indian was happier, hungry and cold among Indians, than well-fed and warm among white people; and that the boys only wanted it for a plaything, and had better have a young grizzly. So the little brown sister must go home in the morning.

Bright and early next morning they all had breakfast, and the boys cried for their pet; but their father rolled her up in a nice warm shawl, with all her pretty clothes on; took some more in a bundle; took the board and straps with which her old grandmother had made her so straight and stiff,—for, he said, she would want them again,—walked off two miles, and gave the little papoose back to the old squaw, where she was encamped with her tribe. When he started, Mrs. Howe noticed that there were tears in his eyes, and that he held the baby as tenderly as if it had been a white child, and concluded that, after all, he did not hate Indians as much as he thought he did.

The boys fretted after their little brown sister a good while, and did not like the young bear their father got for them half so well. But they never saw her again, and I think she was happier with her own people than she would have been with them.

Digitized by Google

LE SINGE FAVORI.

PAR H. D. FIELD.

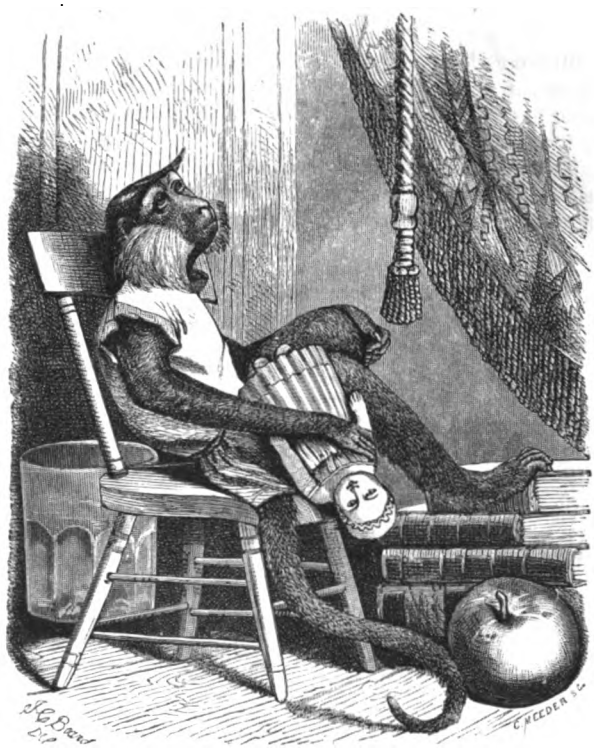
MES enfants, voici Jack,—le plus joli petit singe qui se puisse voir; mais comme son portrait ne donne qu'une bien faible idée de ce qu'il est, j'y veux ajouter quelques mots pour vous.

Jack vient d'Afrique, d'un bon missionnaire, de nos amis, qui nous l'envoya à travers les mers. Grande fut notre joie, comme bien vous pensez, quand un jour un grand matelot se présenta chez nous avec cette petite créature noire dans ses bras. Tout d'abord Jack se montra apprivoisé, affectueux même, des qu'il se vit bourré de bonbons et de gâteaux.

Il n'est pas beaucoup plus gros qu'un de ces écureuils gris que vous voyez souvent courir dans les bois, et a une petite tête brune avec un collier et des grands favoris de poils blancs; ce que lui donnerait l'air d'un petit vieillard, avec une calotte de velours, si ses grands yeux noirs, si vifs et brillants, ne changeaient bien vite cette vénerable apparence; et comme à cause du froid auquel il est trés sensiblé, on a été obligé de le vetir d'une petite robe de flanelle rouge, il a, je vous assure, un air tres jeune et sémillant, en dépit de sa barbe blanche. On a placé pour son usage spécial au coin le plus chaud de la cheminée une très petite chaise, et rien n'est plus amusant que de le voir assis gravement se chauffant les pieds au feu; et tenant sur ses genoux une petite poupèe qu'il a en grande affection, et avec laquelle il joue comme le ferait la plus gentille petite fille.

Malheureusement, pas plus qu'un enfant de son âge, Jack ne se tient longtemps tranquille à la même place; il touche à tout, il fouille partout, il tourne les aiguilles de la pendule pour l'entendre sonner, grignotte les livres; et ouvre toutes les boîtes qui lui tombent sous la main en quète de sucre et de bonbons dont il est trés friand. Souvent son pouvoir d'imitation le met en grand embarras, et lui cause quelque peine, comme le jour ou il s'enferma si bien dans un cabinet en tournant la clef, qu'il fallut envoyer chercher un serrurier pour le délivrer de la prison, où il se lamentait avec des cris percants.

Comme tous les enfants gatés, Jack déteste aller se coucher; et quand il voit qu'on se prépare à l'emmener du salon chaud et brillant, il court à sa maîtresse, grimpe sur son épaule, met ses bras autour de son cou, et pleure pour être gardé, comme le ferait un vrai baby. Il se trouve très offensé, et proteste de toute la force de ses poumons, si on l'exclut de la salle à manger pendant les repas. Assis sur sa petite chaise, tenant avec grande adresse une soucoupe sur ses genoux, il suit de ses grands yeux noirs tous les détails du service, avec un interèt qui se manifeste bruyamment à l'apparition du dessert. Tout lui est bon, de la crème glacée, ou simplement une pomme ou une noix. Mais il a ses préfèrences, et les témoigne par un grognement de satisfaction, ou en rejettant de son assiette les morceaux qui ne conviennent point a son gôut.



JACK.

On nous assure que Jack pourrait apprendre cent tours amusants, et son éducation a probablement été commencée par les matelots pendant son long voyage, car il fait la culbute comme un vrai acrobate. Il faut dirè à sa louange qu'il parait anxieux

Digitized by Google

de cultiver cet unique talent, et il s'exerce souvent de son propre accord, se tenant sur la tete, les pieds en l'air, et tournant sur lui même avec une dexterité dont il semble tout fiér; mais nul d'entre nous n'a le courage de lui imposer des études trop sévères.

Sa vie dans notre climat, si rigoureux pour ces pauvres petits êtres accoutumés au soleil d'Afrique, ne saurait être de longue durée. Il va passer l'été à la campagne, au milieu des fleurs et des fruits, et si les premières gelées nous enlevent notre petit favori, nous l'enterrerons sous un rosier, heureux d'avoir joui quelques mois de sa gentillesse, et d'avoir rempli sa courte existence d'autant de bonheur que possible.

WOOD-CARVING.

BY GEORGE A. SAWYER.

PART IV.

BEFORE describing the articles of which I give figures in this paper, I will add a few words to what has been said in a previous article* in regard to tools and appliances.

Two or three additional tools will now be found useful; among them, a plane, by which we can get a flat, smooth surface with less labor than by

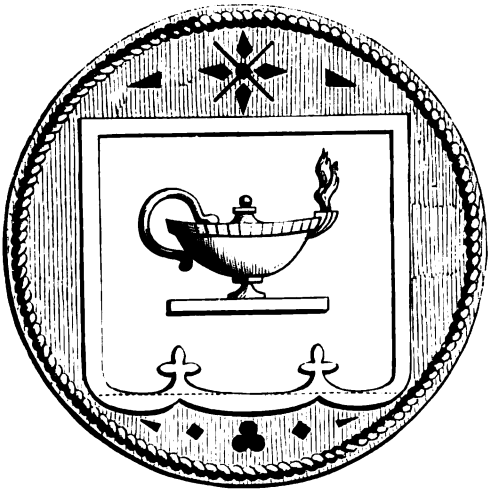


FIG. 1. WORKING-PATTERN FOR MATCH-SAFE. (REDUCED.)

the slower process of rubbing with sandpaper, as I suggested when describing the ruler.

The tool I would recommend for this kind of work is called a smoothing-plane, and is especially made, I believe, for the use of piano-makers. It is about five inches long, with an iron of a little more than one inch in width, and will be found extremely useful. The cost is about a dollar and a-quarter. What is called a jack-plane is the implement used by carpenters in planing rough board, and is very convenient in cases where you cannot readily procure planed boards. The cost is about the same as the smoothing-planes.

Another useful tool is a hand-saw. This should be about twelve inches long; and when you buy one I would advise you to get a carpenter to sharpen it for you. Saw-filing is an art which is rather difficult to acquire, though after seeing it done once or twice, you can learn enough of it to keep your own saws in order. I need hardly mention that the fine saws used for fret-sawing do not need any preparation for use.

Besides these tools, you will need a glue-pot. You can get little glue-pots of tin or cast-iron (the latter are the best) for twenty-five cents, or upwards; but if pocket-money is scarce, you may make glue without buying a regular pot. Get an ounce of the best quality of glue,—the lightest colored, I believe, is the strongest,—and break it in small bits,

FIG. 2. MATCH-SAFE, COMPLETE. (MUCH REDUCED.)

put it in a cup of tin, china or glass, whichever you can most readily procure, and pour in just enough water to cover the glue. Set the glue-cup into a pan of water (an old tin fruit-can will often do very well), and put it on the stove to heat. The glue will melt, and will be in the right condition when of the consistency of thin molasses. Take the whole apparatus off the fire together, and the hot water will keep the glue ready for use for half-an-hour or so. Always use the glue as hot as possible, and put on no more than is barely necessary. If the work is of such a nature as to admit of it, heat it also, but be careful that your thin wood does not

* In the number for December, 1873.

Digitized by Google

warp. After applying the glue, the pieces should be held tightly together till the glue has hardened. Sometimes the pieces may be bound together by a string, or they may be laid under a heavy weight. There are little implements called cabinet-makers' clamps, composed of two pieces of hard wood connected by wooden screws, between the jaws of which small articles can be inserted and screwed up tight. These are very useful in holding glued articles together. Clamps such as you will find best adapted to your work are about three inches long, with screws five or six inches in length. They cost about twenty cents. Two of them will be enough.

A convenient varnish for all this sort of work is made by dissolving shellac in alcohol. Get at a drug store a wide-mouthed bottle which will hold one or two ounces. Fill it half full of gum shellac broken in fine bits, and cover it with strong alcohol. In twenty-four hours, or less, it will be dissolved, and may be applied with a brush. It is better to use it thin and apply several coats. If used too thick, it is apt to look streaked and rough. The common colored shellac gives a handsome reddish-brown tinge to most woods, and dries very rapidly. If you want to preserve, as near as may be, the clear white color of white holly, you must use bleached shellac prepared in the same way. Gum shellac costs five or ten cents an ounce; and an ounce will last a long time. Keep tightly corked.

I offer a design for a match-safe, which may be made ornamental as well as useful. The two drawings, figs. 1 and 2, on the preceding page, give a sufficiently clear idea of its appearance. Like most of the other examples of work given, it is to be done in two or more contrasting woods; cigar-box wood and white holly will do excellently; the box and wall-piece of cedar, and the rope edge, Egyptian lamp and box edging of white holly. Nail the box together with small brads, such as the cigar-boxes are fastened with, and glue the holly edge on afterwards, and it will conceal the nail heads. If the wood is brittle and easily split, first bore holes with a brad-awl to insert the points, and drive in the brads with a light hammer. The rope edge is easily made. Saw out a ring of wood of the right width, and with a three-cornered file make notches on both sides opposite each other, at regular distances, and of about the same width and depth, then file diagonally across the top, and round off with sandpaper. Both edgings had better be made of single pieces of wood. The dark apertures in the wall-piece are made by drilling holes, and then filing them into the desired shape. The safe can be hung up by these, A piece of fine sand or emery-paper is to be glued on to the right-hand end of the box, on which to scratch the matches. The ends of the matches should project half-an-inch above the top of the box, and if those you use are too short, put a little block of wood in the bottom to raise them up. The shading of the lamp will sufficiently indicate how it is to be carved.

Figures 3 and 4 are end-pieces for table book-racks—very convenient and useful little articles of furniture. The design of fig. 3 is original. The other is adapted from a pattern for a widely different species of ornamental work,—painting on porcelain,—and I give it partly to show how readily almost any sort of beautiful pattern may be adapted to our use. The ornamental pieces in these designs are all to be cut out separately, and afterwards glued in their proper position, the end-piece to which they are fastened following in outline the outer edge of the ornamental work. In the flower patterns, wherever a line crosses the figure a break may be made in the wood, but when you glue on the separate pieces, close them up, that the joints may not be too conspicuous. The stems are to be rounded, and the leaves and scrolls slightly carved as indicated by the shading.

FIG. 3. DESIGN FOR END-PIECE FOR BOOK-RACK.

Figure 5 will show how the ends of the book-rack are to be fastened to the frame, which is merely a strip of board of the same wood as the end-pieces, and two or three times as long as they are. The end-pieces may be screwed or nailed to this frame before the lowest ornaments are glued on, but it is

Digitized by Google

much better to put them on with brass hinges, so that when not in use they may shut down on the frame out of the way. If you use hinges, set them in flush with the wood, as indicated, and see that

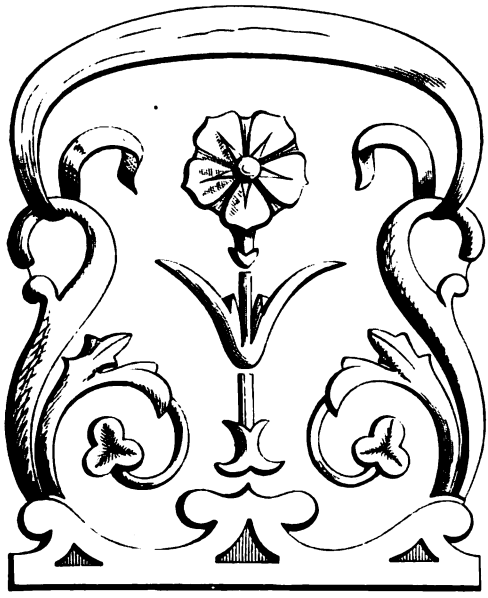


FIG. 4. END-PIECE FOR BOOK-RACK.

the heads of the screws are well countersunk, so that there may be no rough points projecting on which the binding of a handsome book may receive a scratch. Hinges of good size should be used, two on each end, and screws so short that the points will not go entirely through the wood. The end-piece should be so fitted that when open it may stand exactly at right angles to the frame, and give a firm and steady support to the books placed upon

FIG. 5. ATTACHMENT OF ENDS TO FRAME.

it. These points only require care in the workmanship, without which, indeed, no piece of work, of any kind, can be thoroughly satisfactory.

FIG. 6. PATTERN OF HALF OF END-PIECE. (FULL SIZE.)

Figure 6 is one-half of figure 4 enlarged to full size. It may be readily traced on thin tissue paper, and another tracing made from the opposite side of the first one, to complete the figure.

Digitized by Google

THE LITTLE DOLL THAT LIED.

By Sarah O. Jewett.

"Why, Polly! What 's the matter, dear?
You look so very sad;
Has your new doll been taken ill?
It cannot be so bad."
Nine of the dolls sit in a row,
But there is one beside,—
See, in the corner, upside down,
The little doll that lied!

Out in the corner, all alone,
The wicked doll must stay;
None of the rest must speak to her,
Or look there while they play.
All her best clothes, except her boots,
Are safely put aside;
The boots are painted on her feet,—
The little doll that lied!

Oh, lying 's such a naughty thing!
Why, she might swear and steal,
Or murder some one, I dare say;
Just think how we should feel
To have her in a prison live,
Or, worse than that, be hung!
What wont she do when she is old,
If she did this so young?

And now the silver mug and spoon
Come into use again,
And down the faces of the dolls
The tears run fast as rain.
Three have tipped over with their grief,
Their tears cannot be dried;
Their handkerchiefs are dripping wet,—
The little doll has lied!

THE AFFAIR OF THE "SANDPIPER."

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Part I.

Aunt John, you know, is always doing something; I mean something for us fellows,—Jill and me. Perhaps you will remember Aunt John. I told about her once in the *Young Folks;* how we went down to her house one vacation and fell through the floor into the cellar and thought the Day of Judgment had come.

Jill thinks that scrape we got into at Gloucester would do to tell; he thinks it would do very well for a story. Aunt John took us to Gloucester.

We went to Eastern Point to one of the big boarding-houses. We had n't been to the beach before for some time. But we 'd always known about boats, and so forth, at home. Could swim, of course. Aunt John taught us to swim in Deep-water Brook, that runs behind her house, when I was a little shaver, only six. Aunt John can swim forwards and backwards and under water, and dive, too; she 's one of the handsomest swimmers I ever saw.

So we went to Gloucester. Gloucester is a very interesting place. At least, I thought so; Jill did n't so much, at first. I like to see them dry the mackerel on the wharves all up and down the road between the town and the Point. I know 'most every mackerel-dryer there is there, and sometimes I help; they lay them out on stretchers in the sun. Then there 's a tin-shop, where they have a boy to stand in a cart and catch tin pails out of a second-story window; he piles them up in a row in a cart to take off. I tried one day myself. You 'd think it would be easy; but I dropped three and banged a notch in one.

Then there 's a sail-boat ferry. The boat goes over and back between the town and the Point, and you pay four cents a trip. Two men make a living out of that ferry, but I don't see how. I spent half my allowance going over, but he would n't let me help at the sails. One day he put off some drunken fellows because they did n't quite tip the boat over. They splashed into the water, and were just as mad! Then, under the wharves I like it. The piers look like trees, long and straight, and in green

Digitized by Google

rows. There 's a piece in my reading-book it makes me think of:

> "Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
> Through caverns, measureless to man,
> Down to a sunless sea."

But Jill says it is n't very clean (and it is n't). And he says boys have no business to quote poetry; he says girls have. One day we put under the piers in a dory, and got wedged in, and an old fisherman had to come and haul us out with a boat-hook. Then there are the boats on a dark night, with the colored lights, all sailing in, and you try to count 'em. Sometimes there 's an outside steamer in for shelter, if it 's stormy, but she makes out early next morning, before you 're up.

So we went to Gloucester, and one day we got a sail-boat. They don't have a great many sail-boats on the Point; and Jill hired this for a week of a chap in town that had gone home to see his young lady. She was a neat craft, painted black and gold. The gold was inside, and overflowing to the gunwale's edge,—Aunt John said, like an overflowing heart. Aunt John thought it was a pretty boat. Her name was the "Sandpiper." She was finished as neatly as any boat in the harbor. We got her for five dollars a week, and the moorings. We moored her off the rocks in front of the boarding-house with one of those pulley moorings, you know, in a ring, where you set her in and out, hand over hand, and tie the painter too long, and have her bang up against another man's boat, and are called away from dinner to go out and haul her all in and do it over, and find your pudding cold. Of course, you learn to tie a sailor knot. There was one girl at our house who tied a pretty sailor knot. She learned on neckties, but she had a boat. Frank Starkweather went with her. Her name was Tony Guest. But she would n't let Frank tie the boat up.

Now, there was this about having that boat. Aunt John said: "Boys! I 've found a boat in town you can have for a week." Then she said: "Now, boys! if I give you leave to come and go in that boat, free from fret and orders and questions (which she knows how boys hate—she 's 'most as good as a boy herself), I shall expect you to act with great prudence," said Aunt John. "I expect you to look out for dangers as carefully as grown men do. If I *treat* you like men, you *act* like them, and whenever you go outside the bar you must take Frank Starkweather."

Aunt John said this, and then she never said any more. She did not bother nor fuss. We just took that boat and did as we pleased, and, I tell you it was fun. But, then, we were careful.

Friday, it came up, somehow, about going to Swampscott. Frank Starkweather said he 'd go. He said he thought it was safe, but he said he thought we might as well mention it to our aunt, or some other good sailor. But, I believe, we did n't mention it at all. I can't say exactly whether we *meant* not to mention it, but, at any rate, we did n't. I wanted to go like sixty the minute it was spoken of. So did Jill. We got up early, you know, and off before anybody was up.

At least, nobody was up but Tony Guest and her older sister; for they row themselves 'most every morning. They stood on the rocks and said, "Bon voyage!" At least, the sister did, but Miss Tony said, "Good luck to you!"

Miss Tony said she 'd tell Aunt John, and we sent our good-by, and that we might n't be home till late, and that the day was just right, and no danger. Miss Tony stood on the rocks and waved her hat—a little jockey sailor hat she wears, with long streamers. And Frank was so taken up with looking at her that he steered us into Black Bess, and gave us one good soft jerk to begin with. Black Bess is a mean, pointed reef off Niles'. But no harm happened, and nothing happened of any account till we got to Swampscott. We had a stiff nor' by nor'-easter part of the way, and plenty of sun, and we made a clear tack, and got in to dinner by twelve o'clock, as hungry as sharks. And Frank knew the way pretty well, or else he thought he did,—I don't know which. Frank Starkweather is seventeen.

So we went ashore for dinner, and ate two chowders apiece, and a horn button that they called a lemon pie as a pleasant exercise of the imagination, and hard cider for Frank. But we did n't. That 's one thing we 've promised our Aunt John,—that we wont take drinks round with boys,—because she says half of 'em you might get drunk on, if you wanted to.

Once, when I was a mite of a chap, Aunt John looked at me with that way she has of snapping her eyes, and said she, "George Zacharias!" (but she generally calls me Jack), "George Zacharias! if you ever should get *drunk*, I should be so ashamed I should n't want to *look* at you!"

It was just like Aunt John. You know, when anybody says anything like that to you, you remember it.

So we did n't take the cider, and Frank did n't laugh at us,—for he 's a gentleman,—and about one o'clock we went down and hauled the "Sandpiper" round to go home.

We meant to get home early, and surprise them if we could. I rather wanted to be home by seven or eight, because we had n't seen Aunt John nor said good-by to her.

There was an old captain down on the rocks when we hauled round, and he had a pipe in his

Digitized by Google

mouth. So he took it out when he saw us, and said, "Goin' fur?"

So Frank told him. Then the captain said: "Humph!" At least, that's the way books spell it. *I* should spell it more this way, "Enguhph!"

Now, when an old tar says that,—whichever way you spell it,—you'd better ask him what he means, I think. So Frank did.

"Head-winds," said the captain, "and thick weather!"

But the weather was clear as a bell, and who minds a little head-wind? So we laughed, and laid the "Sandpiper" round, and started off like a bumble-bee. That boat looked more like a bumble-bee than she did like a sandpiper, anyway.

"What did the old cove mean?" asked Frank, after we'd rounded the headland and put bravely out.

"He said them boys' mothers had better have kept 'em at home," spoke up Jill. "I heard him, to another fellow."

"Sea-captains out of business are always scarey as doves," said Frank Starkweather.

"And wise as serpents," said I,—just to say it. I did n't especially mean anything; most people don't, half the time.

It was grand on the water that day. The "Sandpiper" laid to and ran near the wind, as if she'd been running a race with it. Frank took the ropes and I the rudder. We began not to talk much as we got farther out. You had to keep your eyes open pretty sharp, and a great many little craft were about. They all seemed to be making port, at Salem, Beverly, and different places. I wondered why; Frank said, perhaps they looked for a storm *to-morrow*. But he put "to-morrow" in italics.

To tell the truth, we did n't make very good headway after the first. The sea began to rise, and the breeze was stiff as a poker, from the east. I thought Frank looked a little solemn once or twice, when she careened clear over. Sometimes she tipped, so it was really ugly; and we were all drenched by three o'clock, by the waves. By half-past three, Frank told Jill he thought he'd better bail a little, to keep our feet dry. But *I* thought *he* thought it was just as well we should n't carry quite so much water. But, perhaps, he did n't.

I think it was just about four o'clock. I was looking at the water, thinking; Jill was watching for boats and telling Frank their tack and kind. Frank had his sleeves rolled up and his hat off, and his eyes set sharp in his head at everything. I was leaning over the gunwale and counting how many colors I could see in the water,—for we were off shore in a weedy place,—and wondering how many more Aunt John would find than I could.

All at once, I found that I could n't see a great many. What there were were dull and ugly. Then I heard Frank say:

"Ah-h-h-h!" between his teeth.

I looked up. I could see just one color—only one,—the ugliest color I think I ever saw, or expect to see, in my life. Just grey,—cold, crawling grey. You could n't see the shore; you could n't see the boats making harbor. Now we knew why.

We could just see each other's faces and our own rigging, and a little patch of greeny-black water round about.

You could n't realize, unless you'd seen it, how quick a fog comes down. A minute, and there is n't any! A minute, and there is n't anything else! We had n't even seen it *crawl*. It *pounced*.

As I said, Frank Starkweather said:

"Ah-h-h-h!"

Jill said, "Ow-w-w!"

I said, "Wh-ew-w-w!"

But when we'd made these three intellectual remarks, we did n't find ourselves talkative. Frank jammed his head into his hat, and took to the ropes with a jerk. I asked him if he thought he could saw a fog in two. But I got an extra hold of the tiller, for I felt more comfortable. Jill buttoned up his coat and brushed out his hair, as if he'd been going to a party. He looked very nervous.

There's no doubt about it, and we may as well own up now. We did n't one of us know enough to take a sail-boat from Gloucester to Swampscott. Not one. And we'd no business to have come without asking advice. But we were n't so green we did n't know that to take a sail-boat from Swampscott to Gloucester, in the teeth of an east wind, and *then* to have the luck to run into a fog-bank, was no joke, anyway you might look at it.

I asked Frank once if he thought Miss Tony would wear mourning; but he looked so black at me, I gave it up, and nobody tried to make a joke after that.

So we set to, and did the best we could.

You don't enjoy it, sailing in a fog like that. I'd have given all I owned, if I had n't kept thinking about Aunt John so often. But I did. So did Jill, I guess.

We began to hear the boat-horns soon—here and there and everywhere, up and down. And whistles; such screeching whistles from steamers and tugs! We passed the "Stamford" once, on her way to Boston. I knew *her* whistle well as I knew Jill's. But I could n't see her. It gave you a funny feeling, to hear so many things that you could n't see.

Pretty soon, Frank turned slowly around and looked at me. He looked white, I thought.

"I thought so!" said he.

Digitized by Google

"Thought what?" said I.

"Thought we were n't, and we aint! We aint making an inch in this confounded fog! Not one!"

"I should like to know what we *are* making?" said I, half mad.

"A circle," said Frank; "that 's all. Just going round and round. I think we 're off the Manchester Rocks, but I can't say sure. But I know that red buoy with the piece of kelp on it. We left that buoy half-an-hour ago. We 've turned a circle and come back to it. If you can manage this boat, Jack, you may, for I can't!"

I 'd never seen Frank Starkweather act so. He just gave up, and pulled his hat over his eyes, and I had to take his place till he felt better; I suppose, from being so much older and from Aunt John's trusting him, he felt badly.

First we knew after that, it began to grow dark. It was the last of August, and darkened early. But we knew how late it must be, and that we must have been going round and round for a long time. I don't think Frank could steer by the wind very well, or else the wind had changed. At any rate, he did n't know what to do.

Well, sir, we were sitting in that boat, three of the solemnest-looking boys *you* ever saw, when, all at once, Frank Starkweather just gave one jump and grabbed me around the throat, as if he 'd been getting up a first-class murder, and pulled my watch-guard off,—it was my old rubber one,—and it broke. Something rattled on the bottom of the boat, and Frank gave another leap, and at it.

"*Why in the name of mercy did n't you tell a fellow that you 'd got a compass with you?*" roared Frank.

And, sure enough, he meant the little compass that Jill gave me for a charm last Christmas. It was a neat little thing—truer than most such arrangements.

You ought to have seen Frank holding on to that silly little brittle thing to see if it was true—head bent over this way, and one hand on the tiller. The hand that held the little compass shook like a rabbit.

If it had n't been for that compass, I wont pretend to say what would have happened. It was bad enough as it was. But Frank stuck to the tiny thing, and kept our bearings pretty well.

Only, there was the bother of the fog. The fog was thick as mud, and the wind had shifted to the sou'-east, and it was growing very dark.

We guessed now that we must be nearing Norman's Woe. Norman's Woe is an awful reef. It's the one Longfellow's poetry tells of, about the skipper's daughter. I felt as if I could have written a poem myself about it, if I had n't been so frightened as we went by,—creeping that way,—feeling out into the fog, you know, to find it. The wind just *hammered* us towards the reef.

For I *was* frightened. So were we all. We huddled together. It was a dreadful feeling to go sailing on and not know but any minute you 'd strike one of the worst reefs on all the Massachusetts coast (for it 's an awful lonesome rock, and thick pine woods around, and no houses to speak of, and all the passing craft so shy of it), and you three boys in a sail-boat by yourselves in thick weather, after dark!

I suppose it 's the way with a good many other dreadful things; but we never knew it till it was over. Frank had just said, "There 's a lift in the fog, boys," and I had said, "How dark it is!" when Jill screeched out, "We 've hit! O, we 've hit!" and there was a horrid scraping noise and a great push of the wind, and I gave such a crunch to the tiller I heard it crack, and then we sailed off in a spurt, and all looked back.

There it lay. Black, long, ugly—the ugliest thing! It ran out, like a monster's long tongue, to sea, as if it would lap up poor fellows, I could n't but think. And the lonesome pine woods were so black above, and there was such a noise of the water all about!

We had cleared it—just.

I don't know what the other fellows did, but *I* said my prayers.

There was need of it, too, may be, for we were n't home yet, by any means. And there are places I 'd rather be in than Gloucester harbor on a dark night.

You see, the fog was getting off, but the *blow* was awful, and it just beat against that western shore and its solid cliffs, there, for miles. And there is the island and half a dozen little reefs to think of; and the harbor was full of craft in for the blow, which made you steer as if you were all eyes.

The fog-bell was tolling, too, for it was still thick outside. I hate to hear it ever since that night. I wondered what Aunt John thought of it. That bell sounds like a big funeral-bell, tolled over all the poor fellows that go down on this ugly coast.

So we crawled along in, frightened to death.

Whether we could see the lights in the boarding-house parlor, I don't know. There were a great many lights, and we got confused.

We meant to steer clear east of Ten Pound Island, and then back straight as we could.

"We 're 'most there!" said Frank.

"Time we were," said I. "It must be 'most eleven o'clock."

That instant there was a horrible crunching, grinding noise.

The "Sandpiper" leaped and leaped again. Then she grated up roughly, and stuck fast.

Digitized by Google

We were on the rocks. Where?

We looked up, and a great light blazed over our heads, like a great eye.

It was the light on Ten Pound Island. We had hit the little, long, narrow reef that juts out into the channel towards the sea.

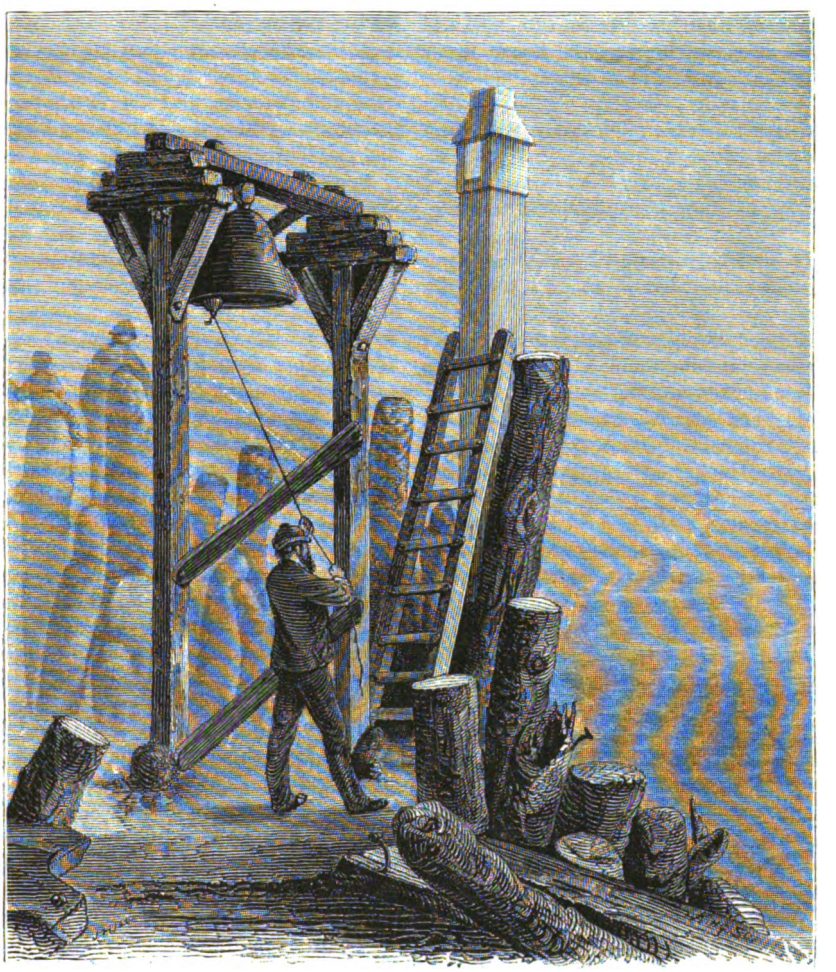
The "Sandpiper" struggled as if she had been hurt, and began to settle over on her side slowly.

PART II.

"HELP! Oh, he-*elp!*"

Our voices rang out all together. First we knew, another one rang into them. He'd been shouting, nobody knew how long, at us.

"Hold on! There in a minute! Keep up! Where are you? Keep up! Keep up!"



THE FOG-BELL.

We lifted up our voices high and strong as we knew how, over the noise the water made.

"Help! Help!"

You can't think what a sound it has—your own voice calling that word out for the first time in your life.

We caught hold of each other,—knee-deep in the water, that came up cold as ice over the "Sandpiper's" pretty colors,—and called, and called:

"Help! *Help!* HELP! Oh, HELP!"

We knew the voice as soon as we heard it. It was the light-keeper at Ten Pound Island. It was just the jolliest, cheeriest, *helpingist* voice that ever was, we boys thought; and he was as used to the water as a duck. The minute we heard him we felt safe.

The water was washing over us pretty strongly by that time, where the "Sandpiper" lay over on the reef. She did not move very much, but lay just pinioned there, and so kept us out of the

Digitized by Google

trough of the waves. It would have been a tough swim in the dark and such a sea. May be Frank Starkweather could have made it. *Perhaps* I might myself; but I don't know about Jill. The water was so cold, and you 'd get dashed so.

The light-keeper came down on the reef with a lantern. He stood and swung it to and fro. He has grey hair and a long, grey beard, and they blew about in the wind. For all I was in such a fix, I remember thinking how his grey hair looked, and how the light overhead in the light-house tower seemed to wink over his head at us, as much as to say:

"What fools you were! Oh, what fools you were!"

The light-keeper swung his lantern twice, and put his hands to his mouth trumpetwise, and hollered out:

"What foo-oo-ools you were!" At least, it sounded like that at first, but we found it was more like this:

"Can't—do—anything without—the—boats! You 're—too far—out—the reef! Can—you—keep—up—till I can—get—around?"

We hollered back that we guessed so, and he just ran! It 's some little job to get to the boat-house; that 's the other side of the island. He just put into it, I guess, for, before we knew it, the sound of oars came splashing around. Not the little, easy, quite-at-home, no-hurry kind of strokes he generally takes, but quick and sharp, like knives.

He hauled alongside, and we got in. We all shivered. Nobody said anything at first. The light-keeper rowed around, and looked the "Sandpiper" over.

We boys looked at each other. I don't think we 'd thought about the "Sandpiper" before.

"Is she much hurt?" asked Frank.

"Oh, I hope not—hope not!" said the light-keeper, cheerily. "At any rate, you can't do much for her to-night. She 'll stay where she is till next tide, I think. I 'll just take you home, and when I come over I 'll find her anchor, and drop it till morning. You 'd better get home and see your friends quick as you can."

Now, Frank told him he was very kind, but we 'd take the other boat and row ourselves home. We would n't trouble him. But he said, "Oh, no," he 'd rather like to go, and see what the folks said.

He did n't *say* he knew we were all too scared to want to touch another boat that night, even that distance,—because we were boys,—but I suppose he thought so. And, as far as I 'm concerned, I was mighty glad to be treated like a little boy for a few minutes, and to get down in the stern and be still, and feel myself rowed through the dark by a pair of arms that knew that harbor well enough to cut it up into patchwork and sew it together again.

He and Frank talked, and Jill, some; but I did n't. I did n't feel like it.

First place, I 'd been too near drowning, I suppose. I 'd rather die 'most any way than drown, I think.

Then there was Aunt John. Then there was another thing,—*somebody* had got to be responsible for the "Sandpiper."

They were all out, when we got there, looking for us. It seemed to me as if all the Point were out—all our house, and everybody from the pretty little brown cottage, where the two hammocks are, and the tent.

Tony Guest was there, Frank said, 'way out on a slippery rock, looking and looking, in her little sailor hat. I did n't see her for some time. I did n't notice anybody in particular. I don't think I could see very clearly. I could n't see Aunt John anywhere.

When we got out we found we were used up, and staggered along on the rocks. Frank was white as chowder. I saw spots on Jill's face, as if he 'd rubbed it, and his hands were dirty. But I could n't see Aunt John.

So they all crowded round, and we did n't know what to say; and then I saw her. She was coming over the rocks with great shawls. She put one on me and one on Jill, and led us up to the house away from everybody. When she got us into her own room she kissed us—but not before.

She was very pale. I thought she 'd cry; I thought she 'd scold. But she did n't do either one. She only flew around and got us to bed, and got blankets and bottles and hot coffee and things. She did n't even ask a question till she saw *me* choke; then she just said, "Oh, boys, how *could* you?" That was all. Now, she never scolded nor crowed; upon my word, she did n't. The more frightened some people are about you, the more they abuse you. But Aunt John is different. She knew we felt badly enough; and when I spoke up about the "Sandpiper," though she looked troubled, she only told me to go to sleep, and we 'd see to-morrow.

So the next day we felt pretty tired, and we all went over to see the "Sandpiper." We could see her from the boarding-house window. She lay on the rock much as we had left her, only the tide was lower. She looked like the cow that the cars ran over—very much "discouraged." So we got the light-keeper and another man that knew about boats, and Aunt John, and rowed over to the island. The "Sandpiper" lay between her anchor and a rope the light-keeper 'd set to the rock. Her mast was snapped in two. We thought there

Digitized by Google

seemed to be a bad leak, but could n't tell very well at first.

A lot of men had collected around,—men always go to wrecks in Gloucester just as you 'd go to fires anywhere else,—and some of 'em set to work and tried to haul her off the rocks. But they tried an hour, and gave it up. They said she looked to them pretty badly jammed.

The fellow that owned her had got back for some reason, and he came over. He looked very black. He said she was worth two hundred dollars.

Frank and Jill and I looked at each other. I don't think I ever felt so in my life.

"She 's a bad smash," said the fellow that owned her, "and somebody will be out of pocket on her. It can't be expected to be me, I suppose."

"She 'll come off when the tide serves," said the light-keeper. "We 'll see then how much she 's damaged. Perhaps it is n't such a bad job, after all."

But it was a bad job—very bad.

When the "Sandpiper" got off the reef at last, she looked like a sandpiper that had been shot on the wing—ruffled and struggling and half dead. Her mast was broken all to nothing, and there was a great gouge in her bows. The fellow that owned her had her towed into town, and said he 'd have the damages estimated and let us know. In the afternoon he came over and said it would take about seventy-five or eighty dollars to set her trim again.

Now, our people are n't very well off. They could n't afford eighty dollars to pay for a sail-boat, any way, in the world. I did n't know what on earth to do or say. I just walked around and thought of things. I had an awful headache. I could n't go to dinner. I wondered if I should have to go into a store and earn the money. I wondered if the fellow that owned her would arrest us, if we did n't pay. I thought what father and mother would think, and how disgraced we were. I was the most miserable boy you ever knew, unless it was Jill.

I was out on the rocks in a cubby there is there, where nobody sees you, when I heard a step behind.

You 'd know Aunt John's step in a regiment, if you 'd ever heard it. It springs along, and strikes down broad. She wears great low boot-heels, like a man's, and her dresses don't drag.

"Coming in to supper?" asked Aunt John.

She bent over to look at me. She had a white shawl over her head, and she was smiling. She 's very gentle for a smart woman, my Aunt John.

I said no. I did n't want any supper.

"I 'm up such a tree about that boat!" said I.

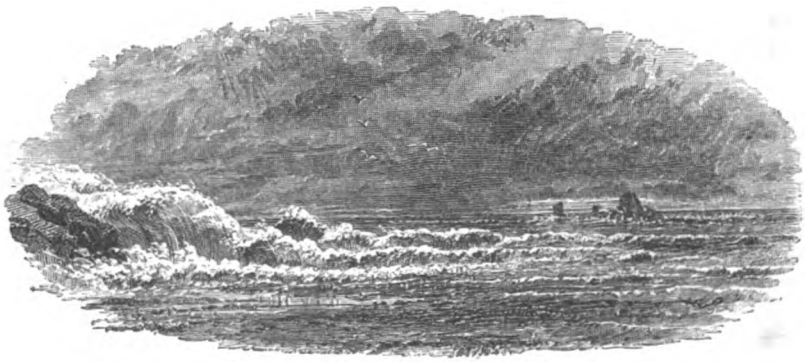
"The boat," said Aunt John, quietly, "is paid for. You 'd better come to supper."

"Paid for? The 'Sandpiper?'" said I. "Who paid for her?"

But I knew. I knew when she shook her head and said, "No matter!" smiling. I knew she could n't afford it, and how it came out of what she'd laid up. I felt so ashamed that I could n't speak, and I made up my mind we 'd pay her back, if it took ten years to do it. But I felt as if all Eastern Point had jumped up and rolled away off my heart. And still she never scolded nor crowed at us. Never!

And Frank Starkweather and Tony Guest said there were n't many like her, and they said if we did n't behave ourselves to pay her for it, we 'd be poor stuff, and I think so, too.

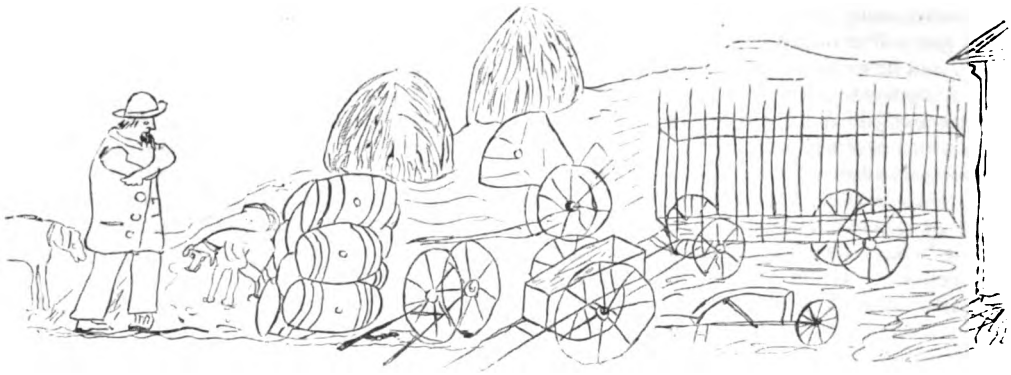
There is n't any moral to this story, that I know of,—I hate stories with morals tacked on. But I think *this*: I think a good sail-boat is something like a good friend. If you know much of anything, you wont abuse 'em—either of 'em; and if you *don't* know enough to know how to treat 'em, you 'd better go without.



Digitized by Google

THE MOVING OF THE BARN

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.



THE BARRELMAN LOOKING AT HIS POSSESSIONS. (FROM A SKETCH BY THE BARRELMAN HIMSELF.)

ONE morning, the barrelman went forth from his house, and stood, with folded arms, looking at his possessions. Carts, carriages, wheel-barrows, barrels, and many other things stood around. And he said, "Behold! I have numbers of carts, carriages, wheel-barrows, barrels, and many other things, but have no roof whereunder to shelter them." And he said, "Behold! in North Braintree there stands a barn,—a brown barn, a right goodly barn,—that will shelter my carts, carriages,

DRAWING THE BROWN BARN FROM NORTH BRAINTREE.

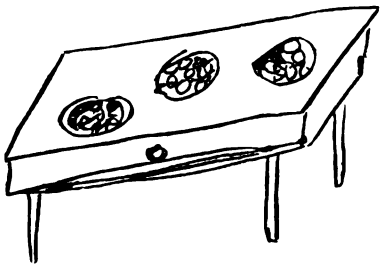
Digitized by Google

wheel-barrows, barrels, and many other things. This barn will I buy. And I will get oxen,—oxen with their drivers, and moving-men with their stout

THE BARRELMAN CUTS THE BRANCHES AND THE OWNER COMPLAINS.

wheels and timbers and iron chains; and the barn shall be raised upon the stout wheels, and the oxen shall draw it hither; and there will I shelter my carts and carriages and wheel-barrows and barrels and many other things."

And twenty oxen came, with their drivers, from Quincy and Bridgewater and Randolph and Hingham; also horses and men. And the drivers shouted and cracked their whips, and the horses pulled and the oxen pulled; and so, in this way, the barn was dragged along.

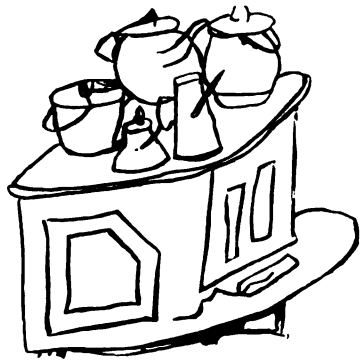


THE DISHES OF PEELED POTATOES.

The barn was so high that the telegraph wires had to be cut. And soon they came to a railroad crossing. "Look out for the engine when the bell rings" had to be taken down; also the two posts that held it up. Great trees stood by the roadside, and their branches must be cut that the barn might pass by. So the barrelman climbed up the trees with his hatchet, and began to hack away. Then the man that owned the trees came out, and cried up to the barrelman, "What are you cutting off the branches of my trees for?"

And Jerusha stood by the window at home, with her dish of peeled potatoes, watching; for the barrelman had said, "When the barn comes in sight, put the potatoes in the pot, for all the men from Quincy and Bridgewater and Hingham and Randolph will be hungry, and must have their dinners." So three great kettles were set a-boiling upon the stove, and in them were put meat and cabbages and turnips and potatoes and beets and carrots and many other things. Many hours passed; and after long watching, the great brown barn came in sight, with the oxen and the horses and the drivers with whips. Then ran Jerusha with her peeled potatoes, and dropped them in the pot; and Abigail ran with dishes and knives and forks, to set the table.

Pretty soon, the great brown barn came rolling past the windows on its stout wheels, with all the twenty oxen (twenty horned oxen), and horses



THE KETTLES ON THE STOVE.

(horses with tails), and crowds of men, and troops of boys, and drivers cracking their whips, and

Digitized by Google

dogs barking and children shouting, and a great "hurrah!" all around. The geese squawked and ran; the hens cackled and ran; the pig squeaked and ran; the cow turned and scampered away, and the two cats did the same; while Jerusha and Abigail, with their long necks out of the window, waved white handkerchiefs.

THE HORSES AND THE OXEN APPEAR IN SIGHT.

And, afterwards, the men came in to dinner. Tall men and short men, and lean men and fat men; men with big coats and men with butcher-frocks, and men without any coats at all.

They all sat round the table, fourteen hungry men, almost half-starved; for it was dark by this time, and they had eaten nothing since early morning, and had walked all the way from Quincy and Bridgewater and Randolph and Hingham. Jerusha carried to the table plates heaped with meat and potatoes and cabbages and turnips and beets and carrots and many other things, while a big plum-pudding stood in one corner. And Abigail stood by, with a coffee-pot in one hand and a teapot in the other hand, saying, "Tea or coffee, sir?"

THE FOURTEEN HUNGRY MEN SIT AROUND THE TABLE, AND ABIGAIL SAYS, "TEA OR COFFEE, SIR?"

Digitized by Google

HOW MY HERO FOUND A NAME.

By E. A. E.

My story is a true one, and when you have read it, I think you will agree with me that my hero, though small, was not to be despised. He lived in the midst of an old wood, where the tops of the tall trees met, keeping out the sun's light and warmth. Moss-covered stumps and logs lay upon the ground; between them grew the tall ferns and brightly-colored toadstools. Now and then, little scarlet lizards would dart out from under the stones, and scamper off out of sight again at the least noise. My hero was not able to run as fast as they, but he plodded along quietly, doing the best he could, which is all that should be expected of anybody. His home was not in any one place, for he traveled about all day, looking for his dinner, and, when he found it, he generally spent the night near by; this was the most convenient way, for, like a soldier, he carried his tent with him. In fact, it was always on his back, ready for him to run into when an enemy appeared. The dinner he liked best was a kind of toadstool, up the thick stem of which he would creep, and, holding fast to the firm, smooth edge, make a delightful meal. Once he had been shut up in a tiny white egg, no bigger than a partridge-berry, and lay with many others carefully tucked away under a soft, mossy blanket; and when he was ready to come out, he ate up his own egg-shell, after which he set off at once to look for something more to eat.

At the time of which I am telling, the house on his back was nearly an inch across, and beautifully striped and spotted with brown and gold. This house, strange to say, grew all the time as he grew, and he was fastened so tightly to it that he could not have left it if he would. His body was flat on the lower side, and, instead of feet, there were a great many little suckers, with which he could hold very fast to a stone or piece of wood, or could walk at his pleasure. By this time you will have found out that he was a snail. I dare say you have often met his brothers and cousins when you have been walking in the woods in summer.

One day, whilst he was carefully climbing up the side of a fallen tree, he heard such a queer noise just above him, that he came very near losing his hold and tumbling back to the ground; but, remembering in time that in that case he might fall against a stone and crack his beautiful shell, he stood still, and listened instead. Two squirrels were talking very hard, while a bird sat near by on a twig, joining in now and then.

"You are nobody," said the biggest squirrel, in a loud, angry tone; "only a little striped thing. What business have you stealing my nuts?"

A timid voice replied: "I am sure I did not think of stealing from anyone."

"You had better not try it again," said the first. "My name is Lord Gray; but you have no name."

"O, dear, yes," sang the bird, merrily; "his name is Chippy, and my name is Robin Redbreast; we are just as good as you, Lord Gray, any day." And away he flew.

"How much they talk about names," thought our little friend, the snail. "Now, I would not tell Lord Gray, but I have no name that I ever heard of. How could I get one, I wonder?"

HELIX AND THE TOADSTOOLS.

Then, as the two squirrels scampered away, he continued his walk, and was soon over the log. All day long, he thought over this new idea—how he should find a name,—till he forgot all about the fat white toadstools he usually loved, and passed at least a dozen in his walk. He could hardly sleep a wink that night; but, when morning came, feeling hungry, he set off, as usual, in search of a breakfast. On his way, he came to a big rock, and as he never went around anything, no matter how hard it was to climb over, he was just starting up its steep side when, O, horror! something big and white pounced on him, and lifted him quite off his feet. The surprise was so great he forgot to run into his house, and finding himself on a firm standing-place, he ventured to take a few steps, coming to the edge of the hand he was on, and

Digitized by Google

looking over. This made him dizzy, though; he was so very far from the ground. A young girl had picked him up, and now looked at him admiringly.

"What a beauty!" she said. "I will take him home, and keep him for a pet."

Our hero now retired into his house, refusing to come out till he thought he felt himself on firm ground again. It was not the ground, however,

A PORTRAIT OF HELIX.

but a broad window-seat, and three pairs of eyes were staring at him.

"What shall I call him?" asked his young mistress.

"How would Helix do?" said one of her companions.

"Beautifully, thank you. Now, he must have a place to live in."

So a large pan was brought, and filled with moss. In the middle they planted a bunch of pure white plants called "Indian pipes," and around the edge, little vines and ferns. This was to be Helix's home.

When he heard himself called by this pretty name, his little heart beat joyfully; he had found what he sought, and was a happy fellow. For dinner, instead of a toadstool diet, of which, on the whole, he was rather tired, something new, and very delicious, was put before him. He did not know what it was, but I will tell you. It was sponge-cake, moistened with water. Oh! what a happy time he had now. Plenty of dinners, without the trouble of going in search of them; soft moss to walk over; and, after a time, several other snails came to share his quarters. They had names, too, such as "Sewell," named for the mountain on which they were living, "Fayette," for the country, &c. None, however, was so dear to his mistress' heart as Helix. She watched him growing every day fatter and prettier, and often let him walk all over her hand, holding on so tightly with his soft little feet—or what served the purpose of feet to him. When he wanted to go anywhere, he put out a pair of short horns to feel with; and his eyes were on the ends of a pair of longer horns. All these horns he could draw in close to his head, when he liked.

One unlucky day his mistress was going out to ride on horseback. She was not to return for several hours, and fearing that her precious Helix might wander too far in her absence, she put him under a tumbler on the sill. She never thought about the hot sun, which would by-and-by reach her window; but, after taking a loving look at him, went gaily away. At first, Helix was pretty comfortable, but it began to grow hotter and hotter. He came out of his shell as far as he could for a breath of air, but he could get none. When, after several hours, his mistress returning hastened to let out the captive, she found him stretched out under the burning sun stiff and dead. She took him up tenderly, and sprinkled cold water on him; but when she found it was all of no use, and that help had come too late, she sat down with him in her hand and had a good cry. For besides the fact that she had lost a dear little pet, she blamed herself for forgetting that snails love cool, damp places, and cannot bear the heat of the sun. A picture she had drawn of him was carefully put away with his empty shell, no longer brown and golden, but white and homely; for the little Helix had left his house, and gone where the good snails go.

WEE little house with the golden thatch;
Twice I knocked and I lifted the latch:
"And pray, is the mistress here?"
"In black stuff gown and a yellow vest,
She 's busily packing her honey-chest;
Will you taste a bit, my dear?"

Digitized by Google

POPSEY'S POSIES.

By Lizzie W. Champney.

There were just five of them, ranged in little pots on a shelf in front of Popsey's window, which let the sunshine into a quaint little room, in a quaint old house, in the quaint old town of ——, on the river Rhine, where Popsey's parents lived. Five flowering plants; for Popsey was just five years old, and these were the presents received on each of her birthdays. Popsey was quite a traveler, for a small child, and the flowers recalled different places. The orange-tree meant Rome; the fuschia,

POPSEY AND THE BUTTERFLY.

Digitized by Google

Paris; the carnation, the Isle of Wight; the rose geranium brought up Brussels; and to-day, being her fifth birthday, her mamma had just cut a slip from the ivy that tried its best to cover the time-battered walls of the old house, and had placed it in the centre of Popsey's conservatory. It was the only present she would have this year, for they were very poor now. Her papa was only just recovering from a wound received two years before; his last picture had been sold, so very, very low; their money was all gone, and there was nothing to live upon till he could paint more. But Popsey did not know this, and she was the jolliest little roly-poly that ever brought sunshine into clouded hearts.

This particular morning, as she crooned her merriest song, threw open the window with its old patchwork panes, and climbed up to see her posies, her mamma was saying, "Do not worry, Charlie—*you* are my treasure;" and her papa replied, impatiently, for the long illness had tried him sorely, "Yes, and you have followed me for the last six years as if I were the pot of gold under the rainbow, and I am just as worthless, and liable to vanish away any moment. No, dear, I do not believe that there is any kind Father who cares for us all. I 'm a practical man, and if He wants me to believe any such thing as that, let Him send one of His 'bright-winged messengers' to show us a hidden treasure more available than your poor wreck of a husband."

"Boofle as a bufferfly," sang Popsey, as a brightly-tinted butterfly flashed from the fuschia bloom, dazzled her eyes, twinkled through her chubby fingers, settled a moment on a leaf of the carnation, slipped safely away, and quivered off into the bright sunlight as Popsey pounced after it, sending the carnation reeling off the narrow shelf, crashing down upon the tile-paved court below.

Now, look back at the picture, and then I 'll commence my story, for I 've started five years ahead of it.

I.—THE ORANGE-TREE.

Popsey's mamma was a very beautiful young lady once,—an orphan, traveling with a very rich, very thin, very cross old aunty. They were spending the winter in Rome, and it was here she met Popsey's papa, who was a young artist, talented but poor, like the rest of them. He had rooms opposite their own, and between them lay a little park, where an orange-tree grew over a fountain, and here they often walked and talked together, for they loved each other; but when the cross aunty,—who, by the way, was the

> Old lady all dressed in silk,
> Who lived upon lemons and butter-milk,

that you have all read about,—found this out, she packed up her trunks and went back to America, intending to take Popsey's mamma with her. But instead of that, the young lady wreathed her beautiful head with a spray of blossoms from the orange-tree, married the poor artist, and stayed with him in Rome for two years.

When they went to Paris, Popsey was just a year old, and as a birthday gift, and for the sake of the associations that clustered about it, they carried with them a cutting from the orange-tree in the park.

II.—THE FUSCHIA.

The young artist and his little wife took rooms in a cheap quarter of Paris, on the third floor. They were back rooms, too, for Honorine had the front one for her costumes, which she let for fancy-dress balls. Popsey liked the gay colors, and Honorine was fond of children, so the little one was often there. Honorine lent her papa costumes too, in which he would dress up his models for the great historical picture he was painting, and he paid Honorine for their use as much as he could afford, so that they helped one another. Popsey liked to sit at Honorine's window and look out at the street. She had a stand of flowers here, and Popsey liked the fuschia best, because the blossoms looked like little opera-dancers in fancy costumes of purple petticoats and scarlet over-skirts; and Honorine would kindly pick off a number of them for Popsey to play with. There was a pleasant, round-faced, pink-cheeked, little doctor who went by the house every day, on his way to and from the hospital. He liked children as much as Honorine, and the sight of this little tot, gravely dancing her flower-dolls on the window-seat, amused him; and his amusement attracted Popsey's attention, so that every time he went by she would drop him one of her little posies, and he would tuck the wee thing in his button-hole, smile, kiss his hand to her, and pass on. Sometimes he saw Honorine's pale, sad face in the background, and it interested him quite as much as Popsey's had. Honorine's face was sad because she knew now, that do what she might, she could not make her living out of the costumes, and she did not know what was to come next.

One day the doctor missed Popsey at the window, and he ran up the stairs to inquire for her. Honorine gave him his fuschia instead, and made it into such a pretty little button-hole knot, and fastened it in so neatly that, after that, the doctor ran up stairs for it every day before Popsey could drop it out of the window to him.

On Popsey's next birthday, she found things in a strange commotion in Honorine's room. An old

Digitized by Google

Jew, with a hooked nose, came and bought her costumes. Her own small trunk was packed, too, and the little doctor was on his knees before it, tacking one of his own cards on the end—only, there was a "Madame" written before his name. All the flower-pots were wrapped up in papers, and Popsey, in her great astonishment at such proceedings as these, sat down on what she supposed was an ottoman, but which proved to be the fuschia. It was broken off near the ground, and Honorine gave the pot to Popsey as a good-by birthday gift. After a time, the fuschia sent up another stalk, and it and the orange-cutting grew very lovingly on together.

III.—The Carnation-Pink.

When Popsey was almost three years old, the war between France and Prussia broke out, and foreigners were obliged to leave Paris. Popsey and her parents went to the Isle of Wight. Here she had grand times walking with her mamma on the beach, and digging in the wet sand with her little shovel. A fussy, eccentric old gentleman, who used to be wheeled about in an invalid's chair, asked her name one day. "Blessed Baby," replied Popsey; and from that moment he took a great fancy to her, and they had many merry hours together. He had hosts of curiosities, among them quite a number of snuff-boxes. Each of them had a story connected with it, and all of these stories he told her. Popsey, in return, told him all she could about her posies, and her mamma gave their histories in a more definite manner.

The old gentleman was so much interested that, on Popsey's next birthday, he presented her with a flower-pot, in which the earth was tightly packed, telling her that it contained the seed of a very wonderful plant, but that she must not be impatient for it to grow, though, if it did not come up by the time she was old enough to study botany, she might dig down to see what was the matter. His eyes twinkled as he said this, and he looked very merry, and Popsey's mamma thought him a very peculiar old gentleman. He was as kind as odd, however, for he introduced her papa to the editor of a London paper, who engaged him, on liberal terms, to follow the German army, and make sketches for him. Popsey and her mamma staid at the Isle of Wight, and shortly after, the strange old gentleman went away to his own home, and they never saw him again. They could not quite make out what he meant, for, after awhile, a carnation-pink sprang up from his flower-pot, and that was not such a strange plant, for they were very common in all the gardens that season, so that a stray seed might have been sown there by the wind, even.

IV.—The Rose Geranium.

In the next summer, bad news came from Popsey's papa. He had been wounded in one of the battles, and her mamma set out at once with Popsey and the posies to go and nurse him. So, from Dover, they went to Ostend, and thence to Brussels; but on the way her mamma was taken sick, and when the poor lady arrived in Brussels she was too ill to go farther, and might have died in the streets, had she not been taken to the hospital, where she was nursed back to health by the good Sisters of Mercy. When she recovered she found that the state of the country was such that it would be impossible for her to take Popsey with her, so she was "left until called for" with the sisters. Her posies stood inside a grated window, with one little sprig of rose geranium, which belonged to the dear sweet Sœur Clotilde, and had a story of its own, too, for it had been sent from her lover's grave. She died while Popsey was there, and was laid away to sleep in the convent-yard, with geranium blossoms clasped with her rosary in her pale fingers; and when Popsey and her posies were sent for, the geranium went, too.

V.—The Ivy

Had been given Popsey this very morning, which, you will remember, was her fifth birthday; and she had made her father's heart glad with her joyous prattle, but she could not make him quite forget that the money was all gone, and though he was well enough now to work, there was nothing left to keep them till he could realize something from his work, and this was why he spoke so bitterly and distrustfully. And Popsey, at the window, crooned away her mixture of all songs:

> Darling Popsey Wopsey Chickabiddy Chum,
> Boofle as a bufferfly, O, my dacious!
> Her knocked her 'nation-pink sight off 'e winny-sill!

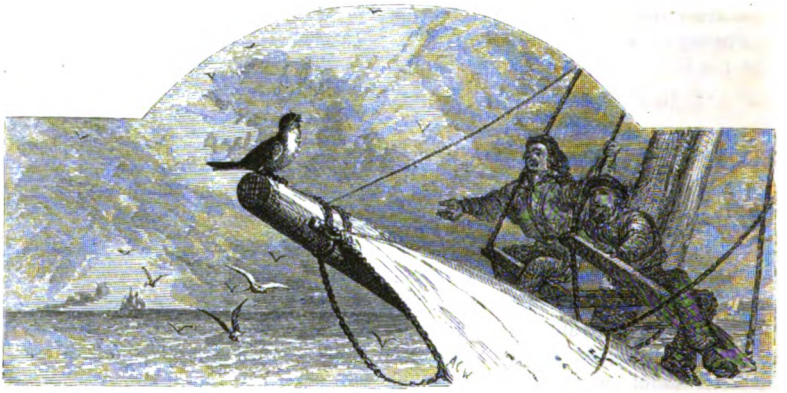
Popsey and her mamma went down to gather up the fragments. The poor carnation was ruined, so was the flower-pot; but from the earth rolled one of the queer old gentleman's snuff-boxes, and from the snuff-box they took a crumpled yellow paper, and on the paper was written:

> Bank of England.
> Pay to Miss Popsey Palmer, One Hundred Pounds.
> Nelson Dedham, M.P.

Digitized by Google

HOW THE LITTLE BIRD WENT TO SEA.

By F. V. W.



Two little birds sat in a nest,
All on a summer's day.
Said one, "I think it 's far too warm,
You 'd better fly away.
Away, away, away,
You 'd better fly away!

"This tiny nest, it is so snug
There 's only room for me;
And as for you, I really think
You 'd better go to sea.
To sea, to sea, to sea,
You 'd better go to sea!"

Off flew the other in a miff,—
At least so runs the tale,—
And coming to a tender ship,
He lit upon the sail.
The sail, the sail, the sail,
He lit upon the sail.

Now, sailors of a tender ship
Are always very kind;
They said, "You little bird, stay there,
So be 't you have a mind.
A mind, a mind, a mind,
So be 't you have a mind."

Said he, "Full thankful swells my heart
To hear such friendly tones;
This ship I 'll ne'er forsake until
It goes to Davy Jones.
D. Jones, D. Jones, D. Jones,
It goes to Davy Jones!"

"Good-bye, good-bye, my faithless friend!"
Then sang he loud and long;
And folded both his little wings—
The ship sailed on and on.
And on, and on, and on,
The ship sailed on and on!

And that it may be sailing yet,
Nobody can deny;
The sailors singing with the bird:
"My faithless friend, good-bye!
Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye,
My faithless friend, good-bye!"

Digitized by Google

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

By Frank R. Stockton.

Chapter XXIV.

THE FIRST BUSINESS TELEGRAMS.

When Harry jumped from the tree, he came down on his feet, in water not quite up to his waist; and then he pushed in towards dry land as fast as he could go. In a few minutes, he stood in the midst of the colored family, his trousers and coat-tails dripping, and his shoes feeling like a pair of wet sponges.

"Ye ought to have rolled up yer pants and tooked off yer shoes and stockin's afore ye jumped, Mah'sr Harry," said the woman.

"I wish I had taken off my shoes," said Harry.

The woman at whose cabin Harry found himself was Charity Allen, and a good, sensible woman she was. She made Harry hurry into the house, and she got him her husband's Sunday trousers, which she had just washed and ironed, and insisted on his putting them on, while she dried his own. She hung his stockings and his coat before the fire, and made one of the boys rub his shoes with a cloth so as to dry them as much as possible before putting them near the fire.

Harry was very impatient to be off, but Charity was so certain that he would catch his death of cold if he started before his clothes were dry that he allowed himself to be persuaded to wait.

And then she fried some salt pork, on which, with a great piece of corn bread, he made a hearty meal, for he was very hungry.

"Have you had your dinner, Charity?" he asked.

"Oh yes, Mah'sr Harry; long time ago," she said.

"Then it must be pretty late," said Harry, anxiously.

"Oh, no!" said she; "'t aint late. I reckon it can't be much mor' 'n four o'clock."

"Four o'clock!" shouted Harry, jumping up in such a hurry that he like to have tripped himself in Uncle Oscar's trousers, which were much too long for him. "Why, that 's dreadfully late. Where can the day have gone? I must be off, right away!"

So much had happened since morning, that it was no wonder that Harry had not noticed how the hours had flown.

The ride to the creek, the discussions there, the delay in getting the boat, the passage down the stream, which was much longer than Harry had imagined, and the time he had spent in the tree and in the cabin, had, indeed, occupied the greater part of the day.

And even now he was not able to start. Though he urged her as much as he could, he could not make Charity understand that it was absolutely necessary that he must have his clothes, wet or dry; and he did not get them until they were fit to put on. And then his shoes were not dry, but, as he intended to run all the way to Aunt Judy's cabin, that did not matter so much.

"How far is it to Aunt Judy's?" he asked, when at last he was ready to start.

"Well, I reckons it 's 'bout six or seben miles, Mah'sr Harry," said Charity.

"Six or seven miles!" exclaimed Harry. "When shall I get there!"

"Now don't hurry and git yese'f all in a heat," said Charity. "Jist keep along dis path fru de woods till ye strike de road, and that 'll take ye straight to de bridge. Wish I had a mule to len' ye."

"Good-by, Charity," cried Harry. "I 'm ever so much obliged." And hurriedly searching his vest pockets, he found a ten cent note and a few pennies, which he gave to the children, who grinned in silent delight, and then he started off on a run.

But he did not run all the way.

Before long he began to tire a little, and then he settled down into a fast walk. He felt that he must hurry along as fast as he was able. The fortunes of the Crooked Creek Telegraph Company depended upon him. If the company failed in this, its first opportunity, there was no hope for it.

So on he walked, and before very long he struck the main road. Here he thought he should be able to get along faster, but there was no particular reason for it. In fact, the open road was rather rougher than that through the woods. But it was cooler here than under the heavy, overhanging trees.

And now Harry first noticed that the sun was not shining. At least, it was behind the western hills. It must be growing very late, he thought.

On he went, for a mile or two, and then it began to grow dusky. Night was surely coming on.

At a turn in the wood, he met a negro boy with a tin bucket on his head. Harry knew him. It was Tom Haskins.

Digitized by Google

"Hello, Tom!" said Harry, stopping for a moment, "I want you."

"What you want, Mah'sr Harry?" asked Tom.

"I want you to come to Aunt Judy's cabin and carry some messages over to Hetertown for me."

"When you want me?" said Tom; "to-morrer mornin'?"

"No; I want you to-night. Right away. I'll pay you."

"To-night!" cried the astonished Tom. "Go ober dar in de dark! Can't do dat, Mah'sr Harry. Ise 'fraid to go fru de woods in de dark."

"Nonsense," cried Harry. "Nothing's going to hurt you. Come on over."

"Can't do it, Mah'sr Harry, no how," said Tom. "Ise got ter tote dis hyar buttermilk home; dey's a-waitin' fur it now. But p'r'aps Jim'll go fur you. He kin borrer a mule and go fur you, Mah'sr Harry, I spects."

"Well, tell Jim to get a mule and come to Aunt Judy's just as quick as he can. I'll pay him right well."

"Dat's so, Mah'sr Harry; Jim'll go 'long fur ye. I'll tell him."

"Now be quick about it," cried Harry. "I'm in a great hurry." And off he started again.

But as he hurried along, his legs began to feel stiff and his feet were sore. He had walked very fast, so far, but now he was obliged to slacken his pace.

And it grew darker and darker. Harry thought he had never seen night come on so fast. It was certainly a long distance from Charity's cabin to Aunt Judy's.

At last he reached the well-known woods near the bridge, and off in a little opening, he saw Aunt Judy's cabin. It was so dark now that he would not have known it was a cabin, had he not been so familiar with it.

Curiously enough, there was no light to be seen in the house. Harry hurried to the door and found it shut. He tried to open it, and it was locked. Had Aunt Judy gone away? She never went away; it was foolish to suppose such a thing.

He knocked upon the door, and receiving no answer, he knocked louder, and then he kicked. In a minute or two, during which he kept up a continual banging and calling on the old woman, he heard a slight movement inside. Then he knocked and shouted, "Aunt Judy!"

"Who dar?" said a voice within.

"It's me! Harry Loudon!" cried Harry. "Let me in!"

"What ye want dar?" said Aunt Judy. "Go 'way from dar."

"I want to come in. Open the door."

"Can't come in hyar. Ise gone to bed."

"But I must come in," cried Harry, in desperation; "I've got to work the line. They're waiting for me. Open the door, do you hear, Aunt Judy?"

"Go 'way wid yer line," said Aunt Judy, crossly. "Ise abed. Come in der mornin'. Time enough in de day time to work lines."

Harry now began to get angry. He found a stone and he banged the door. He threatened Aunt Judy with the law. He told her she had no right to go to bed and keep the company out of their station, when the creek was up; but, from her testy answers, his threats seemed to have made but little impression upon her. She did n't care if they stopped her pay, or fined her, or sent her to prison. She never heard of "sich bisness, a-wakin' people out of their beds in the middle o' the night fur dem foolin' merchines."

But Harry's racket had a good effect, after all. It woke up Aunt Judy, and, after a time, she got out of bed, uncovered the fire, blew up a little blaze, lighted a candle, and putting on some clothes, came and opened the door, grumbling all the time.

"Now den," said she, holding the candle over her head, and looking like a black Witch of Endor, just out of the ground, "What you want?"

"I want to come in," said Harry.

"Well, den, come in," said she.

Harry was not slow to enter, and having made Aunt Judy bring him two candles, which he told her the company would pay for, he set to work to get his end of the line in working order.

When all was ready, he sat down to the instrument and "called" Harvey.

He felt very anxious as he did this. How could he be sure that Harvey was there? What a long time for that poor fellow to wait, without having any assurance that Harry would get across the creek at all, much less reach his post, and go to work.

"He may suppose I'm drowned," thought Harry, "and he may have gone home to tell the folks."

But there was such a sterling quality about Harvey that Harry could not help feeling that he would find him in his place when he telegraphed to him, no matter how great the delay or how doubtful the passage of the creek.

But when he called there was no answer.

Still he kept the machine steadily ticking. He would not give up hoping that Harvey was there, although his heart beat fast with nervous anxiety. So far, he had not thought that his family might be frightened about him. *He* knew he was safe, and that had been enough. He had not thought about other people.

Digitized by Google

But as these ideas were running through his head and troubling him greatly, there came a "tick, tick" from the other side, then more of them, but they meant nothing. Some one was there who could not work the instrument.

Then suddenly came a message:

Is that you, Harry?

Joyfully, Harry answered:

Yes. Who wants to know?

The answer was:

Your father. He has just waked me up.—HARVEY.

With a light heart, Harry telegraphed, as briefly as possible, an account of his adventures; and then his father sent a message, telling him that the family had heard that he had been carried away, and had been greatly troubled about him, and that men had ridden down the stream after him, and had not returned, and that he, Mr. Loudon, had just come to Lewston's cabin, hoping for news by telegraph. Harvey had been there all day. Mr. Loudon said he would now hurry home with the good news, but before bidding his son good night, he told him that he must not think of returning until the creek had fallen. He must stay at Aunt Judy's, or go over to Hetertown.

When this had been promised, and a message sent to his mother and Kate, Harry hastened to business. He telegraphed to Harvey to transmit the company's messages as fast as he could; a boy would soon be there to take them over to Hetertown. The answer came:

What messages?

Then Harry suddenly remembered that he had had the messages in the breast-pocket of his coat all the time!

He dived at his pocket. Yes, there they were!

Was there ever such a piece of absurdity? He had actually carried those despatches across the creek! After all the labor and expense of building the telegraph, this had been the way that the first business messages had crossed Crooked Creek!

When Harry made this discovery he burst out laughing. Why, he might as well have carried them to Hetertown from Charity's cabin. It would really have been better, for the distance was not so great.

Although he laughed, he felt a little humiliated. How Tom Selden, and indeed everybody, would laugh if they knew it!

But there was no need to tell everybody, and so when he telegraphed the fact to Harvey, he enjoined secrecy. He knew he could trust Harvey.

And now he became anxious about Jim. Would he be able to borrow a mule, and would he come?

Every few minutes he went to the door and listened for the sound of approaching hoofs, but nothing was to be heard but the low snoring of Aunt Judy, who was fast asleep in a chair by the fireplace.

While thus waiting, a happy thought came into Harry's head. He opened the messages,—he had a right to do that, of course, as he was an operator and had undertaken to transmit them,—and he telegraphed them, one by one, to Harvey, with instructions to him to send them back to him.

"They shall come over the creek on our line, anyway," said Harry to himself.

It did not take long to send them and to receive them again, for there were only three of them. Then Harvey sent a message, congratulating Harry on this happy idea, and also suggested that he, Harvey, should now ride home, as it was getting late, and it was not likely that there would be any more business that night.

Harry agreed to this, urging Harvey to return early in the morning, and then he set to work to write out the messages. The company had not yet provided itself with regular forms, but Harry copied the telegrams carefully on note-paper, with which, with pen and ink, each station was furnished, writing them, as far as possible, in the regular form and style of the ordinary telegraphic dispatch. Then he put them in an envelope and directed them to Mr. Lyons, at Hetertown, endorsing them "In haste. To be transmitted to destination immediately."

"Now then," thought he, "nobody need know how these came over in the first place, until we choose to tell them, and we wont do that until we've sent over some messages in the regular way, and have proved that our line is really of some use. And we wont charge the Mica Company anything for these dispatches. But yet, I don't know about that. I certainly brought them over, and trouble enough I had to do it. I'll see about charging, after I've talked it over with somebody. I reckon I'll ask father about that. And I have n't delayed the messages, either; for I've been waiting for Jim. I wonder where that boy can be!" And again Harry went out of doors to listen.

Had he known that Jim was at that moment fast asleep in his bed at home, Harry need not have gone to the door so often.

At last our operator began to be very sleepy, and having made up his mind that if Jim arrived he would certainly wake him up, he aroused Aunt Judy, who was now too sleepy to scold, and having succeeded in getting her to lend him a blanket (it was her very best blanket, which she kept for high days and holidays, and if she had been thoroughly awake she would not have lent it for the purpose), and having spread it on the floor, he lay down on it and was soon asleep.

Digitized by Google

Aunt Judy blew out one of the candles and set the other on the hearth. Then she stumbled drowsily into the next room and shut the door after her. In a few minutes every living creature in and about the place was fast asleep, excepting some tree-frogs and Katy-dids outside, who seemed to have made up their minds to stay up all night.

Chapter XXV.

PROFITS AND PROJECTS.

The next morning, Harry was up quite early, and after having eaten a very plain breakfast, which Aunt Judy prepared for him, he ran down to the creek to see what chance there was for business.

There seemed to be a very good chance, for the creek had not fallen, that was certain. If there was any change at all, the water seemed a little higher than it was before.

Before long, Harvey arrived on the other side, accompanied by Tom Selden and Wilson Ogden, who were very anxious to see how matters would progress, now that there was some real work to do.

The boys sent messages and greetings backward and forward to each other for about an hour, and then old Miles arrived with his mail-bag, which contained quite a number of telegrams, this time.

Not only were there those on the business of the Mica Company, but Mr. Darby, the storekeeper at Akeville, thought it necessary to send a message to Hetertown by the new line, and there were two or three other private telegrams, that would probably never have been sent had it not been for the novelty of the thing.

But that rascal, Jim Haskins, did not make his appearance, and when Harry found that it was not likely that he would come at all, he induced Aunt Judy to go out and look for some one to carry the telegrams to Hetertown. Harry had just finished copying the messages,—and this took some time, for he wrote each one of them in official form,—when Aunt Judy returned, bringing with her a telegraphic messenger.

It was Uncle Braddock.

"Here 's a man to take yer letters," said Aunt Judy, as she ushered in the old man.

Harry looked up from his table in surprise.

"Why, Uncle Braddock," said he, "you can't carry these telegrams. I want a boy, on a mule or a horse, to go as fast as he can."

"Lor' bress ye, Mah'sr Harry," said the old negro. "I kin git along fas' enough. Aunt Judy said ye wanted Jim an' Nobleses mule; but dat dar mule he back hindwards jist about as much as he walks frontwards. I jist keep right straight along, an' I kin beat dat dar ole mule, all holler. Jist gim me yer letters, an' I 'll tote 'em ober dar fur ten cents. Ye see I wuz cotched on dis side de creek, an' wuz jist comin ober to see Aunt Judy when she telled me ob dis job. I 'll tote yer letters, Mah'sr Harry, fur ten cents fur de bag-full."

"I have n't a bag-full," said Harry; "but I reckon you 'll have to take them. There 's nobody else about, it seems, and I can't leave the station."

So Uncle Braddock was engaged as telegraph-boy, and Harry having promised him twenty cents to go to Hetertown and to return with any telegrams that were there awaiting transmission to the other side of the creek, the old man set off with his little package, in high good humor with the idea of earning money by no harder work than walking a few miles.

Shortly after noon, he returned with a few messages from Hetertown, and by that time there were some for him to carry back. So he made two trips and forty cents that day,—quite an income for Uncle Braddock.

In the evening, Jim Haskins made his appearance with his mule. He said his brother had n't told him anything about Harry's wanting him until that afternoon. Notwithstanding Uncle Braddock's discouraging account of the mule, Jim was engaged as messenger during the time that the creek should be up, and Uncle Braddock was promised a job whenever an important message should come during Jim's absence.

The next day it rained, and the creek was up, altogether, for five days. During this time the telegraph company did a good deal of paying business. Harry remained at his station, and boarded and lodged with Aunt Judy. He frequently sent messages to his father and mother and Kate, and never failed, from an early hour in the morning until dark, to find the faithful Harvey at his post.

At last the creek "fell," and the bridge became again passable to Miles and his waddling horse. The operators disconnected their wires, put their apparatus in order, locked the wooden cases over their instruments, and rode in triumph (Mr. Loudon had come in the buggy for Harry) to Akeville.

Harry was received with open arms by his mother and Kate; and Mrs. Loudon declared that this should be the last time that he should go on such an expedition.

She was right.

The next afternoon there was a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Crooked Creek Telegraph Company, and the Secretary, having been hard at work all the morning, with the assistance of the Treasurer and the President, made a report of the financial results of the recent five days' working of the company's line.

It is not necessary to go into particulars, but

Digitized by Google

when the sums due the company from the Mica Company and sundry private individuals had been set down on the one side, and the amounts due from the telegraph company to Aunt Judy for candles and board and lodging for one operator; to Uncle Braddock and Jim Haskins for services as messengers; to Hiram Anderson for damages to boat (found near the river, stuck fast among some fallen timber, with one end badly battered by floating logs), and for certain extras in the way of additional stationery, etc., which it had become necessary to procure from Hetertown, had been set down on the other side, and the difference between the sums total had been calculated, it was found, and duly reported, that the company had made six dollars and fifty-three cents.

This was not very encouraging. It was seldom that the creek was up more than five days at a time, and so this was a very favorable opportunity of testing the value of the line as a money-making concern.

It was urged, however, by the more sanguine members of the board that this was not a fair trial. There had been many expenses which probably would not have to be incurred again.

"But they did n't amount to so very much," said Kate, who, as Treasurer, was present at the meeting. "Aunt Judy only charged a dollar and a-half for Harry's board, and the boat was only a dollar. And all the other expenses would have to be expected any time."

After some further conversation on the subject, it was thought best to attend to present business rather than future prospects, and to appoint committees to collect the money due the company.

Harry and Tom Selden were delegated to visit the mica-mine people, while Harvey, Wilson Ogden and Brandeth Price composed the committee to collect what was due from private individuals.

THE "AUNT JUDY" TELEGRAPH STATION.

Before Harry started for the mica mine, he consulted his father in regard to charging full price for the telegrams which he carried across the creek in his pocket.

Mr. Loudon laughed a good deal at the transaction, but he told Harry that there was no reason why he should not charge for those telegrams. He had certainly carried them over in the first place, and the subsequent double transmission over the wire was his own affair.

When Harry and Tom rode over to the mica

Digitized by Google

mine the next morning, and explained their business and presented their bill, their account was found to be correct, and the amount of the bill was promptly handed to them.

When this little business had been transacted, Mr. Martin, the manager of the mine, invited them to sit down in his office and have a talk.

"This line of yours," said he, "is not going to pay you."

"Why not?" asked Harry, somewhat disturbed in mind by this sudden statement of what he had already begun to fear was an unpleasant truth.

"It *has* paid us," said Tom Selden. "Why, we 've only been working it five days, on regular business, and we 've cleared—well, we 've cleared considerable."

"That may be," said the manager, smiling, "but you can't have made very much, for you must have had a good many expenses. The principal reason why I think it wont pay you is that you have to keep up two stations, and you all live on this side of the creek. I 've heard that one of you had a hard time getting over the creek last week."

"That was Harry," said Tom.

"So I supposed," said Mr. Martin; "and it must have been a pretty dangerous trip. Now it wont do to do that sort of thing often; and you can't tell when the creek 's going to rise, so as to be over before the bridge is flooded."

"That 's true," said Harry. "Crooked Creek does n't give much notice when it 's going to rise."

"No, it don't," continued Mr. Martin. "And it wont do, either, for any one of you to live on the other side, just to be ready to work the line in time of freshets. The creek is n't up often enough to make that pay."

"But what can we do?" asked Harry. "You surely don't think we 're going to give up this telegraph line just as it begins to work, and after all the money that 's been spent on it, and the trouble we 've had?"

"No, I don't think you are the kind of fellows to give up a thing so soon, and we don't want you to give it up, for it 's been a great deal of use to us already. What I think you ought to do is to run your line from the other side of the creek to Hetertown. Then you'd have no trouble at all. When the creek was up you could go down and work this end, and an arrangement could easily be made to have the operator at Hetertown work the other end, and then it would be all plain sailing. He could send the telegrams right on, on the regular line, and there would be no trouble or expense with messengers from the creek over to Hetertown."

"That would be a splendid plan," said Harry, "but it would cost like everything to have a long line like that."

"It would n't cost very much," said Mr. Martin. "There are pine woods nearly all the way, by the side of the road, and so it would n't cost much for poles. And you 've got the instruments for that end of the line. All you 'll have to do would be to take them over to Hetertown. You would n't have to spend any money except for wire and for trimming off the trees and putting up the wire."

"But that would be more than we could afford," said Tom Selden. "You ought just to try to make the people about here subscribe to anything, and you 'd see what trouble it is to raise money out of them."

"O, I don't think you need let the want of money enough to buy a few miles of wire prevent your putting up a really useful line," said Mr. Martin; "our company would be willing to help you about that, I 'm sure."

"If you 'd help, that would make it altogether another thing," said Harry; "but you 'd have to help a good deal."

"Well, we would help a good deal," said Mr. Martin. "It would be to our benefit, you know, to have a good line. That 's what we want, and we 're willing to put some money in it. I suppose there 'd be no difficulty in getting permission to put up the line on the land between the creek and Hetertown?"

"O no!" said Harry. "A good part of the woods along the road belong to father, and none of the people along there would object to us boys putting up our line on their land."

"I thought they would n't," said Mr. Martin. "I 'll talk to our people about this, and see what they think of it."

As Harry and Tom rode home, Harry remarked: "Mr. Martin 's a trump, is n't he? I hope the rest of the mica mine people will agree with him."

"I don't believe they will," said Tom. "Why, you see they 'd have to pay for the whole thing, and I reckon they wont be in a hurry to do that. But would n't we have a splendid line if they were to do it?"

"I should say so," said Harry. "It 's almost too good a thing to expect. I 'm afraid Mr. Martin wont feel quite so generous when he calculates what it will cost."

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

HERE are some pictures that illustrate a story. But the story has yet to be told, and we want our young readers to tell it. Who will try? Every one of you? Good! We shall be glad to hear from all,—from the youngest as well as from boys and girls in their teens; and the very best of all the stories that come to us before August 15th, shall be printed in the magazine. We must request that it shall be neatly written, on one side of the paper only, and contain not over one thousand words. The pictures may be brought in the story in any order the writer may desire.

Digitized by Google

DOCTOR WILLIE.

ONE rainy day, Susie was singing her doll to sleep.

"There, darling!" she said, putting dolly in her cradle; "now you are asleep, and your poor mamma can rest."

Just then her brother Willie came into the room. He wanted to play with somebody, and so he said:

"Oh, Susie! Let us play that Dolly is sick, and that you are the mother and I am the doctor."

Susie was all smiles and delight in a minute. She patted

Digitized by Google

her doll, saying tenderly, "Don't cry, darling; the doctor is coming to make you well."

Willie put on his papa's coat, took out his toy-watch, and making his boots creak, walked up to Susie with:

"How do you do, Mrs. Brown?"

"How do you do, Doctor?" said Susie.

"How is the baby to-day?" asked Doctor Willie.

"Very sick," said its mother.

"Does she sleep at night?" said the doctor.

"No, never! And she has only one arm."

"Indeed!" said the doctor. "Then it must be measles. Let me feel her pulse."

"Would you like to feel her pulse in her other arm, too?" asked Susie. "May be I can find it."

"No," this will do," said the doctor. "You must give her some peppermint and put her in a warm bath."

Susie jumped up to put some water on the stove to get warm, when just then the golden sunshine flashed out, and a great piece of blue sky appeared through a rift in the clouds.

Dolly did not get the warm bath, but was put to sleep instead, while her little mamma and the doctor ran joyfully out, to play in the garden.

FROGGY boggy
Tried to jump
On a stone,
And got a bump.

It made his eyes
Wink and frown
And turned his nose
Upside down.

Digitized by Google

How are you, my dears? Very warm, you say? That is because you don't stand out in the dew all night and cool off, as Jack does. I've several things to tell you about this time. First of all, we'll have

WATER ON FIRE.

CAN water be set on fire? If not, then how is it and why is it that the ocean sometimes looks as if it were all in flames? A macaw, a great friend of the robins who come to see me, says that the ship that brought him from South America passed through water that sometimes looked like a mass of fire, but that nothing was burned by it. The macaw tells me that the people on the ship said the flame was a kind of phos—phos—something: phos—phos—O dear! I can't remember now what sort of light it was! Can't some of you find out and tell me?

GEESE AND LIGHTNING.

DURING a thunderstorm in Yuba County, Cal., a large number of wild geese were killed. The storm came up late in the afternoon. First a little snow, then hail and rain and thunder and lightning. The birds rose from the marsh when the hail began to fall; then it was dark; but the next morning the country about was strewn with dead geese, some with their heads badly torn and their beaks split, and others with the feathers on their backs crisp and singed.

I felt very sorry for the poor geese when I heard a bright little chap read this paragraph the other day from a New York paper, but I could n't help having a little laugh all to myself at remembering the conversation of two girls I had heard the day before.

"O!" said one, "lightning just scares me to death. Mother nor nobody else can do anything with me when it lightens. I always tie a silk handkerchief on my head, and run as hard as I can to throw myself on a feather bed."

"That 's the only way, dear; I don't blame you one bit," said the other. "Feathers and silk are perfect non-conductors of electricity, pa says; so ma and I always go and sit on the spare-room feather bed, with a silk quilt on it, till the lightning is over. We're perfectly safe there, of course."

"Ah, well," says I to myself, remembering these two girls, and thinking of those poor birds on the Yuba plains, "lightning is pretty much the same everywhere, and so are feathers, whether they are on a goose's back or stuffed in a bed-tick; the difference in safety must be in the position of the goose, whether it is inside of the feathers or outside of them."

Hold! if those other geese had only known enough to tie silk handkerchiefs around their heads all might have been well!

BUILT OF SEA SHELLS.

I'VE just heard of a very wonderful thing. The houses and churches and palaces of the big and beautiful city of Paris are almost all made of *sea-shells!*

This is how it happened:

Some hundreds of thousands of years ago, the waters of the ocean rolled over the spot where Paris now stands. Under the ocean waves lived and died millions and millions and millions of tiny sea-shell animals. By-and-by, after a great, great many years, the ocean waters no longer rolled over this spot, and the very, very big piles—I might say, indeed, the mountains—of dead shells were left for the sun to shine on, the winds to blow on, and the rains to fall on for many centuries more, till the shells had hardened into rocks. Then, after hundreds and hundreds of years more, men came and began to build houses. They dug in the earth, and found the sea-shell stone, with which they built the beautiful houses and churches and palaces for which Paris is so famous. And yet the poor little sea-shells that lived and died so long ago, never get the least bit of credit for all that they did for the fine city! Perhaps, though, they don't care. At any rate, *we* will remember them, and that will be something.

While we are talking about this matter, it may be as well to remember that a great many of the rocks in different parts of the world were made of sea-shells and fresh-water shells in just about the same way that the stone of Paris came to be ready for the builders.

ANTS IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

A HUMMING-BIRD has been telling me about some of her neighbors away down South, where she spends the winter.

The thriftiest people in Central America are the smallest—the ants. Some of them are wonderful workers. There is one kind, a sort of wee, wee truffle-growers, who live together in immense swarms, and do such a deal of cutting up, that it is almost as much as the forests can do to stand against them.

They are called leaf-cutters, for the reason that they send out armies of thousands and thousands to bring in leaves, which they cut from the trees in such quantities that whole plantations of mango, orange and lemon-trees are sometimes stripped and killed.

Do they eat the leaves? Not at all. They live on funny little truffles, or fungi, of their own raising. They use the leaves only to make hotbeds for their dainty plants, in chambers under ground.

Digitized by Google

A beetle who was born in one of their cellar chambers told the humming-bird about them.

One colony of leaf-cutters will have a great many of these cellar chambers, all united by tunnels, for quick transit, and well supplied with what builders call ventilating shafts; for the ants are very particular about having plenty of fresh air. These shafts reach to the surface of the ground. Each chamber is about as large as a man's head, and is kept a little more than half full of cut leaves, overgrown with the small white fungus which the ants cultivate for food.

There are three kinds of ants in each colony: the workers, who go off to the woods for leaves, and have all the outside work to do; some very small ants, who stay at home and spend their time cutting up the leaves that are brought in, and taking care of the baby ants; and a few gigantic fellows, who manage things, and do all the fighting in time of war. Let any enemy disturb the workers going out for leaves or bringing them home, and instantly the soldiers will rush out in force, with their big jaws wide open, and settle things in short order. The little nurses come out sometimes, too, but only for fun or exercise, When they have n't anything to do, and the weather is fine, they like to take a run out with the workers, but they do not bring any loads back. When one of them gets tired, he just climbs up on a leaf that a worker is bringing in,—as you might climb up on a load of hay,—and so enjoys a nice ride home.

WHY PENKNIVES?

IS N'T it about time that people stopped talking about *pen*knives? In my opinion, pencil-knife would be a far more fitting term. Now, in old times, the house-canaries used to tell us Jack-in-the-Pulpits how human folk wrote altogether with the quills of the grey-goose family, and that as it was a necessary accomplishment for ladies and gentlemen to know how to make a pen, everyone wished to have a very sharp knife for the purpose. Hence it was quite a recommendation to any knife to call it a penknife. But who uses penknives now-a-days? Very few, if the birds know anything about it. Gold pens, steel pens, and even India-rubber pens have left the goose question nowhere, as far as people in general are concerned; and the few folk who use "quills" rarely take a so-called penknife to them. They use patent quill-cutters, —that is, when they don't buy the quill-pens ready made,—yes, patent quill-cutters, that open their brass mouths with a click and bite the quills into pens before you can say Jack Robinson.

So, my boys and girls, let 's put an end to this small sham, and abolish the word penknife. Call the useful article with which you do so much damage a pocket-knife, a furniture-scratcher, a chestnut-peeler, a chip-maker, anything but what it is n't—a penknife.

A FUNNY ENCAMPMENT.

ALL the birds that I personally know, build their nests upon, or hanging from, the branches of trees, or in hollow stumps, or in the banks of brooks, or in the grass, or in bushes, or about houses and barns. But a few days ago a wild goose, on his way North, stopped to rest a little while and gossip with me. He told me of a sort of bird, named the gorfou, which does not build nests, but lays out big encampments in squares, with streets between. Each pair of gorfous owns a square, on which its eggs are laid. Thus the square becomes the gorfou's house, and when he and his mate walk out they must keep strictly in the streets and not step into the houses of the other birds, or they would cause a great disturbance in the gorfous' camp.

WATER RUNNING UP HILL.

DID any of you ever see water run up hill? I 've always kept my eyes open (at least, when I was awake), but as long as I 've looked at the brook that flows near my pulpit, I 've never yet seen it try to run up hill. But a bird who heard a naval officer talking about it, told this to me:

There is, in the big Atlantic ocean, a warm-water river or current, called the Gulf Stream, that really, of its own accord, flows up an inclined plane from South to North. He said that, according to scientific men, this warm stream starts at three thousand feet below the surface off Hatteras, and in the course of about one hundred and thirty miles rises, or runs up hill, with an ascent of five or six feet to the mile.

What makes it? Ah! that is more than Jack knows. More than the bird knew. More than the officer knew, either, I guess.

Shall anyone ever know? Why not? Wise people are learning new things all the time, and why may they not find out the why and wherefore of this queer thing?

OCEAN GARDENS.

IT seems to me that I 'm learning faster than ever I learned before. Perhaps it 's on account of being helped by so many girls and boys. One of the latest things I 've found out is that there are gardens in the ocean.

The paths are made of smooth, white sand, winding about among beds of rock. The plants are delicate waving things of every graceful shape, and of beautiful colors,—red, yellow, pink, purple, green, brown and grey. Among them the coral branches wave, while out and in, around and between them all, silently swim the glittering forms of fishes as wonderful as the flowers.

A solemn sort of gardens must these be, with never a voice to be heard in them. I think I like best the gardens of the land, made glad by the voices of children and birds. On the land, at least, one would not be likely to mistake an animal for a plant.

In the ocean gardens, many of the things that look like plants are really animals, and we (if we could get at them) might try to pluck a pretty orange-colored or purple blossom, and find out that we were breaking a piece from an animal, which would be unpleasant to both parties.

"IT 'S VACATION."

HURRAH! Jack knows it. Enjoy yourselves all you can, my dears.

Digitized by Google

THE LETTER BOX.

ROBBIE N.—You write that you would like to see in the Letter Box a good piece for a little boy to recite,—something that can be read with expression; for, though you are quite young, still you like to study out the meaning of what you learn. Very well. Here is a fine opportunity for you and scores of other young folks, in this quaint and touching poem by William Blake. William Blake once lived in a dingy court in London, and no doubt saw many a sooty little chimney-sweep go in and out. If ever a man could see a chance for anything hopeful and bright in the life of these poor, hard-worked little fellows, that man was William Blake, for his soul was full of tender sympathy for all. You will notice, Robbie and the rest, that almost every line of this poem is peculiarly capable of being given with expression; in fact, you will need all the tones of your voice, and nearly every power of your bright young faces, to recite it properly.

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

When my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry, "Weep, weep! Weep, weep!"
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.

There 's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,
That curled like a lamb's back, was shaved. So I said:
"Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your head 's bare,
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair."

And so he was quiet, and that very night,
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight:
That thousands of sweepers,—Dick, Joe, Ned and Jack,—
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black.

And by came an angel who had a bright key,
And he opened the coffins and set them all free;
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing, they run,
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds and sport in the wind;
And the angel told Tom, if he 'd be a good boy,
He 'd have God for his father, and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke, and we rose in the dark,
And got, with our bags and our brushes, to work:
Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm,
So, if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

GRACE HUNTER writes: "I would like to tell the girls something. It is about a good use for the frames of old umbrellas, sunshades or parasols. You just open them, strip off the silk, sharpen the handles to a point, and thrusting them, open, into the ground, let them serve as trellises for vines. Last summer, we girls had a lovely sweet-pea vine growing over mother's old parasol-frame, and a balloon vine trained over father's castaway umbrella. They were lovely. The frames were old-fashioned whalebone ones. Iron ones will answer the same purpose; but they ought not to stand in very sunny places, as they easily become heated, and so injure the vines."

S. T. CARLISLE.—See "Who Wrote the Arabian Nights?" page 42 of the first number of ST. NICHOLAS.

THE WILHELM'S WEEK.—Here is a letter from Germany, which, we think, will interest our young friends:

Kaiserworth ein Rhein, Prussia.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: Would you like to hear about the Kaiser's (or Emperor's) birthday, and, as they call it here, a Wilhelm's Week?

No doubt, all of you young folks who read ST. NICHOLAS have been trained to believe that it is the happiest of all lots to live in a republic. There is certainly much to be thankful for in our form of government; but an empire has also its special advantages. One of these you may never have heard of; at least, I learned it to-day for the first time.

On President Grant's birthday, I suppose Mr. Grant gives his children a party, and they have unlimited supplies of all sorts of nice things; but I am very sure President Grant does not send a "Grant's week" to every one of you on that day. Now, the Kaiser, on *his* birthday, the 22d of March, always gives a "Wilhelm's week" to every boy and girl in the public schools in his kingdom; and a "Wilhelm's week" is a very nice German cake.

But I will tell you all about it, and in the words of a school-girl from Westphalia who has just been talking with me.

"Oh! it is so charming! liebes Fräulein; you can't think here, in this little village, how much better we celebrate the Kaiser's birthday in the city. There is a fortress there, garrisoned by several regiments of soldiers. So, early in the morning, a beautiful statue of the Kaiser is brought out into the middle of the market-place, and crowned with laurel. All the soldiers, with their shining helmets and waving crests, assemble around it, and hold their parade here. On one side stand all the children from the public schools of the city with their teachers; on the other side stand all the large boys from the *Recal-schule*,—six hundred of them. A large choir, selected from these, stand on the steps of the Rath-haus, and when the chief burgomeister has made a speech to all the people, this choir sings, in four parts, our most beautiful national songs, always including, of course, 'Heil dir in Lieger Kranz!' ('Hail, in thy Laurel Crown, Kaiser, to thee!'). This is nearly the same good old tune which, in England, is 'God Save the Queen,' and in the United States does duty as 'America.'

"Then the school children and their teachers go to the school-houses; the parents and friends come; the children repeat poems and speeches and sing more patriotic songs, and the teacher relates to them the life of the Emperor, and tells them of his brave deeds, of his noble character, and his warm, loving heart for his people and soldiers.

"Then they all go for a long walk, and each child receives his or her 'Wilhelm's week.' They go together, far out of the city, to some pretty little village, beautiful old park, or green meadow. Here tables have been set for them, and coffee is given to each child to drink with his 'Wilhelm's week.' The city pays for the coffee: but the cake is always the private gift of the Emperor."

There! Don't you think there are *some* advantages in living in an empire?—Yours truly, JULIA S. TUTWILER.

We should be very glad if our American children could have a few other of the benefits enjoyed by the young Prussians. Their common-school system is said to be the best in the world; and as the state allows no child to grow up in ignorance, the schools take care that, while the education shall be thorough, there shall be no cruel "cramming." Great discretion is exercised as to what the children need learn and what may be left unlearned. They understand that it is as great injustice to a young brain to overload it as it is to neglect it.

We advise our young readers to take pains to let their parents see the daily lessons they are studying, so as to know their character, their length, and, above all, their quality as to clearness. If you do not *understand* your lessons, and your teachers cannot make them clear to you, let your parents know of it. We do not advise you to complain unnecessarily, nor to try to get rid of doing a fair amount of study; but we do say this: Many present abuses in our schools and text-books would be remedied if young students and their parents had a full and mutual understanding in regard to them. Parents generally pay no attention to the *way* in which their children are being taught; they too often take it for granted that a text-book means instruction, and that to recite means to learn; and, worse than all, that the harder and longer the lesson-tasks are, the better must be the chances of acquiring a fine education. You children may work a reform here.

MASTER B.—The word "hippodrome" is derived from Greek words, signifying a *horse* and a *course*. If you had looked for this word in Worcester's or Webster's big dictionary, you would have been spared the trouble of writing to ST. NICHOLAS. This explanation will help you to comprehend several other words beginning with *hippo* (a horse), as hippopotamus, hippogriff, hippocamp, and hippophagy. When you discover that two syllables in "hippophagy" are derived from a Greek word signifying *to eat*, it may interest you still further to know that the Tartars are known to practice hippophagy. This throws a new light upon that moderate request, "Oh, give me but my Arab steed!"

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been reading about carpet-making, and though I was not able to find the name of the person who invented carpet, I collected the following few facts about it, which will partially answer H. W. Carroll's question in the June Letter Box:

At a very early period, and long before what we now call carpets were known, coarse materials, such as straw and rushes, were used

Digitized by Google

on floors. These were afterwards braided into a sort of matting. Even Queen Mary used rushes as a floor covering, and after carpet was introduced in Europe.

The Egyptians were probably the first who made carpets; and they were manufactured by hand, in Persia, long before they were made in Europe. The Babylonians come next. They wove strange figures of fabulous men and animals in their carpets. The Greeks and Romans imported Babylonish carpets for their own use.

France took the lead among European nations in the art of making carpets. They were first introduced in the reign of Henry IV., in about the year 1600. In 1664, a manufactory was established at Beauvais, a town situated forty-two miles north of Paris; and about the same time, carpets were made in Chaillot, now an important manufacturing town three miles from Paris.

About a century after this (1757), carpet manufacturing had so increased, that a French society of art offered a premium to the best imitation of the Turkey carpet.

For a long time, the ingrain carpet was only made by hand-loom. In Europe their manufacture by power-loom was abandoned as impossible.

And just here the superiority of Yankee ingenuity is apparent. In Boston, a gentleman manufactured a power-loom, which he afterward so perfected as to entirely change the nature of carpet-making.

Respectfully, Z. Z.

MRS. HENRY R. B.—Yes, we can heartily recommend to you, and to all mothers of young children, "Plays for the Kindergarten," by Mrs. Henrietta Noa, with music by John Richter. It is published by J. L. Peters, N. Y.

"JICKS."—Your puzzle is very old.

MAUDIE is six years old, and somebody who loves her, and feels sorry for all little girls who have to wear their hair frizzed, or curled, or "hanging down their backs," in this warm weather, has thus written out poor Maudie's thoughts:

O dear! It is in the paper again,—I heard mamma read it myself. "Little girls still wear their hairs a-flowing."

I've never had any pleasure with my head since I can rec'lect. It 's always, "Now, Maudie, you must have your curl-papers in;" or, "Maudie, come, let me fix your hair to crimp." Mamma thinks she does a *wonderful* good act because she wont curl me with a warm iron. I heard her tell Myra Bland's mamma she thought it was *cruel* to heat a child's head and scorch its hair all off. I wish she would scorch mine till it would get as little as Cousin Hal's. He just laughs at me for crying.

"Why, look, sis," he says, every time he comes, "they may comb my hair as much as they please, and I don't mind it!"

"Oh, you must be patient!" nurse says; "everybody has to be dressed. Nobody loves little girls if they are naughty and cry and look untidy! Come! Don't you remember, in your story-books, about

'Little Annie Grace, with her smiling face,
Brushes out her golden hair till she makes it shine!
Lovely Annie Grace!'"

That 's the way nurse talks while she 's a-combing the hateful tangles. Oh, it's just awful! And when I *have* to cry, "There, then!" mamma says; "you are a naughty child." Then she quits and looks away out at the window. Then I wipe off my face with a wet towel and tell her I 'm sorry; and she kisses me and makes up.

"Oh, how sweet you look!" aunty says, when I 'm done. "Just look in the glass at aunty's 'snowbird!'" And she turns it so I can see myself.

Uncle Johnnie meets me on the stairs, and holds up his hands and cries, "Whew! What a lovely little fairy! Really, Maudie, you look good enough to eat."

That makes me feel nice. But quick as grandma sees me, she says, "Oh, now! I thought you were a-going to be *my* little girl once; but you've gone and got your hair all frizzled and mussed up. Well! Little girls can't go out to walk with me unless they have their hair nice and smooth!"

Then that awful man that everybody calls "Uncle William" comes in, and I can't get out of the room.

"Who is this?" he asks, looking at me through his spectacles and reaching out his hand.

Then I have to sit on his knee and be smoothed and rubbed down. I can feel the curls going—just as plain! And I know they wont last. To-morrow it 'll all have to be done over again!

Oh, if the fashions would just say, "Little girls must have their hair tied in a bunch or else cut right off!" And, O dear! it 's so dreadful hot all down my back, I don't know what to do, *really!*

"SCHOOL-GIRL."—In reply to your inquiry concerning a "really good, very low-priced paper for girls," we cordially commend the *Young Folk's Journal*, issued monthly at Brinton, Pa. It is edited and published by a family of girls, and is excellent in every respect.

BIRD-DEFENDERS.—The army of Bird-defenders is growing to be very large. Recruits come pouring in every day: and now Mr. Haskins, its founder, sends in a long list of boys' and girls' names, pupils of male and female high schools of New Albany, Ind.: Frank H. Gohman, A. L. Douglas, Charles G. Wilson, G. W. Haskins, Frank M. Worrall, Daniel S. Trinler, Daniel R. E. Doherty, Edward W. Faucett, Alex. Lowestellese Wells, jr., Chas. Lloyd, John T. Robinson, Hartie H. Depen, John Steele Davis, jr., C. Filch, R. Byrn, Harry Linnon, Frank Miller, C. H. Gard, Charles N. Pitt, J. M. Stotsenburg, J. F. McCulloch, W. P. Lewis, Wm. P. Tuley, John J. Tighe, John E. Payne, Charles Greene, W. Leach, Eugene Swift, James Lewis, Charlie A. Haskins, Hettie R. Smith, Alice White, Amanda Newbanks, Nannie A. Windell, Belle Lane, Lydia M. Littell, Mattie Matheny, Lillie Austin, Lilian F. Moore, Ella Harbeson, Sallie I. McCulloch, Addie Bader, Ada Hester, Clara S. Williams, E. Ufastie Kepley, Minnie Seabrook, Annie Dalby, Clara M. Pitt, Anna E. Petery, Mary Genung, Ella M. Garriotte, Katie C. Garriotte, Cassie S. Weir, Jennie S. Cook, Florence A. Pitt, Jennie Ewing, Anna B. Martin, Ella L. Sigmon, Lizzie B. Hester, Florence I. Myers, Fannie Strau, Lelah Decker, Becca Byrn, Lydia Townsend, H. H. Franck, Jennie Day, Rosaltha Kent, Katie Hurrle, Mary Schofield, Emma Dowerman, Nannie Andrews, Nannie Royer, Maggie Baldwin, Grace M. Lee, Laura E. Johnston, Mary Kelso, Gertie E. Jackson, Gertie Forse, Mamie Wilson, Ella M. Hill, Augusta Tising, Josie Jasper, Ida M. Sackett, Zora White, Annie Nichols, Lina Shelton, Anna Doen, Mary Ewing, Hattie L. Stout, Lizzie Pearson, Hattie Deeble, Sallie King, Eva Matheny, Ella Applegate, Estelle Neat, Alice Tuley, Mary Robellaz, Louisa Goetz, Caddie Conner, Kittie Davis, P. A. Rager, Lillie M. Tuley, Sarah A. Sinex, Laura Johnson, Maggie M. Hall, Emma J. Noyes, Anna Draper, Lottie Cogswell, and A. M. Thurman.

Ella Christopher, of Jacksonville, Florida, sends in her own and four other names: A. A. Fays, Josie Philips, Ida Holmes and Emma Bours. And Minnie Thomas, of Boston, sends a long list of names with the following letter:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been much interested in what you say about birds, and would all like to join your army; and so I send you a list of recruits. We have a handsome tortoise-shell cat, named Beauty, whom we think a remarkable animal. She never kills birds, but is a famous mouser. We have two canaries who sometimes leave their cage and alight on Beauty's head and run over her back. She likes it very much. It is quite funny to see her sleeping quietly before the fire, and those birds dancing up and down on her head or back, singing with all their might. Once Beauty came in where we were at tea, and ran eagerly from one to another, uttering strange cries. First she went to the door, then came back, then went to the door again, looking back as if asking us to follow her. So Bertie went with her, and she led him outdoors to where there lay a young robin, which had fallen out of a nest near by. Bertie called uncle, who put Master Robin back; and when Beauty saw he was safe, she gave a glad "m-e-e-ow," and went back to her place by the fire, where she slept in peace. Don't you think she deserves to have her name among the bird-defenders?

Since our last issue, the boys and girls named below have sent us their names to be enrolled as Bird-defenders: Wilson Farrand, Marion W., Fred A. Norton, Arthur D. Percy, Allan Preston, Robert Nichols, Harry Duncan, Herbert Irwin, Charlie Irwin, Harry Lewis, Fred W. Ellis, Bertie S. Ellis, James Moore, Fred Moore, Charlie Moore, Edgar D. Austin, Edwin Howard, Arthur Willard, Charlie S. Willard, Ernest Leslie, Fred Leslie, Robert Stearns, Jamie F. Carleton, Alfred P. Curtis, Harry W. Curtis, Percy S. Clifford, Eddie F. Graham, Charlie Warren, Emma G. Lyon, Percy Lyon, Harold A. Lyon, Bertie E. Lyon, Lilian Lyon, Marian Lyon, Minnie Thomas, Minnie Merwin, Ethel S. Percy, Alma Lewis, Edith F. Willard, Grace Ellis, Allie Morse, Jessie S. Austin, Stella C. Nichols, Gertie E. Nichols, Florence Irwin, Hattie W. Osborne, Mabel W. Irwin, Bessie R. Allen, Carrie F. Dana, Allie K. Bertram, Cora Kendall, Nettie S. Elliott, Bertie L., Louise S., R. B. Corey, B. Waterman, C. E. Sweet, Maggie Lippincott, Frank Ratch, Rollie Bates, Horace S. Kephart, Willie Boucher Jones, Roderick E. Jeralds, Ora L. Dowty, Walter C. Peirce, Leonard M. Daggett, and Ernest G. Dumas.

Here is another long list of signers just received from Lulie M. French, of Hamilton Co., Ohio: Fordie M. French, Ambrose Matson, James T. Wood, Homer Matson, Lulie M. French, Tillie B. French, Haidee Ottman, Mary A. Moore, Ellen Clark, Elizabeth Scott, Lilly Wilson, Rosa Scott, Nancy E. Moore, Nettie Bedinger, Jennie Wood, Maggie E. Wood, Harriet Bedinger, Lizzie Wilson, and Delila Moore.

Digitized by Google

"MAX AND MAURICE" wish to know of "some reliable work on the treatment of caged birds." They will probably find what they want in any of the following books, for sale by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., N. Y.:

Bird-Keeping. A Practical Guide. By the author of "Home Pets." Price, 50c.

Cage Birds: their Management, Diseases, Food, &c. By J. M. Bechstein, M. D. Price, $1.75.

The Canary: its Varieties, Management, and Breeding. By Rev. F. Smith. Price, $1.75.

WILL "Aunt Libbie," of New Brunswick, please send us her post-office address?

ANSWERS TO "SOMETHING NEW: THE LANGUAGE OF THE RESTLESS IMPS," from Agnes Coburn, Maria L. Stebbins, Ada A. Hodges, Edward H. Conner, Lillie and Mamie F., Julia Smith, and Laura A. Shotwell, were received too late for acknowledgment with others in the July Riddle Box; as was also Carrie B. Northrop's translation of "La Petite Plume Rouge."

ANSWERS TO "CHARL'S PUZZLE" have been received from Addie S. Church, W. B. Crawford, Sallie Peabody, M. A. White, Julia Smith, Laura A. Shotwell, and C. A. Miller.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

La Fontaine's Fables, published by Cassell, Petter and Galpin, New York, is a magnificent edition of these famous fables, superbly illustrated by Gustave Doré. Our frontispiece which, in a reduced form, is taken from this book—is an example of the beauty of its engravings.

The Sportsman's Club Afloat. By Harry Castlemon. Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

From the American Tract Society, N. Y.: *The Swallow Stories*, by Sallie Chester; *Alfred Warriner*, by O. A. K.; *From Four to Fourteen*, by Jennie Harrison; *Ethel's Gift*, *Maysie's Star*, *Joe Blake's Temptation*, *Rachel's Lilies*, *Benny*, *Bought with a Price*, and *The Rescued Lamb*.

Bryant's Book-Keeping. By J. C. Bryant, M. D. Published by the author, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE RIDDLE BOX.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fourteen letters. My 6, 14, 8, 9, 10, 2 was the wife of Cupid. My 13, 7, 13, 12 was an Egyptian goddess. My 3, 10, 4, 3, 13, 7 was the mother of Achilles. My 1, 4, 3, 13, 12 was the Goddess of Prudence. My 4, 9, 10, 11 was a beautiful nymph. My 3, 10, 2, 5, 13, 14 was the goddess of Law. My 13, 11 was the daughter of Inachus. My whole is what the ancients called the transmigration of souls. PANSY.

CHARADE.

(First.)

A VESSEL which a voyage made,
When other craft all failed;
It floated o'er the tops of trees,
And over mountains sailed.

(Second.)

A workman, one who works with skill
At good and useful trade;
Some use a mallet and a drill,
Some are of higher grade.

(Whole.)

My whole, among inventors, stood
In foremost rank of all;
By his inventions did much good;
Please now his name recall. HENRY.

GEOGRAPHICAL DECAPITATIONS.

BEHEAD a strait of Australia, and leave a slow domestic animal. Behead a town of Georgia, and leave an instrument of music. Behead a cape on the Atlantic coast, and leave a part of the head. Behead a cape of Alaska, and leave a weapon. Behead a river of Mississippi, and leave a man of title. Behead a bay of Louisiana, and leave a word that means wanting. Behead a river of South Carolina, and leave a highway. Behead a town in New Hampshire, and leave a word that means above. Behead a river of Georgia, and leave something useful in dressing wounds.

A. M. B.

TWISTED TREES.

(Fill the first blank in the sentence with the name of some tree, and the second with the same name transposed.)

1. The —— affords —— shade. 2. The wax-wing utters —— —— in the —— tree. 3. The leaf of —— is a ——. 4. The —— —— red berries. 5. Children fresh and —— —— and sat beneath the ——. 6. Good —— trees are not ——. 7. Don't —— —— the —— tree. CHARL.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A consonant. 2. A kitchen utensil. 3. A writer of hymns. 4. A part. 5. Extended. 6. Corrupted. 7. A town in France. 8. A boy's nickname. 9. A consonant. FAN-FAN.

HIDDEN CITIES.

1. THE two boys played dominoes together. 2. Charles, did you see the large dromedary at the circus? 3. I bought two fat hens at the market. 4. The girl who borrowed my rubber never returned it. 5. I hope kind words will not be ineffectual with him. 6. He loaded the meal on donkeys, and brought it to the city. 7. Last April I made many April-fools. 8. His wounds bleed so profusely that he must die from loss of blood. 9. Why did you not bring the chart for David? 10. During the ravages of the mob, I left the city. 11. The boys who stole dogs were arrested to-day. 12. You will find your hat below, Ella. C. D.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY first is a blossom, but *once* a fair youth;
My second a delicate fruit;
My third is a part of a building well known;
My fourth has a voice like a lute;
My fifth is a plant ancient warriors held dear;
My sixth interrupts but to please;
My seventh is a cluster of stars, and my eighth
A bird, which live prey loves to seize.
The *initials* of these give a warrior's name,
And the *finals* the prison to which he gave fame.

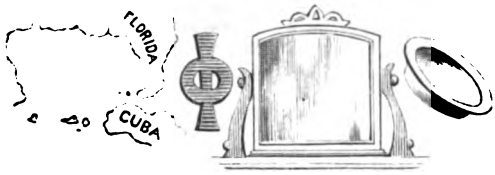
J. B. P.

Digitized by Google

ENIGMA.

My first is in battle, but not in fight;
My second is in eve, but not in night;
My third is in hearing but not in sight;
My fourth is in darkness, but not in light;
My fifth is in wrong, and also in right;
My sixth is in red, but not in white;
My seventh is in flee, but not in flight;
My eighth is in read, and also in write;
My ninth is in danger, but not in fright.
My whole is a beautiful tree. E. R.

REBUS, No. 1.



A BACKWARD STORY.

(In the following story, thirty-eight of the one hundred and forty-three words are spelled backwards. When they are corrected, the narrative becomes clear.)

A beautiful girl had a new close to the very pot trap of her head.

"Tub," said she, "it does not ram it much, at least ton when I nod my ten."

When she was her mother and lover ward near, she was glad the ten saw a good tif. Besides, as the sag was ton lit, the moor was mid. Once, being startled out of a pan by thunder, she bumped the new tub she went where there saw a wolf of cold water and held it under.

"Trips, water!" said she, faint as a wounded reed, and then she went for den. Den was a orgen doctor. He put no rat, which was teem, but her am saw dam, because it was not trap water. However, it cured her, and won she yam wear her ten or ton, as she pleases.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

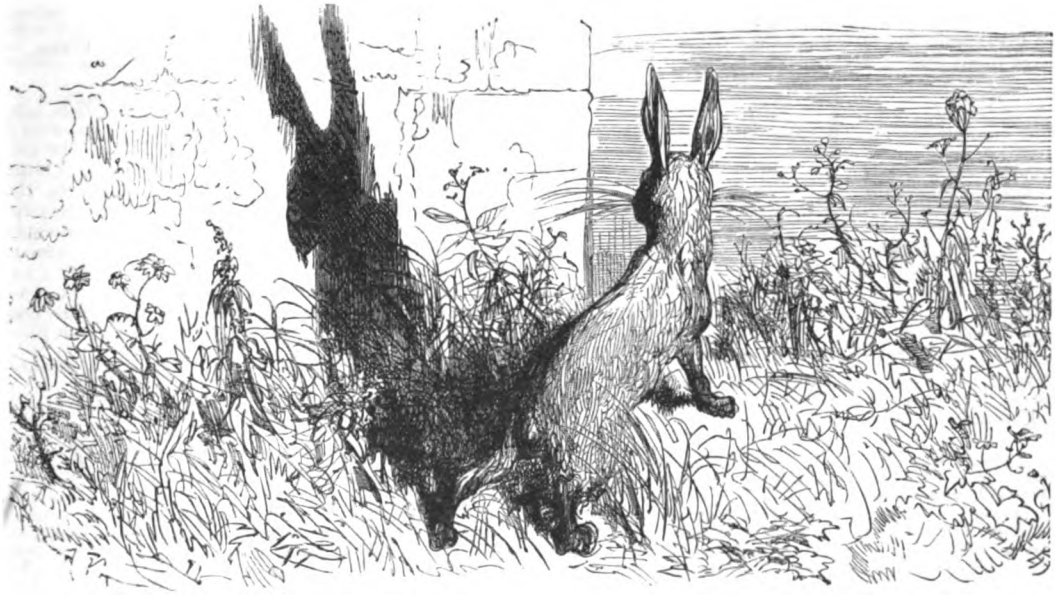
A BIRD ENIGMA.

A gorgeous bird, whose plumage bright,
Makes tropic forests gay;
A bright-winged thing, whose hanging nest
The passing breezes sway;
A warbler sweet of sunny isles,
Too oft a prisoner here;
A bird, whose wing scarce seems to move
While sailing through the air;
A pretty little warbling finch,
Familiar, gay and bright;
A songster rare, whose mellow notes
Are sweetly sung at night;
A bird with breast of golden dye,
And wings of darker hue;
A favorite nestling of our woods,
All clothed in feathers blue;
An idol, once to Egypt dear,
And named in ancient lore;
An English pet, that comes in spring,
And chirps about the door;
A gentle, tender, meek-eyed bird,
Oft seen upon the wing,
Whose note is plaintive, soft and pure,
Whose praises poets sing.

These songsters sweet, from every land,
Who form a fluttering, bright-hued band,
Have here in kindness flown;
For each one now an offering brings,
To form the name of one who sings,
And makes their songs his own:
The bird, to Southern woods most dear,
With voice sweet, mellow, rich and clear.

K. L.

PICTURE QUOTATION.



What passage in Shakespeare's "Macbeth" does this picture illustrate?

Digitized by Google

REBUS, No. 2.

RHYMING DECAPITATION.

(Fill the second, third and fourth blanks by successive beheading of a word which should be in the first blank.)

GREEN willows on the banks are ——;
Upon the stream blithe boatmen ——,
Their speed to favoring breezes ——,
Is swift as birds upon the ——.

With lily-pads their oars are ——;
With eager hands the blossoms ——
They shout, "Dull care far from me ——"
And echo answers, "——!" J. P. B.

PUZZLE.

(The following puzzle was first published in 1628, and was reprinted in "Hone's Every-Day Book" for 1826; but it is very ingenious, and perhaps new to many of our readers.)

A vessel sailed from a port in the Mediterranean with thirty passengers, consisting of fifteen Jews and fifteen Christians. During the voyage a heavy storm arose, and it was found necessary to throw overboard half the passengers in order to lighten the ship. After consultation, they agreed to a proposal from the captain that he should place them all in a circle and throw overboard every ninth man, until only fifteen should be left. He then arranged them in such a way that all the Jews were thrown overboard, and all the Christians saved. How did he do it?

SYNCOPATIONS.

SYNCOPATE a weapon, and get a way. Syncopate not new, and get a disposal. Syncopate a shelter, and get an article of clothing. Syncopate a weapon, and get a law or rule. Syncopate a heathen god, and get an exclamation. NIP.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

MY first is in Leeds, but not in Erne;
My second is in Liege, but not in Berne;
My third is in Dover, but not in Hull;
My fourth is in Derg, but not in Mull;
My fifth is in Pearl, but not in Save;
My sixth is in Perth, but not in Drave;
My seventh is in Rome, but not in Rhine;
My eighth is in Toulon, but not in Tyne;
My ninth is in Darling, but not in Dee.
My whole is a city across the sea. R. S. T.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

A TRAGEDY.—Pledges, ledges, edges. Glover, lover, over.

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Hobby-Horse.

H —eart— H
O —ntari— O
B —ea— R
B —oiler— S
Y —ok— E

CHARADE.—Sanhedrim.

PUZZLE.—Matrimony.

PREFIX PUZZLE.—Prefix: The letter P. Place, Prose, Prime, Pin, Plead, Poke, Plash, Pear, Plover, Prest, Park, Pant.

CONCEALED SQUARE WORD.—

V E S T
E C H O
S H O P
T O P S

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.—

"Pat a cake, pat a cake, baker's man!"
"So I do, master, as fast as I can."
"Pat it and roll it, and mark it with B,
And toss in the oven for baby and me."

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.—1. Orcus. 2. Pæan. 3. Teleon. 4. Ruteni. 5. Nænia. 6. Elatus. 7. Canace. 8 Æolus. 9. Urania. 10. Serapis. 11. Issoria. 12. Lupercus. Whole: Noctiluca, Calliope, Narcissus.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Seldom, models. 2. Praise, I parse. 3. We do best, bestowed. 4. Laid, dial. 5. Result, lustre. 6. Scare, races, acres, cares. 7. Palest, petals, plates, staple.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

B
V A N
M A L T A
M O N T A N A
B A L T I M O R E
D O R M A N T
S T O O L
I R K
E

RIDDLE.—Georgic.

SEVENTEEN CONCEALED LAKES.—Oneida, Wener, Ree, Van, Ilmen, Leon, Constance, Onega, Rainy, Patos, Como, Utah, Thun, Erie, Tchad, Tchany, Ness.

REBUS.—The Feejee Islands number one hundred and fifty-four: sixty-five only are inhabited.

BIBLICAL CHARADE.—Ararat.

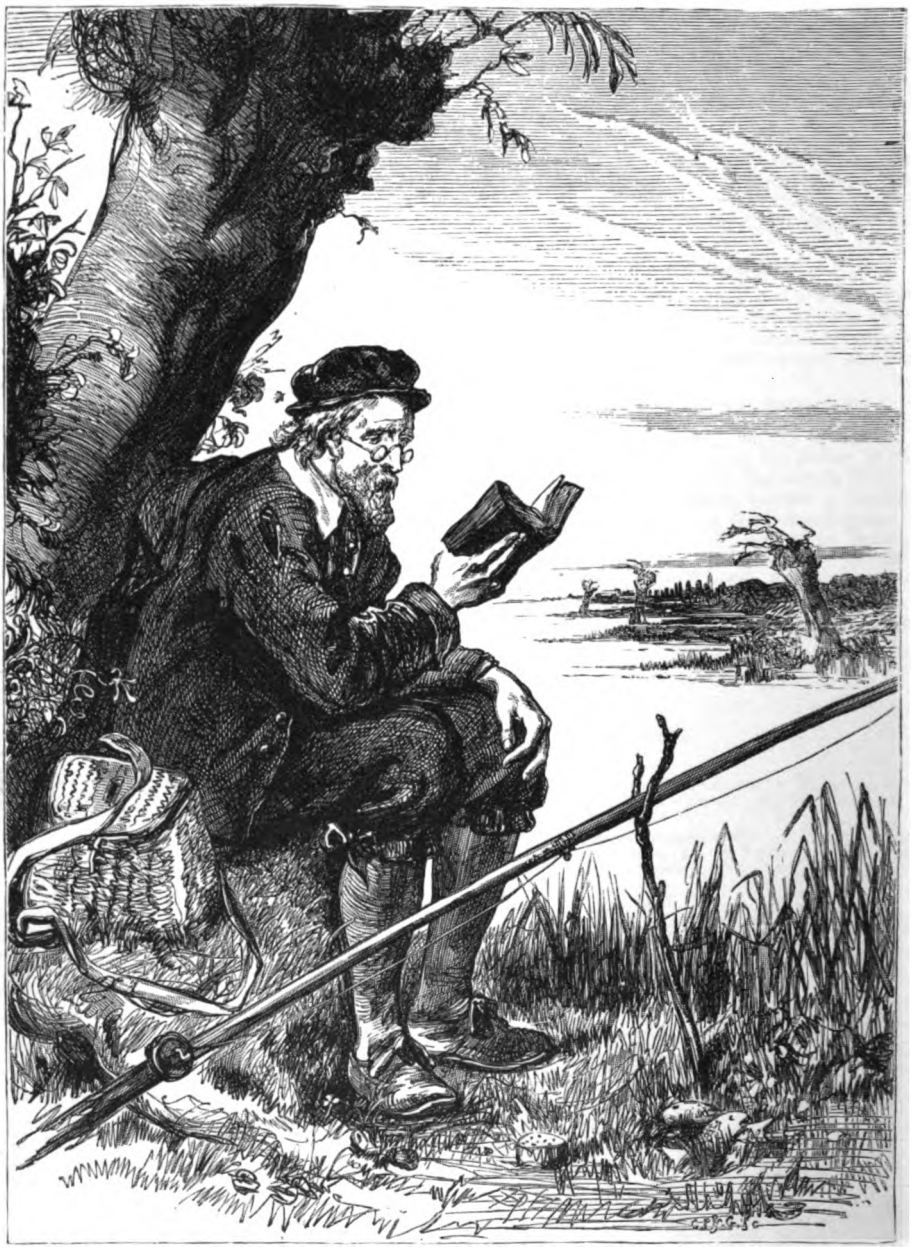
LETTER PUZZLE.—"A burnt child dreads the fire."

TRANSLATIONS OF "SANCTI PETRI ÆDES SACRA" were received, previous to June 16, from W. F. Bridge, Frank E. Camp, Harry Beveridge, "Plymouth Rock," Alice Whittlesey, Daisy Lee, Charles H. Brickenstein, E. Augustus Douglass, Ella M. Truesdell and William Le Roy Brown.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, previous to June 16, from M. Winthrop Jones, Addie S. Church, Mamie F. Buttre, Guerdon H. Cooke, Frank M. Wakefield, E. D. K., "Shelby, Ohio," "Frank and Laure," Bessie Cornelius, Ellen G. Hodges, George English, C. A. Miller, M. E. Carpenter, Mamie L. Leithead, C. S. Patteson, Minnie Thomas, J. B. C., Jr., Minnie Potter, Ansel James McCall, "Neno and Nimpo," E. G. B., W. Campbell Langfitt, "Typo," "Flos," S. M. Artey, Lillie Whitman, Julia Bacon, Roy Wright, Annie Augusta De Vinne, Jennie C. Gale, Edith Ryerson, Nellie S. Colby, Miss Minnie T. Allen, "Lily of the Valley," F. L. A——y, Chas. F. Olmsted, John Lyle Clough, "Snowdrop," Carrie H. Barker, M. E. Carpenter, Willie Boucher Jones, Carrie L. Hastings, "Jicks," Charlie W. Balestier, Arthur E. Smith, Anna W. Olcott, Willie M. K. Olcott, Charles A. Berry, Mattie Thompson, Jamie J. Ormsbee, Willie R. Buck, Louise F. Olmstead, Ernest G. Dumas, Edward R. Kellogg and Hattie P. Woodruff.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



THE GENTLE ANGLER.

Digitized by Google

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. I. SEPTEMBER, 1874. NO. 11.

THE GENTLE ANGLER.

BY PAUL FORT.

A LITTLE girl was once asked if she had ever heard of the famous Isaac Walton.

"Oh, yes!" she answered. "I know all about him. He was the man who invented fishing."

Although this statement was far from being correct, we cannot wonder very much at the mistake of the little girl.

For more than two hundred years, good old Isaac has been so much talked of and written about in connection with fishing, that it is not very strange that he should sometimes get the credit of being the first one to find out how to catch fish with a hook and line.

He has been called "The Common Father of all Anglers;" and this is a very good title for him. He was a sort of Washington among anglers: first by the stream, first to get a bite, and first in the hearts of all good fishermen.

Isaac Walton was born in England in 1593, in the month of August, when there is generally pretty good fishing. We are not told much about his early days, but I suppose he toddled down to the brook with his little hook and line at a very early age, just as Mozart played on the piano when he could scarcely reach the keys. He grew up to be a great fisherman and a very good man. He loved to wander through the green fields and by the streams, in the beautiful country where he lived, and there he used to sit and fish and think how lovely the blue skies and the green trees were, and what a delightful thing it was to sit in the shade by the river-side and read, or fish, or muse thankfully on the bounties of Nature.

Although he fished so much, he was always very gentle and kind, even to his bait. He never caused needless suffering to a worm or a fly. He wrote a book about angling, and when he tells how to use a little frog for bait, he says to the fisherman, "Use him as though you loved him," by which he meant that the little frog was not to be hurt, if it was possible to prevent it. There is a good deal that might be said on this bait subject, but we will not say it now, because we don't want to think about anything else but old Isaac's simple-hearted tenderness and gentle ways. Everybody seemed to love him and to like to read the books he wrote, because there was so much quaint and wholesome philosophy in them.

The very fish, if they knew enough in those days, could not have helped loving him; for, although he caught them, he did it as tenderly as he could, and that is all that can be expected of a fisherman.

We can imagine how the little fishes would talk about him (if they talked in those days), when they saw him come down to the river-bank early in the morning, with his rod and line and box of bait.

"Ho! ho!" one of them would say. "Here comes the good Isaak" (it was spelt with a k in those days), "and he wants to catch some of us." And so, very naturally, they would all move away from the bank, so as to give the good Isaac plenty of room to throw out his line. And when the cork had been floating idly for some time, and the bait had dangled on the hook until there was danger that it would be spoiled by the water, one of them would nudge another, and say:

"It's too bad to treat the poor man so. See! he has gone to reading. One of us ought to give him a nibble, at any rate. Don't you want to go, Specklesides, and give his bait a little pull? We ought n't to neglect him this way, and he so kind and good!"

"Don't let me hinder you," Specklesides would

Digitized by Google

say. "If you want to take the first bite, Supplefin, I don't mind waiting." And then they would contend in this friendly manner until at last Supplefin would say:

"Well, it's too bad! If none of you will go, I'll take the first bite myself. I'm sure that if we were as good as he is, we would n't like to be treated so."

And he would swim up and take the least little bite, and at that instant all the other fishes would sing out, "There goes Supplefin!" as the good Isaac jerked him out of the water. And as the gentle angler would hold the little fish in his hand and tenderly take the hook from between his teeth, we can almost imagine that the good-natured Supplefin smiled with pleasure to find himself so kindly treated. If one were a fish, and had to be caught, who would not be caught by so good a man?

Isaac lived to be ninety, and he must have caught a great many fish in his time. He knew all about rods and hooks and baits and lines and sinkers, and where to go and when he ought to go there, and how to accommodate himself to the humor of the fish, and how to wait a long time and to be thankful when at last he got fish enough for supper.

And whether it rained or shone, or was cold or warm, or whether the fish bit gaily or never even nibbled, the good Isaac fished, and reflected on moral subjects and the beauties of Nature; and if he sang a song as he walked over the field, it was often such a song as this:

When the timorous trout I wait
To take, and he devours my bait,
How poor a thing sometimes I find,
Will captivate a greedy mind.
And when none bite, I praise the wise,
Whom vain allurements ne'er surprise.

If he had not been a very moral fisherman, he never would have thought of singing a song like that.

ROBBIE PLAYS IN THE WATER.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

ONE day, Robbie came running wildly into the house.

"Oh, Mamma!" he exclaimed, "rain 's all gone away, 'cept a nice little lake in the back yard, and I feel like playing in it—I do, really."

"Oh, Robbie!" said Mamma, ruefully, looking at his clean linen suit, "you 'll get very wet."

"Oh, no, I wont!" he cried. "I 'll go 'thout any shoes, and be just as careful."

Rather than bring a cloud on the happy little face, Mamma said she would go and see about it. So she went to a back window and looked out. It had rained all the morning, and one part of the grassy yard that was lower than the rest, held a little pond of clean water. It did look very cool and tempting, so Mamma said:

"Well, I 'll put some other clothes on you, and let you go for awhile."

"Oh, goody!" shouted Robbie, dancing around in glee. "What kind of clothes?"

"Oh, you 'll see." And Mamma went to a trunk in her closet, and brought out a brown suit that was so faded and shabby that Robbie laughed when he saw it. In about two minutes all his clean clothes lay across a chair, and away ran Robbie dressed in the faded suit, with the trousers rolled up as high as they would go.

Mamma went to the back door to see him. First he put one little white foot in, and paddled a minute, and then the other went in, and, in half a minute, he ran through, laughing aloud in his happiness. But he was very careful not to spatter. So Mamma said:

"Robbie, you need n't be careful about those clothes. You may spatter as much as you like."

Then I wish you could have seen him. The reckless way in which he dashed through the water, splashing it up with his knees at every step, and calling on Mamma to see the "whole crowd of sprinkles." Then the happiness with which he sat down in the very middle, and scattered the water about with his hands till it poured off his shining brown hair in little streams, and he was just dripping from head to foot!

Meanwhile, Mamma, who sat on the steps watching him, enjoyed it as much as he did.

During the fun, Harry—who lived in the next house—chanced to come to the window of his nursery, and was perfectly horrified.

"Why, Robbie!" he called out, "you 'll get all wet!"

As he was already soaked, it was highly probable that he would. Robbie looked up indignantly.

"'Course I will. I 'm all wet now."

Digitized by Google

"You 'll catch it when your mamma sees you," Harry went on comfortingly.

"Catch what?" asked Robbie, innocently, adding immediately, "Come over here, Harry, and let 's play we were gooses taking a baf."

"My mamma don't 'low me to play in the water," said Harry, primly; "it wets my nice clothes, and, 'sides, little gentlemen don't *want* to be all dirty and wet, like street boys."

Robbie had no reply to make to this unanswerable argument, so he went on splashing. In a moment, Harry spoke again:

"Do you like it, Robbie?"

Robbie answered by giving such a tremendous flopping and splashing, that for a few seconds you could hardly tell which was boy and which was water.

"I hate to take a baf!" was Harry's next remark, evidently to persuade himself that he would n't enjoy the frolic himself.

Robbie looked up in surprise, the water trickling down his nose and sparkling on his eyelashes.

"'T aint a reg'lar one,—it 's a play one."

"Now, Robbie," said Mamma from the steps, "you 've been in long enough."

Robbie came slowly out of the water.

"May I come in again, Mamma?"

"Yes, to-morrow—if the water does n't go away," said Mamma.

Then she took him in at the basement door, and bade him stand on the rug while she pulled off his wet clothes, rubbed him all dry with a towel, rinsed off his little soft feet, and dressed him up all clean again.

"Mamma," said he, while she was leaning over to button his shoes, "I 've got some clean kisses for you. Don't you want some clean kisses?"

"Of course I do," said Mamma, leaning over, while two little cool, soft arms went around her neck, and a dozen little cool, soft kisses fell on her lips.

"Mamma, you 're the bestest girl I ever saw," said he at last.

PRAIRIE FIRES.

By Eudora May Stone.

The autumn frost begins to blight,
  But here and there late blossoms linger;
The maple leaves are glowing bright,
  Red-painted all by Autumn's finger.

The birds are gone; the chill wind grieves
  Among the dry and withered grasses,
And showers of gold or scarlet leaves
  It flings from every tree it passes.

But, see, a spark has fallen there
  Among the grasses of the prairie;
And high and higher in the air
  The flames are leaping light and airy.

Now, farmers, guard your hoarded grain;
  The flames are wider, fiercer growing,
And urging on the fiery train,
  The raging wind is wildly blowing.

The sun sinks low, the waning light
  Is fading fast from hills and meadows;
The night, so strangely, grandly bright,
  Mantles the earth in fitful shadows.

Now fiercer still the wild winds blow—
  The sky the fiery color catches;
And brighter yet the red flames glow,
  And wide the blackened prairie stretches.

Digitized by Google

THE ANTELOPE, OR PRONG-HORN.

BY OLIVER HOWARD.

A PARTY of my friends were starting down the Platte river to see their herds of cattle.

"Don't you want to go along with us?" said Calvin. "We may get some antelope."

The idea of riding and camping and story-telling and hunting for a week seemed charming just then, so, with blankets and rifle, I joined the party.

In an hour we came in sight of the river, of which some traveler has said, "It is navigable only for a shingle," so sandy is its bed and so changing its currents. All day we followed the river bottom, now near the water, now a mile away from it. In the "ox-bows," or bends of the river, the grass was growing abundantly, and thousands and tens of thousands of sleek kine were feeding there.

Near the high lands, we saw great numbers of prairie dogs and little owls, living in the same holes. The dogs wagged their tails, and, barking with great energy, ran into their houses; the owls, old and young, toddled in, too, when we approached.

Toward evening we saw tall blue cranes alighting on the sand-bars. Flocks of ducks arose from the water and fled from the hawks. Jack-rabbits bounded queerly from our path, and a little way off, turned to see what we intended to do. We saw two wolves sneaking among the bluffs, but never an antelope.

The morning after we reached Dana's cattle-camp, we went out early among the sand-hills for antelopes. Just after daybreak they are busy feeding, and then may be more easily approached than at other times of the day.

"Look yonder!" said Calvin. "See what a mat of prickly pear!"

"What of it?" said I. "I have seen many such."

"Nothing of it," said he, "only I was going to say that when a wolf tries to catch a young antelope, the old one takes her young into the middle of one of these great prickly-pear beds. You see. the thorns don't hurt the antelope's hoofs at all; but Mr. Wolf can't set his paw on them, any way he can fix it. So the young antelope stands between the mother's feet till the wolf leaves."

Some three miles from the river, we came to the haunts of the game. We became silent, and peeped carefully over each ridge to see if any antelopes were to be seen. Soon we separated, with the understanding that if a group of antelopes were found, a signal should be given for the whole party to come. In half-an-hour, Dana was seen to wave his hand, and we rejoined him at once. He told us that in the next hollow four antelopes were feeding.

Noiselessly we crept to the little eminence before us, keeping our eyes wide open for thorns and rattlesnakes. Within sixty yards of us stood two old antelopes and two beautiful and graceful little ones, that did not seem larger than cats, only their legs were much longer. The old ones were about three feet high, with bodies about the size of those of sheep. They made a very pretty tableau, but quickly turned and bounded away, the little ones ahead, making no more noise than a cloud passing through the sky. Had not Dana been so polite, one of them might have been secured. But I was glad, after all, that we did not make a break in the happy family.

We now agreed to hunt independently. During the next half-hour we saw plenty of game in the distance. After a time, Dana and I met. Care-

Digitized by Google

lessly ascending a little sand-hill, we started up a lonely buck. We so quickly sank upon the ground that the animal had only a glimpse of us, and after a sharp run, turned to satisfy its ever-eager curiosity as to what we were. My companion passed his red handkerchief to me.

"Wave that," he whispered, "on the end of your rifle. We'll try the Indian game on him. Easy! Wave it easy."

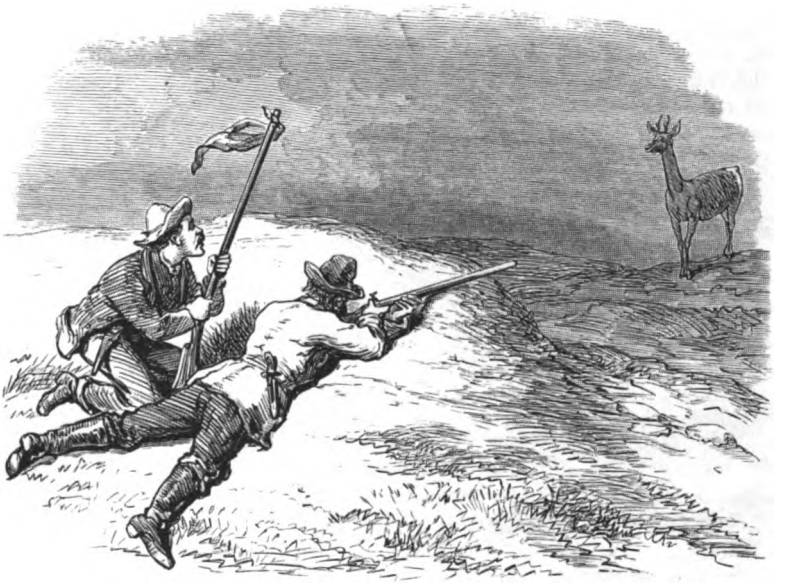
Slowly I waved the flag to and fro, just in the creature's sight, while Dana settled his body at full length upon the sand, and rested his Winchester rifle on an unoccupied ant-hill.

The antelope now advanced a few steps, retreated, turned and looked again. As we presented the same appearance, he became as curious concerning us as Blue Beard's wife about the forbidden room. Several times we thought he had seen enough of us, and was off. But no; his intense curiosity forced him nearer and nearer. Unused to hunting as I was, I became much excited. Had that antelope been an elephant, I don't believe I could have hit it. I had what old hunters call "buck fever." Suddenly the buck exposed his side to us. Crack! went Dana's rifle and over went the antelope.

We saw a herder on his pony, not far away, and beckoned him to come near. Dana knew him, and asked him to pack our game to camp. But no sooner had we placed it behind the saddle, than the pony reared and plunged until he had dislodged his burden. So we cut off the haunches, and making pack-horses of ourselves, took them to camp.

In the month of June it is not a hard matter to capture young antelopes. They are then so frail and tender that a man on horseback soon overtakes them. They are then taught to take milk from a bottle, and soon become very tame. We saw several so tame that they would come at call. We passed a turf cabin where there were five of these pretty pets, all with ribbons about the neck, and one, a graceful doe, with a cherry-colored ribbon tied about the tail. The Indian woman who owned them, probably fearing our dog, opened the door and called them, when they very sedately filed into the cabin.

We have had a number of pet antelopes in the town where I live. Little "Billy" learned to know the milkman's bell, and would run a long way to meet the wagon that brought him his breakfast. It was interesting to see him come bounding round a corner, his large, expressive eyes glancing about, and his ears bent forward to catch the next sound of the bell.



"THE ANTELOPE NOW ADVANCED A FEW STEPS."

The winter before last was a terrible season for the poor antelopes. The snow lay upon the ground for several months. Thousands of cattle perished. The antelopes congregated in great flocks within a few miles of town. From an eminence, five thousand could be seen at once. There were millions of little holes in the snow where they had put their noses down to get the grass.

At last the poor creatures took refuge in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, where feed was more abundant, and their troubles ceased.

Digitized by Google

THE LITTLE BOY WHO WENT OUT TO SWIM.

BY HENRY HOWLAND.

A LITTLE boy went out to swim,
One pleasant day in June,
And the fish all came to talk to him,
That summer afternoon.

"Come down, dear little boy," they said,
"And let us show to you
The homes of fish, merman and maid,
Under the waters blue.

"We'll show you where the naiads sleep,
And where the tritons dwell;
The treasures of the unknown deep,
The coral and the shell.

"The siren's song shall charm your ears,
And lull you into rest;
No monsters shall arouse your fears,
Or agitate your breast."

The little boy was glad to go:
And all the company
Of fish escorted him below
A pageant brave to see.

The pilot-fish swam on ahead,
The shark was at his heels;
The dolphin a procession led
Of porpoise, whale, and eels.

The trout, all brave in red and gold,
Many a caper cut;
And after them, came crowds untold
Of cod and halibut.

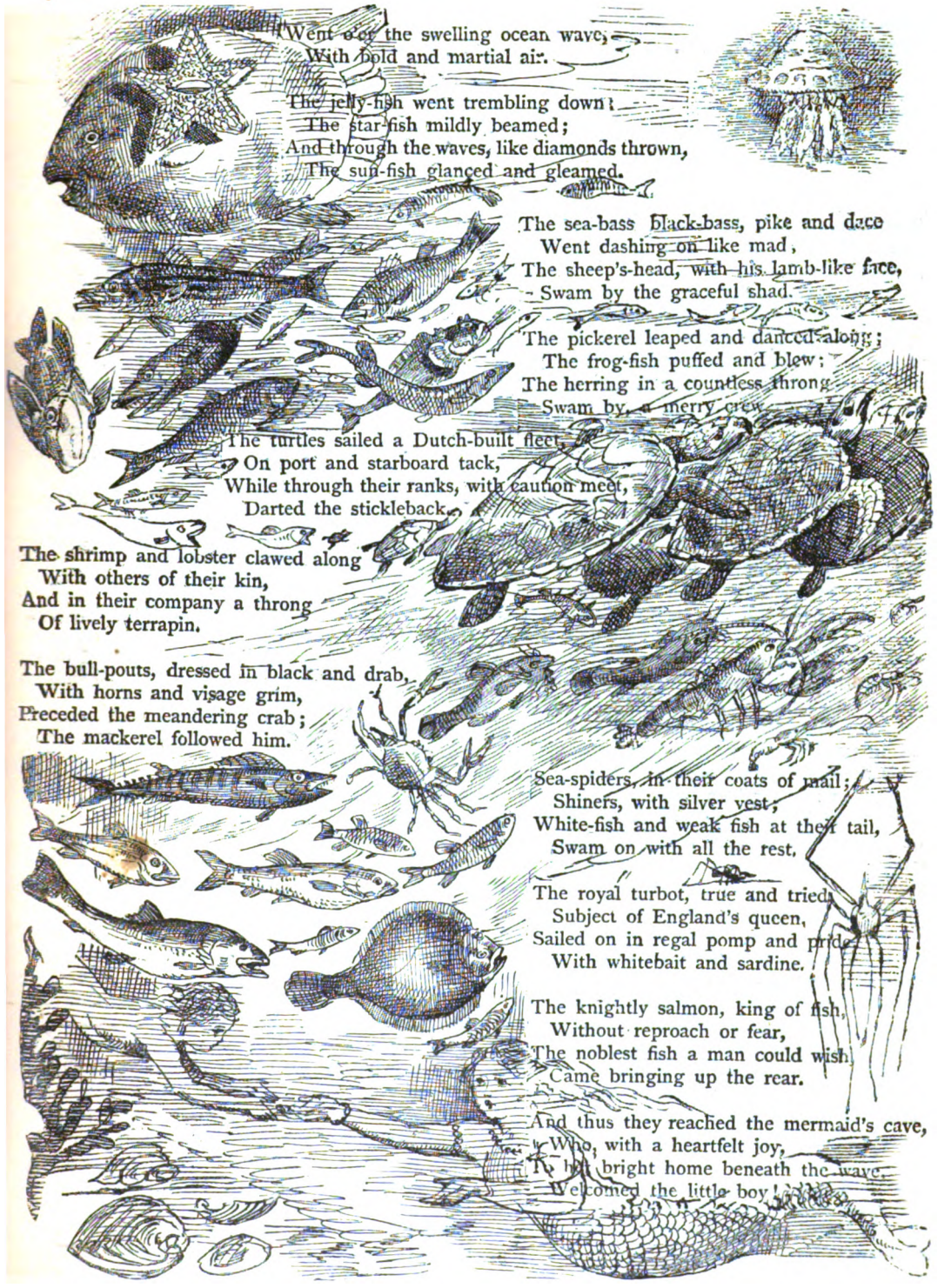
The blue-fish with the black-fish swam;
Who knows the joy each felt?
The perch was escort to the clam,
The oyster to the smelt.

The muscalonge, from Northern lake,
That leaps the harbor bar,
Swam close by in the sturgeon's wake,
Famous for caviar!

The haddock floated side by side
With carp, from foreign shore,
And with them, through the seething tide,
Went scollops by the score.

The sword-fish, like a soldier brave,
His sabre flashing bare,

Digitized by Google



Went o'er the swelling ocean wave,
With bold and martial air.

The jelly-fish went trembling down;
The star-fish mildly beamed;
And through the waves, like diamonds thrown,
The sun-fish glanced and gleamed.

The sea-bass black-bass, pike and dace
Went dashing on like mad,
The sheep's-head, with his lamb-like face,
Swam by the graceful shad.

The pickerel leaped and danced along;
The frog-fish puffed and blew;
The herring in a countless throng
Swam by, a merry crew.

The turtles sailed a Dutch-built fleet,
On port and starboard tack,
While through their ranks, with caution meet,
Darted the stickleback.

The shrimp and lobster clawed along
With others of their kin,
And in their company a throng
Of lively terrapin.

The bull-pouts, dressed in black and drab,
With horns and visage grim,
Preceded the meandering crab;
The mackerel followed him.

Sea-spiders, in their coats of mail;
Shiners, with silver vest;
White-fish and weak fish at their tail,
Swam on with all the rest.

The royal turbot, true and tried,
Subject of England's queen,
Sailed on in regal pomp and pride
With whitebait and sardine.

The knightly salmon, king of fish,
Without reproach or fear,
The noblest fish a man could wish
Came bringing up the rear.

And thus they reached the mermaid's cave,
Who, with a heartfelt joy,
In her bright home beneath the wave
Welcomed the little boy!

Digitized by Google

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A GRAND PROPOSITION.

THE summer vacation was now over, and the Board of Managers of the telegraph company, as well as the other boys of the vicinity, were obliged to go to school again and study something besides the arts of making money and transacting telegraphic business. But as there was not much business of this kind to be done, the school interfered with the company's affairs in little else than the collection of money due from private individuals for telegraphic services rendered during the late "rise" in the creek. The committee which had charge of this collection labored very faithfully for some time, and before and after school and during the noon recess, the members thereof made frequent visits to the houses of the company's debtors. As there were not more than half-a-dozen debtors, it might have been supposed that the business would be speedily performed. But such was not the case. Mr. Darby, the storekeeper, paid his bill promptly; and old Mr. Truly Matthews, who had telegraphed to Washington, to a nephew in the Patent Office Department, "just to see how it would go," paid what he owed on the eighth visit of Wilson Ogden to his house. He had not seen "how it would go," for his nephew had not answered him, either by telegraph or mail, and he was in no hurry to pay up, but he could not stand "that boy opening his gate three times a day." As for the rest, they promised to settle as soon as they could get some spare cash—which happy time they expected would arrive when they sold their tobacco.

It is to be supposed that no one ever bought their tobacco, for they never paid up.

The proceeds of the five days of telegraphing, together with the money obtained by the sale of Harry's gun, were spent by Kate for Aunt Matilda's benefit; and as she knew that it might be a good while before there would be any more money coming, Kate was as economical as she could be.

It was all very proper and kind to make the old woman's income hold out as long as possible, but Aunt Matilda did not like this systematic and economical way of living. It was too late in life for her, she said, "to do more measurin' at a meal than chewin';" and so she became discouraged, and managed, one fine morning, to hobble up to see Mrs. Loudon about it.

"Ise afraid dese chillen aint a-gwine to hold out," said she. "I don know but what I 'd better go 'long to the poorhouse, arter all. And there 's that money I put inter de comp'ny. I aint seen nothin' come o' dat ar money yit."

"How much did you put in, Aunt Matilda?" asked Mrs. Loudon.

"Well, I need n't be a-sayin' jist how much it was; but it was solid silver, anyway, and I don't reckon I 'll ever see any of it back again. But it don't differ much. Ise an old woman, and them chillen is a-doin' their best."

"Yes, they are," said Mrs. Loudon; "and I think they 're doing very well, too. You have n't suffered for anything lately, have you?"

"Well, no," said the old woman, "I can't say that I 've gone hungry or nuthin; but I was only a-gittin 'fraid I might. Dis hyar 'tic'lar way o' doin' things makes a person scary."

"I am glad that Kate is particular," said Mrs. Loudon. "You know, Aunt Matilda, that money is n't very plenty with any of us, and we all have to learn to make it go as far as it will. I don't think you need feel 'scary,' if Kate's economy is all you have to fear."

This interview somewhat reassured Aunt Matilda, but she was not altogether satisfied with the state of things. The fact was that she had supposed that the telegraph company would bring in so much money that she would be able to live in what to her would be a state of comparative luxury. And instead of that, Kate had been preaching economy and systematic management to her. No wonder she was disappointed, and a little out of humor with her young guardians.

But for all that, if Harry or Kate had fallen into a fiery crater, Aunt Matilda would have hurried in after them as fast as her old legs would have carried her.

She went back to her cabin, after awhile, and she continued to have her three meals a day all the same as usual; but if she could have seen, as Kate saw, how steadily the little fund for her support was diminishing day by day, she would have had some reason for her apprehensions.

It was on a pleasant Saturday in early September, that Harry stood looking over the front gate in his father's yard. Kate was at the dining-room window, sewing. Harry was thinking, and Kate was wondering what he was thinking about. She

Digitized by Google

thought she knew, and she called out to him: "I expect old Mr. Matthews would lend you a gun, Harry."

"Yes, I suppose he would," said Harry, turning and slowly walking up towards the house; "but father told me not to borrow a gun from Truly Matthews. It's a shame, though, to stay here when the fields are just chock full of partridges. I never knew them so plenty in all my life. It's just the way things go."

"It is a pity about your gun," said Kate. "There's some one at the gate, Harry. Had n't you better go and see what he wants? Father wont be home until after dinner, you can tell him."

Harry turned.

"It's Mr. Martin," said he, and he went down to the gate to meet him.

"How do you do, Mr. President?" said Mr. Martin. "I rode over here this morning, and thought I would come and see you."

Harry shook hands with his visitor, and invited him to walk into the house; but after Mr. Martin had dismounted and fastened his horse, he thought that the seat under the catalpa tree looked so cool and inviting, that he proposed that they should sit down there and have a little chat.

"I have been thinking about the extension of your telegraph line," said the manager of the mica mine, "and have talked it over with our people. They agree with me that it would be a good thing, and we have determined, if it suits you and your company, that we will advance the money necessary to carry out the scheme."

"I'm glad to hear that," said Harry; "but, as I said before, you'll have to bear the whole expense, and it will cost a good deal to carry the line from the creek all the way to Hetertown."

"Yes, it will cost some money," said Mr. Martin; "but our idea is that you ought to have a complete line while you are about it, and that it ought to run from our mine to Hetertown."

"SOME ONE AT THE GATE."

"From your mine to Hetertown!" exclaimed Harry, in astonishment.

"Yes," said Mr. Martin, smiling. "That is the kind of a line that is really needed. You see, our business is increasing, and we are buying land which we intend to sell out in small farms, and so expect to build up quite a little village out there in time. So you can understand that we would like to be in direct communication with Richmond and the North. And if we can have it by means of your line, we are ready to put the necessary funds into the work."

Harry was so amazed at this statement, that he could hardly find words with which to express himself.

"Why, that would give us a regular, first-class telegraph line!" he exclaimed.

Digitized by Google

"Certainly," said Mr. Martin, "and that 's the only kind of a line that is really worth anything."

"I don't know what to think about it," said Harry. "I did n't expect you to propose anything like this."

"Well," said Mr. Martin, rising, "I must be off. I had only a few minutes to spare, but I thought I had better come and make you this proposition. I think you had better lay it before your Board of Managers as soon as possible, and if you will take my advice, as a business man, you 'll accept our offer."

So saying, he bid Harry good-bye, took off his hat to Kate, who was still looking out of the window, mounted his horse and rode away.

There was a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Crooked Creek Telegraph Company that afternoon. It was a full meeting, for Harry sent hasty messengers to those he called the "out-lying members."

A more astonished body of officials has seldom been seen than was our Board when Harry laid the proposition of Mr. Martin before it.

But the boys were not so much amazed that they could not jump at this wonderful opportunity, and in a very short time it was unanimously voted to accept the proposition of the Mica Mine people, and to build the great line.

Almost as soon as this important vote had been taken, the meeting adjourned, and the members hurried to their several homes to carry the news.

"We 'll have to change our name," said Tom Selden to Harry. "We ought to call our company 'The United States Mica and Hetertown Lightning Express Line,' or something big like that."

"Yes," replied Harry. "The A 1 double action, back-spring, copper-fastened, broad-gauge telegraph line from here to the moon!"

And away he ran to meet Kate, who was coming down the road.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOW SOMETHING CAME TO AN END.

THE Mica Mine management appeared to be thoroughly in earnest about this extension of the telegraph line. As soon as the assent of the Board of Managers to the scheme had been communicated to them, they sent a note to Harry suggesting that he should, in the name of his company, get the written consent of owners of the lands over which the line would pass to the construction of said line on their property. This business was soon settled, for none of the owners of the farms between the mines and Hetertown, all of whom were well acquainted with Mr. Loudon (and no man in that part of the country was held in higher estimation by his neighbors), had the slightest objection to the boys' putting up their telegraph line on their lands.

When Harry had secured the necessary promises, the construction of the line was commenced forthwith. The boys had very little trouble with it. Mr. Martin got together a gang of men, with an experienced man to direct them, and came down with them to Akeville, where Harry hired them; and finding that the foreman understood the business, he told him to go to work and put up the line. When pay-days came around, Harry gave each man an order for his money on the Mica Mine Company, and their wages were paid them by Mr. Martin.

It was not very long before the line was constructed and the instruments were in working order in Hetertown and at the Mica Mines. There was a person at the latter place who understood telegraphy, and he attended to the business at that end of the line, while Mr. Lyons worked the instrument at the Hetertown station, which was in the same building with the regular telegraph line.

It was agreed that the Mica Company should keep an account of all messages sent by them over the line, and should credit the Crooked Creek Telegraph Company with the amount due in payment, after deducting necessary expenses, hire of operators and six per cent. on the capital advanced.

Everything having been arranged on this basis, the extended line went into operation, without regard to the amount of water in the creek, and old Miles carried no more telegrams to Hetertown.

The telegraph business, however, became much less interesting to Kate and the boys. It seemed to them as if it had been taken entirely out of their hands, which was, indeed, the true state of the case. They were the nominal owners and directors of the line, but they had nothing to direct, and very vague ideas about the value of the property they owned.

"I don't know," said Tom Selden, as he sat one afternoon in Mr. Loudon's yard, with Harry and Kate, "whether we 've made much by this business or not. Those Mica people keep all the accounts and do all the charging, and if they want to cheat us, I don't see what 's to hinder them."

"But you know," said Harry, "that we can examine their accounts; and, besides, Mr. Lyons will keep a tally of all the messages sent, and I don't believe that he would cheat us."

"No; I don't suppose he would," said Tom; "but I liked the old way best. There was more fun in it."

"Yes, there was," said Kate; "and then we helped old Lewston and Aunt Judy. I expect they 'll miss the money they got for rent."

Digitized by Google

"Certainly," said Harry. "They'll have to deny themselves many a luxury in consequence of the loss of that dollar a month."

"Now you're making fun," said Kate; "but twelve dollars a year is a good deal to those poor people."

"I suppose it is," said Harry. "In fifty years, it would be six hundred dollars, if they saved it all up, and that is a good deal of money, even to us rich folks."

"Rich!" said Kate. "We're so dreadfully rich that I have only forty-two cents left of Aunt Matilda's money, and I must have some more very soon."

The consequence of this conversation was that Harry had to ride over to the mica mines, and get a small advance on the payment due at the end of the month.

The end of the month arrived, and the settlement was made. When the interest on the money advanced to put up the line, hire of operators and other expenses had been deducted from the amount due the Crooked Creek Company, there was only two dollars and a-quarter to be paid to it!

Harry was astounded. He took the money, rode back to Akeville, and hastened to have a consultation with Kate. For the first time since he became a guardian, he was in despair. This money was not enough for Aunt Matilda's needs, and if it had been, there were stockholders who were expecting great things from the recent extension of the line. What was to be said to them?

Harry did n't know, and Kate could suggest nothing. It appeared to be quite plain that they had made a very bad business of this telegraphic affair. A meeting of the Board was called, and when each member had had his say, matters appeared worse than ever.

It was a very blue time for our friends.

As for Kate, she cried a good deal that afternoon.

The time had at last come when she felt they would have to give up Aunt Matilda. She was sure, if they had never started this telegraphic company, they might have struggled through the winter, but now there were stockholders and creditors and she did not know what all. She only knew that it was too much for them.

Three days after this, Harry received a note from Mr. Martin. When he read it, he gave a shout that brought everybody out of the house,—Kate first. When she read the note, which she took from Harry as he was waving it around his head, she stood bewildered. She could not comprehend it.

And yet it simply contained a proposition from the Mica Mine Company to buy the Crooked Creek Telegraph Line, with all its rights and privileges, assuming all debts and liabilities, and to pay therefor the sum of three hundred and fifty dollars in cash!

* * * * * * *

Two days afterward, the line was formally sold to the Mica Company, and the Crooked Creek Telegraph Company came to an end.

When accounts were settled, Aunt Matilda's share of the proceeds of the sale were found to amount to two hundred and sixty-two dollars and fifty cents, which Kate deposited with Mr. Darby for safe keeping.

It was only the sky that now looked blue to Harry and Kate.

The Akeville people were a good deal surprised at this apparently singular transaction on the part of the Mica Company, but before long, their reasons for helping the boys to put up their line and then buying it, became plain enough.

The Mica Company had invested a large capital in mines and lands, and the business required telegraphic communication with the North. The managers knew that they might have a good deal of trouble to get permission to put up their line on the lands between the mines and Hetertown, and so they wisely helped the boys to put up the line, and then bought it of them, with all their rights and privileges.

There was probably some sharp practice in this transaction, but our young friends and Aunt Matilda profited by it.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A MEETING.

ABOUT a week after the dissolution of the Crooked Creek Company, Harry was riding over from Hetertown, and had nearly reached the creek on his way home, when he met George Purvis.

This was their first meeting since their fight, for George had been away on a visit to some relatives in Richmond.

When Harry saw George riding slowly towards him, he felt very much embarrassed, and very much annoyed because he was embarrassed.

How should he meet George? What should he say; or should he say anything?

He did n't want to appear anxious to "make up" with him, nor did he want to seem as if he bore malice towards him. If he only knew how George felt about it!

As it was, he wished he had stopped somewhere on the road. He had thought of stopping at the mill—why had n't he? That would just have given George time to pass.

Both boys appeared to be riding as slowly as their horses would consent to go, and yet when

Digitized by Google

they met, Harry had not half made up his mind what he would say, or how he should say it, or whether it would be better or not to say anything.

"Hello, George!" said he, quite unpremeditatedly.

"Hello!" said George, reining in his horse. "Where are you going?"

"Going home," said Harry, also stopping in the road.

Thus the quarrel came to an end.

"So you've sold the telegraph?" said George.

"Yes," said Harry. "And I think we made a pretty good bargain. I did n't think we'd do so well when we started."

"No, it did n't look like it," said George; "but those Mica men may n't find it such a good bargain for them."

"Why?" asked Harry.

"Well, suppose some of the people who own the land that the line's on, don't want these strangers to have a telegraph on their farms. What's to hinder them ordering them off?"

"They would n't do that," said Harry. "None of the people about here would be so mean. They'd know that it might upset our bargain. There is n't a man who would do it."

"All right," said George. "I hope they wont. But how are you going to keep the old woman now?"

"How?" said Harry. "Why, we can keep her easy enough. We got three hundred and fifty dollars from the Mica Company."

"And how much is her share?"

"Over two hundred and sixty," answered Harry.

"Is that all?" said George. "That wont give her much income. The interest on it will only be about fifteen dollars a-year, and she can't live on that."

"But we did n't think of using only the interest," said Harry.

"So you're going to break in on the principal, are you? That's a poor way of doing."

"Oh, we'll get along well enough," said Harry. "Two hundred and sixty dollars is a good deal of money. Good-bye! I must get on. Come up, Selim!"

"Good-bye!" said George; and he spurred up his horse and rode off gaily.

But not so Harry. He was quite depressed in spirits by George's remarks. He wished he had not met him, and he determined that he would not bother his head by looking at the matter as George did. It was ridiculous.

But the more he thought of it, the more sorry he felt that he had met George Purvis.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ONCE MORE IN THE WOODS.

"HARRY," said Kate, the next day after this meeting, "when are you going to get your gun back?"

"Get my gun back!" exclaimed Harry. "How am I to do that?"

"Why, there's money enough," answered Kate. "You only lent your gun-money to Aunt Matilda's fund. Take out enough, and get your gun back."

"That sounds very well," said Harry; "but we have n't so much money, after all. The interest on what we have wont begin to support Aunt Matilda, and we really ought not to break in on the principal."

Kate did not immediately answer. She thought for awhile and then she said:

"Well, that's what I call talking nonsense. You must have heard some one say something like that. You never got it out of your own head."

"It may not have come out of my own head," said Harry, who had not told Kate of his meeting with George Purvis, "but it is true, for all that. It seems to me that whatever we do seems all right at first, and then fizzles out. This telegraph business has done that, straight along."

"No, it has n't," said Kate, with some warmth. "It's turned out first-rate. I think that interest idea is all stuff. As if we wanted to set up Aunt Matilda with an income that would last forever! Here comes father. I'm going to ask him about the gun."

When Mr. Loudon had had the matter laid before him, he expressed his opinion without any hesitation.

"I think, Harry," said he, "that you certainly ought to go and get your gun."

And Harry went and got it.

The rest of that day, which was Saturday, was delightful, both to Harry and Kate. Harry cleaned and polished up his gun, and Kate sat and watched him. It seemed like old times. During those telegraphic days, when they were all thinking of business and making money, they seemed to have grown old.

But all that was over now, and they were a girl and a boy again. Late in the afternoon, Harry went out and shot half-a-dozen partridges, which were cooked for supper, and Mrs. Loudon said that that seemed like the good old style of things. She had feared that they were never going to have any more game on their table.

On the following Wednesday there was a half-holiday, and Harry was about to start off with his gun, when he proposed that Kate should go with him.

Digitized by Google

"But you 're going after birds," said Kate, "and I can't go where you 'll want to go—among the stubble and bushes."

"Oh! I sha' n't go much after birds," said Harry. "I wanted to borrow Captain Caseby's dog, but he 's going to use him himself to-day, and so I don't expect to get much game. But we can have a good walk in the woods."

"All right," said Kate. "I 'll go along." And away she went for her hat.

The walk was charming. It was now September, and the fields were full of bright-colored fall flowers, while here and there a sweet-gum tree began to put on autumn tints. The sun was bright, and there was a strong breeze full of piney odors from the forests to the west.

They saw no game; and when they had rambled about for an hour or so, they sat down under an oak-tree on the edge of the woods, and while they were talking, an idea came into Harry's head. He picked a great big, fat toadstool that was growing near the roots of the tree, and carrying it about sixty feet from the tree, he stuck it up on a bush.

"Now then," said he, taking up his gun, cocking it, and handing it to Kate, "you take a shot at that mark."

"Do you mean that I shall shoot at it?" exclaimed Kate.

"Certainly," said Harry. "You ought to know how to shoot. And it wont be the first time you have fired a gun. Take a shot."

"All right," said Kate. And she took off her hat and threw it on the grass. Then she took the gun and raised it to a level with her eye.

"Be easy now," said Harry. "Hold the butt close against your shoulder. Take your time, and aim right at the middle of the mark."

"I 'm afraid I 'm shutting the wrong eye," said Kate. "I always do."

"Shut your left eye," said Harry. "Get the sight right between your other eye and the mark."

Kate took a good long aim, and then, summoning all her courage, she pulled the trigger.

The gun went off with a tremendous bang! The toadstool trembled for an instant, and then tumbled off the bush.

"Hurra!" shouted Harry. "You 've hit it fair!" And he ran and brought it to her, riddled with shot-holes. Kate was delighted with her success, and would have been glad to have spent the rest of the afternoon firing at a mark. But Harry was not well enough supplied with powder and shot for that. However, he gave her another shot at a piece of paper on the bush. She made three shot-holes in it, and Harry said that would do very well. He then loaded up again, and they started off for home. The path they took led through a corner of the woods.

They had not gone far before they met Gregory Montague.

"O, Mah'sr Harry!" said Gregory, "I done foun' a bee's nes'."

"Where?" cried Harry.

"Down in a big tree in de holler, dar," pointing over towards the thickest part of the woods. "You have to go fru de brush and bushes, but it 's a powerful big nest, Mah'sr Harry, right in de holler ob de tree."

"Are you sure it 's a bee's nest?" said Harry. How do you know?"

"I knows it 's a bee's nest," said Gregory, somewhat reproachfully. "Did n't I see de bees goin' in an' out fru a little hole."

"Kate," said Harry, "you hold this gun a little while. I 'll run down there and see if it is really a bee-tree that he has found. Hold it under your arm, that way, with the muzzle down. That 's it. I 'll be back directly." And away he ran with Gregory.

And now Kate was left alone in the woods with a gun under her arm. It was a new experience for her. She felt proud and pleased to have control of a gun, and it was not long before she began to think that it would be a splendid thing if she could shoot something that would do for supper. How surprised they would all be if she should bring home some game that she had shot, all by herself!

She made up her mind that she would do it, if she could see anything to shoot.

And so she walked quietly along the path, with her thumb on the hammer of the gun, all ready to cock it the instant she should see a good chance for a shot.

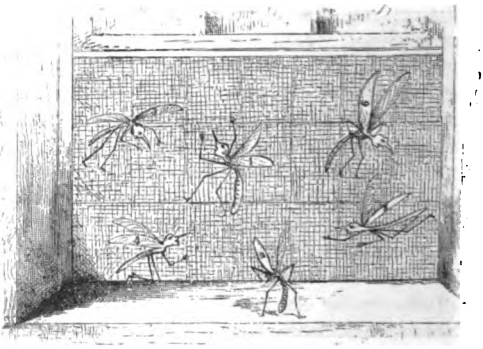
(To be concluded next month.)

Digitized by Google

THE CHEATED MOSQUITOES.

BY CLARA DOTY BATES.

LITTLE GOLD LOCKS has gone to bed,
Kisses are given and prayers are said.
Mamma says, as she turns out the light,
"Mosquitoes wont bite my child to-night.
They will try to come in, but wont know how,
For the nets are in the windows now."



First Mosquito. That is the window where we go in!

Second Mosquito. Is little girl Gold Locks fat or thin?

Third Mosquito. O, plump as the plumpest dairy mouse!

Fourth Mosquito. And the sweetest morsel in the house.

Fifth Mosquito. Hurry, I pray, and lead the way!

Sixth Mosquito. I have n't had a bite to-day!

First Mosquito. What have I flown against now, I wonder?

Second Mosquito. There 's something across here, let 's crawl under!

Third Mosquito. These bars are as large as my body is!

Fourth Mosquito. I 've broken the point of my bill on this!

Fifth Mosquito. I 'm slim, perhaps I can crawl through!

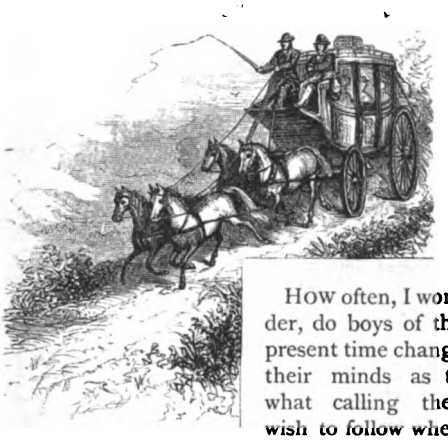
Sixth Mosquito. Oh! what shall I do? Oh! what shall I do?

Chorus. Oh! what shall we do? Oh! what shall we do?

Digitized by Google

THE PONY EXPRESS.

By Major Traverse.



How often, I wonder, do boys of the present time change their minds as to what calling they wish to follow when they become men? It was a favorite amusement of my youth to discuss with boys of my own age the delights of the various occupations of men, and to confide to them what I had last resolved to be when I grew to man's estate. When I was first taken to a circus, I resolved to be a circus-rider. But a year after that, I had fully determined, having seen the postman ride by in a storm, that I would be a postboy, and, mounted on a hardy and shaggy mustang pony, carry the mail-bag between my native town and the next village. But a year or two later, I made a trip seated on the top of a stage-coach, beside the driver; and after that, I became satisfied that I was born to be a stage coachman. There was no dignity, in my mind, superior to that of the driver of the flaming red, four-in-hand, Concord coach, which carried the mail between my native town and the great city of the State. In anticipation of what I was to be, I looked with contempt on the postboy as he passed by, and wondered how I could have wished to be anything so low.

I think the desire to be a stage-driver was the strongest I had when a boy; for, although I afterwards changed my mind and wanted to be a traveling preacher, a steamboat captain, and a locomotive engineer, I still think I should like to be able, at times, to leave my dusty desk in the library, where I write, and mounting a stage-box at a single leap, drive fifty or sixty miles, down hill all the way, at a break-neck pace, with a full load of live passengers on board. But I can never hope to do it; postboys and stage-coach drivers are already gone out of existence in these parts. They have gone so far "out West," that we seldom see them; and the system of pony expresses has given way to lightning expresses on iron roads.

The old passion is so strong within me, that I was lately tempted, by reading something about post-riders and stage-drivers, to hunt up the history of pony expresses in all ages. I found that all countries had them, but each one a peculiar kind of its own; that they had come down to us from a very remote time, and that they were really the origin of the first system of carrying mails.

There was a time, and that not many years ago, when the pony express rider was thought a very wonderful fellow indeed. And still in the far, far West, his going and coming is watched by many with deep anxiety, and he carries joy or sorrow wherever he goes. It is only forty-five years ago that the stage-coach dared to run races with the locomotive. To be sure, it was beaten and driven off the road, and has been going "out West" ever since; but before the railroads came in, the stage-coach driver was king of the road. It is n't a hundred years since the gruff old philosopher, "Dr. Dictionary Johnson," as he was called, declared that "life had not many better things" than riding in a stage-coach at the rate of five miles an hour! What queer taste he had! He did not know the luxury of traveling by rail in drawing-rooms by day and bed-rooms by night.

Has the young reader of this ever read the story of Marco Polo, the Venetian, who, six hundred years ago, traveled through Tartary and China, and coming back nineteen years later, wrote a book containing accounts of such wonderful sights and strange adventures, that his bosom friends would not believe him, and begged him, even when on his death-bed, to retract the falsehoods he had published? But Marco stuck to them, declaring that every word he had written was true. After many years, other travelers have shown that Marco had really not told half the marvelous things he had seen in the countries which he had visited. Among many other wonderful things which he describes in a most fascinating way, he tells of the first pony express and mail service that probably ever existed in the world.

Wherever he traveled in Tartary, Marco Polo says he saw the "couriers of the kahn," as the

Digitized by Google

emperor's swift messengers, who carried letters from city to city, were called. Day and night they flitted by him, on horseback and on foot, over the great highways; "never stopping," he writes, "for an instant, save at the post-stations," where fresh horses or runners were always on hand. These couriers were first employed in the thirteenth century, about one hundred years before Marco Polo made his visit, by the great Asiatic conqueror, Temudjin, who had subdued all the Tartar tribes, and, in consequence, had called himself Genghis, Kahn of the Mongols, which means, "Greatest king, or Monarch of the Bold." Genghis had employed the couriers for carrying his orders from one army to another, and from tribe to tribe; but after his death, they were used by his successors to carry messages from any person in the empire, thus serving almost the same good purpose that our mail-riders and stage-coaches and pony expresses do in this day.

There were both mounted and foot couriers among the Tartars. The stations for horsemen were twenty-five miles apart. Each courier had to ride this distance in two hours on a single horse. At the station, however, both horse and rider had a good long rest, for a fresh horse and fresh courier were ready to take his message and speed onward with it to the next station, where in turn the jaded horse and rider would find rest, while the message would speed onward in the hands of another courier on a fresh, fleet steed. The foot couriers had stations three miles apart. When a message was to be carried, it would be given to a foot messenger, who would instantly start, running with might and main to the next station, where he would deliver the message to the courier in waiting. The trained couriers could go this distance in a very short time, without much injury to themselves, and, indeed, without much fatigue.

Foot couriers of the same kind were in use in England about one hundred and fifty years ago, though not employed by the monarchs of that country, but by private gentlemen and noblemen. It was their duty to run by the side or in the rear of the coaches, when their masters were traveling or riding for pleasure. These attendants were called "footmen," as the attendants on carriages now-a-days are called; but the first footmen did not ride on the box with the drivers, or on the seat behind, as now. And the footmen in past days accompanied the coaches, not to open the door for their masters and mistresses, as in the present time, but for a purpose you will never guess, I am sure. They ran after the carriage to help it out of the mud and mire! In the "good old times,"—which, for all that you may hear said in praise of them, had not half the pleasures and conveniences, nor, indeed, half the virtue and goodness of the present time,—the public roads in England were so poor that it was almost impossible to travel over them; every few miles the footman had to help the coach out of the mire. When "gay Prince Charley from over the water," who was afterwards King Charles II., went to visit another prince, his coach-and-six was six hours in going nine miles! After the roads were improved, the footmen died out, or rather were replaced by what were called "guards." These were strong, stout men, who rode on the stage-coach or followed it on horseback, partly to protect it from robbery, but mainly to help it out of the mud. When the stage-coaches gave way to railway cars, the guards became porters and brakemen. The old time English footmen also ran long errands for their masters. I have read accounts of English footmen who had gone a hundred miles for medicine, and even a hundred and fifty for a doctor; and, according to the stories, they ran all the way.

Slow as this method may seem to us, who have others so much better, the foot messengers were, until very lately, the swiftest which many civilized countries possessed. The system was borrowed from a country which we still look upon as barbarous, chiefly because we know little or nothing about it. Tartary, it seems, had not only the first, but the swiftest couriers which had ever existed except on the plains of America; and at the present time, Russia has the best in existence.

The Russian couriers, or pony expressmen, or mail-carriers, as you may choose to call them, travel neither on foot nor on horseback. You will find that in this matter, as in almost every custom and habit of every people, nature compels man to alter his arrangements to suit her conditions. In Tartary they have fine horses, great wide deserts, and splendid roads, and, naturally, the couriers there are mounted; in England, where the roads are bad, running through bogs and marshes, the old couriers were footmen; in Russia, where snow lies on the ground nearly the whole year, sleighs are used by the couriers. The "Couriers of the Czar," as the mail-carriers are called, travel with great rapidity. Fresh horses and drivers are ready at stations every twenty miles apart; but the couriers themselves sleep in the sleighs, and travel from one end of a mail route to the other. Special messengers of the Czar, on public business, travel by these same routes, and with even greater rapidity than the mail-carriers. During the Crimean war there occurred an incident illustrating the severity of this service. The Russian general, Prince Mentchikoff, who defended Sebastopol, had occasion, during the siege of that city, to send an important message to the Czar at St. Petersburg;

Digitized by Google

and ordered a faithful officer to be his messenger, giving him directions not to halt or delay until he stood before the Czar, and above all, not to lose sight of the precious message which he bore. Away went the officer in a sleigh belonging to the Czar's couriers. At the end of each twenty miles, he found fresh horses awaiting him; these were quickly harnessed to his sleigh, in place of the weary animals, and the servants and stable-men would cry out:

"Your Excellency, the horses are ready."

HAULING THE "SLEIGH-BOAT" OVER THE ICE.

"Away then!" the officer would say to the driver; and off he would go again at the most rapid pace of which the horses were capable. Riding in this way for several days and nights, suffering with cold, and pursued by wolves in the forests, the officer, weary with watching his despatches day and night, at length reached the palace of the Czar, and was immediately ushered into his presence. He had no sooner handed the Emperor the letter of the general than the messenger sank into a chair and fell fast asleep in the royal presence,—an offence which, in some ages, would have been punishable with instant death. When he had finished reading the despatch, the Czar wished to ask the officer a question, but found he could not awaken him. The attendants called to him, touched and shook him, all in vain; and at last one declared the poor fellow was dead. The Czar was much grieved thereat, and went to the officer and examined his pulse, put his ear down to his side, and declared he could hear his heart thumping. He was only asleep. But he soon found that the exhausted officer could not be roused by the usual means. At length the Czar, stooping down, cried in his ears:

"Your Excellency, the horses are ready."

At the sound of these words, which he had heard every twenty miles of his journey, and the only ones which he had listened to for days, the faithful officer sprang to his feet and cried:

"Away then!"

Instead of driver and horses, he found the Czar before him, laughing heartily at his confusion and dismay. You may be sure his offence was forgotten; instead of being punished for sleeping when his work was done, the officer was rewarded for his faithfulness.

Nature renders necessary still another kind of express in other latitudes. The Gulf of St. Lawrence, as your geography will doubtless tell you, is full of small islands, delightful in summer but ice-bound, cold and uncomfortable in winter. Still they must have communication with each other and the rest of the world, and the mail-carriers or couriers have built "sleigh-boats" for their special

Digitized by Google

use in winter. The sleigh-boat is a boat on water and a sleigh on land. It is a large, long row-boat placed on sleigh runners, and runs equally well in water or on ice or snow. The "ice-boat," as it is generally called,—though "snow-boat," or "sleigh-boat," is certainly a more proper name for it,—carries an officer and eight men, who row it in the water and drag it on the ice or land. Two or three men would be crew enough, if the boat had to go through water all the way, but more are necessary when the gulf is filled with great cakes of floating ice, hardly icebergs, but what might better be called ice-islands, which are too large to sail around and too big to row over. So the boat must be hauled on its runners as a sleigh, across the ice, as shown in the cut on the preceding page. Sometimes, when the ice-cakes or islands are formed in a single night, they are smooth and glassy, and travel across them is easy and pleasant. But when the ice has been some time in forming, its surface becomes jagged and rough, and it has something of the appearance of an iceberg; then a trip across it is dangerous and difficult, and a full crew is required to draw the boat. Thus the extra men of the crew serve, as it were, the same duty as the English footmen did when helping the coach out of the bogs and mire, but the bogs and mire, in the case of the sleigh-boat, are snow-drifts and icebergs.

The "sleigh-boat express" is not only the sole means of mail service in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, during the four or five months of winter there, but the only mode of travel which the islanders have. If you are ever unfortunate enough to be caught on Prince Edward's, or Magdalen, or Coffin, or Deadman's Islands, during the winter, and should want to leave them, you will have no other means but the "sleigh-boat." It is usually large enough to carry two passengers, but no baggage of consequence. There is no covering; no stove; no bed: you would have to trust to your furs for warmth. Ladies sometimes make these trips, which are very dangerous and unpleasant, as you can readily imagine.

Circumstances, as well as nature, sometimes affect even such small affairs as pony expresses,—as, for instance, the circumstance of war. Few soldiers who enlist, do so with any other idea than that of fighting; each thinks he has to carry a musket; shoot at the enemy, or bayonet him every day, and play havoc generally; but before long he finds that it is only about one-half of those who enlist as soldiers who are ever called upon to pull trigger in battle. Very few of them think they are enlisting to be clerks, or drivers, or storekeepers, or doctors' assistants, or stable-boys, or postmen, or blacksmiths, or cooks and house-servants, yet almost half the men of every army serve in these capacities and do no fighting at all. There is still another service for which they may be enlisting—that of pony expressmen, or, as the officers would call them, "Couriers of the Army."

Every great army must have its courier line. It is as necessary to its existence and success as powder itself; for it is through the couriers that the various parts of the army are moved and directed by the general. All orders from the chief general to those under him, and all information from them to him are carried by the couriers with a rapidity and faithfulness which is very wonderful. The couriers are chosen from among the best and truest soldiers; their horses from the swiftest and strongest in the army. The most faithful men, men who have the daring to fight when necessary, and the good sense and discretion to run away when flight is wisest, are carefully selected from among the soldiers in the ranks to be made couriers, and are exempted from other duty. The illustration will explain the way in which the war-couriers did their important duty during our late war, and, indeed, it will serve to show how all pony expresses, even those of Genghis Kahn and the Tartars are run. The officer whom you see in the picture on the next page is the officer of the courier station. His station is simply a rustic tent made of brushwood, affording shelter for one or two sleeping couriers. The officer has seen a courier in the distance approaching, and has ordered another messenger to mount a fresh horse and be in readiness to start with the dispatch, which he knows, from his rapid pace, the other courier bears. As the courier who is coming reaches the station, he will throw his package of messages to the officer, who will look at the direction of it. On it he will find the address of the officer for whom it is intended, and in one corner the direction as to the gait at which the courier must go. "Gallop" used to be a common direction; "run" was another. The courier knew the importance of a dispatch according to the order of gait it bore. When he has read the address and direction, the officer will call both out aloud, throw the package to the fresh courier, and off he will go at a gallop or run, as the direction requires. The new courier will feed his weary horse, and then take the place of one of the sleeping couriers. The one who is awakened will saddle his horse and be ready to make the next trip. Thus the line is kept always well supplied with fresh men and horses. It must not be supposed that this service is not a dangerous one; it was peculiarly dangerous during the late war, for the reason that, in riding through the enemy's country, the couriers were exposed to the shots of disaffected citizens. The enemy's cavalry, in the hope of capturing important dispatches,

Digitized by Google

frequently ambushed and captured the couriers, thus securing letters which told of the plans of the generals. Often the information thus gained affected the result of an entire battle or campaign. During a battle, the couriers were employed to carry messages from one part of the field to another, running great risks while doing so.

U. S. ARMY COURIERS AND COURIER STATION.

Its courier line was not the only "pony express" which the army possessed. The mail-carriers were also "pony expressmen," but of a different, though equally useful, kind. Each regiment in the army had its postman; the mail-bags were carried in ambulances, and the mail service of the army was almost as perfect as that of any great city like Boston or New York. The soldiers were as regularly supplied with their letters as they would have been if they had remained quietly at home. I have seen the army postman delivering the letters to the soldiers during a battle, and thousands upon thousands have been distributed on the battle-field just after the battle was ended for the day. General Grant tells in one of his letters, written during the war, that "within one hour after the troops began to march into Fort Donelson, the mail was distributed to them from the mail wagons." When Sherman's army reached the sea, after being two months lost in Georgia, the first boat which it met was the mail-boat bringing letters, which, though two months old, were welcome enough to the soldiers hungry for news from home.

But the most curious and perfect of all the pony expresses was that which used to run across the plains. Of course, you know what I mean by the plains. When I was a boy, almost the whole country between the Mississippi river and the Pacific ocean was called, on the maps, the "great American desert," and in my geography it was described as a wide, sandy plain. In my mind it was not unlike the desert of Sahara, with fiercer tribes inhabiting it. Schoolboys now-a-days have better maps and geographies, and know this country by the names of the great states of Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, and Nevada, which have been formed of it. What was desert to *us*, is prairie to *you*, boys; what we thought barren sand, you know to be rich soil; and you cross it by rail in three days, where we, in stage-coaches, used to make the trip in seventeen. The Pacific Railroad killed the pony express; but in its day the latter was a great institution, which would have put to the blush the pony

Digitized by Google

express of the Russians and Tartars, or our own army couriers. It was not a government line, either; private enterprise started and kept it going on a grand scale. It "used up" and "broke down" more than a thousand horses and Indian ponies a year. It employed nine or ten hundred couriers and coach-drivers and station-keepers, and more than one hundred Concord coaches. Every day in the year one of these stages started from the east end and one from the west end of the route, and often as many as fifty were making the trip at the same time. The coach stations were ten miles apart, and there were more than two hundred of them in all. The route led from Atchison, Missouri, across the plains for five days to Denver, Colorado; then five days more up the Rocky Mountains to Salt Lake City, Utah; then seven days more down the mountains to Sacramento City, California. At one station the stage-coach reached a level of five thousand feet above the plains, and in the summer months it was the custom of the drivers to stop there ten minutes, not for refreshments, but to allow the passengers the novel pleasure of snow-balling each other in July. In these dreary mountains few persons were then to be met, other than members of the family of Mr. Grizzly Bear, who, if he happens to be hungry, is a very unpleasant fellow to travel with. On the plains the enemy most dreaded was the red-skinned tribes, whose roving bands almost daily attacked the coaches. To repel such attacks, each passenger was required to carry a rifle as part of his baggage. A "crack driver" was one who could drive four horses at full speed with the reins in his teeth and a rifle in his hands. Every station was a fort, with soldiers to defend it. Often the coaches had to be guarded from station to station by the soldiers, who followed on horseback, and at times the soldiers and passengers were forced to fortify themselves in the coach and fight until help came by the approach of other coaches. Seventeen days of a trip like this would furnish almost enough adventure for a lifetime.

But it was the swift mail-couriers of this line who ran risks and led adventurous lives full of daring and danger. They ran the gauntlet of the Indians all alone,—at night, as well as by day,—and a rough time many of them had of it. Their stations were twenty-five miles apart, and the trips between them had to be made at a full gallop, and in two hours and a-half, winter or summer, day or night, over plain or mountain. The horses were hardy Indian ponies, swift and sure of foot; but the service killed them very rapidly. The riders were old pioneers, who knew the ways of the Indians and how to avoid them. Still many of them fell victims to their daring and their sense of duty. The long trip of two thousand miles occupied the mail-carriers eight days, at the rate of more than ten miles an hour; but important election news was carried at a still more rapid rate. But at length the harnessed lightning and the iron horse distanced the pony on his own track, and he has gone further West to pastures new.

THE KITTIWAKES.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

LIKE white feathers blown about the rocks,
  Like soft snow-flakes wavering in the air,
Wheel the kittiwakes in scattered flocks,
  Crying, floating, fluttering everywhere.

Shapes of snow and cloud, they soar and whirl:
  Downy breasts that shine like lilies white;
Delicate, vaporous tints of grey and pearl,
  Laid upon their arching wings so light.

Eyes of jet, and beaks and feet of gold,—
  Lovelier creatures never sailed in air;
Innocent, inquisitive and bold,
  Knowing not the dangers that they dare.

Digitized by Google

Stooping low above a beckoning hand,
  Following gleams of waving kerchiefs white.
What should they of evil understand,
  Though the gun awaits them full in sight?

Though their blood the quiet wave makes red,
  Though their broken plumes float far and wide,
Still they linger, hovering overhead,
  Still the gun deals death on every side.

O, begone, sweet birds, or higher soar!
  See you not your comrades low are laid?
But they only flit and call the more—
  Ignorant, unconscious, undismayed.

Nay, then, boatman, spare them! Must they bear
  Pangs like these for human vanity?
That their lovely plumage we may wear,
  Must these fair, pathetic creatures die?

Let the tawny squaws themselves admire,
  Decked with feathers—we can wiser be.
Ah! beseech you, boatman, do not fire!
  Stain no more with blood the tranquil sea!

JIM CROW.

BY ANNABEL LEE.

EVER since I read about the Kindergarten crow, in the March number of ST. NICHOLAS, I have wanted to tell you young folks about our crow.

He is a real, living crow, and while I am writing this true little story for you, he sits outside the window, tapping against the pane for me to let him in.

Two years ago, our boys found him in a nest with five other baby crows. They left the rest for the mother-bird, and brought him home. He soon began to grow happy and strong, and now he is very large, and his feathers are as glossy as anything can be. In short, we think Jim Crow is a remarkably handsome bird.

We named him Jim Crow, after a colored man, renowned in song. He knows his name, and flies to us when we call him. He is very affectionate, and loves to be petted. He is very mischievous and provoking; but he has so many funny little tricks, and such pretty cunning ways, that we forgive all his bad deeds.

JIM CROW'S FIRST HOME.

I am sorry to say he is a shameless little thief. He steals anything he can carry away. He took

Digitized by Google

my thimble one morning, kept it until noon, and then brought it back to me. He stole Nellie's

JIM AND THE KEY.

pocket-knife, kept it a week, and returned it to her covered with rust. He took a fancy to a small oil-can, and hid it under the fence three times; then Will locked it up. He hid Mrs. B's spectacles in the wood-pile, and flew on the barn with the case. He stole the key of the smoke-house. When Mrs. B. went to cut the ham for breakfast, she could not get in until some one pulled out the staple. After they had bought a new key, Jim Crow came gravely back, bringing the old key in his bill.

The men sometimes hang their coats on the fence when at work, and he rifles the pockets. One day he found a pocket-book, took off the elastic band, shook out the pennies, and when they found him, he was examining the greenbacks.

He loves to go into the fields with the men, and to ride on the front of the cart, and scream at the horses.

One day last week, they were burning brush and weeds, and Jim pulled out the burning pieces and nearly set himself on fire.

He follows them when planting corn, but rarely eats any. He prefers food from our table; is fond of cheese, butter and pie-crust. On baking days,

EXAMINING THE POCKET-BOOK.

he coaxes for a lump of dough; and when Mrs. B. goes into the milk-house he follows her to get some curds or cream

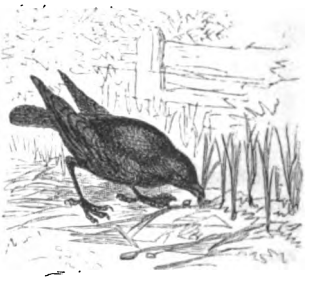
When the men are planting potatoes, Jim will walk along the furrows, eating worms and chattering, and when they throw little potatoes at him, he catches them in his bill. He is fond of mice, and can catch them as quickly as a cat.

He visits the neighbors about the time they are feeding their dogs and cats, and runs off with their

TAKING A SHOWER-BATH.

victuals. If there is more than he wants, he buries what is left.

In the winter he hides things under the snow; in summer, under chips and leaves; and when he is in the house, he shoves things under the carpet. I wish you could see him hide his cheese from the cats! He lifts up one edge of the carpet with his bill, holds it back with one claw, puts the cheese under, lets the carpet fall, then pats it down with his feet and bill. If the cats come smelling around, he whips them with his wings.



AMONG THE ONIONS.

He is fond of walnuts, and can pick them as clean as any boy or girl that reads ST. NICHOLAS.

We have an ice-house, and the first time he saw a lump of ice, he made us all laugh. He turned it over, broke it into bits, and tasted it; shook his head and dropped it. Finally he concluded he liked it, and after that, was always about when the water-cooler was filled. He watched us turn the spigot; and all summer, when he wanted a drink, would turn the spigot with his bill. We had to watch him, or he would waste all the water; for he not only took a drink, but stood under the stream and washed himself.

Digitized by Google

He likes the rain, and will fly around in it all day, chattering and calling.

He imitates various sounds, such as calling the cows, laughing, etc.

One day, as I was coming up the cellar steps, and he was at the top, he made me jump, by making a sound exactly like the loud blowing of the dinner-horn.

When I go home from school at night with my little band of scholars, he comes to meet me, knowing I will give him some bits from my lunch-basket. In the fall of the year, he goes to the

JIM AND THE WILD CROWS.

chestnut-trees with us, and is especially fond of chestnuts that have those clean, little, white, fat worms in them. He is a great pest about the garden. One day, Mr. B. planted a large bed of onions, and leaving the garden a few minutes, Jim pulled up every onion. Mr. B. threw dirt at him, and drove him out of the garden, and replanted his onions. Jim watched his chance, and pulled them all up again. Mr. B. whipped him, fastened him in a coop, and he never disturbed onions afterward.

A STRANGE DOG.

He is afraid of wild crows. One day, a neighbor saw a group of them in his yard picking at something. He ran out, and there was Jim Crow on his back, fighting the wild crows with his sharp claws and beak. He was almost tired out, and flew home in a hurry.

He is fond of our dog Prince, but chases all strange dogs off the place. He jumps on their backs, pinches, scratches and bites them, till they are glad to run home.

He agrees pretty well with the chickens. He

JIM WITH INK AND BOOKS.

killed two little downy pets, but we scolded him and smacked him on the wings, and the old hens whipped him, and that cured him.

He goes all over the house, if we let him, and enjoys visiting the bedrooms and turning things upside down. He will take the corks out of bottles, tear the leaves out of books, and throw every article out of our work-baskets, unless we watch him.

He and my pet cat are great friends. They chase each other round the yard, and have many a good play.

One day, old Topsy, the tortoise-shell mamma-cat, brought three cute little grey kittens from the barn. They were new little kits, and she purred over them, and was very proud of them, and then they all laid down in the sun. Jim spied these strange kits, and felt it his duty to drive them off. He walked around them, scolded them, flapped his wings, pulled their ears, pinched them, and finally scared the little things almost to death by jerking them off the ground by their tails.

He became used to them after awhile; but for a long time, those little kittens would scamper and hide as soon as they saw him coming.

No wonder! He swung them around so, that the hair was nearly worn off of their frisky little tails.

Now I will close my story, and let the big black

"COME IN, JIM CROW!"

fellow through the window. He is very anxious to examine my ink-bottle.

"Come in, Jim Crow."

Digitized by Google

Two little girls are better than one,
Two little boys can double the fun,
Two little birds can build a fine nest,
Two little arms can love mother best.
Two little ponies must go to a span;
Two little pockets has my little man,
Two little eyes to open and close,
Two little ears and one little nose,
Two little elbows, dimpled and sweet,
Two little shoes, on two little feet,
Two little lips and one little chin,
Two little cheeks with a rose shut in;
Two little shoulders, chubby and strong,
Two little legs running all day long.
Two little prayers does my darling say,
Twice does he kneel by my side each day--
Two little folded hands, soft and brown,
Two little eyelids cast meekly down—
And two little angels guard him in bed,
"One at the foot, and one at the head."

MY FRIEND THE HOUSEKEEPER.

BY SARAH O. JEWETT.

IT was such a cunning house! People who went up and down the street used to wonder what it could have been built for. It was n't large enough for a family of even two to keep house in. It did not look like an office or a workshop; besides, the house close by which it stood was too nice-looking to have a workshop on its lawn. The brightest strangers guessed that it might be a cozy little study, but they also were wrong. The door was on the side, and instead of a high porch, there was just one stone step before it. There was a window on each side of the door, and in the end toward the street was a little bay-window.

My friend the housekeeper's name is Nelly Ashford. I think I am safe in saying that there never has been a happier housekeeper since the world began; and now I will begin at the very beginning, and tell you all about it. I never knew how Nelly first got the idea; but she says she remembers thinking, when she was very small, that a doll's house ought to be a real little house,—not a room, or part of a room in a large one. Once, when she was ill with scarlet fever,—she was not very ill, it was rather a good time, on the whole,—her aunt Bessie read to her that dear book of Mary Howitt's called "The Children's Year." Perhaps you have read it, and have not forgotten that Herbert and Meggy used to play in a little house in the garden, and make believe that a naughty woman. whom they called Mrs. Gingham, came and upset their playthings. That is a charming book. I read it every little while myself, though I am quite grown-up.

The winter before the house was built, one evening Nelly was very still. sitting in front of the library fire, on the rug. Her mother was writing letters and her father was reading; but, presently, Mr. Ashford heard her laugh a little, and looked up and saw how busily she was thinking. So he said, "What is it, Nelly?"

"Oh, I suppose you will laugh, papa!"

"Well?"

"I was telling myself a story about what I would

Digitized by Google

do if I had a cunning little bit of a house, all my own, to play in, day-times. It would have a little parlor, with a table in it large enough to have the girls come to tea-parties; and another room back of the parlor for a kitchen, where there could be a fire in a little stove, with an oven in it to bake cake and make candy. I would n't make candy in the oven, but on the top, you know. And I was thinking about the fun Mrs. Giddigaddi had in her kitchen. It tells about her in 'Little Men.' Do you think, when I get older, I could really have a house out in the garden somewhere? I would be just as careful not to get it on fire. It need n't be near this house, so if it should burn down, or anything, it would n't do harm. I have always thought about having it, ever since I was a little girl."

"Yes," said Mr. Ashford, laughing: "I think I have heard you speak of it before. Should you stay out there altogether, or make us an occasional visit?"

"I would n't dare to stay there after dark," said Nelly; "I should be lonesome. But, you know, I shall be ever so much older next summer; and, papa!"—this very eagerly—"when I am grown-up it would make such a cunning study, and I could learn my lessons there."

"How very sensible!" said mamma. "I don't see how anyone can say no to that; but I shall expect to see it blazing up to the skies the day after you move in." Then Mr. Ashford laughed and took up his book again; while Mrs. Ashford said, "This is a large house for three people, and I think the little girl can find room enough for the dollies."

Now, this was not encouraging; but Nelly went back to her seat on the rug, and went on "telling herself stories," as she calls it. She enjoyed very much an imaginary visit from her cousins. They came at night, and the first thing in the morning after breakfast she carried them out in the garden, and they were so surprised to see the lovely play-house; and then she was to have a whole ring-full of keys, like her mother's, and take them out of her pocket, choose the right one, and unlock the door.

You see by this that Nelly was very fond of castle-building,—telling herself stories, she called it, and I think that is a very good name. It is a very pleasant thing to do, only we must be careful to build as well as dream. I wish we all dreamed of the right kind of castles, and instead of thinking of useless or selfish things, that we were planning kind things to be done for our friends; that we told ourselves stories about being very good girls and boys always, instead of being lazy and cross and naughty, as we all are once in awhile.

After she went up to bed that winter evening, Mrs. Ashford said, "I wonder why she could n't have a play-house? I know she would enjoy it, for I remember I used to wish for one myself."

"I was thinking about it," said Nelly's father. "I don't think it would be much trouble. I will draw a little plan myself, and go down to see Mr. Jones, the house-builder, to-morrow, and ask him about it."

"We will send Nelly to Boston when he is ready to build it, and surprise her when she comes home," said Mrs. Ashford.

Mr. Jones was consulted not long after, and promised to send some men in May. So, just before the appointed time for laying the foundations, a letter came from grandmamma, who lived in Boston, asking Nelly to come immediately to make her a visit. She often had such invitations as this, and was always willing to accept them. She never suspected that she could be sent away from home for any reason; and do you think, as she drove down the street to the station, she met one of Mr. Jones's men driving a load of timber! Would n't she have jumped out of the carriage and followed him home, if she had known what interesting boards those were!

I can't stop to tell you much about the visit in Boston, for that would make a long story by itself. Nelly's aunt Bessie was much younger than her sister, Mrs. Ashford, and everybody thought her a most charming young lady. She was very fond of Nelly, who was her only niece, and Nelly often said she was just as good as a little girl to play with. You see, she had n't forgotten the way she thought and felt when she was a child, as I am sorry to find a great many people have.

Grandma was always as good as gold, and the house was very pleasant; and Nelly knew several nice girls about her own age, so she never thought of being homesick.

Grandma and Aunt Bessie were very much interested in something Nelly did not know about, and they had a way of talking busily and stopping suddenly when she came near. Aunt Bessie was hemming some small napkins and table-cloths, and her niece was much surprised, for she was n't usually fond of sewing. She said that a friend of hers was going to housekeeping, and Nelly thought it queerer than ever, for Aunt Bessie did not often make that kind of a present.

One morning, grandma came down stairs dressed for a drive, and told Nelly she was going shopping, and she might come, if she liked. This was always a great pleasure, for she could choose between sitting in the carriage or going into the shops; and grandma almost always stopped at a candy shop before she went home.

Just as Nelly was beginning to grow a little tired,

Digitized by Google

they stopped before some great windows full of carpets, and grandma said she would like for her to come in at this place, because she was going to choose a carpet for the room of a little friend of hers. If it had been anything else, Nelly would have thought it might be for herself; for grandma and Aunt Bessie often made her choose her own presents in this way; but only a few weeks before she left home a new carpet had been put down in her room. Such a beauty it was, too! They found another almost as pretty, and grandma gave the man a card with the address to which it was to be sent, and they went away. It was such a nice carpet. I saw it myself, and I know; very soft, with light grey for the ground color, and little bunches of wild roses, and dark green leaves for figures, with little blue flowers, and yellow and white field-daisies mixed into the dainty little bouquets.

"Now Nelly," said grandma, "what would you like for a present?" And Nelly thought of a picture she had seen of a child dressed in black, with fair hair, and some lovely dogs. The name of it was "Her only Playmates," and it was in the picture store where they had been that morning. So they drove back again; and grandma liked it as well as Nelly did, and told the man to frame it; then they went to a candy shop and bought so large a box-full of candy, that Aunt Bessie said, when they brought it home, it would last till Christmas.

"Not if you eat it so fast," said Nelly, laughing.

Soon after this, a letter came from Mrs. Ashford, who said Nelly must come home, for they missed her so much, and she had already made a long visit. She wished to see her mother, of course, but she was sorry to leave Boston; and Aunt Bessie saw she looked rather troubled, so she called her to her desk, where she sat writing letters, and pointed to the candy pigeon-hole for consolation, while grandma said:

"Nelly, I think Aunt Bessie and I will go home with you and make a visit. It is so pleasant in the country now."

Nelly reached home the next night after dark, and being very tired, she went to bed soon after supper.

Next morning, at breakfast, she noticed that they were all very smiling, as if something nice was going to happen. Mr. Ashford pushed back his chair from the table without waiting for either his second cup of coffee or his newspaper and cigar, and said:

"I want you all to come out into the garden with me, to see some improvements I have been making."

Just as they went out of the door, Nelly thought there might be a surprise coming, and in another minute she saw the play-house. Oh, my friend the housekeeper! How she half laughed and half cried; and when her father had given her the key, how she ran to put it into the key-hole!

I wish you knew Nelly, so you could go and see that house for yourself. The door opened into a tiny square entry, and right in front of you was the funniest little hat-stand and umbrella-rack, and on either side were the doors which led into the parlor and kitchen. The parlor was just as pretty as it could be. The bay-window was a delight that Nelly never had thought of in all her planning, and there were pretty curtains, and the canary bird's cage hung by a new gilt chain in the middle, just over a small table holding the rustic basket of ferns and vines. In the middle of the room, there was the larger table which Nelly had wished for. It was covered now by a bright cloth; but she found afterward that she could make it larger by putting leaves in, just as they did the one in her mother's dining-room. It was just the thing for tea-parties. Then there were three or four folding chairs with bright carpet seats, and one nice little rocking-chair,—just the thing to get the dolls to sleep in,—and a small lounge covered with dark blue. You will know that the carpet Nelly had chosen was on the floor, and the picture grandma had given her was hanging on the wall, with several others,—one lovely one of Red Riding Hood among the number. Besides these, there were some walnut brackets, with little vases and statuettes, and on the mantelpiece a little black clock was ticking away with all its might. All the big dolls sat round in their chairs, and seemed to feel quite at home. The very small ones were standing on either side of the clock in a long row. There were some book-shelves on the wall, and some of Nelly's books had been brought out to fill them. There was a closet with shelves and drawers, where the dolls' clothes or anything of the kind might be kept.

Nelly said, with shining eyes:

"Oh, I never thought of anything half so nice as this! You are all so good!" And she told them over and over again that there was n't anything she could think of to put in that parlor. They all sat down here a little while, and then Mr. Ashford said it would n't do for young housekeepers to stay in the parlor all the time, and she must give a little attention to her kitchen.

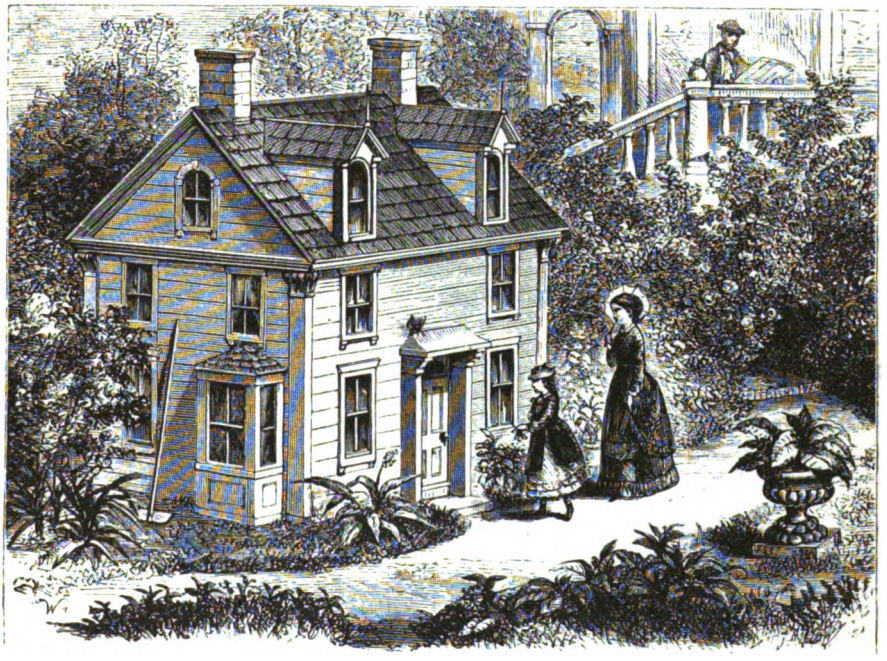
Now, it had flashed through Nelly's mind a few minutes before that this play-house of hers was so daintily furnished that she could n't have any of her favorite "clutters," as Bridget called all such amusements as making candy and washing the dolls' clothes, heading pins with sealing-wax, or "spattering." So you may imagine her satisfaction when she saw the other room.

Digitized by Google

This was the kitchen, as I have told you, and here Nelly found a little stove, with an oven and a tea-kettle, which would hold at least a quart of water. Nelly was very fond of cooking, and here was a chance for her to do all she liked. There was a low table and some chairs, one of which—a little yellow one—had belonged to her grandmother when she was a child. What do you suppose she would have thought of such a play-house as that? If you looked around you would have seen all the things that one needs in such a kitchen; broom and dust-pan and brush, Nelly's little cedar tub, and a new clothes-horse about the size of a saw-horse, that Patrick, the coachman, had made. There were little tin pans, and—oh, dear me!—I can't begin to tell you everything. I think the greatest joy was when some one opened the door of a closet, and our friend found a new tea-set,—such a dear tea-set! with no end of cups and saucers and plates, with a dozen very small tumblers, and some tiny teaspoons. The cream pitcher, and, indeed, all the larger pieces, were such a nice size and shape. On these there were blue and gold flowers, and a blue and gold stripe round everything. I wish every child I know was as lucky as Nelly Ashford, and I wish you had seen what a hugging Aunt Bessie got on account of this tea-set and the tablecloths and napkins, which were recognized immediately, for these were all her presents. In the lower part of the closet Nelly found a store of provisions, and I must not forget to tell you that among them were a jar of raspberry jam and a whole box of those good little English biscuits, from which she instantly filled her pocket.

Don't you think Nelly Ashford ought to have been one of the very best girls in the world? I do, and I think she tried to be. Who could be very cross when they were so fortunate as this?

She asked her friends to stay and spend the day with her, but they were wise enough to refuse; and just now Nelly saw her best friend and crony, Alice Dennis, coming up the avenue, and shouted to her from the door. Alice had seen the play-house; she had been there nearly all the day before, so it was no surprise, but you will be sure that when the older people had gone, and they were left to themselves, there was no trouble in having a good time.



NELLY ASHFORD'S LITTLE HOUSE.

Nelly kept open house for a week or two, and all her friends came to call. Mrs. Ashford said she had to go down the garden herself and make ceremonious calls, if she wished to see Nelly. She was always considerate enough to ring the bell. Sometime I will tell you more of my friend the housekeeper and her experiences. A person could not be mistress of a house like this, without having a great many remarkable things happen.

Digitized by Google

LITTLE BEN AND THE SUNSHINE.

BY KATE BLOEDE.

LITTLE BEN was an orphan. His mother left him when he was but a baby, and when, after a few years, his father also died, there was no one left to love and care for him in the wide world but his lame old grandmother and Tom, the grey cat.

His father had been a shoemaker, and when he died the little shop was closed, and the old grandmother sold the few boots and shoes that were left in it, which brought just about money enough to pay for a month's lodging down in the damp, dark little basement, into which they were obliged to move, now that there was no one to earn anything; for little Ben was only five years old, and could, of course, do no work yet that he would have been paid for, and his poor old grandmother, who had grown weak and ill with all her sorrow, lay helpless upon her narrow bed, and sighed when she thought how very, very poor they were, and wondered what should become of little Ben.

"Oh, if I could only get well and strong enough to work!" she said, over and over again; and her heart grew heavier each day as she felt herself grow weaker and saw how little chance there was of her getting better, there in that damp, cellar-like room, into which no ray of warm sunlight ever found its way.

Ben was a merry little fellow, and happy enough in his own way. He loved his good old grandmother dearly, and after buying the loaf of brown bread at the baker's every morning with the pennies she gave him, he would take in from the doorstep the big cracked pitcher into which the milkman always stopped to pour a little milk when he passed at sunrise, and empty it into the yellow bowl, then cut off two great slices from the loaf, as smartly as a little man, and break them up into it, as the old grandmother liked it. When all this was done, and he had given old grey Tom his share upon the broken saucer, he clambered up on the bed, sat down with the bowl between his knees, and began to feed his grandmother with the pewter spoon, giving her a mouthful between each of his, and thus the three would make out quite a nice breakfast.

But the old grandmother knew that a time would come, ere long, when there would be no more pennies in the little wooden box on the shelf to pay for the bread and milk, and then, unless she soon grew better and could earn others, what should become of them?

And she began to worry so much, as the little box became emptier and emptier, that she grew worse and worse.

Often, too, a shiver passed over her, there, in the close, damp basement, though it was summer time. She thought that if she could but climb up the steep stairs to the door-step, like old Tom, and warm herself in the sunshine, where little Ben sat and played by himself all day, she should grow strong and well. She began to long for it more and more each day, and when little Bennie, who did not know how ill she was, came down to see her now and then during the day, she would press him to her and say:

"Warm me, Bennie; I am so cold. Give me a little sunshine—a little sunshine!"

Bennie heard her say this so often that he began to notice, for the first time, that the sun did not shine down here, and wondered why it did not, if his good old grandma wanted it so much. Once, when he heard her say it again as she closed her eyes with a sigh, he opened the door, and called up the stairs as loud as he could, "Come down, sunshine! come down and warm grandma; she is cold!"

But the sunbeams only danced on the doorstep, and did not seem willing to come down the dark stairs into the chilly room below.

"You are naughty!" cried little Ben, holding the door open for a minute or two to see if the sunshine would not make up its mind to come. But it would not, and then he forgot all about it, and was playing in it a few moments after as happy as ever.

One morning, however, he awoke very early. His poor old grandma was tossing about in her sleep, moaning pitifully, and murmuring from time to time the words he had heard so often, "Oh, for a little sunshine!—a little sunshine!"

Little Ben rubbed his eyes, climbed down from the foot of her bed, where he always slept, slipped on his jacket and pinafore and buttoned on his short trowsers, then sat down on a stool, and, resting his flaxen head on both of his chubby hands, commenced thinking, as gravely as a little man. This would never do! His poor grandma must have some sunshine! He frowned when he thought how naughty it was not to come, when she could never climb up to the doorstep for it as Tom and he did. But she *should have some*, anyhow. He

Digitized by Google

would get it. Suddenly he clasped his little hands and cried:

"I know! I 'll go out to the meadow papa used to take me to, where it 's warmer, and where there 's more of it than here in the street, and bring some home to grandma in something!" And he began at once to look for something to put it in.

But there was only the yellow bowl, and that would not do because it had no lid, and he might spill all the sunshine before he got home with it; and the tin pail on the shelf was no good, for it had a hole in the bottom, through which it would leak out.

There was nothing but the cracked pitcher out on the door-step,—perhaps the milkman had not come yet, and it was empty. That would have to do. It had a little top, though it was n't a very little pitcher. He could fill it on the meadow and hold it shut with his hand till he got back to his grandma.

And the little fellow climbed up the stairs, and there, sure enough, stood the brown pitcher still empty, for it was but just getting light.

"How lucky!" thought Bennie, running down once more for the yellow bowl to put in its place. Then he started off with his pitcher around the corner and down the street his papa used to take when he went to the meadow; for Ben was a bright little fellow, and remembered the way well.

"I shall be back by the time grandma wakes up," said Bennie, trotting along so fast that he reached the meadow just as the sun was shedding its first rosy light over it.

"How sweet!" said he, holding up his little hand into the pink light. "I must get some of this! That 's a great deal prettier than the yellow kind on the doorstep, and grandma will like it!"

And he held the little brown pitcher towards the sun and let it shine right into it, and when he thought it must be full, quickly pressed his dimpled hand on the top and started off in a run homeward. The dew flew up around him like spray, so fast did his little bare feet dash through the tall grass and wild flowers, which he did not even glance at now in his breathless haste to get home with his pitcher. Perhaps they were displeased at being overlooked in this way by Bennie, who had never passed them thus before, and wanted to stop him, for suddenly some tall grasses tripped his feet, and down went Bennie with all force upon the earth, and smash! went the pitcher in his hand.

Poor little Ben! There he sat on his knees in the wet grass, picking up the pieces of the old brown pitcher and trying to fit them together again.

"All my pretty sunshine spilt!" he cried, almost weeping with sorrow and vexation.

What was to be done? He *would* bring home some of it, and now, what should he put it in?

He threw away the pieces, seeing they were of no use, and took off his little old straw hat to see what that might hold. But, dear me! that was all full of holes, through which the sunshine would have leaked out long before he got home.

BENNIE STARTS OFF IN A RUN HOMEWARD.

So there he sat frowning, his flaxen head resting on both hands again, trying to think what to do next. But no thought would come to him this time, and he got up to go home, with a pout on his red lips.

As he rose he noticed for the first time what lovely flowers were blooming all around him in the tall grass, glistening with dew in the morning light. And, for a moment, forgetting everything else, he ran from one to the other, picking the

Digitized by Google

prettiest, and had already gathered a great bunch, when his eyes fell upon a most beautiful white lily, bending towards him on its tall, graceful stem, its snowy cup filled to overflowing with the rosy light of the morning sun.

In an instant little Ben flung down all the flowers he had gathered, and cried, joyfully, "The very thing!" and as fast as his nimble fingers would do it, he closed the white leaves of the lily firmly down upon the cup, and held them there with one hand, while he broke off the flower with the other, and then ran with his treasure, holding it tightly shut all the time, back across the meadow and through the streets as fast as his little feet would carry him, until he reached his grandmother's room.

"Grandma! grandma!" cried little Ben, running up to her, breathlessly, with the flower in his hand, "here is some pretty pink sunshine for you from the meadow!"

The old woman eagerly seized the fresh, dewy flower with her trembling hands, and as little Bennie took his fingers off from its top and the white leaves rose up around it again like a snowy star, he was sure he saw a beautiful rosy light shine from it upon the wrinkled face that bent over it.

"See!" cried Bennie, clapping his dimpled hands with joy, "see the pretty sunshine!"

"What is this, Bennie?" she said, turning towards him. "Where in the world did you get this beautiful gem?"

Bennie did not understand what she meant, and peeped into the lily in her hand to see the sunshine, wondering that it had held so much. There, in the very centre of the cup, sparkled a wonderful shining stone, like a drop of crimson dew, from which the rosy light streamed up, brighter even than the sunlight on the dewy grass in the meadow.

The rosy morning-light in the lily had changed into a brilliant ruby in little Bennie's loving hand.

* * * * * * *

For the first time since her illness, Bennie's grandmother could sit up in bed, and before many more days had passed she was able to get up and walk about. The rich light of the ruby was warmer than the sun on the door-step; and ere long she grew quite strong and well again.

How happy was little Ben when his grandmother, with Tom and himself, climbed up the stairs once more, and sat there on the doorstep bright and joyous in the sunshine.

"Bennie, my darling," she said, looking at the ruby in the sunlight, "I think we are rich now. This is a precious jewel."

And she went out that very morning and staid away for more than an hour. When she returned, she put her arms about him and kissed him many times, with tears of joy, and then she drew a bag from her pocket, filled with shining gold coins the jeweler had given her for the precious stone.

Oh, how very happy they were!

Grandmother bought a very little house with one pleasant room, whose bright windows opened out upon that very meadow where little Ben had found the lily, and the rosy sunlight shone in upon them every morning, and there she and Bennie and old Tom lived happily for the rest of their lives.

Some persons may say this little story is only a legend, and not to be believed; others may think that some very rich lady, plucking lilies in the meadow, dropped her jewel into one of those that she left ungathered. But *I* say to you, dear young friends, that never in this world did anybody go hunting for sunshine to brighten another's life but a jewel came to light, as precious as the beautiful gem that Bennie gave to his grandmother.

PUSSY'S CLASS.

By M. M. D.

"Now, children," said Puss, as she shook her head,
"It is time your morning lesson was said."
So her kittens drew near with footsteps slow.
And sat down before her, all in a row.

"Attention, class!" said the cat-mamma,
"And tell me quick where your noses are!"
At this, all the kittens sniffed the air,
As though it were filled with a perfume rare.

Digitized by Google

"Now, what do you say when you want a drink?"
The kittens waited a moment to think,
And then the answer came clear and loud—
You ought to have heard how those kittens meow'd!

"Very well. 'T is the same, with a sharper tone,
When you want a fish or a bit of a bone.
Now, what do you say when children are good?"
And the kittens purred as soft as they could.

"And what do you do when children are bad?
When they tease and pull?" Each kitty looked sad.
"Pooh!" said their mother. "That is n't enough;
You must use your claws when children are rough.

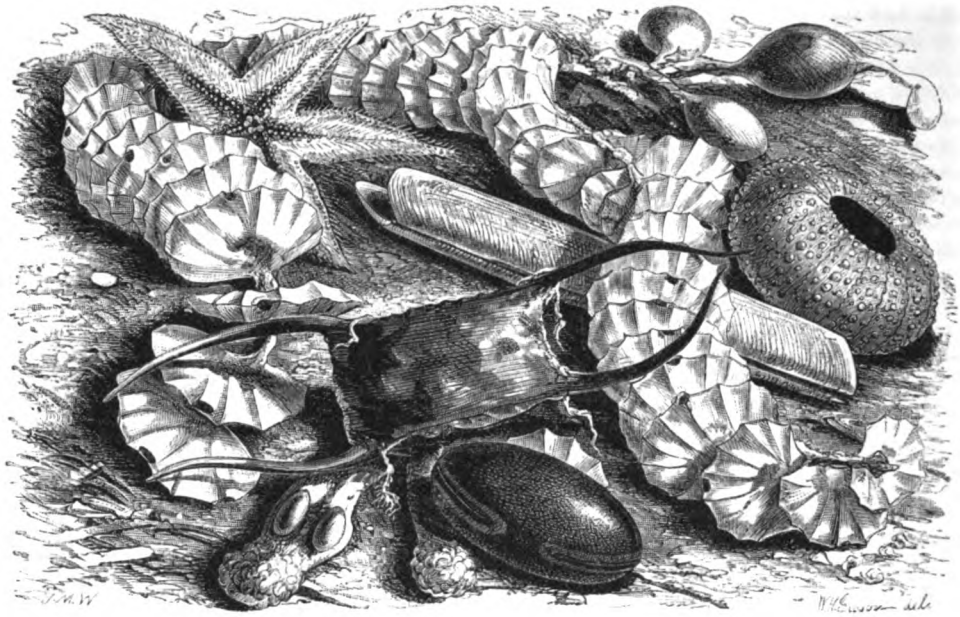
"And where are your claws? No, no, my dear"
(As she took up a paw). "See! they 're hidden here."
Then all the kittens crowded about,
To see their sharp little claws brought out.

They felt quite sure they should never need
To use such weapons—oh no, indeed!
But their wise mamma gave a pussy's "*pshaw!*"
And boxed their ears with her softest paw.

"Now *sptisss!* as hard as you can," she said;
But every kitten hung down its head.
"*Sptisss!* I say," cried the mother cat;
But they said, "O mammy, we can't do that."

"Then go and play," said the fond mamma;
"What sweet little idiots kittens are!
Ah well! I was once the same, I suppose"—
And she looked very wise and rubbed her nose.

Digitized by Google



SOME CURIOUS THINGS THAT MAY BE FOUND ON THE SEA-SHORE.

How many of our young readers can tell us the names of the strange-looking objects that are shown in this picture? They may all be found on our Atlantic sea-coast.

FAST FRIENDS.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Author of the "Jack Hazard" Stories.

CHAPTER XXXI.

JACK AND THE PROFESSOR.

"HA! ha! my young friend! I never was so taken!" said the professor, rallying quickly, and assuming an air of gayety. "I thought 't was my dear boy. Where is *he?* How come *you* here?"

"I called on business," replied Jack, quietly. "How 's Phineas?"

"You mean—ha—Master Felix; for he 's Master Felix now, the celebrated clairvoyant. He 's cheerful; he 's lovely," said the professor, airily. "Was n't he here when you came in?"

"There was nobody here; so I sat down to wait."

"Aha! That 's very strange. Where can the rogue have gone? And—my dear friend!" said the professor, nervously,—for he appeared strangely to suspect the friendliness of Jack's intentions,—"to what do I owe the honor of this visit? It 's so long since I had the pleasure!"

"As long ago as when you were in the 'Lectrical 'Lixir business, and Phin was the son of poor, but honest parents, who blew your trumpet for you, after you had cured him of a whole catalogue of diseases!" said Jack, sarcastically. "I remember that *good-natered* little interview on the circus ground!"

"You played a shrewd game, I must confess!" said the other, with a forced laugh. "And I love a shrewd game, though I be the victim, as I've often had occasion to observe. You *was* shrewd, and I don't resent it."

"And how have you and Phin—excuse me, I mean Master Felix—been flourishing since then?" Jack inquired.

"On the hull, finely! We've had our ups and downs; but variety is the spice of life, you know;

Digitized by Google

and all 's well that ends well; and here we be at last, on the top wave of fortune," added the professor, pricking at the wick of the lamp.

"You 've an eloquent hand-bill here," said Jack.

"You 've read it? And admired it, I hope! Aint it tremenjuous? Takes with our sort of customers wonderfully!"

"You must have had help in writing it."

"Well, to be honest, I had; for I don't pretend to hold the pen of a ready writer myself. I furnished the pints, and employed one of the most brilliant young men of genius about town, to write 'em out; a very noted young author."

"Ah!" said Jack. "If he is very noted, perhaps I have heard of him."

"Very likely. Ah—let me see—I can't recall his name. Very young; but O, what talent!"

"You must have to pay such talent very liberally."

"Liberally? Munificently! I pay everybody munificently now. Why, sir, the writing of that hand-bill cost me a round twenty dollars."

"Professor De Waldo, or Doctor Lamont, or Doctor Doyley, or good-natered John Wilkins,—in short, George Reddington," said Jack, with a determined look, "you and I know each other pretty well, and there 's no use of your trying your little humbug with me. I think you 'll remember the name of your talented young author in a minute. Here 's the original copy of your hand-bill, with his name written up there in the corner. It was a shrewd game you played with him; but *I* don't so much admire *your* kind of shrewdness. I 'm his friend, and I 've come to collect, not the twenty dollars you say you paid him, but the five dollars you promised and did n't pay."

The professor looked at the manuscript, and smiled a very skinny smile.

"Well, this is a double surprise! To think you should be the friend of that young man!" he said, politely returning the paper.

"Will you pay me?" said Jack.

"I am your humble servant," replied De Waldo, with mock courtesy; "but when you talk of pay, I must beg respectfully to be excused. Paying aint in my line of business."

"Have n't you the least atom of honor or shame about you?" cried Jack. "I think I never heard of so mean a trick. You hired my friend to write the hand-bill, copied it secretly, and then gave it back to him, with the pretence that it did n't suit you! I 've heard that thieves and pickpockets have a little honor; if so, you are not fit for their company."

The professor seemed to feel these earnest home-thrusts; for after a moment's pause, during which he hastily pricked up the lamp-wick once more, he replied, "Come, now! be good-natered! le's both be good-natered, and I 'll tell ye the honest truth. I had n't the cash when your friend brought in the hand-bill, or I should n't have took the trouble to shave him so close."

"I accept the apology," said Jack, "provided you 'll make it good by paying him, now that you have the cash. No pretence of poverty now, George Reddington! You had a handful of money before you, just as you noticed me here in Phin's place. Then you snatched it up. It 's there in your pocket now."

"My young friend," said the professor, laying his hand on the said pocket, and bowing,—for he had again risen to his feet,—"it 's a matter of principle with me never to pay an old debt."

Jack laughed scornfully. "A quack—a humbug—like you, to talk of principle!"

"Is it possible," grinned De Waldo, "that you don't believe in our new science?"

"Whether I do or not, I don't believe in such professors of it as you. I *do* believe there 's something in mesmerism and clairvoyance,—a great deal; and I think it is too bad that as soon as any such new thing is talked of, you sharpers and ignoramuses should rush to take it up, and make it a nuisance, and disgust honest-minded people with it, before they have a chance to know anything else about it. That 's my opinion of you and your science."

"I must say," replied De Waldo, still grinning, but with sparkling malice, "your remarks is gittin ruther personal."

"And as for your paying old debts," Jack went on, "you paid one to me once, and you did seem to regard it as a great mistake at the time."

"Yes! and for that very thing I owe you no good will!" cried De Waldo, shaking his fist at Jack, who still quietly kept his seat. "Your friend has sent the wrong man to collect his bills; and now I tell you to clear out of this room, or you 'll git kicked out!"

"Lay your hands on me," said Jack, "and something worse will happen to you than has happened to your son Phineas already."

"You know what—what has happened to him?" said the professor, again changing his manners, and looking decidedly anxious.

"Pay me the five dollars I 've come for, and I 'll tell you what has happened to him. If you don't pay me, I 'll stay here and be your Master Felix in a way you wont like. I 'm out of business just now, and I 'll just give my time to exposing your miserable humbug to every customer who comes to your door. Though there 'll be no need of my troubling myself, unless you get your Master Felix back again."

Digitized by Google

"Now, look here!" said the professor, more and more disturbed. "Be reasonable; and le's come to an understanding. What has happened to my boy?"

"Will you give me five dollars?"

"How do I know you 've a right to collect the money?"

"There 's the manuscript; that shows you plain enough, if you really cared anything for the right."

"TAKE THREE DOLLARS, AND HERE 'S YOUR MONEY."

"Settle for two dollars, and tell me where my boy is, and it 's a bargain."

"Five dollars!" insisted Jack.

"But how do I know you re'lly know anything about him?"

"George Reddington, you 've lied to me about as often as you even spoke to me, but you know I never lied to you. Now, I say, something has happened to Phin,—something bad enough, too,—and I promise to tell you what it is, if you pay me; otherwise, I get my pay in a way that will be a great deal worse for you."

"Jack," replied the professor, more seriously than he had yet spoken, "I don't like you, that 's a fact; but I trust you. Take three dollars, and here 's your money."

Jack saw a chance of getting his five dollars, if he insisted upon it; but he chose to accept the smaller sum, for good reasons,—partly because he knew that George would have been glad to get so much, and would have thought himself well paid; but chiefly because he feared lest, if the professor held out a few minutes longer, something might occur to break off the negotiation. In short, he believed Phin might at any moment return.

"Well," said he, pocketing the three dollars with a stern smile of satisfaction, "you 've given me the credit of being truthful; and now I 'll tell you what I know of Phin. As I was coming by a grocery store on this street, I saw a man dragging a boy into the door, for stealing something out of the open boxes or barrels outside. I saw only the boy's back, and I did n't recognize him; but now, the more I think of it, the surer I am that boy was Phineas. The man was threatening to give him over to the police."

"How was he dressed?"

"He had on a brown coat, and a sort of Scotch cap."

"That 's him!" exclaimed the professor, with a gleam of excitement in his lank face. "He was after them peas, to blow in his confounded blowpipe. I wish I had smashed it, as I threatened, long ago! I can't spare him now, or I 'd let him go,—and good enough for him, for gettin' into such a scrape!"

Jack went out with the professor, and accompanied him to the grocery where Phin had been captured. He could not help feeling an interest in his old companion, and a desire to meet him again. But the luckless youth had already been given over to the police; and Jack was too eager to run home with his money, to think of following Phin's fortunes farther that night.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AN UNFORESEEN CALAMITY.

HE found George in bed, almost too ill to care for the money, or to listen to his story.

Jack was alarmed. He sat on the bed, in the comfortless room, lighted only by a dim reflection

Digitized by Google

from the street, and felt his friend's hot brow and palm; and asked, imploringly, to know what he could do for him.

"For we've a pile of money now, you know, and you can have whatever you like!"

"I've been thinking—if I could have just a taste of lemonade—you are so good!" faltered poor George, in a feeble voice.

"Wait five minutes!" cried Jack; and he rushed from the room.

In the overflow of his heart, he bought half-a-dozen lemons and half-a-pound of sugar at the nearest grocery. Then, noticing some fine oranges in the window, and remembering the wistful looks George had cast upon them the last time they passed that way together, he bought some of these, together with a pound of the nicest soda biscuit. A few dried herrings, the usual supply of bread and cheese, and two candles, completed his stock of purchases. The result was that when he reached home, and paid his rent to the landlord,—who dunned him for it as they met on the stairs,—he found that, of the three dollars he had collected that evening of Professor De Waldo, he had but fifteen cents left.

"No matter!" thought he. "George must have what he needs, anyway; I'll trust to luck for the rest. Cheer up, old fellow!" he cried, as he entered the room. "I've something for you."

The first thing was to light one of the candles. The next, to mix some lemonade in a glass, and stir it with an old case-knife (their only utensil), which they kept hidden in the table drawer.

"Now drink, George; I know it will do you good!" Jack said, taking the glass to the bedside.

"Wont you—drink a little yourself—first?" George said, faintly; even in his great distress thinking of his friend's comfort before his own.

"Never fear but I'll look out for myself!" exclaimed Jack; and he supported George while he drank.

To his disappointment, George sipped only a few drops, and then sank back on his pillow, complaining of a violent headache.

"Can't you suck one of these oranges?" Jack asked, with anxious sympathy. "You remember how good they looked to you the other day."

"By and by—not now—you are so kind, dear Jack! Let me rest a little while. O dear!"

George turned his face to the wall; and soon, from his heavy breathing, Jack thought he must be asleep.

"Sleep is what he needs more than anything. He'll be better in the morning. Poor fellow! he must n't work so hard, and starve himself in this way, any more!"

It was not long before Jack himself went to bed; but he had scarcely fallen asleep, when his friend's restless tossing and moaning waked him, and he jumped up to light the candle again, and see what could be done.

In this way he was up and down all night, gladly sacrificing himself, but without the satisfaction of feeling that all his care and watching brought his poor friend any relief.

The good woman of the house had but just entered her kitchen the next morning, when a haggard, anxious boy's face appeared at the door. It was the face of Jack.

"Mrs. Dolberry! if you will be so good, ma'am, —my friend is in a bad way,—I don't know what to do for him,—and if you will be so kind as to come and see him!"

She was a large, coarse woman; and Jack remembered with a pang of remorse the instinctive dislike both he and George had felt towards her, and the fun they had made of her in their merrier days. But within that mass of flesh, which certainly appeared open to ridicule as it climbed with toilsome steps and asthmatic breath the lodging-house stairs, there was a woman's heart, as Jack discovered now, in time of need.

"Here, Janet!" she cried; "finish slicin' up these taters. Slash on some coal soon as ever the fire gits kindled a little. I'll be back in a second."

The idea of her making the journey to the upper story and back in that brief space of time, was one of those ridiculous things which the boys would have had some mirth over a few days ago. It was certainly no trifling undertaking for a creature of her short breath and vast bulk; but she set about it heroically, placing a hand on her knee to aid her ascent, and making a forcible gasp at every step, like a man chopping wood. Jack, however,—though, in his impatience, he thought she had never been so slow,—felt no disposition to laugh at her now.

She entered the room, glanced quickly about it, then looked at George, and finally laid her hand gently on his head.

"Your chum is in a burnin' fever," she said. "I knowed it soon as ever I set eyes on him. How long has he been so?"

"Only since last evening."

"He's got all run down; I've been feelin' all along 't suthin' wa' n't jest right with you two boys, but 't wa' n't none o' my business, long as ye paid yer rent. Has he had his meals reg'lar?"

"Not very," Jack confessed.

"I thought so. Goin' 'thout warm dinners 's enough to make anybody sick. I wondered whether you wa' n't pretty poor. But them oranges don't look as if you was; I can't afford oranges, present prices."

Digitized by Google

"I thought they would be good for him," Jack explained. "What *would* be good?"

"A doctor can tell ye better 'n I can. I can mos' gen'ly nu's' my own children; but I don't want nothin' to do with a case of fever. Been out of his head, ha' n't he?"

"Some of the time; he has talked of all sorts of things."

"My 'pinion, he 's dangerously sick," said the woman; "and the sooner ye bring the doctor to him the better."

"What doctor do you recommend?" Jack asked, with despair at his heart.

"Doctor Maxwell, jest a few doors down this street. Aint nobody better 'n him. Terms reasonable, too. He comes to them that employs him reg'lar, for half-a-dollar a visit. He 'll come to anybody in my house for that."

Jack seized his cap. He did not know where the half-dollars were coming from to pay the doctor; and he did not stop to consider; he only knew that the doctor must be called.

"I am very thankful to you," he murmured.

"Don't think of sich a thing. I only wish ye 'd axed me in afore. And now if there 's anything else I can do for ye,—any hot water, when the doctor comes, or Injin meal and soft soap for poultice, —there 's nothin' like a soft-soap poultice to sweat off diseases,—or a light and nourishin' broth for your friend, soon as he 's able to take it,—you 've only to call on me, and I 'll jump at the chance."

Jack did not smile, as he would once have done, at the thought of the excellent woman, with all her flesh, jumping at anything. Tears were in his eyes, as he thanked her again, and hastened to bring the doctor.

The doctor came. He examined the patient, looked grave, shook his head, and mixed some medicines with a solemn air, which filled Jack with horrible dread. Having explained how and when they were to be taken, and administered the first dose himself, he said, in answer to Jack's anxious questions:

"He 's pretty sick,—that 's all I 'm prepared to say now. I can judge of the case better, after I see what effect the medicines have on him. He can't have too careful nursing. Be sure and not neglect anything I have told you. I 'll look in again in the course of the day."

He came again at noon; but discovered no favorable symptoms in his patient. At five o'clock he paid a third visit, and had a consultation with Mrs. Dolberry (who waylaid him in the entry) before coming up stairs.

George had been delirious all the afternoon; talking incoherently of Vinnie, the pickpockets, Mrs. Libby and Mr. Manton, manuscripts and magazines, pawnbrokers' shops and Bowery Hall. Once he burst into a wild laugh, and, sitting up in bed, pointed at the mantelpiece, which he imagined to be the stage of the colored minstrels.

"Jack, as *Miss Dinah!* see him dance! Funny as anything can be, till they bring out *my* piece! Where 's Fitz Dingle?" Then, after listening to some imaginary conversation, he added, seriously, "They say Fitz Dingle has gambled away his bad eye; but I don't think it a very great loss."

Half the time he did not know Jack; and if he chanced to know him at one moment, he took him for somebody else the next.

It was at this crisis that Dr. Maxwell made his third visit. After again examining the patient, he turned to Jack:

"It is my duty to say to you that your friend is threatened with a dangerous fever; and that, if he has any relations, they should be notified at once. It will be impossible for you to give him all the care he needs; and it will be putting rather too much on Mrs. Dolberry to have him sick in her house, unless you can get some assistance."

"O, I can take care of him! I wont leave him, day or night!" cried Jack, quite wild in his distress. "Only tell me he will live!"

"I hope he may,—I shall do all I possibly can for him," replied the doctor. "And be sure you do your part, so that you may have nothing to regret. I 'll look in again at about nine o'clock."

The climax of Jack's woes seemed to be reached; and after the doctor's departure he gave way, for the first time, to feelings of utter grief and despair. He could see no hope but that George would die; he would certainly die, he thought, unless help could be speedily had; for what could *he* do, alone with him in the great city, without money and without friends?

He blamed himself for everything; and now the memory of their one quarrel came back to him with a pang which he thought would never cease to rankle in his breast, unless he could hear George say once more that he freely forgave him all.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A MYSTERY IN JACK'S POCKET.

BUT Jack was not a lad to give himself up to the bitterness of despair, when there was something to be done.

That he might have nothing more to regret, he resolved to take the doctor's advice, and write to George's friends. There, on the table, was the letter to Vinnie, which had been written the day before, but not sealed; and he determined to enclose a few words of his own in that.

This done, he wrote the long-contemplated letter

Digitized by Google

to Mr. Chatford, asking for help. His pride was now all gone; and he blamed himself bitterly for not writing before. "If I had," thought he, "George might have been saved from this. Now it will be a week before I can expect a reply,—and who knows what may happen before then?"

Mr. Dolberry came in,—a brisk little man, a dozen years younger than his wife, and such a pygmy, compared with her, that the boys used to nickname him Little Finger. He brought a plate of toast, with a message from the Hand to which (as the boys fabled) he belonged.

"She says you must eat it, or you 'll be sick yourself," he said to Jack, setting down the plate. "You must look out about that. I don't know what under the sun would become of you both, or of us, if you should be took down. You 'd have to go the hospital, for aught I see. And I aint sure but what your chum 'll have to go, as 't is. Doctor says he 's perty sick."

"I can't let him go to the hospital!" Jack exclaimed. "He never shall be taken away from me, if he lives. If he dies—then I don't care what happens."

"If you 've got plenty of money," said the little man, "you may keep him out of the hospital; though I 'd advise you not to. It will be jest as well for him, and mabby better, to go; and enough sight better for you, to let him go. You 'll be free to run about your business then, as you can't now. It 's an awful job—a terrible sacrifice—to take care of a person in a fever, day and night; and I don't think you know what it is you undertake."

If, conveyed by this sincere advice, the selfish thought entered Jack's mind, that he might shirk his duty to his friend,—abandon him to the charities of a public hospital, and the care of strangers, while he, unhindered, looked out for his own welfare,—he received that thought only to abhor it, and reject it with scorn. How would he feel, shipping as a hand on board a boat, and returning to the home and friends he had so rashly left, while, for aught he knew, the companion he had deserted might be dying under the hands of hired nurses, and calling for him in vain?

"You are very kind—Mrs. Dolberry is very kind," he replied. "I hope we sha' n't trouble you too much. But I shall keep my friend with me if I can."

Jack passed another fearful night with his patient, giving him his medicines, with occasionally a sip of lemonade, and trying to soothe him in his fits of delirium. He was now so tired that, at the slightest opportunity that occurred, whether it found him reclining in the bed or sitting in a chair, he could catch a few minutes' sleep.

It was an unspeakable relief when morning came, and with it the doctor. He had furnished all necessary medicines on his previous visits, but he now wrote a prescription for something which he seemed to consider very important, to be bought at the apothecary's. It would cost, he said, about half-a-dollar. Jack trembled. For his friend's sake he was afraid to say that they had, between them, but fifteen cents in the world; thinking the doctor would, with that knowledge, drop the case at once, and that George would then have to be carried to the hospital.

"If I live," Jack vowed to himself, after the doctor was gone, "I 'll pay him for his visits some day,—somehow! And I 'll get this medicine, too, and pay for it; there must be *some* way!"

An idea, which he had suggested to George, mostly in jest, now occurred to him in a more serious aspect.

He had proposed, we remember, that they should take turns at pretending sickness and lying abed, in order that one suit of clothes might serve for both, while the other suit went to the pawnbroker's. But George was now sick in earnest; and why should not the plan be carried out in earnest?

"I 'll put on his clothes, and pawn mine, for mine will bring more than his. They ought to bring five dollars; and that ought to buy his medicines, and what little I shall need to live on, till we get money either from his folks or mine. He wont want his clothes before then; if he does, he shall have 'em, and I 'll go to bed."

With this thought, Jack began to clear his pockets again. Only two things of any importance dropped out, besides some pawnbrokers' tickets.

The first was a business card,—that of Josiah Plummerton, the old gentleman who had kindly loaned the boys money to pay their fares, after their pockets were picked on the steamboat. They had never yet hunted him up, because they had not seen themselves in a condition to repay his loan, and did not care to ask a second favor from him until they could properly acknowledge the first. But now Jack thought that, as a last resort, he would apply to their old friend.

As he was looking at the card, and shaking his pockets, a small bright stone, or bit of glass, fell out and rolled across the floor. He picked it up, and looked at it with surprise. How such a thing ever came in his pocket was a complete mystery to him. It had facets and angles, and it reflected the light with beautiful prismatic rays. He would have thought it a diamond, but for the absurdity of supposing that diamonds could be found tumbling about the world in that way, and getting into boys' pockets.

"It 's an imitation of a diamond, though," thought Jack; though that easy conjecture did

Digitized by Google

not help him at all towards a solution of the mystery. He laid the stone with the card on the mantelpiece, and was proceeding to roll up his clothes in a compact bundle, when something—he could hardly have told what—caused him to change his mind; and, unfolding them again, after some hesitation he put them on. Perhaps he reflected that, if he was to call on Mr. Plummerton, he had better appear in his own attire. Soon Mrs. Dolberry came to bring him a cup of coffee and a baked potato, and to see how his friend was.

"And now," said she, "give me all your dirty clothes; they can go into my wash as well as not. You boys don't 'pear as though you 'd had a woman to look after ye, lately! Can't you put on a clean shirt, and give me the one you 're wearin'?"

"All our under-clothes are soiled," Jack was forced to confess; "and it 's too bad to trouble you with 'em."

"Never mind the trouble. But how comes it about that a couple of nice-appearin' young men like you two, don't have your washin' 'tended to? Your socks aint so bad off—though they look as though you had darned 'em yourselves; but your shirts!"

The truth was, that the boys had washed their own socks, and darned them with materials George had brought with him for that purpose; but the washing and doing-up of shirts was something quite beyond them. As Jack hesitated in his reply, the good woman went on:

"I do believe that I guessed right in the first place; you 're short of money! If that 's so, the sooner you let me know it the better."

Whatever else he did, Jack could not lie to her. As he began to speak, his tongue was loosed, his heart opened, and he poured forth the story of their misfortunes.

"Wal! now I 'm glad I know!" she said, dashing a big tear from her cheek. "It 's a hard case; but now you must see the folly of tryin' to take care o' your sick friend and keep him in my house. Me and my husband 'll do everything we can for ye; but you aint sure your friends will send you a dollar; and there 'll be doctors' bills, and everything; and my doctor can git your chum into the hospital, where he 'll have good care; and that, as I see, is the only thing to be done. Now eat your breakfast, and think it over, while I send this prescription to the 'pothecary's, with the money to pay for 't."

Jack drank the coffee, but he could not eat a mouthful, he was so full of misery.

In a little while Mr. Dolberry brought the medicine, and helped to give the patient a dose of it; after which he consented to remain by the bedside while Jack went out to find a friend.

That friend was Mr. Josiah Plummerton. He was proprietor of a sail-loft, over on the East river. Jack was little acquainted in that part of the city, he had a good distance to travel, and it took him half-an-hour to find the place. Then he learned, to his dismay, that Mr. Plummerton had not come to his office that morning, and that his place of residence was in Brooklyn.

When Jack took the card from the mantelpiece, he also slipped the little stone into his vest pocket. He thought no more about it until, as he was returning home, disconsolate, from his fruitless journey, like a flash of light the recollection came to him of the pickpocket's diamond ring.

"This is the missing stone!" exclaimed Jack to himself. "But it is most likely false; everything is false about these fellows. I 'll show it to somebody."

Passing a jeweler's door, as he was crossing the Bowery, he went in, and asked a bald-headed man behind the counter to look at the stone, and give an opinion of it.

The man glanced at it; then, looking keenly at Jack, as if the fact of his possessing it was rather suspicious, he asked, "Is it yours?"

"I think I shall claim it," Jack replied. "I had my pocket picked of forty dollars, in Albany, a few weeks ago; and the rogue left this in its place."

"It dropped out of his ring," said the man, growing interested. "If he got only forty dollars, he did n't make a very good trade."

"How so?" cried Jack, surprised; for, even if a diamond, he had not thought of its being worth more than eight or ten dollars, such was his ignorance of stones. "He got nearly thirty dollars from a friend of mine at the same time."

"You have rather the best end of the bargain after all," the man replied, examining the stone with a glass, and then dropping it on a fine pair of scales behind him.

"Is it really—a diamond?"

"It is a diamond, and a fine one."

"Is it worth the money we were robbed of—seventy dollars?"

"Yes, double that," replied the jeweler, passing the stone back to its present possessor. "You made a good trade. That stone never cost less than a hundred and fifty or sixty dollars."

"Will you buy it?" cried Jack, eagerly.

"I 'd rather not take a stone that you came by in that way. Not but what I think you are honest," the jeweler added, seeing Jack's countenance fall; "but it seems you had it of a rogue, and very likely he got it dishonestly."

Jack felt the force of the argument, and was a good deal shaken by it.

Digitized by Google

"Then, if I can't sell it, what 's the good of having made so good a trade, as you call it? I don't want a diamond; but my friend is sick, and we have no money, and ——" Jack began to choke.

"Perhaps you can find somebody willing to buy it of you, and take the risk of the rightful owner coming to claim it," replied the jeweler. "Or"—observing Jack's distress—"if your want is only temporary, and a small sum will answer your purpose, I will lend you ten dollars on it; for you seem to be an honest lad."

JACK AND THE JEWELER.

Jack could not express his thanks. He was only too glad to leave the costly trifle in the jeweler's hands, and take the proffered ten dollars, for immediate use.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE POLICE COURT.

CROSSING over to Broadway, he passed along Leonard street; and was just opposite the great city prison,—from its gloomy style of architecture, and the use it served, called the Tombs,—when somebody ran lightly after him, and clapped him on the shoulder. Jack turned, and to his surprise encountered the polite Professor De Waldo.

"I was just thinking of Phineas, and wondering ——," began Jack.

"Wonder no more! Look here; and, if you have n't seen it already, be amazed, be indignant!"

And the professor, taking a newspaper from his pocket, pointed to a paragraph headed, "Master Felix in a Fix."

Glancing his eye over the item, Jack saw that it was a facetious account of the arrest and incarceration of the celebrated mesmeric subject on Saturday evening.

"Now where 's your friend, the famous author, the young man of genius?" cried De Waldo. "I've another job for him; and I 'll pay him this time, and pay him well. I want him to write a reply to this paragraph, describing the strange things Master Felix does under the influence, and then crack up his clairvoyant powers—get it into all the papers—make a magnificent advertisement, don't you see?"

Jack saw, and marveled at the father who could thus coolly think of turning his son's misfortune and disgrace to a pecuniary advantage.

"Where is Phineas now?" he asked.

"Before the police court, I expect, by this time. But that 'll be all right; I 've seen the man who had him arrested; I 've an understanding with him." And the professor touched his pocket. "Wont you come and see my boy? Then git your friend to write us up."

Jack replied that his friend was not in a condition to write up anybody; but, thinking this might be his only opportunity of seeing Phin, he accompanied the professor.

They found the court-room crowded with spectators, many of them belonging to the lowest class of society,—rogues and roughs, whose very garments reeked with the atmosphere of vice; some attracted solely by a morbid curiosity to witness the coarse drama of life enacted every Monday morning on the stage of the police court; others by a personal interest in the fate of the prisoners.

Digitized by Google

A number of these were ranged on a long bench against the wall, behind a bar, guarded by constables. They were mostly a vicious-looking set, being men and boys arrested since Saturday, nearly all for drunkenness, assault and battery, or petty theft. In this row were two persons whom Jack recognized, with mingled feelings of surprise and heart-sickness.

One was Master Felix. He sat at the end of the row, twirling his cap, and looking anxiously among the spectators, until his eyes rested on the professor, and his face suddenly lighted up with a gleam of hope. The next moment he saw Jack; and his countenance changed to a queer expression of shame and grinning audacity.

The other person whom Jack recognized sat between two burly ruffians, with whose coarse garments and features his own fashionable attire and polite face presented a curious contrast. Yet his coat had not the usual gloss; his linen appeared sadly soiled and crumpled; his hair and whiskers lacked the customary careful curl; his chin bristled with a beard of two days' growth; his gay features were downcast; in short, the whole man had so much the appearance of having passed a dismal Sunday in the Tombs, that at first Jack hardly knew him. But, looking again, he was sure of his man. It was Mr. Manton.

And who was that kind-looking old gentleman just leaning over the bar to speak to him? Jack had a side view of his face: it was one he could never forget,—that of his old friend, Mr. Plummerton, whom he had been to find that very morning.

"Does *he* know Mr. Manton?" thought Jack. Then he remembered that the woman who talked with him on the steamboat, when he was passing around the hat, had proved to be Mr. Manton's wife; and it now occurred to him that she and the old gentleman might then have been traveling in company.

An Irishman, who was arraigned for beating his wife, on her own complaint, having been let off with a light fine, which she cheerfully paid (her heart relenting towards him), the next case called was that of Mr. Manton.

It was pitiful to see the fallen gentleman stand dangling his damaged hat, while a policeman testified to having found him asleep in the gutter, with the curbstone for his pillow, very early on Sunday morning; and also to having picked him up in a similar condition twice before.

No legal defence was set up; but Mr. Plummerton, standing by the judge's desk, said a few words to him in a low voice. The judge then imposed a fine (which Mr. Plummerton paid), and gave Mr. Manton some earnest advice, to which that gentleman listened with humble attention. The case was then dismissed.

As Mr. Manton was leaving the court-room, he passed near Jack, whom he evidently knew; however, as he did not seem to be in his usual spirits, Jack did not accost him. But when Mr. Plummerton was passing afterwards, Jack put out his hand.

It was a moment before the old gentleman recognized him; then he exclaimed:

"Ah, I remember! the steamboat! You are one of the young fellows who had their pockets picked. And how have you got on since?"

"Rather poorly, some of the time; and now my friend is sick. I have been to see you once, and I am going again soon."

"Do so. I have thought of you more than once. But what 's your business here?"

"That boy at the end of the row of prisoners is an old acquaintance of mine; and I just ran in, on his account."

"Ah! Where have you known him?"

"He was brought up by the man I lived with in the country—Mr. Chatford. He is a relative of the family, and he was adopted as Mr. Chatford's own son. But—you see that man talking with the policeman, over there? That is the boy's father—a regular quack and swindler; he came along, and got the boy away from the best place in the world, and now they travel together."

"I 'm glad you 've no worse errand, for yourself, in this place!" said the old gentleman. "It 's bad enough to be obliged to come on account of others. Call and see me. I am in a hurry now."

Another petty case having been quickly disposed of, that of Master Felix came next in turn. The grocer who had caused his arrest did not appear against him; but the policeman who had taken the prisoner in charge made a brief explanation.

The grocer, he said, had acted impulsively, having been much annoyed by repeated acts of pilfering from his exposed boxes; but Professor De Waldo had satisfied him that the lad did not really intend to steal, and had engaged that nothing of the kind should again occur.

The professor himself then offered to make a speech, and began by describing the peculiar powers of his pupil, "the celebrated Master Felix;" but the judge cut him short, and the prisoner was discharged, much to the chagrin of De Waldo, who had counted on the occasion for advertising his business in Murray street.

As Master Felix was going out, Jack stepped up to him, and kindly gave him his hand.

"How are ye, Phin?"

"Hello, Jack!" said the "celebrated," rather sullenly. But, seeing that his old friend's manner was really kind, and not sarcastic, as he had reason

Digitized by Google

to suppose it would be, he added, more openly, "What 's the news? How are all the folks at home?"

"All well; and I am glad you speak of it as *home*," replied Jack.

"That 's old habit; it 's no more a home to me, and never can be!"

"I don't know about that, Phin. They often speak of you, and I know, if you should wish to go back, you would be welcomed—by Mrs. Chatford, especially; for she can never speak of you without tears in her eyes."

Phin appeared touched. "*She* was always good enough to me!" he muttered.

"Who was *not* good to you? Phin, you know you left a good home, and good friends, when you left them; and if you would tell the truth, you would own that you were much better off then than you have ever been since."

"I don't know—there 's no use talking about that now. But what are you doing here in the city?"

"I can't tell you now—I must hurry back to a sick friend; but I want to see you again, Phin, before I leave New York. Think of what——"

Jack did not finish his sentence. His eyes just then fell upon a well-dressed man entering the court-room, the sight of whom put for a moment everything else out of his mind.

When, a little later, he again thought of Phin, and looked for him, he was gone, and he saw him no more.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HOW THE DIAMOND FOUND A PURCHASER.

THE person who had thus attracted Jack's attention pressed through the crowd, and, entering within the bar of the court, stood near the rail, talking with a lawyer about some criminal case which was soon coming to trial.

Jack struggled to get near, and, at the first opportunity, reached over the rail and touched the man on the shoulder. The man gave him a frowning look, and was turning away again, when Jack said, in a low voice, "I 've something for you."

"I don't know who you are," answered the man, suspiciously.

"I think you do," said Jack, with sparkling eyes. "At all events——"

He whispered a sentence which caused the man quite to change his manner towards him, and answer hurriedly, "Well, hold on! I 'll be with you in a minute."

In a minute, accordingly, having finished his conference with the lawyer, he came out, and withdrew with Jack into the vestibule of the court.

"Now, what was that you said? I did n't quite understand."

"I think you understood. But I can repeat it. I said I believed I had a diamond which would fit that ring of yours."

"What do you mean? What ring?"

"Of course, Mr. MacPheeler," said Jack, "your hand was never in my pocket, and so the stone I found there, in place of my purse which was taken by some rogue, can't belong to you. And yet I 've the strongest feeling, that somehow that stone will fit your ring. I mean the ring which we saw on your finger—my friend and I—when we met you on a certain evening, not a great while ago."

"Let me look at your stone a moment," said Mr. Alex. MacPheeler.

"Excuse me," replied Jack. "It is for sale, but it is not to be handled in a public place like this. I don't think you need to see it, in order to know the kind of stone it is. If you would like to buy it, say so. If not—good morning."

"I should like a suitable stone for my ring," said MacPheeler, graciously. "If yours is such a one as I think, from your description, I 'll give you twenty-five dollars for it."

"The price is one hundred and fifty dollars, Mr. MacPheeler," answered Jack, firmly; "and there 's no use of your offering less—you who know what fine stones are."

"Don't talk quite so loud," said MacPheeler, drawing Jack further aside. "Do you remember how much you lost with your purse?"

"My friend and I together lost almost seventy dollars."

"Well, I 'll give you seventy dollars for the stone. Then you wont lose anything."

"I beg your pardon!" said Jack, turning coldly away. "You have made us a great deal of trouble."

"I?" cried MacPheeler, innocently.

"I mean the rogues who robbed us," said Jack, willing to keep up the little fiction, to please Mr. Manton's friend. "Not ten times seventy dollars would pay us for what we have suffered in consequence of that robbery. Now do you think I will sell out for just the sum we lost? I 'll sooner have *one* of the rogues arrested, and use that diamond as evidence against him in court!"

"Give me the stone, and here is your money," laughed MacPheeler, unfolding a roll of bills.

"You will have to go with me to a jeweler's over on the corner of the Bowery," said Jack. "There we 'll make the exchange, if you wish it. But see here, Alex. MacPheeler! if that money is counterfeit, or if you are not quite in earnest, we may as well part at once."

The pickpocket smiled at Jack's natural distrust

Digitized by Google

of the character of his money and of the honesty of his intentions, and told him to "go ahead."

"But you must give me back my purse, and my friend's pocket-book," said Jack.

"That," replied MacPheeler, "is out of the question. Do you think the man who took them would be apt to keep such things when they might turn up as evidence against him? Not if he is the kind of man I take him for."

"Well! come on!" said Jack.

Not a word was said by either, as he led the way along the street, occasionally looking behind to see if the rogue was following, until they reached the jeweler's door.

"Now," said Jack, stopping, "here is the place; and shall I call that policeman over, to stand by and see fair play? or will you just pay your money and take the stone, like an honest man?"

MacPheeler nodded and smiled again, in a cold, sinister way, and said Jack need n't mind about the policeman. Then they went in.

"I 've a customer for that stone," Jack said to his bald-headed friend, who appeared surprised at seeing him again so soon. "He knows what it is; you need n't show it. He pays a hundred and fifty dollars for it. Please look carefully at the money."

MacPheeler smiled the same cold, sinister smile, as he tossed three fifty-dollar bank-notes on the counter with silent contempt, and waited for the jeweler to examine them. The notes proving to be genuine, the latter took from a little drawer the stone in question, and passed it over to MacPheeler, who glanced at it, smiled, and put it into his pocket.

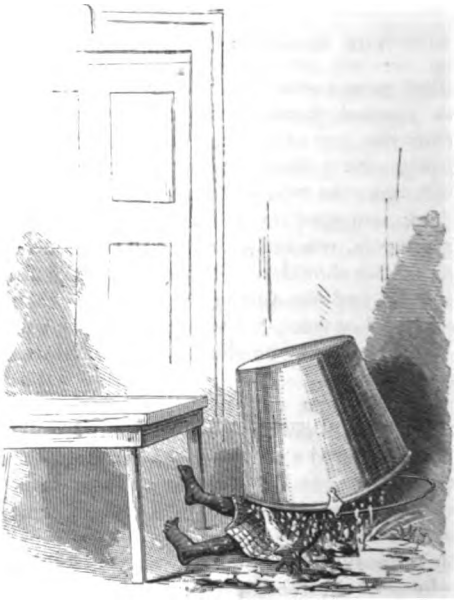
"I hope you will not lose your money again so easily!" he said ironically to Jack, as he was leaving the shop.

"I hope you will not be troubled with any more fits!" Jack called after him.

He then returned to the jeweler his loan of ten dollars, pocketed his hundred and fifty, hurriedly telling the story of his last adventure with the pickpocket; and then ran home in joyful, anxious haste to his sick friend.

(To be concluded next month.)

LITTLE SAMBO AND THE BUTTERMILK PAIL.



THE BUTTERMILK PAIL AND LITTLE SAMBO.

Digitized by Google

FIFTY POUNDS REWARD!

By Donald G. Mitchell.

In England, a great many years ago,—when Anne had just become Queen, and when the Duke of Marlborough was making those dashing marches on the continent of Europe which went before the fearful and the famous battle of Blenheim; and when the people of Boston, in New England, were talking about printing their first newspaper (but had not yet done it),—there appeared in the *London Gazette* a proclamation, offering a reward of fifty pounds for the arrest of a "middle-sized, spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion and dark brown-colored hair, who wears a wig, and has a hooked nose, a sharp chin, and a large mole near his mouth." And the proclamation further said, that "he was for many years a hose-factor in Freeman's yard, in Cornhill."

And what do you care about this man with a hooked nose, for whose capture a reward was offered about the year 1703?

Had he plotted to kill the Queen? No. Had he forged a note? No. Had he murdered anybody? No. Was he a Frenchman in disguise? No.

What then?

He had written some very sharp political pamphlets, which the people in authority did n't at all like, and were determined to punish him for.

But, I suppose, there were a great many hot political writers who were caught up in the same way in those old-fashioned times, and put in the pillory or in prison for the very same sort of wrong-doing, whose names we don't know, and don't care to know.

Why, then, have I brought up this old proclamation about this forty-year-old, hook-nosed man?

Only because his name was Daniel Defoe, and because he wrote that most delightful of all the story-books that ever were written—Robinson Crusoe!

To be sure, he had not written "Robinson Crusoe" at that time; if he had, perhaps the sheriff, or whoever sent out the proclamation, would have described him as the writer of a story-book about being cast away on a desert island, and full of monstrous fables, instead of describing him as a hosier of Freeman's court. But I don't know. People in authority never know or care so much about the books a man writes, as about the shop he keeps and the debts he owes.

But did they catch the hook-nosed man? and did somebody get the fifty pounds?

Yes, they caught him; and yes, too, about the pounds.

And he had an awful time in prison, he tells us, and chafed horribly; for he was one of those restless, impatient, busy-bodies, who want always to be at work, and at work in their own way. He was what would have been called, I dare say, in our time, a hot-headed radical; and if he had been born a century and a-half later, would have made a capital editorial writer for a slashing morning journal in such a city as New York or Washington. But our people in authority would not have offered a reward for his arrest; they would have shrugged their shoulders, or failing of this, would have given him an office.

Yet, for all his political sharpness, this hook-nosed man had a head for business. He had established some tile-works at Tilbury, where were made, for the first time in England, those queer-shaped Dutch tiles for roofing, which—if you ever go there—you will see on a great many of the houses of Rotterdam and Amsterdam; and some of them are yet to be seen upon old houses in Charleston, in South Carolina. It is true that he ran heavily into debt with his tile-making, and was forced to suspend (as we say now); but he got fairly upon his feet again, and had paid up his old debts, and was at his tile-making as before, when he was swooped into prison.

He had all the more enemies because he had been befriended by King William (who died in 1702), and who was a stanch Protestant, and—as you know—had come over from Holland to take the English throne. Defoe was a stanch Protestant too, and a very hot-headed one. And it was his sharp talk about religious matters—which were then closely mixed up with political ones—that brought him to grief.

But he kept on writing. The prison could n't stop that, or it did n't. And when at last he came out, he wrote all the more. He was a born writer, and never grew weary of writing. Yet it was fully seventeen years after the offer of that fifty-pound reward, and when the "forty-year-old, hook-nosed man," was well on towards sixty, that he published "The Life and Strange, Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner, who lived Eight-and-twenty Years, all alone, in an Uninhabited Island on the Coast of America, near the Mouth of the great River Oroonoque."

Digitized by Google

Ah, what a book it was! What a book it is!

You don't even know the names of those political booklets which this man wrote, and which made him a good friend of the great King William, and gave him great fame, and brought him to prison; nor do you know, nor do your fathers or mothers know much about those other books which this man wrote upon Trade, and Religious Courtship, and a score of other things; nor are they by anybody much read or called for. But as for that dear old figure in the high goat-skin cap, and with the umbrella to match, and the long beard—who does not know him, and all about him, all over the Christian world?

Why, long as it is since I first trembled over the sight of those savage foot-marks in the sand, and slept in the cave, and pulled up the rope-ladder that hung down over the palisades,—yet, if that dear old figure in the high goat-skin cap and the goat-skin leggings were to march up my walk on some mild spring evening, I don't think I should treat him as a stranger in the least. I think I should go straight to him and say: My dear Mr. Crusoe, I 'm ever so glad to see you; and did Friday come with you? And is Poll at the station? And have you been to York? And do you think of going to sea again?

DANIEL DEFOE.

I don't know any figure of the last two centuries that it would be so hard to blot out of men's minds as the figure of Robinson Crusoe.

Was it a book much read in Defoe's time?

How could people help reading it? How could they help being terribly concerned about the fate of that madcap Robinson, who *would* leave that sober old father of his in Hull, and that mother who cried over his fate, you may be sure, more

Digitized by Google

than ever you or I? Who could help reading on, when he escaped so hardly from wreck and death on the shores of England, near to Yarmouth; and fell in with such bad fellows in London; and hesitated, and wavered, and finally broke into new vagabondage; and was followed up by storms and wreck; and at last, as you know, cast ashore, with scarce life in him, on that far-away island, where he bewailed his fate for months and years, and toiled hard, and tamed his goats and planted his palisades?

A great many thousand eyes looked out with him, year after year, for the sail that never came. Of course there had been a great many stories of adventures written before, and there have been a great many since; but never, I think, any that took such hold of the feelings of all as this story of the adventures of Robinson Crusoe.

And why, do you think?

Because most writers try to make too fine a story of such adventures, and don't keep to that homely, straight-forward way which brings facts most closely to the understanding of everybody, and makes everybody feel that the things told of did really and truly happen.

Why, do you know that crowds of people believed in Robinson Crusoe when Defoe was living, and continued to believe in him after Defoe was dead? I know I believed in him a long time myself, though the preface, and the sober-sided old school-ma'am (who caught me, one day, at the reading of it in school-hours, and made me wear a girl's bonnet, for punishment),—though such as these, I say, warned me that it was a fable and untrue, yet I kept on, somehow, believing in Robinson, and in Poll, and Man Friday; and thought, if I ever *did* make a long voyage, and the ship *had* a yawl, I would ask the captain, when he came opposite the island, to "heave to," and let me go ashore in the yawl, and find the cave and the creek, and very likely the remnants of that big canoe in the forest, which Robinson Crusoe hewed out, by setting up a big tree "edge-wise," and which was so big and heavy, he never could and never did move it.

I believed in that old, deserted father at Hull,—somehow, I think he is living there yet,—and the mother—repining, grieving, praying, weeping!

Oh, Robinson! Robinson!

Well, as I said, Mr. Defoe found a great sale for this book of adventures. The critics, to be sure, thought it was "carelessly written," and a great deal "very improbable" in it; and they did n't imagine for a moment that there was the stuff in it which would be pondered, and read over and over, and admired and dearly cherished, years and years after they and all their fair culture and pretty talk and very names should be forgotten. I don't at all believe that Defoe himself knew how good a thing he had done. If he had, he would n't have gone about to weaken its effect by writing a sequel to Robinson, which, though it has some curious and wonderful things in it,—fights with wolves and hair-breadth escapes,—is yet hardly worth your reading. And not content with this, Defoe—under the spur, I suppose, of money-making publishers—issued in the next year, "Serious Reflections during the Life of Robinson Crusoe, with his Vision of the Angelic World."

Nobody knows it or reads it. Poll and Man Friday are all alive; but the "Vision of the Angelic World" is utterly dead.

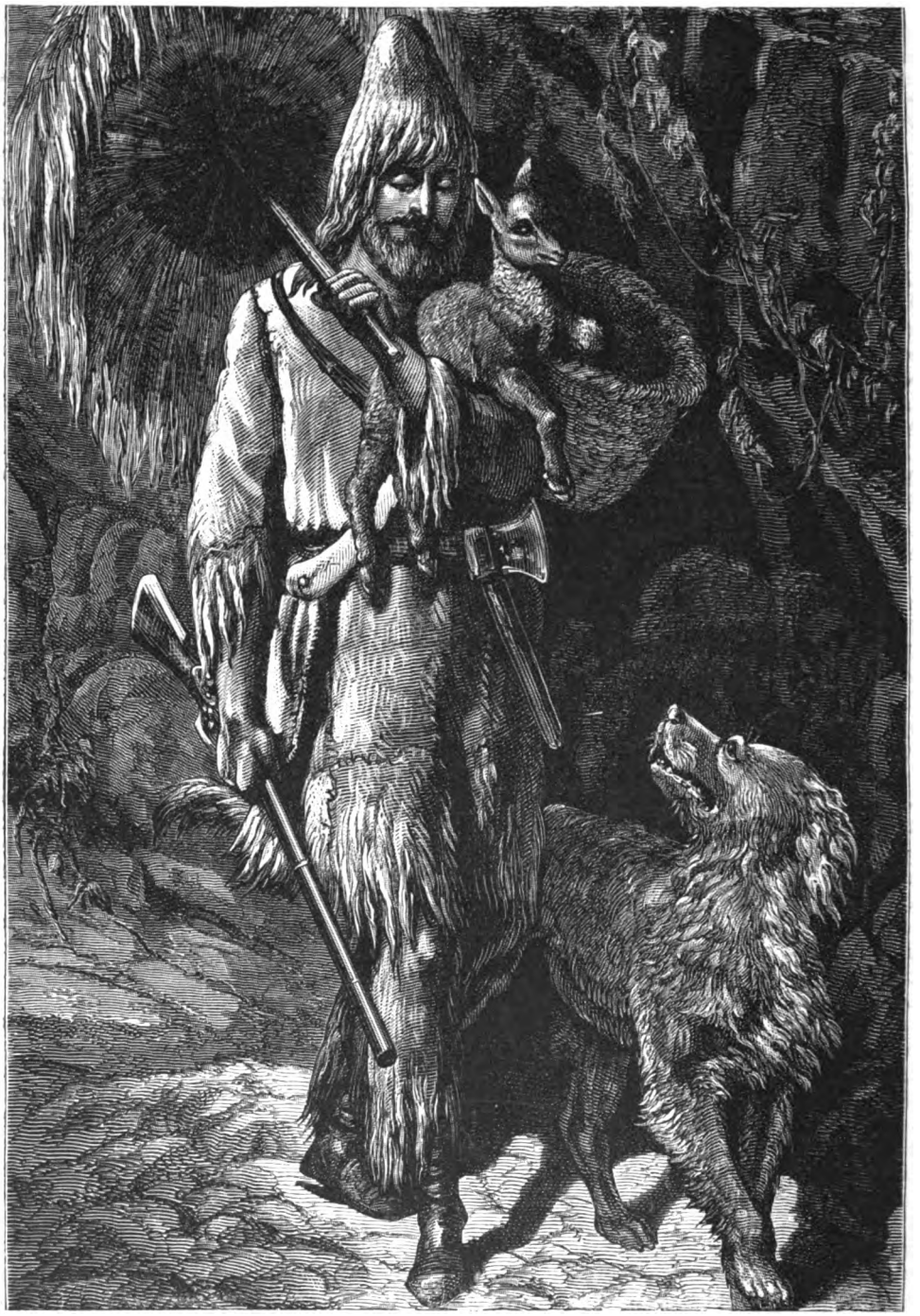
Afterward, Defoe published "The Adventures of Captain Bob Singleton, a Famous Pirate;" but the story is not at all equal to that of "Robinson Crusoe." There are passages of special adventure in it which are very stirring, and very like some of the best parts of "Robinson;" and some day I may cull out a few of the best portions for your amusement—but we will leave it on the shelf now.

At some future time, too, I may tell you more of some of Defoe's writings; notably, a queer story of the appearance of the ghost of one Mistress Veal, which was so curiously well done that crowds of people believed it. He wrote, besides, a long history of the Great Plague in London, which is so dreadfully real that it would make you shudder to read it. You seem to see all the sick people, and the dead ones with their livid faces, and the wagons that bore the corpses go trundling every morning down the street. You would wonder, if you read it, how old man Defoe could have gone about prying amongst such fearful scenes, as if he loved grief and wailing and desolation; for he don't tell you that he helped anybody, or even lifted the dead into the carts. How could he? He was n't there at all. The Great Plague raged and ended before Defoe was grown. He may have heard old men and old women talk of it; but he could n't have been more than two years old when it first broke out.

But I will close this half-hour's talk with only dear old Robinson Crusoe in our mind. Defoe wrote of him, as I said, when he was well toward sixty; and he lived to be over seventy—having a great grief to bear at the last. His son deserted and deceived *him* as Robinson Crusoe had deserted and deceived *his* old father at Hull!

"This injustice and unkindness," writes Defoe to a near friend in the last year of his life, "has ruined my family and has broken my heart. I depended on him, I trusted him, I gave up my two dear unprovided children into his hands; but he had no compassion, and suffered them and their

Digitized by Google



DEAR OLD ROBINSON CRUSOE.

poor dying mother to beg their bread at his door; himself, at the same time, living in a profusion of plenty. It is too much for me. My heart is too full. Stand by them when I am gone, and let them not be wronged."

Poor old man! Delightful Robinson Crusoe!

Digitized by Google

THE PETERKINS' SUMMER JOURNEY.

By Lucretia P. Hale.

In fact, it was their last summer's journey—for it had been planned then; but there had been so many difficulties, it had been delayed.

The first trouble was about trunks. The family did not own a trunk suitable for traveling.

Agamemnon had his valise, that he had used when he stayed a week at a time at the academy; and a trunk had been bought for Elizabeth Eliza when she went to the seminary. Solomon John and Mr. Peterkin, each had his patent leather hand-bag. But all these were too small for the family. And the little boys wanted to carry their kite.

Mrs. Peterkin suggested her grandmother's trunk. This was a hair trunk, very large and capacious. It would hold everything they would want to carry, except what would go in Elizabeth Eliza's trunk, or the valise and bags.

Everybody was delighted at this idea. It was agreed that the next day the things should be brought into Mrs. Peterkin's room, for her to see if they could all be packed.

"If we can get along," said Elizabeth Eliza, "without having to ask advice, I shall be glad!"

"Yes," said Mr. Peterkin, "it is time now for people to be coming to ask advice of us."

The next morning, Mrs. Peterkin began by taking out the things that were already in the trunk. Here were last year's winter things, and not only these, but old clothes that had been put away,—Mrs. Peterkin's wedding dress; the skirts the little boys used to wear before they put on jackets and trousers.

All day Mrs. Peterkin worked over the trunk, putting away the old things, putting in the new. She packed up all the clothes she could think of, both summer and winter ones, because you never can tell what sort of weather you will have.

Agamemnon fetched his books, and Solomon John his spy-glass. There were her own and Elizabeth Eliza's best bonnets in a bandbox; also Solomon John's hats, for he had an old one and a new one. He bought a new hat for fishing, with very wide brim and deep crown, all of heavy straw.

Agamemnon brought down a large, heavy dictionary, and an atlas still larger. This contained maps of all the countries in the world.

"I have never had a chance to look at them," he said; "but when one travels, then is the time to study geography."

Mr. Peterkin wanted to take his turning-lathe. So Mrs. Peterkin packed his tool-chest. It gave her some trouble, for it came to her just as she had packed her summer dresses. At first she thought it would help to smooth the dresses, and placed it on top; but she was forced to take all out, and set it at the bottom. This was not so much matter, as she had not yet the right dresses to put in. Both Mrs. Peterkin and Elizabeth Eliza would need new dresses for this occasion. The little boys' hoops went in; so did their India-rubber boots, in case it should not rain when they started. They each had a hoe and shovel, and some baskets that were packed.

Mrs. Peterkin called in all the family on the evening of the second day, to see how she had succeeded. Everything was packed, even the little boys' kite lay smoothly on the top.

"I like to see a thing so nicely done," said Mr. Peterkin.

The next thing was to cord up the trunk, and Mr. Peterkin tried to move it. But neither he, nor Agamemnon, nor Solomon John could lift it alone, or all together.

Here was a serious difficulty. Solomon John tried to make light of it.

"Expressmen could lift it. Expressmen were used to such things."

"But we did not plan expressing it," said Mrs. Peterkin, in a discouraged tone.

"We can take a carriage," said Solomon John.

"I am afraid the trunk would not go on the back of a carriage," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"The hackman could not lift it, either," said Mr. Peterkin.

"People do travel with a great deal of baggage," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"And with very large trunks," said Agamemnon.

"Still they are trunks that can be moved," said Mr. Peterkin, giving another try at the trunk, in vain. "I am afraid we must give it up," he said; "it would be such a trouble in going from place to place."

"We would not mind if we got it to the place," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"But how to get it there?" Mr. Peterkin asked, with a sigh.

"This is our first obstacle," said Agamemnon; "we must do our best to conquer it."

"What is an obstacle?" asked the little boys.

"It is the trunk," said Solomon John.

"Suppose we look out the word in the diction-

Digitized by Google

ary," said Agamemnon, taking the large volume from the trunk. "Ah, here it is ——" And he read:

"OBSTACLE, *an impediment.*"

"That is a worse word than the other," said one of the little boys.

"But listen to this," and Agamemnon continued: "*Impediment* is something that entangles the feet; *obstacle*, something that stands in the way; *obstruction*, something that blocks up the passage; *hinderance*, something that holds back."

"The trunk is all these," said Mr. Peterkin, gloomily.

"It does not entangle the feet," said Solomon John, "for it can't move."

"I wish it could," said the little boys together.

Mrs. Peterkin spent a day or two in taking the things out of the trunk and putting them away.

"At least," she said, "this has given me some experience in packing."

And the little boys felt as if they had quite been a journey.

But the family did not give up their plan. It was suggested that they might take the things out of the trunk, and pack it at the station; the little boys could go and come with the things. But Elizabeth Eliza thought the place too public.

Gradually the old contents of the great trunk went back again to it.

At length, a friend unexpectedly offered to lend Mr. Peterkin a good-sized family trunk. But it was now late in the season, and so the journey was put off from that summer.

The trunk was then sent round to the house, and a family consultation was held about packing it. Many things would have to be left at home, it was so much smaller than the grandmother hair-trunk. But Agamemnon had been studying the atlas through the winter, and felt familiar with the more important places, so it would not be necessary to take it. And Mr. Peterkin decided to leave his turning-lathe at home, and his tool-chest.

Again Mrs. Peterkin spent two days in accommodating the things. With great care and discretion, and by borrowing two more leather bags, it could be accomplished. Everything of importance could be packed except the little boys' kite. What should they do about that?

The little boys proposed carrying it in their hands; but Solomon John and Elizabeth Eliza would not consent to this.

"I do think it is one of the cases where we might ask the advice of the lady from Philadelphia," said Mrs. Peterkin at last.

"She has come on here," said Agamemnon, "and we have not been to see her this summer."

"She may think we have been neglecting her," suggested Mr. Peterkin.

The little boys begged to be allowed to go and ask her opinion about the kite. They came back in high spirits.

"She says we might leave this one at home, and make a new kite when we get there," they cried.

"What a sensible idea!" exclaimed Mr. Peterkin; "and I may have leisure to help you."

"We 'll take plenty of newspapers," said Solomon John.

"And twine," said the little boys. And this matter was settled.

The question then was, "When should they go?"

OLD DUTCH TIMES IN NEW YORK.

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

THERE was once an English sailor, named Henry Hudson, who made some very daring voyages. The European nations were trying hard to find a short passage to India, either by passing north of Europe, or by finding some opening through the new continent of America. Henry Hudson had made two voyages for this purpose, in the employ of English companies. Twice he had sailed among the icebergs and through the terrible cold, as far as Spitzbergen; and twice he had turned back because he could get no farther. But he was still as resolute and adventurous as ever; always ready for something new; ready to brave the arctic cold or the tropic heat, if he could only find that passage to India, which so many had sought in vain. At last, on the fourth of April, 1609, the Dutch East India Company sent him out once more to seek a passage to India. The Dutch at that time were the great commercial nation of the world, and Amsterdam was the centre of the commerce of Europe. There was not a forest of ship-timber in Holland, but it owned more ships than all Europe beside.

Digitized by Google

Henry Hudson's vessel was named "The Half-Moon." He had a crew of twenty Englishmen and Dutchmen, and his own son was among them. First he sailed north, as he had done before, trying to reach Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla; but he found icebergs everywhere, and his men almost mutinied because of the cold. Then he resolved to sail farther westward; he passed near Greenland, then southward to Newfoundland, then to Cape Cod; then as far south as Virginia; then he turned northward again, observing the shore more closely, and found himself at the mouth of what seemed to him a broad strait or river. On the third of September, 1609, he anchored near Sandy Hook. There the Indians came out to trade with him, and after a few days he set sail again, and penetrated farther and farther, thinking that he had found the passage to India at last.

OLD PICTURE OF "NEW AMSTERDAM," NOW NEW YORK.

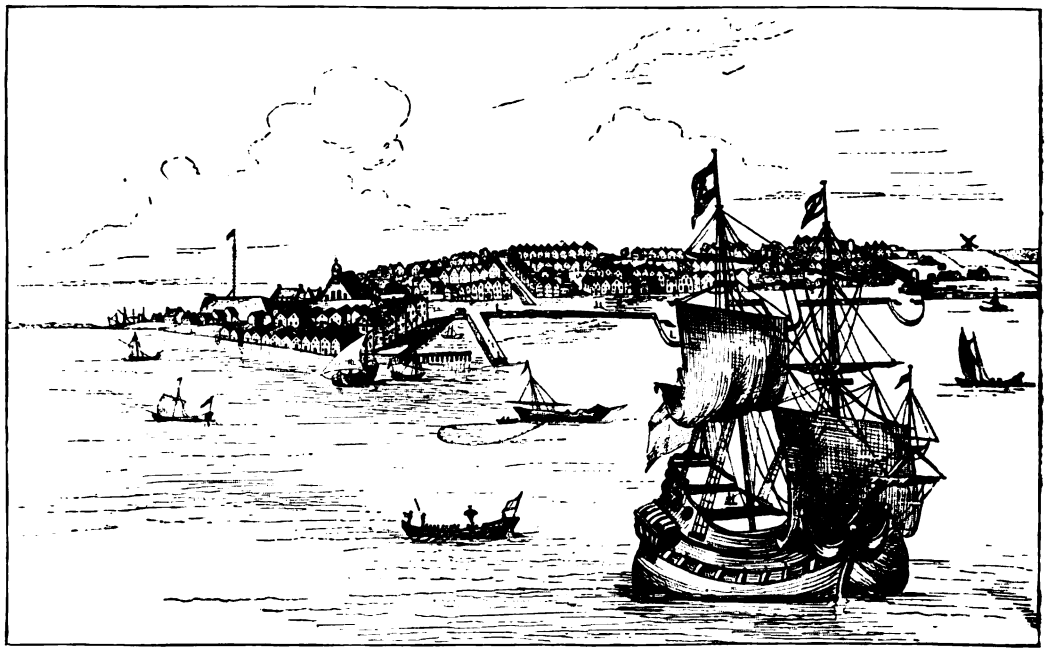
It must have been an exciting thing to sail with Henry Hudson up that noble river, where no white man had ever sailed before. He said in his narrative that the lands on both sides were "pleasant with grass and flowers and goodly trees." "It is as beautiful a land as one can tread upon," he declared, "and abounds in all kinds of excellent ship-timber." The Indians came out to meet him in canoes "made of single hollowed trees," but he would not let them come on board at first, because one of them had killed one of his sailors with an arrow. After awhile, the Dutchmen put more confidence in the Indians, and let them bring grapes and pumpkins and furs to the vessel. These were paid for by beads, knives and hatchets. At last the Indians invited the bold sea-captain to visit them on shore, and made him very welcome, and one of their chiefs "made an oration, and showed him all the country round about." Henry Hudson sailed up as far as where the town of Hudson now stands, and there, finding it too shallow for his vessel, sent a boat farther still,—as far as what is now Albany. Then he turned back, disappointed, and sailed out of the "great river," or "Groot Rivier," as he called it, and went back to Holland.

He never saw that beautiful river again. The Dutch East India Company did not care to explore it, since it did not lead to India; and Hudson, on his next voyage, went to the northern seas, hoping to find the passage to India that way. He entered the bay that now bears his name, and there his men mutinied, tied him, hand and foot, put him on board a boat with his son and a few companions among the floating ice, and set him adrift. Nothing more was ever heard of him. But to this day, some of the descendants of old Dutch families on the Hudson river tell legends of the daring navigator who first explored it, and when the thunder rolls away over the Highlands, they say, "There are Henry Hudson and his crew, playing ninepins among the hills."

In a few years, trading-posts began to be established on the Hudson river. King James I. of England had lately chartered two companies for the purpose of colonizing North America. One was to take the northern part of the Atlantic coast, and the other the southern half; but he required that their nearest settlements should be a hundred miles apart, so that there should be no quarreling between them. It did not occur to him that if he left this wide space open, some other nation might slip in between, and found colonies of their own, so that there might be quarreling after all. Yet this was just what happened. After Henry Hudson's discoveries, Holland laid claim to all the land along the "great river," and called the whole territory "New Netherlands;" and the Dutch began to come to that region and trade with the Indians. Then, in 1614, there came a bold sailor, named Adrian Block, the first European who ever sailed through Hurlgate, and as far as Block Island, which was named after him. He loaded his ship—the "Tiger"—with bear skins, at the mouth of the Hudson, and was just ready to sail, when his ship caught

Digitized by Google

fire, and he had to land on Manhattan Island, where New York city now stands. There his men spent the winter. They put up some log huts and a fort of logs; and before spring, they built a new vessel of sixteen tons, called the "Onrust," or "Unrest," a very good name for the restless navigators of those days. This was the first vessel built on this continent by Europeans. This settlement, which was called "New Amsterdam," was the foundation of what is now the great city of New York; and ten years after that, the whole of Manhattan Island was bought from the Indians for twenty-four pounds sterling.



NEW YORK IN 1673

Settlers at first came slowly to New Amsterdam; but the Dutch established several trading-posts, at different points, where they might buy the skins of beavers, bears and otters, which the Indians had trapped or shot. At first only poor immigrants came, but after awhile certain richer and more influential men were sent out, with special privileges from the Dutch East India Company. Each of these had authority to found a colony of fifty persons, and to own a tract of land sixteen miles in length, bordering on any stream whose shores were not yet occupied, and running back as far as he pleased into the interior. He was required to pay the Indians for their land, and to establish his colony within four years. He could exercise authority on his own "manor," as it was called, without regard to the colonial government. But he could not engage in the woolen or cotton manufacture, because that was a monopoly of the Dutch East India Company; and this company also agreed to supply the manors with negro slaves, whom they imported from Guinea. These great proprietors were called "Patroons."

This was a very different system from the simple way in which New England had been colonized, where all men were equal before the law, and each man had a voice in the government. The Dutch and English settlers did not agree very well, especially when both nations had begun to explore the Connecticut valley, and both wished to secure possession of it. The Englishmen thought that the Dutchmen had no business on the continent at all, and that they certainly had no claim to the Connecticut valley. On the other hand the Dutchmen said that they had ascended the Connecticut river first, and that their eastern boundary was the cape now called Cape Cod. Then the Englishmen charged the Dutchmen with exciting the Indians against them; and on the other hand the Dutchmen said that the English settlers were apt to get the better of them in making bargains. So the colony of New Netherlands got into more and more trouble with these active and sharp-witted neighbors; and, besides that, the Indians were very troublesome; and there was also a standing quarrel

Digitized by Google

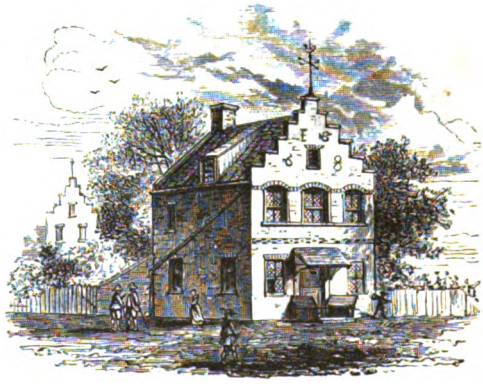
with the Swedish settlers in Delaware; so that, on the whole, the Dutchmen had not so peaceful a time as they might have desired.

If we could have visited a Puritan village in Massachusetts, during those early days, and then could have sailed in a trading vessel to New Amsterdam, we should have found ourselves in quite a different community from that we had left behind. The very look of the houses and streets would have seemed strange. To be sure, the very first settlers in both colonies had to build their cabins somewhat alike; with walls of earth or logs, and thatched roofs, and chimneys made of small sticks of wood, set crosswise and smeared with clay. But when they began to build more permanent houses, the difference was very plain. The houses in New Amsterdam were of wood, with gable-ends built of small black and yellow bricks, brought over from Holland. Each house had many doors and windows; and the date when it was built was often marked in iron letters on the front. The roof usually bore a weather-cock, and sometimes many. Within, the floors were covered with white sand, on which many neat figures were traced with a broom. The houses were kept very clean, inside and out; as clean as they still are in Holland, where you may see the neat housekeepers scrubbing their door-steps, even when the rain is pouring down upon their heads. The furniture in these houses was plain and solid; heavy claw-footed chairs, polished mahogany tables, and cupboards full of old silver and china. Clocks and watches were rare, and time was told by hour-glasses and sun-dials. They had great open fireplaces, set round with figured tiles of different colors and patterns, commonly representing Scriptural subjects,—the Ark, the Prodigal Son, and the Children of Israel passing the Red Sea. In the evening they burned pine-knots for light, or home-made tallow candles. Every house had two or more spinning-wheels; and a huge oaken chest held the household linen, all of which had been spun upon these wheels by the women of the family.

A DUTCH FARM-HOUSE, OR "BOWERIE."

Many of the citizens had also country-houses, called "boweries," with porches or "stoeps," on which the men could sit and smoke their pipes. For the Dutch colonists did not work so hard as those in New England; they moved about more slowly, and took more leisure, and amused themselves more, in a quiet way. They were not gay and light-hearted and fond of dancing, like the French settlers in Canada; but they liked plenty of good eating and drinking, and telling stories, and hearty laughter, and playing at "bowls" on a smooth grass plot. It was the Dutch who introduced various festivals that have been preserved ever since in America; such as "Santa Claus," or "St. Nicholas," at Christmas-time, colored eggs at Easter, and the practice of New-Year's visiting.

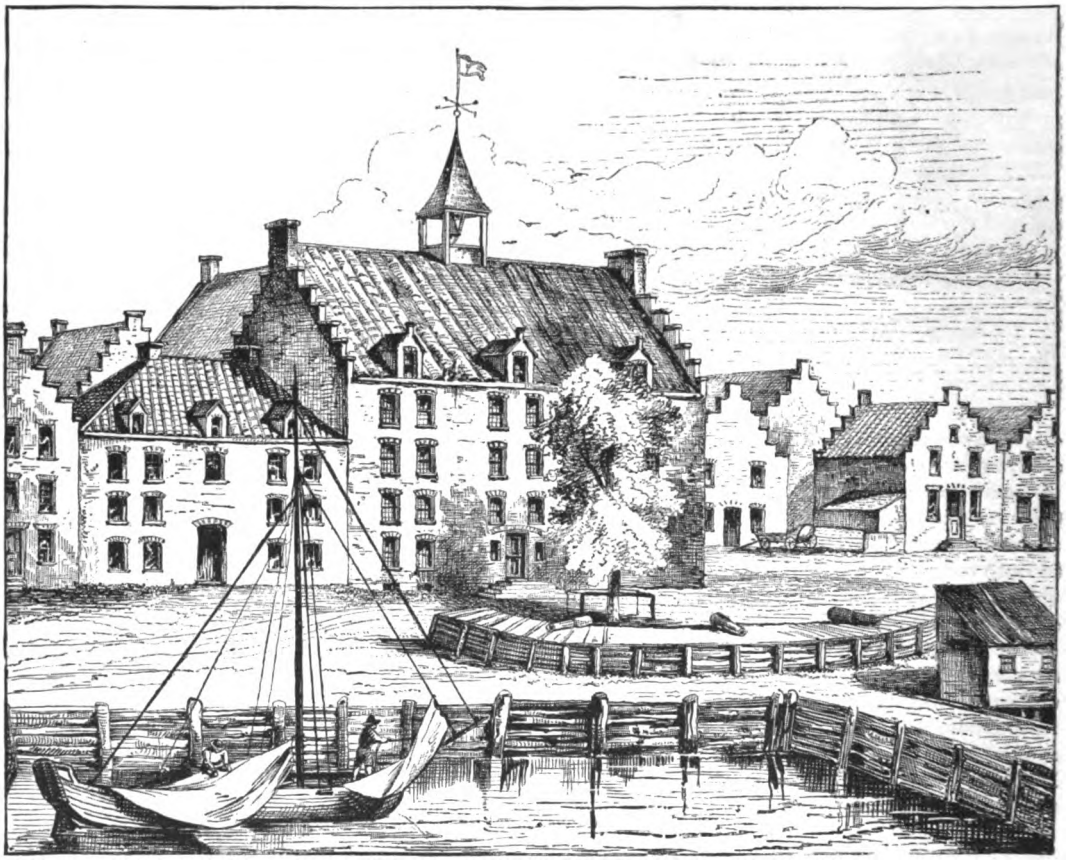
They kept very early hours, dining at eleven or twelve, and often going to bed at sunset. Yet an early Swedish traveler describes them as sitting on the "stoeps" before their houses, on moonlight evenings, and greeting the passers-by, who, in return, were "obliged to greet everybody," he says, "unless they would shock the general politeness



DWELLING-HOUSE IN NEW AMSTERDAM.

Digitized by Google

of the town." He also says that the Dutch people in Albany used to breakfast on tea, without milk, sweetened by holding a lump of sugar in the mouth; and that they dined on buttermilk and bread, "and if to that they added a piece of sugar, it was called delicious." But the Dutch housekeepers of New Amsterdam had a great reputation for cookery, and especially for a great variety of nice cakes, such as doughnuts, "olykoeks" and crullers.



THE NEW YORK "STADT HUYS," OR STATE HOUSE, IN 1679, CORNER PEARL STREET AND COENTIES SLIP.

The people of New Netherlands were not quite so fond of church-going as those who had settled Plymouth and Salem, but they were steady in the support of public worship, and had a great respect for their ministers, whom they called "Dominies." Sometimes the dominies had to receive their salaries in beaver-skins, or wampum, when money was scarce. The Dominie of Albany had one hundred and fifty beaver-skins a year. As for the dress of these early colonists, the women used to wear close white muslin caps, beneath which their hair was put back with pomatum; and they wore a great many short and gayly-colored petticoats, with blue, red, or green stockings of their own knitting, and high-heeled shoes. The men had broad-skirted coats of linsey-woolsey, with large buttons of brass or silver; they wore several pairs of knee-breeches, one over another, with long stockings, and with great buckles at the knees and on the shoes, and their hair was worn long and put up in an eelskin queue. As to their employments, the people of New Amsterdam used to trade with the West Indies and with Europe, exporting timber and staves, tar, tobacco, and furs. They used to build their own ships for this commerce, giving them high-sounding names, such as "Queen Esther," "King Solomon," and the "Angel Gabriel."

One of the Dutch governors, named William Kieft, used to be called "William the Testy," from his hot temper, and he kept the colony in a great deal of trouble, especially through his cruelty to the Indians, who injured the settlers very much in return. Governor Kieft was very much displeased at the colonies sent from Massachusetts into the Connecticut valley, for he wished to see that region

Digitized by Google

settled from New Amsterdam only. So he issued a proclamation against the New England men. But they, instead of paying the least attention to it, attacked the Dutch fort at Hartford, and drove the garrison away. They also took possession of the eastern part of Long Island; threw down the coat-of-arms of Holland, which had been set up there, and put a "fool's head" in its place. This failure, and the severity of Kieft's government, made him very unpopular; and the people were very glad when, in 1647, Governor Peter Stuyvesant was appointed in his stead.

Governor Stuyvesant was a brave and honest man, but was so obstinate that he was often called "Hardkoppig Piet," or "Headstrong Peter." Sometimes he was called "Old Silverleg," because he had lost a leg in war, and used to stump about on a wooden leg, ornamented with strips of silver. Under his government the colony was well defended, for a time, against Indians, Swedes and Englishmen. The trouble was that he was quite despotic, and was disposed to let the people have as little as possible to do with the government. They did not feel that they had as much freedom as those who lived in the other colonies, and they were not so ready to fight for their patroons and for the East India Company as were the English colonists to fight for their own homesteads. Then the English settlers increased very fast in wealth and numbers; and the Dutchmen rather envied them, even while quarreling with them. At last, in 1664, an English fleet, with many recruits from New England on board, appeared before New Amsterdam; and very soon the town was surrendered to the English by the general wish of the inhabitants, though quite against the will of "Headstrong Peter." He tore in pieces the letter from the English commodore requiring the surrender; but the people made him put it together again, and accept the terms offered. From that time forth, except for one short interval of time, the English held possession of New Netherlands.

The name of the colony was then changed to New York, in honor of the king's brother, the Duke of York, to whom King Charles II. gave the province. That part of New Netherlands south of the Hudson was, however, made into a separate province, under the name of New Jersey. The Duke of York allowed his province to hold an assembly, that the people might make their own laws; and, in 1683, they obtained a charter for themselves, much like those of the colonies farther east. When the duke became king, under the name of James II., he tried to take away this charter, but never succeeded. New York remained an English province, and lost some of its Dutch peculiarities; but some of these traits lingered for a good many years, and Dutch was long the prevailing language. There were still Dutch schools, where English was taught only as an accomplishment; but there was no college till King's College—now Columbia—was founded, in 1764. After the English had taken possession, a great many immigrants came to New York, though not so many as to Philadelphia; and these new-comers represented many different nations. But Holland itself had long been the abode of men from a great many nations, both because of its commercial prosperity and from its offering an asylum to those persecuted for their religion. So there had been an unusual variety of people in New Amsterdam from its first settlement; and it is said that eighteen languages were already spoken there when it was transferred to the English. Thus New York seemed marked out from the very beginning for a cosmopolitan city—for the home of people from all parts of the globe.

GRAVE OF PETER STUYVESANT, ST. MARK'S CHURCH, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

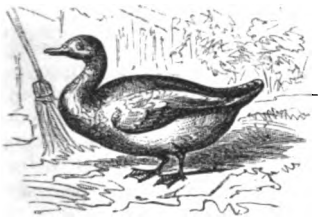
THE STORY OF THE LITTLE RED HEN.

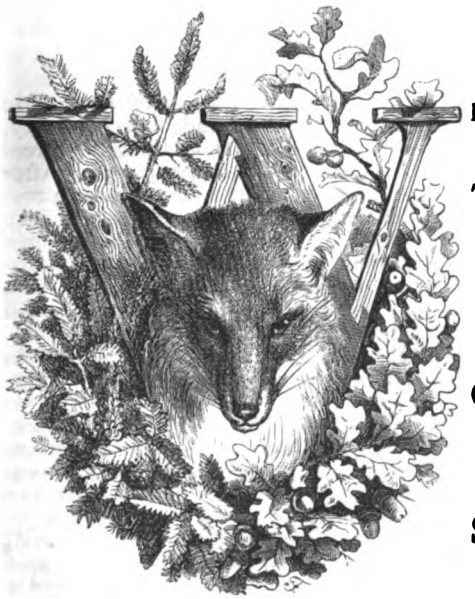
ABOUT twenty-five years ago my mother told me the story of the little red hen. She told it often to me at that time; but I have never heard it since. So I shall try to tell it to you now from memory:

There was once a little red hen. She was scratching near the barn one day, when she found a grain of wheat. She said, "Who will plant this wheat?" The rat said, "I wont;" the cat said, "I wont;" the dog said, "I wont;" the duck said, "I wont;" and the pig said, "I wont." The little red hen said, "I will, then." So she planted the grain of wheat. After the wheat grew up and was ripe, the little red hen said, "Who will reap this wheat?" The rat said, "I wont;" the cat said, "I wont;" the dog said, "I wont;" the duck said, "I wont;" and the pig said, "I wont." The little red hen said, "I will, then." So she reaped the wheat. Then she said, "Who will take this wheat to mill to be ground into flour?" The rat said, "I wont;" the cat said, "I wont;" the dog said, "I wont;" the duck said, "I wont:" and the pig said, "I wont." The little red hen said, "I will, then." So she took the wheat to mill. When she came back with the flour, she said, "Who will make this into bread?" The rat said, "I wont;" the cat said, "I wont;" the dog said, "I wont;" the duck said, "I wont;" and the pig said,

Digitized by Google

"I wont." The little red hen said, "I will, then." So she made it into bread. Then she said, "Who will bake this bread?" The rat said, "I wont;" the cat said, "I wont;" the dog said, "I wont;" the duck said, "I wont;" and the pig said, "I wont." The little red hen said, "I will, then." When the bread was baked, the little red hen said, "Who will EAT this bread?" The rat said, "I WILL;" the cat said, "I WILL;" the dog said, "I WILL;" the duck said, "I WILL;" and the pig said, "I WILL." The little red hen said, "No, you WONT, for I am going to do that myself." And she picked up the bread and ran off with it.





WHEN the moon is shining brightly,
And the dew is on the ground,
Then 's the time, you know, that nightly,
Cruel foxes are around.

Oh, but how the mischief thickens
When they prowl among the hens!
Sucking eggs and taking chickens
To their damp and dismal dens.

Digitized by Google

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

SOHO! Vacation is nearly over, is it? Well, well, I 'm sure you 'll all be very glad to be at school again, my dears. Meantime, just to keep you from pining for your studies, we 'll take a peep into This and That, and see what we can find.

First of all, what say you to

WAX WITHOUT BEES.

IMPOSSIBLE? Not at all. The birds tell me that I must n't think because the bees do all the buzzing, that therefore they make all the wax; nor that the noisiest bees are the most industrious, for that matter.

Very respectable wax may be obtained from certain trees and shrubs, without ever a bee poking his nose into the business at all. The birds have told me, so far, only about the wax-palm of South America, and the wax-shrub of Louisiana; but I remember how a little chap once brought a lump of greenish wax to my meadow, and told his playmates that it was bayberry-wax, and made from the berries of the bayberry-shrub.

Find out all you can about this matter, please.

JACK CATCHES SOMETHING.

YOU 'D be astonished, my dears, if you knew of the strange and beautiful treasures the wind brings me, besides music and perfume and dust and all the other things that he is known to be always carrying about with him. Yes, he 's constantly flinging gifts upon my pulpit. One day it 's a bright feather, or a bit of gay ribbon, or a shining thread of hair; another day it 's a piece of kite-tail, or a wisp of hay, or a newspaper scrap; and if it 's the last, I generally try to keep it by me till some of my young folk come along, when they are apt to spy it and read it out aloud. Here 's something that came by wind a day or two ago, along with a spray of red clover; and you should have heard Mitsy and Bob, from the red cottage, reading it. They 're in the Third Reader, judging by the ease with which they slid over the hardest words without bumping. And I tell you, the way they took it all in, word for word, was splendid. It seemed as if Jack could see their souls growing while they read. The fact is, some writing-folk have the very breeze and sunlight of truth in them, and when they let it out, it 's as if a human soul had given birth to an October morning. The man that wrote my verses is named George Macdonald, it appears. If any of you youngsters ever see him just tell him Jack-in-the-Pulpit sends his best respects.

Here they are, every word. Take them easily, my children. Don't rush through them. Imagine they 're a sort of double row of grand and fragrant lilies. Stop and breathe over each one. You youngest tots can hardly reach up to them. Never mind. They 're made for big boys and girls, but they 'll keep till you grow larger, my dears,—depend upon it.

BETTER THINGS.

Better the love of gentle heart, than beauty's favors proud;
Better the rose's living seed, than roses in a crowd.

Better to love in loneliness, than bask in love all day;
Better the fountain in the heart, than the fountain by the way.

Better be fed by mother's hand, than eat alone at will;
Better to trust in God, than say, "My goods my storehouse fill."

Better sit at a master's feet, than thrill a listening state;
Better suspect that thou art proud, than be sure that thou art great.

Better to walk in the realm unseen, than watch the hour's event;
Better the well done at the last, than the air with shoutings rent.

Better to have a quiet grief, than a hurrying delight;
Better the twilight of the dawn, than the noon-day burning bright.

Better a death when work is done, than earth's most favored birth;
Better a child in God's great house, than the king of all the earth.

NUT-LAMPS.

MY friend Blue-bird tells me, on the best authority, that in Otaheite the natives have a queer sort of candle. They take a stick or wooden skewer and cover it with the kernels of a certain oily nut, placed one above another. Then they light the end of the stick, and it burns slowly, like a wick, while the nut-kernels serve in place of sperm or tallow. Clever people, these Otaheiteans, all things considered.

Who knows the name of this nut?

PIC-NIC PUZZLES.

THE pretty little school-teacher, of whom I 've spoken before, came to the meadow the other day, with four other teachers and about three and three-quarter dozen children. It was a pic-nic. After awhile, they sat down on the shady knoll to rest and began to ask each other conundrums.

"Why can't the French speak their own language in Heaven?" asked the pretty teacher, suddenly, and in French.

As nobody could tell, they all said in English that they did n't know.

"Because," said the pretty teacher, still in French, "all their vowels are in *purgatoire*" (purgatory).

"Very good," said a lady teacher in blue spectacles (it 's a queer thing what odds it makes whether blue eyes or blue spectacles look at you. The blue spectacles were bluer and brighter and bigger than the pretty teacher's blue eyes, and yet the expression was entirely different), "very good, indeed," she said; "and now I have a proposition for you: In the first place, you 'll admit that if Moses had been the son of Pharaoh's daughter

Digitized by Google

he would have been the daughter of Pharaoh's son ——"

"I don't see that," laughed the blue-eyed teacher.

"No?" exclaimed the blue spectacles in wide surprise. "It is an indisputable fact, nevertheless."

Well, those teachers discussed and discussed, and argued and argued, and finally they laughed and said they "saw it." Do you?

"What 's the difference between an American Indian and a London lamp-post?" asked a gentleman teacher.

Everybody thought, and everybody gave it up.

"You can't tell me the difference between an American Indian and a London lamp-post?" asked the gentleman teacher again.

"No," said everybody.

"Then it's high time you could," said the gentleman teacher, sternly.

"Sold!" cried the pretty little teacher, as the pic-nic, with merry laughter, jumped up and began to run about the meadow again.

A TREE THAT KEEPS A STANDING ARMY.

HERE 'S a story that a bright little humming-bird told me the other day. As it started from somewhere in the tropics, it grew to be a pretty long account by the time it reached me here in New York State; but it is founded strictly upon fact:

"What makes you live in such a thorny tree?" said the humming-bird to one of her neighbors who always builds her nest on the bull's-horn thorn.

"It 's a capital place," said her friend. "The thorns keep the monkeys away from my babies, and the army drives off all the crawling pests that make housekeeping so troublesome to little birds in other trees."

"Army! What army?"

"Why, *our* army," said the little bird. "Don't you know that our tree keeps an army?"

You may be sure the humming-bird was surprised to hear that. *I* was. And if I did n't know her so well I should have suspected her of spinning travelers' yarns. But she 's honest; what she says can be depended on.

To make a long story short, I 'll tell you about that army-keeping tree. It's a thorn-tree, you must know, and as the thorns grow in pairs, curved out like bulls' horns, the tree gets its name from them. When the thorns are green they are soft, and filled with a sugary pulp, which is greatly liked by a kind of small black stinging ants, which are never found except on these trees, and the trees, it seems, cannot live without the ants, at least in that part of the world. The ants bite a small hole near the tip of one of each pair of thorns, then gradually eat out the interior of the two. The hollow shells make capital houses for their young ones, and never go without tenants.

How do the ants live after the houses are cleared of food? The tree attends to that. On the stem of each leaf is a honey-well, always full, where the ants can sip to their hearts' content. These wells supply them with drink. The leaves furnish the necessary solid food, in an abundance of small yellow fruits, like little golden pears. They do not ripen all at once, but one after another, so that the soldiers have a steady supply of ever-ripening fruit to eat, and are kept busy all the time running up and down the leaves to see how their crops come on. When an ant finds a pear ready for eating, he bites the stem, bends back the fruit, and, breaking it off, carries it in triumph to the nest.

It would be a cowardly ant that would not fight for a home like that, and these ants are no cowards. Just touch a limb so as to jar it, and the valiant little soldiers will swarm out from the thorns in great numbers, and attack the intruder with jaws and stings. Not a caterpillar, leaf-cutter, beetle, or any other enemy of the tree can touch one of its leaves without paying the penalty. Thus the tree thrives where it would otherwise be destroyed; and the ants find their reward in snug houses, with plenty to drink and to eat. The small birds, which hurt neither the ants nor the leaves, also find protection with them, and, let us hope, pay good rent in morning and evening songs.

Is n't that a profitable partnership?

PIANO-FORTE KEYS.

THE escaped canary, in telling about piano-fortes the other day, remarked that the black and white keys were made of ebony-trees and elephants' tusks; and just then something made him fly away.

No doubt he 'll make it all clear to me when he comes again, but just now I 'll admit a piano-forte seems to me a sort of Indian jungle. How my children make music out of it, I can't imagine.

A LIVE LANTERN.

YOU think, perhaps, that there is no such thing. Look at the little glow-worms and sparkling fire-flies. Does n't each one of them carry about with him a tiny lantern to light his path.

But that is not all.

In the West Indies, and some other hot countries, as I 've been told, there are distant relations of our glow-worms and fire-flies that carry much larger sparks. These insects give so much light that they are caught by the natives, and sometimes a dozen at a time are put into a gourd pierced with many holes, each too small for the insects to escape through. The opening by which they are put into the gourd is then stopped up, and the live lantern is ready to be carried about on dark nights, as you sometimes carry a glass one. A very convenient lantern the insects make, for the flame never burns anything, and never goes out.

By the way, I wonder whether the flame can be of the same sort with that that burns on the ocean? The flame with the long name—the phos-something that I told you about last month? I should n't wonder if it were so. Who will find out?

BLACK AND COLORED.

WHAT Jack wants to know is this: If black is n't a color, as Science says it is n't, why do some persons call black men colored men? And if colored men are not really black, why do some folk call colored men blacks?

Digitized by Google

THE LETTER BOX.

As the Postmaster is away from the office this month, on a vacation, the boys and girls who patronize the Letter Box must not be discouraged if some of their letters are not answered, and if they do not find in the department some things that they hoped to see. But everybody, even editorial postmasters, needs a little rest in the hot weather.

THE English version of "Le Singe Favori," our French story in the August number, will be published next month. All translations received before August 15th will be examined and credited.

We have no story for translation this month, as we do not want to give our young readers too much work to do during their holiday.

KATIE S. HOLMES AND HATTIE P. WOODRUFF.—You will find that "A Story to be Told," in the August number, will afford you the opportunity you want of writing a story upon a given subject.

MINNIE THOMAS wants to know "what books George Macdonald wrote, and which are the best?" He wrote a great many books, such as "Robert Falconer," "Wilfrid Cumbermede," "David Elginbrod," "Alec Forbes," "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood," &c. His "Gutta-Percha Willy," "Back of the North Wind," "The Princess and the Goblin," being books for young people, would perhaps please Minnie best, or she m'ght like "Phantastes" and some other of his works of fancy and imagination. The first part of "Robert Falconer" is a capital story of the life of a boy. Minnie asks some other questions that are not so easy to answer. She wants to know "why our winters are so much warmer and our summers so much cooler than they used to be," and what would be a good name for her little baby cousin. She wants a pretty name with a good meaning. Who can give her one? There are still some other questions from Minnie, which we may answer next month.

NIX.—We do not think your problem in "Alphabetical Arithmetic" is correctly worked out. "Ten" is not a "cipher." Can you not remodel it, so as to do away with this objection?

HERE is a letter from a boy who means business:

Oswego, June 28th, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If that "Young Boat-Builder" will please send you a plan for building a boat that he speaks of, will you please publish it? I was thinking about building a boat this coming vacation, which I am happy to say will begin at 12 M. July 1st, and have an extent of nine weeks; and as I shall want a boat several times during the vacation (at any rate, I always have), and cannot hire one sometimes, I think it would be better to have one of my own, for then I can have it when I want it, and when I do not want it to use, I can rent it to some of the "boys," and so it will be a source of profit as well as pleasure. S. E. WILSON.

In answer to this note, and one of a similar nature from George T. Hobbs, we will say that we hope to print, before long, an article that will tell boys how to build boats.

M. D. C.—In Milton's "Paradise Lost" you will find the story of Ithuriel and his spear. Satan, having gained admission into the Garden of Paradise, and concealed himself there, the angel Ithuriel was appointed to look for him. He found him, sitting like a toad, close by Eve, to whom he was telling all sorts of foolish and wicked stories. Ithuriel just touched the rascal with his spear, when up he started, "discovered and surprised." You can read all about it in Book IV of "Paradise Lost." The "Spear of Ithuriel" is used sometimes as a symbol of any means by which vice is discovered and pointed out.

CHARLES H.—You can contribute to the Agassiz Memorial Fund at any time. The fact of your school having closed on the 28th of June need make no difference.

OSCAR T. CROSBY.—Your Latin story is very good; but our arrangements in regard to articles in that language prevent us from accepting the contribution.

"LOGO" wants to know the name of the artist who made the illustrations to the poem "Four Years Old," in our July number. If he had looked in the table of contents, on the second cover-page, he would have seen that the artist was Addie Ledyard, who, by the way, is the only person in this country who could have drawn those dainty pictures.

G. F. WILLIS says:

In your July number, Laura A. F. says she can make 780 words out of the letters of the word "abstemiously," but I do not understand whether she repeats letters in a single word or not.

By repeating the letters as needed, I have succeeded in finding 285 words contained in it, and all commencing with the letter "B." I have used a few words out of use.

HETTY.—The story is very well written, but we think we have read it before.

EDWIN S. BELKNAP writes from San Francisco that he has been on a trip to Santa Cruz, and he says:

I have gathered a great many shells, which I am at a loss to know how to clean.

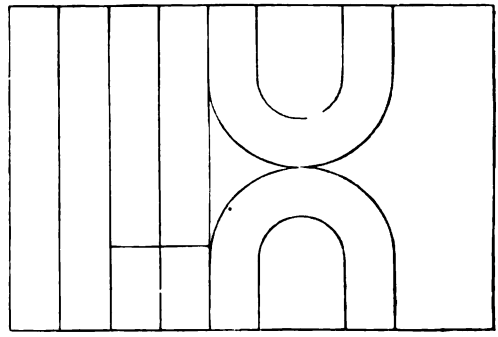
Perhaps some of the readers of the magazine live near the sea, and would be able to tell me how to clean them.

I have gathered a great many periwinkles, and know that by some process the black outside is removed and the pearly coat is seen.

Can any of you tell Edwin how to treat his shells?

X. Y. Z. sends the Letter Box the following new and ingenious puzzle, by aid of which our readers may not only pass a leisure half-hour pleasantly, but they may make a delightful and instructive toy for little brothers and sisters who are "learning their letters."

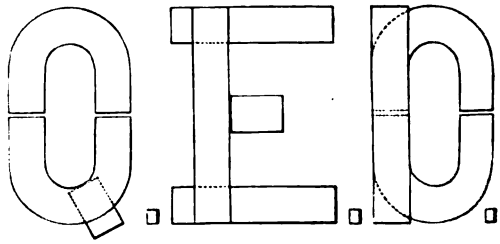
No 1.



Take thin pasteboard, or a visiting card, and cut it in pieces of the exact shape and size shown in diagram 1. With these pieces, you can form any letter of the alphabet from A to Z, and any of the numerals from 0 to 9.

No. 2 is an example, in which our young Latin scholars will find also a special meaning:

No. 2.



Digitized by Google

THE BIRD-DEFENDERS still send in their names. We shall have an enormous army before long. Here is a whole company to begin with:

Company A, First Kansas Regiment, Army Bird Defenders.—Mattie Brinner, Adonia Quin, Sue Cooper, Nellie Franklin, Mary Cardier, Alice Clarke, Mariam Waller, Jessie Earhart, Nora Nesbit, Dora Earhart, Ada Hahn, Minnie Benjamin, Eliza Procter, Ettie Earhart, Eliza Smith, Sadie McCune, Fannie Crook, Bertha Hahn, Mary Quin, May Landon, Anna Welsh, Katie Welsh, Minnie Nesbit, Jessie Floyd, Minnie Schletzbaum, Ida Hahn, Mary Grace, Katy Mulenax, Dora Wright, Eby Brenner, Julia Dale, Jennie Price, Ellie Earhart, Lucy Cooper, Willie Franklin, George Quin, Teddie Hadnall, Eddie Franklin, Isaiah Monhollon, George Waller, Hugh McCrum, Willie Ege, Truman Floyd, and George Crook.

Mr. John A. Sea, of Doniphan, Kansas, is the recruiting-sergeant for this company, and intends to enlist volunteers until the company is increased to a battalion.

And then we have all these: James S. Newton, Sarah W. Putnam, Robin Flanders and Mella Bueb, S. C. Merrill, Julian A. Hallock, Kittie Child, Bessie Child, Alice Child, Richard Aldrich, Edward B. Cushing, L. A. Freeman, Prissie Fergus, Samuel Fergus, Ida Swindler, Frankie Freeman, Woodie Freeman, George M. Reese, Stephen Penrose, Henry A. Hippler, Ethel Fox, Mary and Henry Babetta, Helen Wordsworth, Milly Fairfax, Willie W. Nisbet, Anna Frazier, May and Jacob Bockee, Anna Buckland, Annie Kettler, Alice Buckland, Mary Buckland, Thomas A. Buckland, Johnnie Buckland, Sadie Buckland, Lee McNichols, Willie Williams, Charlie Williams, Josie Williams, M. P. Norris, Eddy C. Wilstach, Lulu Paine, Sarah E. Brown, Nellie Paine, Maggie Graham, Eddie Wilson, David Plumb, W. H. Stratford, C. H. Salter, Frank D. Rapelye, Bruno Tuma, John L. Salter, Willie Graham, Fred A. Pratt and his little brother, Louise F. Olmstead, Kitty B. Whipple, Agnes P. Roberts, M. L. Cross, Minnie Fisher, Carrie Fisher, Alice and Fanny Eddy, S. P. Hutchinson, Bertie L. Colby, Harry M. Reynand, Nellie S. Colby, and W. V. A. Catron.

One boy in this list adds to his name the proviso that no wild ducks, pigeons, &c., are included. Such a proviso is not at all necessary. Mr. Haskins' resolutions refer to the "wanton destruction" of birds, and it is just as wrong to wantonly destroy wild ducks and pigeons as tomtits or sparrows. If you want birds to eat, that is another matter.

MARY E. B.—We cannot publish all of your verses about the Match Girl, dear nine-year-old. But as you and other little girls of your age may like to see one verse in print, we give it:

A basket on her arm she had;
  In it were bundles of matches.
No mittens on her hands she had;
  And on her dress were patches.
But pretty soon her hands were numb,
  As she had on no mittens;
And the flickering of the lamps
  Was jumping just like kittens.

HARRY D. wishes to know the origin and meaning of the term "foolscap paper." Who can enlighten him?

IN answer to Julia Bacon's challenge to make more than sixty-three words in common use out of the word "ecclesiastical," the following lists have been received: C. B., 125 words "in common use," and 109 not in common use, but all found in Webster's Dictionary; Ellen G. Hodges, 115, besides 17 proper names; Arthur J. Burdick, 107; Mary S. Hood, 103; Mary Trumbull, 100, besides 18 proper names; Mary Faulkner, 100, besides 12 proper and 8 geographical names; A. L. A——y, 100; Hattie E. Crane, 99, besides 9 proper names; W. H. Danforth, 90; Robert Patterson Robins, 86, besides 4 proper names; Anna Frazier, 86; A. R. W., 86; Minnie E. Stewart, 83; Minnie H. Brow, 81; Willie W. Nisbet, 80; C. T. Howard, 77; Jennie Miller, 74; "Nanna Fife," 74; M. L. Cross, 73; Astley Atkins, 71, and Richard Aldrich, 67. Laura A. Freeman says that she found 100 words, and Minnie Gay claims 81, but neither sends a list of the words.

ARTHUR J. BURDICK also sends a list of 340 words, which he has formed from the letters of the word "metropolitan," of which Ellen G. Hodges made 180.

ALDEBARAN.—We fear your proposed puzzle would be too difficult for our young folks; but as your explanation of diamond puzzles is just what is needed by many readers, we print it entire with much pleasure:

DIAMOND PUZZLES.

As all puzzlers are aware, diamond puzzles consist in a certain number of letters placed in such a position as to form a number of words, whose area is in the form of a diamond. There are three distinct forms of the "diamond" which are now recognized by puzzlers. The first, or original diamond, consists of a number of words which read horizontally across a perpendicular word, which is called the base of the diamond. In this case, the words only read across; and for the middle horizontal word, the perpendicular is repeated,—thus:

```
        D                       D
        A                     HAT
        N                   CONIC
        D                 SANDALS
DANDELION             DANDELION
        L                 POPLARS
        I                   CHICK
        O                     HOP
        N                       N
```

In the second kind, we see a decided improvement, and the credit of the change is due to a well-known head-worker who writes over the name of "Ernestus." In this case, the words all read down and across, as follows. I give the diamond which he used, and it is, I believe, the first of its kind:

```
      R
    BET
  BEGIN
REGU'LAR
  TILLY
    NAY
      R
```

The third and latest style of diamond has two sets of words. The perpendicular differs from the centre horizontal cross-words, and the other words correspond with the same rule—thus:

```
      R
    AID
  ALGOL
    LET
      L
```

This last diamond is based on two stars,—"Algol" and "Rigel;" and this kind is now considered to be not only the star among diamond puzzles, but also the star of all other puzzles of whatever name or nature. There is one general remark which applies to all of these styles, and it is this,—the larger the diamond, the more difficult it is to make and to solve.

I will place the three kinds side by side, and all of them made on the same base. All of these, as well as the last one given above, are original:

First kind. Simple Diamond.	Second kind. Diamond.	Third kind. Double Diamond.
R	R	R
SET	HER	RED
SAGES	HAGUE	HAGAR
REGULAR	REGULAR	SECURED
SALES	RULER	RELET
SAT	EAR	SAD
R	R	R

I have still one other kind to offer to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, one which I never have seen before. It is No. 2 reversed. All the words can be reversed. I have not yet succeeded in making a reversible No. 3, so we shall be obliged to call the following a reversible diamond:

```
   R                          L
 BEN                        TEN
REVEL   which is equivalent to  LEVER
 NET                        NEB
   L                          R
```

When any one shall succeed in making a double-diamond which is reversible, and whose perpendicular is a word of seven letters, such a person, in my opinion, will have reached the highest pinnacle of puzzling.

ALDEBARAN.

IT will not do to print only such difficult problems as those sent us by "Charl" and "Aldebaran," and so we give below a little puzzle from a little boy:

DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would send you a little puzzle, although I am a little boy ten years old. It is a large and important city in the United States. Its letters are mixed up. This puzzle is my first attempt. Good bye.—From J. T. W., JR.

This is the puzzle: GHWNISNOAT.

Digitized by Google

KITTY B. WHIPPLE.—ST. NICHOLAS is always glad to welcome good, original contributions to the Riddle Box.

Austin, Tex., April 25, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As you have been so kind as to print my former question, I again write to you. I send you a puzzle this time. It is: The distance between the stations A and B is 40 miles. When and where will the passenger train from the station A, starting at 7 o'clock (in the morning), running one mile in fifteen minutes, meet with the other train from the station B, which started at 8.40 (in the morning), running one mile in ten minutes?

On the cover of my last number of ST. NICHOLAS, I read that all the girls and boys who send new subscribers this year are going to be on the list of the Roll of Honor, as the founders of the magazine. Now, I have a good many friends, and think I will get them all to subscribe, for I want the ST. NICHOLAS to come regularly for many, many years yet.—Yours truly, HENRY STEUSSI, JR.

Who can send a correct answer to the above problem? We shall print Henry's answer next month.

TRANSLATIONS OF "SANCTI PETRI ÆDES SACRA," by the following, were received too late for acknowledgment, with others, in the August number: Donald C. McLaren, Julia Dean Hunter, Joseph Stokes, Nellie A. Metcalf, Harry Estill, "Latinæ Amator," James Sweeny.

HELEN WORDSWORTH AND MILLY FAIRFAX.—Communications concerning back numbers of *Our Young Folks* should be addressed to Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, Mass.

LEILA, OF VIRGINIA.—See a funny game, for sale everywhere, called Hocus-Pocus. Also, the Protean Cards, or Box of a Hundred Games, published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of Philadelphia.

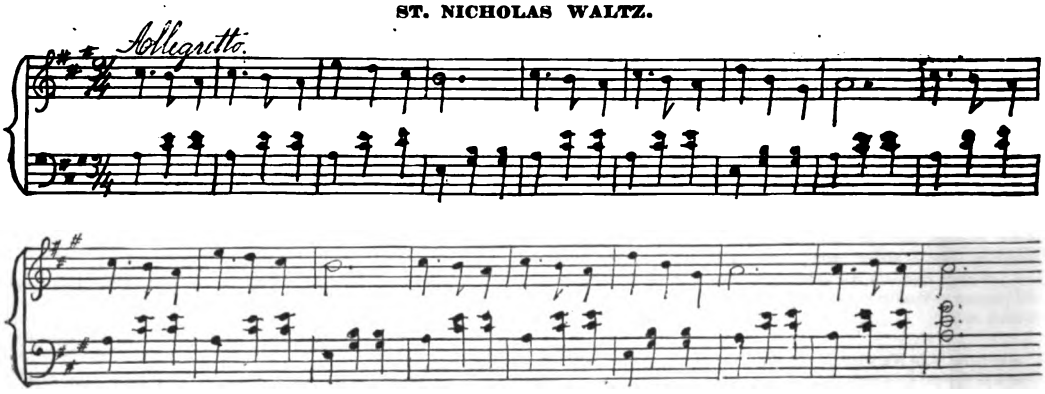
SIRS: Will you, at the end of this year, bind the twelve numbers of the ST. NICHOLAS, if they are sent with money for binding?

"LAMBERT."

Yes. Terms will be announced hereafter.

SUSIE AND CHARLETON.—In the July number of ST. NICHOLAS, we published the names of some very simple and pleasing pieces of music for the piano, designed for beginners like yourselves. But here comes an original little "ST. NICHOLAS WALTZ," by Mary A. Leland, a little girl eleven years of age,—just one year older than you are, Susie; and believing that you and other beginners will take special interest in seeing the little girl's composition, we print a *fac-simile* of a portion of her manuscript:

ST. NICHOLAS WALTZ.



THE RIDDLE BOX.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

THE central letters form a town of France: 1. An uninhabited island of the Malay Archipelago. 2. A city of Pennsylvania. 3. A town of Spain. 4. A town of Brazil. 5. A river of England. 6. A consonant. 7. A market town of Spain. 8. A river of Naples. 9. A market town of England. 10. A town of Lombardy. 11. A town of British India. ALDEBARAN.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty letters. My 14, 6, 8, 5, 18 is a surgical instrument; my 17, 19, 9, 5 is an animal; my 20, 7, 4 is an adverb; my 11, 1, 10, 14 is an insect; my 16, 8, 4, 14, 13, 6 is a well-known poet; my 15, 16, 8, 6, 2 is to despise; my 14, 3, 12, 6 is a nobleman. My whole is a proverb. S. M. G.

HIDDEN WORD.

BE not in despair, Ella, but seek a bee. Oh! forever and aye! to find one like those that are in the cabinet of the professor who lived on the Dee.

The hidden letters spell a well-known article of school furniture. L. G.

CHARADE.

MY first is part of your face; my second you feel when you are cold; my third is a letter; and my whole is an animal. NIP.

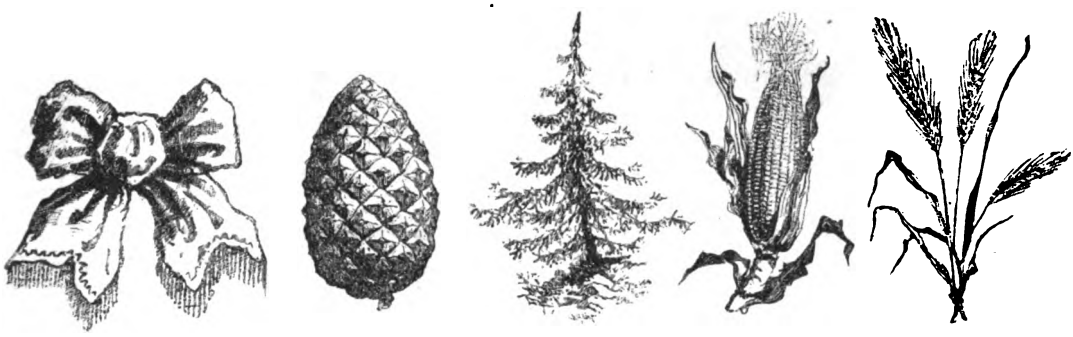
DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A boy's nickname. 3. To restore. 4. In order. 5. A puzzle. 6. A hag. 7. Supplies heat. 8. To repent. 9. A consonant.

FAN-FAN.

Digitized by Google

PICTURESQUE ENIGMA.



7, 8, 5. 1, 9, 10, 5. 4, 8, 12. 6, 2, 12, 3. 12, 13, 11.

THIS is a novel enigma, but can be easily understood. It should be read: "My 7, 8, 5 is"——(what the picture above the figures represents)——and so forth. The enigma is composed of thirteen letters, and the whole is something good to eat.

PUZZLE.

SIX young ladies who attended the same school were each known by a name that spelt backwards and forwards the same. Near by was a boys' school, where were three lads known by names which spelt the same either way. On Saturdays, at the time of day spelt both ways alike, the boys and girls were allowed to play together; and the mistress, whose title is spelt either way the same, often joined in their sports. Sometimes one of the girls would call a little boy by a familiar term, spelt the same either way, and he in turn would address her by another, which was spelt the same either way. One young lady, of a somewhat devout tendency, said she should like to be a woman spelt the same either way, but her companion said she held a different opinion, spelt the same either way. One of the boys had a little animal spelled both ways alike, which he called by a name spelt the same either way. Another boy had a large Newfoundland dog, which was such a giant that he called him by a name spelt backwards and forwards the same. One day, one of the young ladies was copying something, spelt the same either way, and another was taking her music-lesson; the latter mistook something that is spelled the same either way, when her teacher uttered an exclamation, spelt both ways alike, and said he was afraid that something she was using, spelt the same either way, was out of order, although he had seen her using it the other day when sewing on some cloth, spelt backwards and forwards the same. Just then a young gentleman, whose father held an office spelt the same either way, called to say he should like to take her out riding in a vehicle spelled the same either way. Being a little timid, she was inclined to refuse, but he expostulated with her, using a word that is spelt the same either way, assuring her that the horse was gentle, and the roads spelt the same either way.

"So take off that thing, which is spelled both ways the same," said he, "and come along."

Her cheeks had been flushed, but now they spelt both ways alike. They took their ride, and on the way saw a little boy trying to do something, which is spelt the same either way, with a new toy, and another lad trying to feed a chicken, sick with an infirmity that is spelt the same either way, with some food, spelt either way alike, while a party whom he addressed by a name that is spelt either way the same, stood looking on. A. S.

SEXTUPLE SQUARE WORD.

1. THROUGH passing centuries about me clings
   The wealth which rich association brings.

2. An overcoat I might be called in jest,
   Though under me was never worn a vest;
   Part of a flower, part of the human frame,
   And a fair open leaf, all own my name.

3. Against my third, our nation, as you know,
   Rebelled about a hundred years ago.

4. My fourth in many a shady spot is found,
   To gladden by its beauty all the ground;
   And when you see it after summer storms,
   One-seventh of something beautiful it forms.

5. My fifth you do when, writing to a friend,
   You 've brought your long epistle to an end.

6. My sixth I so despise, and all about it,
   I wish that I might square my word without it;
   Heads that hold fewest solid thoughts may use it,
   Let wiser ones persistently refuse it. J. P. B.

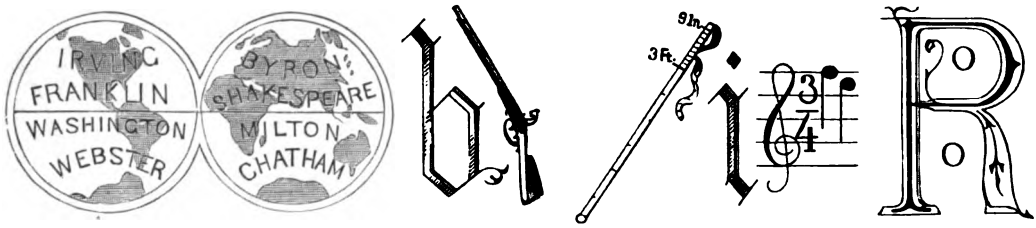
ILLUSTRATED PROVERB.

BLANK SQUARE.

FILL the blanks with words forming a square: There is not a —— of truth in this —— which says that the —— was bought for ——. NIP.

Digitized by Google

REBUS.



PATCHWORK.

FOUR very little things it takes
  To make the sweetest thing on earth;
Without it, wealth and station are
  Of very little use or worth.

I 'll tell you where to get the parts,
  But you must put them in their place;
A pleasant task 't will surely be
  To add to beauty so much grace.

One little sprig of heliotrope,
  One blushing rose, one violet;
From each of these one portion take,
  And then one part of mignonette. A. S.

A PERFECT FIGURE-SQUARE.

THE square is composed of sixty-four figures, and the sum of each horizontal and perpendicular line, and also the sum of each diagonal of this square, amounts to forty-eight. Each perpendicular column of figures must be composed of the same figures which are found in its corresponding lateral column, in order to form the perfect square. What are the figures, arranged in their proper order? ALDEBARAN.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

THE two central letters, read downward, will give two of our feathered favorites: 1. Creeping. 2. To ravage. 3. Secretly. 4. Grateful. TYPO.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.—Metempsychosis.

CHARADE.—Arkwright.

GEOGRAPHICAL DECAPITATIONS.—1. B-ass. 2. M-organ. 3. F-ear. 4. B-arrow. 5. P-earl. 6. B-lack. 7. B-road. 8. D-over. 9. F-lint.

TWISTED TREES.—1. Maple ample. 2. Her cry—cherry. 3. Pines—spine. 4. Ash—has. 5. Rosy came—sycamore. 6. Peach—cheap. 7. Go near—orange.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

```
          C
        P O T
      B O N A R
    P O R T I O N
  C O N T I N U E D
    T A I N T E D
      R O U E N
        N E D
          D
```

HIDDEN CITIES.—1. Yeddo. 2. Rome. 3. Athens. 4. Berne. 5. Pekin. 6. London. 7. Lima. 8. Leeds. 9. Hartford. 10. Mobile. 11. Toledo. 12. Lowell.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Napoleon, St. Helena.

```
N—arcissu—S
A—prico—T
P—orc—H
O—riol—E
L—aure—L
E—pisod—E
O—rio—N
N—atk—A
```

ENIGMA.—Evergreen.

REBUS, No. 1.—Gold-fish.

```
G  —ul—  F
O  —     I
L—ooking-glas—S
D  —is—  H
```

A BACKWARD STORY.—A beautiful girl had a wen close to the very top part of her head. "But," she said, "it does not mar it much—at least not when I don my net." When she saw her mother and lover draw near, she was glad the net was a good fit; besides, as the gas was not lit, the room was dim. Once, being startled out of a nap by thunder, she bumped the wen; but she went where there was a flow of cold water, and held it under. "Spirt, water!" said she, faint as a wounded deer; and then she went for Ned. Ned was a negro doctor. He put on tar, which was meet; but her ma was mad because it was not part water. However, it cured her, and now she may wear her net or not as she pleases.

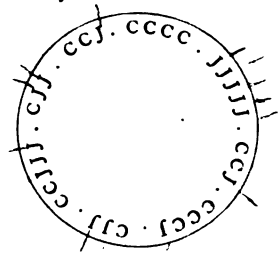
A BIRD ENIGMA.—Mocking-bird.—1. Macaw. 2 Oriole. 3. Canary. 4. Kite. 5. Indigo. 6 Nightingale. 7. Goldfinch. 8. Blue-bird. 9. Ibis. 10. Robin. 11. Dove.

PICTURE QUOTATION.—"Hence, horrible shadow! unreal mockery, hence!"—*Macbeth*, act 3, scene 4.

REBUS, No. 2.—"Man wants but little here below,
  Nor wants that little long."

RHYMING DECAPITATION.—1. Growing, rowing, owing, wing. 2. Trifling, rifling, I fling, fling.

PUZZLE.—Begin with the C at the top of the circle, and moving to the right, count off every ninth one.



SYNCOPATIONS.—1. Lance, lane. 2. Stale, sale. 3. House, hose. 4. Cannon, canon. 5. Atlas, alas.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Liverpool.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY NUMBER have been received from Eddie H. Eckel, "Busy Bee," M. T. R., "Typo," Ellen G. Hodges, Henry C. Hart, Emma H. Massman, Charles B. Penrose, Ella C., Arthur H. Clarke, Charles T. Howe, Willie Crocker, Neddie A. George, Mattie T., Arthur T. Randall, M. H. Rochester, May Trumbull, E. Reumont, "Lulu," Rebecca Yates, Lizzie C. Brown, Gertie Bradley, "Brown, Jones and Robinson," Julia Dean Hunter, Maude Marcy, Helen Hayes, "Carrie," Nellie S. Colby, Eddie Henry Taylor, W. F. Bridge, Jr., Louise F. Olmstead, Sophie Winslow, and A. G. Cameron.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

MUTUAL TERROR

[From Gustave Doré.]

Digitized by Google

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. I. OCTOBER, 1874. NO. 12.

CHIP

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

CHIP led a very quiet life until the occurrence of the remarkable adventures which have made him famous. He was the third son of a Sand-Martin—one of that ancient family of Sand-Martins which has lived for generations in a hill overlooking the river Dee, in Cheshire. (An English family, of course.) Chip lived in a castle. Common birds build their houses of hay, or grass, or mud, and hang them on trees, of which they have but one year's lease. But the Sand-Martins all are of Norman blood, and dwell in castles hollowed out of the solid rock. The inside of Chip's family castle was quite half-a-foot wide, lined with soft material; and you entered it by a round, sloping hall, two feet long, tunneled out of the yellow sandstone. Chip and his brothers were told by their mother every day that there was nothing finer in the world than this approach; and when they stood in the door of it, and looked down at their possessions,—at the face of the rock, hung with weeds and moss, and the estuary below, sparkling in the sun, and the vast grey sea beyond that,—they felt like princes, indeed. They would have liked to fly about and travel over their kingdom, as princes ought to do, but were unable to do so on account of various robber bands of kestrels and sparrow-hawks that infested the country.

"Next year," their father said, "when we return from the South, you will be large enough to take care of yourselves."

Their father was late that fall in taking them to the South. (He had a summer estate in Algeria.) He was old and of a philosophic disposition; the young birds might peck and cackle as they chose, there he sat, day after day, calmly squatted at the door of his castle, his beak buried in his white, barred breast, his eyes blinking in the sun.

"Don't disturb him, children," said their mother. "Old people's thoughts are too high and far-reaching for little folks to understand." Then she remarked to him that "the snails were unusually tough in Cheshire this year," offering him one.

"Pah!" He hopped away disgusted. "Is this the best you can do? Why, when I think of the fine fat slugs creeping about our summer garden—ah-h!" winking with delight. "We 'll start to-morrow."

Now, there were no trunks to pack, no tickets to buy, nothing to do but to dip their wings in the river next morning and be off to Algeria.

But Chip was never to see Algeria.

That night he went out of the castle to look at their possessions by moonlight. It was disobeying his mother to go out of the castle by night. We have all often heard what instantly happens to boys or birds who disobey their mothers. A hawk swooped down out of a cloud and struck poor Chip in the back of the neck. He fell through the air, then into the water. When he came up, the hawk was gone. Chip fluttered up to shore. He was wounded and drenched; the salt water was in his eyes and throat; he could not utter a croak. He lay on the sand until daybreak. Then he saw his father and brothers, and his dear, fat, pudgy mother, flying wildly about, calling, in search of him. They flew within a yard of him; but he could not give one single chirp so that they might hear. All that day they searched, and then, colder and more feeble than before, he heard them talking together. They were quite sure that he was

Digitized by Google

drowned in the Dee; there was nothing left for them to do but to go and leave him, dead, behind. Chip could hardly bear to look at his mother when he heard this. His father looked as if he had grown into a grey old bird with the grief of that day, and even his two brothers sat dumb and had forgotten to squabble or to eat. But they would forget him presently, and chirp and flutter about again.

But he knew that his mother would never forget.

Late in the day, they all slowly rose from the tree where they were perched, and circling solemnly once or twice about their old home, in sign of farewell, they flew in a straight line—four dark, swift, steady figures—direct to the South.

They were gone. Not one of them would be there to see him die. He was sure that he was dying now; his wings and little breast were cold beneath the feathers. As his eyes rested on the cloud where he had seen them disappear, a small black mote came into the threatening grey sky. It crossed the heavy thunder-cloud—came closer, fluttered uncertainly over him. It was his mother. She had come back to look once more for him. He lifted his wing and tried to call, "Mother! mother!" But he made no sound. She hung a minute, poised motionless against the leaden heaven. Chip shut his eyes. It seemed to him as if he were asleep, warm in her downy breast again. When he opened them, there was only the great grey sky meeting the grey sea. She was gone!

"Hoy, hoy! What is this?" cried a voice just above him.

It was a loud, hearty voice. A little girl picked him up and held him to her face. It was a hearty face, with honest blue eyes. And her hand was as warm and firm as his mother's breast.

"'Most dead! Tut, tut!"

She held him tight and ran with him. The next minute she plumped him down on a clean table in the middle of a warm kitchen.

"It 's a martin—'most dead—fallen out of his hole! I found him just outside of my onion-patch. So he 's mine!"

"Very well, Jane," said her mother.

She began vigorously to tie up his broken leg with rags, and to feed him with egg and crumb.

Chip stood up on his well leg and looked about him, with one eye shut and his head cocked to one side. The kitchen was bright and warm; Jane's red-cheeked mother kneading the bread was a comfortable sight to see; eggs and crumb were better than worms. But to call his kingdom an onion-patch, and his castle a hole! What did she mean by that—hey? He swaggered up to her fiercely.

"Poor little mite!" said Jane. "Its mother must have worried for it sorely to-day!"

She stroked him with her thick fingers. Chip hid his head under his wing at hearing his mother's name, and kept it there all day.

But, in a week, Chip never left Jane's side. Did others offer even to give him food, they were very sure to be pecked at by the bird and snubbed by the girl. She was a hot-tempered, affectionate little body; but apt to hold a tight grip on all her belongings. What was Jane's, was Jane's; and, in her opinion, nothing could match it in the world.

It was about this time that Jane's father took her into Chester. Although the town was only a dozen miles away, she never had been there; to tell the truth, she never had been a mile away from the farm-house and barn. No wonder she thought they were really the world, and all that lay outside was but an unpleasant sort of dream. When her father was out foddering the cattle that evening, she talked very fast, telling her mother all about her adventures; while Chip, perched on the ledge of the window where the sun still shone, listened without a chirp. Jane, while her father was leaving his potatoes at different shops, had had plenty of time to look about her; but nothing had pleased or amused her,—not even the cathedral nor the great wall about the town, nor the busy streets.

"It was all nothing but stones, stones. It seemed to me like a big jail," said she.

Her father came in just then.

"Jane was hard put to 't to get her breath," he said, laughing. "She made an acquaintance while the cart stood in front of Osper's shop that took the spirit out o' her, I think."

"Who was that, child?" cried her mother, anxiously. "I warned ye not to speak nor be spoken to."

"'T was but a child like herself," said the farmer, seeing that Jane could say nothing. "She seemed to have no name but Chriss. One of that ragged crew that hang around the gin and grocer shops. When I saw her speakin' to our Jane, I drove her away. She was a bad un, my girl."

"Yes, that I 'm sure of," interjected her mother, putting down a dish of smoking stew; for the farmer would have meat on his table once a day. He held a life-lease on his bit of land; no need for him to live on dry bread, with a bit of lard to grease it on a Sunday, as did many of the farm-laborers he knew.

Jane went to her place at the table in silence. Very likely her new friend was "a bad un," but there was a dreadful hungry look in her face, that showed she never sat down to a supper like this—never tasted stew. Hungry as Jane was, this was the first idea that came to her. There were other things of which the girl could have known nothing;

Digitized by Google

and Jane looked out quickly at the sun shining on the barn and quiet stubble-fields; the marshes beyond, and the tide rushing into the grey evening with a flash and sparkle on its farthest breakers.

JANE AND CHRISS.

"When she has nothing but stones about her, and grocer and gin shops, how can she help but be a bad un?" she thought.

But she said nothing. She always kept her mind to herself. Jolting home in the cart, she had planned to go back with her father next week, and carry vegetables, a chicken, one of Dame Trot's kittens, a big geranium, sea-shells—anything which would give to the girl a hint of the world outside of her jail. But these things were her mother's. "I've nothing of my own—nothing at all," she said to herself all the time of supper. She could not keep the hot tears out of her eyes. She had so wanted to give the girl pleasure!

"What have I of my own to give away," she said again, as the bird hopped on her shoulder and laid its bill against her cheek, "except Chip?"

"Chip!" She shook her head vehemently, and caught him in both her hands, hugging him closely.

* * * * * * *

But Jane went with her father the next week, and she carried Chip under her cloak. It was snowing lightly. He was not cold at all; but she stroked and held him tight to her warm stuff jacket, under which the little heart ached and throbbed as though somebody were dead. When they reached the gate in the great wall leading to the wretched quarter where Chriss lived, Jane saw a filthy petticoat and a black, uncombed head of hair at the door of Osper's shop, which she recognized. She put her hand on the reins, her chubby face pale and scared, but obstinate.

"Father, I brought Chip to give to that girl yonder. He's my own, father."

"Oh–o!" eyeing her keenly. "Whatever ud you do that for, Jane? The girl's nothing to you."

"I thought I'd bring her something from home. She's never seen the hills nor the Dee, nor anything."

"Tut, tut! Can the martin tell her about them? But, there now! don't cry. Run and give her the bird, if you have a mind to do it. Here is Osper; I'll talk to him a bit."

Jane ran to the gate. Inside, a heavy, black cloud of smoke rolled over the low, gabled buildings. One or two dirty workmen were passing with loads on their shoulders. Chriss stopped and looked at her attentively, but did not smile.

"I brought him for you," cried Jane, urging the bird into her hands. "It's the only thing that is all mine. You'll be good to him, wont you?"

"To give to *me?*" bewildered.

"Yes, yes. His name is Chip. He'll hop on your shoulder when you call him. Oh, dear! Poor Chip!" her eyes full of tears, and putting

Digitized by Google

out her fingers for a final stroke. "But you 'll be good to him, I know."

"Birds," said Chriss, "sell for money in town. I 'm not to sell this one?"

"No, indeed, you 're not," angrily.

"Nor pawn him?"

"Pawn?" said Jane, puzzled. "If you do anything with him, I 'll come straight back and take him home."

Chriss laughed. "That 's right. I 'll tell Bob that, and then I can keep him." She ran off without a word of thanks. But Jane was satisfied.

"*I* don't believe she ever laughed before in her life," she said, as she hurried back to the cart.

* * * * * * *

The garret into which Chip was taken was low and dark, and smelled of rotting rags. Here was a downfall from a castle, or even Jane's snug kitchen! He perched himself on the ledge of the window opening on the roof. A pale, lean young man stood in the door as they entered. This was Chrissy's brother Bob. A stoutly-built man shoved a box into the room, with a nod.

"There, Robert! There are your keys to riches and—America!" he said. "You 've got until tomorrow night to make up your mind."

When he was gone, Bob put the box under the bed, and sat down near it, his face in his hands, to think. His thoughts were so black and hard that one would suppose he would wish to rid himself of them as soon as he could. He was thinking how he came into this walled town down from the Welsh mountains just two years ago, and had grown poorer in body and purse, and in soul too, every day. It was starvation now that lay before him, or —— He glanced darkly at the box.

What could he do? He had broken down in the lead-works—had been ill for months. Work was not to be had. If he had a few pounds to begin business for himself and Chrissy! The keys in that box would give him thousands. Then a sudden picture of a broken iron safe, full of gold and bills, rose before him; and beside it, an old man lying, his white hair dabbled in blood. For the "keys" were really a burglar's tools, and the plan was to rob, and perhaps kill, an old, helpless man.

Bob was but little more than a boy. His foot happened to touch the box. He drew it away as though it had been a viper, and his bony, weak hands trembled as he held them to his jaws.

"But I can't starve," he muttered.

About that time Chip began to chirp. He thought it was time to tell Chrissy of his own home, and the marsh beyond, and the restless sea. His note was but a twitter, after all. But there was in it an evening and a morning song, and the call of a bird for its mate and its lullaby for its little ones. As martins have been making these songs since time began, they must be nearly perfect of their kind. Chip knew them all.

Chriss leaned on her elbows in dumb delight, listening. Presently, her brother touched her shoulder.

"Where did that bird come from?" He did not seem to hear her answer. Stooping over it, "I did not think at first it was a live bird."

"What is the matter, Bob?"

Chrissy did not often speak so gently to her brother, but his wild look frightened her.

"I have not heard a bird like that since we came to this accursed place. There were plenty of them at Gwynedd. Don't you remember, Chrissy?"

"No." But the girl did what she never had done in her life before—took up her brother's hand and held it affectionately.

"They made their nests in the rock all along the coast. I used to take their eggs—hundreds of them; but not near home. Mother would n't have them troubled. She liked their twitter."

The boy was not in the habit of talking. There was something in his rapid words now that seemed to Chrissy unreal and crazed. He sat down again by the box, however, and buried his face in his hands.

All night Chip woke to flutter and chirp.

In the morning, Chrissy was wakened by Bob standing over her, pale and haggard.

"Who brought that bird here?"

"A carter, from out on the Dee."

"Where can I see him?"

"At Osper's shop, this afternoon."

To tell our story shortly, Bob was waiting for Jane's father that day, and talked to him a long time. When the old man went home, he said:

"I 've hired a man, mother, and I 'm to pay him low wage on account of his being weakly—run down in the lead-works. He 's to have Grummer's cottage by the cliff."

"Got a wife?"

"No, nothin' but a sister. That 's an old acquaintance of yours, Jane. They 're honest folks, I 'll engage, though they 're poor enough. The young man wants to save enough to go out to America."

In a week's time, Bob, with a decent suit of clothes, redder cheeks, and a light heart, was at work in Grummer's cottage. Jane's mother had taken Chriss into her kindly care; and Chip was inspecting the castle preparatory to fitting it up to receive his family when they returned from Algeria. We may be sure he would be plumed and waiting in the door of it to meet them. But Bob was never quite sure that he was a live bird.

"He saved me from a great misery," he says. "It seems as if mother must have sent him."

Digitized by Google

A LETTER FROM EGYPT.

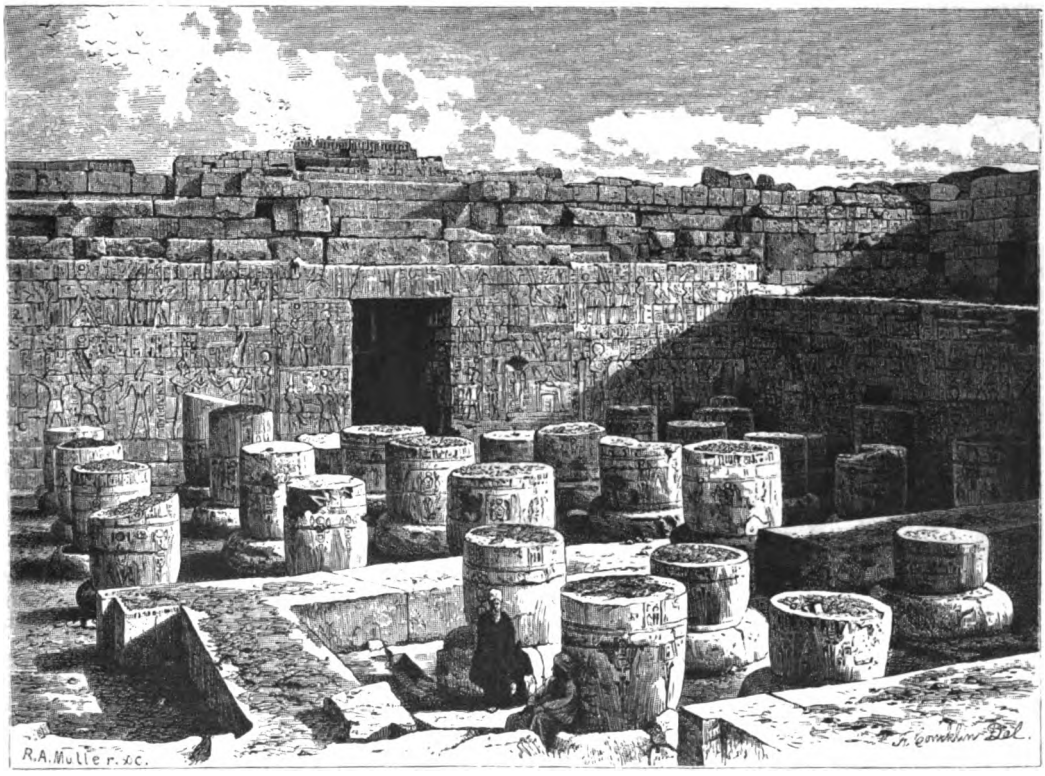
On the Nile, February 8, 1874.

DEAR READERS OF ST. NICHOLAS: How often have you been in my mind since I reached this strange Eastern country! I have wandered in December through gardens of beautiful trees laden with luscious fruits; and as the birds' chorus filled the air, I seemed to hear the merry sleigh-bells at home, and could imagine you all reveling in the joys of ice and snow.

We have been long away from Cairo, with its busy streets and scenes so like to those of the "Arabian Nights," and now for weeks have been sailing along the strange river Nile. How I should like to have you all with me—and what a fleet it would be! We should need such a number of diahbeahs (pleasure-boats) as never sailed on this river before, and I think the Arab children, in their amazement, would forget their constitutional cry of "backshush," with which they ever salute the traveler.

There are many scenes on the river-bank that would attract your attention and fill you with surprise. All day, but more especially morning and evening, long files of women, in their dark blue robes, come to the river's brink to fill the large *ballas* jars, so called from the village where they are made. After a little gossip and merry laughter, they help one another to raise the vessel to the top of the head, where it is placed on a hollow pad, and so they go back to their homes, up hill and down, perhaps a distance of half-a-mile or more, without ever touching the jar with their hands. It is a feat which surprises the traveler, and can only be accomplished by daily practice.

Here and there may be seen a buffalo, black, ugly in appearance, apparently sullen and surly, but in reality gentle and obedient to the naked little boy on his back.



THE HALL OF COLUMNS, AT MEDUNET HABOO. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

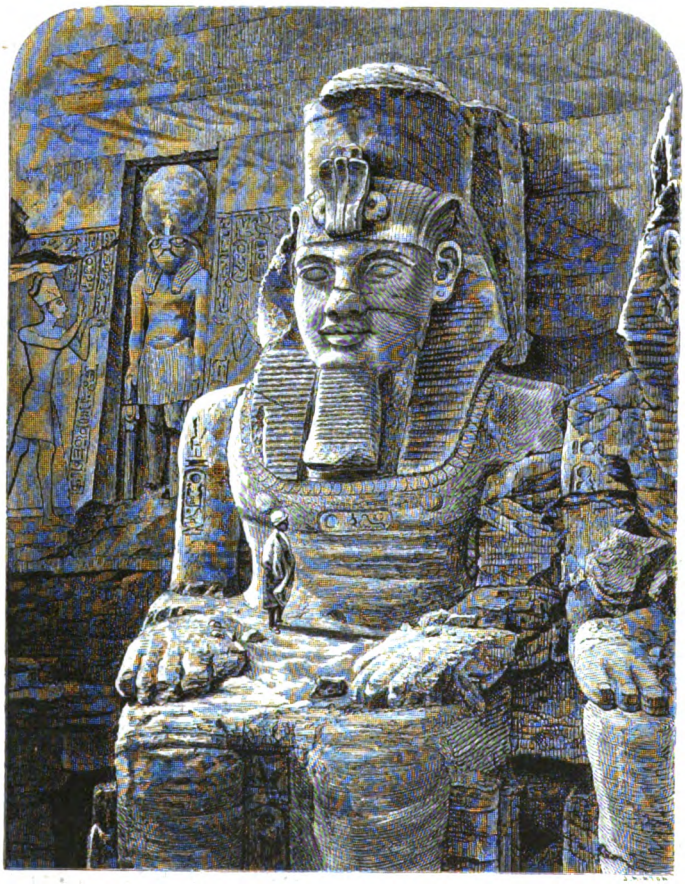
Sometimes, in the warm afternoons, I sit and watch the water-fowl and listen to their varied cries; huge pelicans flapping their immense wings far overhead; graceful cranes stalking over the

Digitized by Google

flats; herons, storks, and the whole race of ducks in myriads, swarming on every sand-bank; and, very rarely, the beautiful red flamingo, which we have to observe through the double glass, as it is too shy to come near our boat.

Occasionally we see camels looming in the background, growling hideously as they are forced to kneel to receive their burdens.

It was a strange sight—that of the vast number of workmen, as we saw them going to their labor on the railroad which is being built from Cairo up the Nile. Each man had a palm-leaf basket, into which he scraped up the dirt with his hands, and then poising it on his head, carried it to its place of destination. It is said that somebody once imported some wheel-barrows for the benefit of these poor fellows; but, some time after, coming to see how the new improvement worked, he found them filling the wheel-barrows and putting them upon their heads, where they carried them just as they did the baskets. I don't say this is true, but it does show the lack of keen wit in these people, and the way they cling to old customs; and I believe if somebody should give one of them a wheel-barrow, he would use it in just that senseless way.



STATUE OF RAMESES THE GREAT. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

I wish that you could see the granite quarries of Assouan, that furnished the stone of which the old temples are built. They lie away from the town, beyond the cemetery, out in the desert. There is one obelisk unfinished, but cut out of the rock,—a magnificent monument, ninety-five feet in length and eleven feet in breadth at the largest part. How it could be lifted out of the hollow in which it had been cut, how be moved from the narrow quarry, and how be carried for hundreds of miles, is a mystery which none can unravel in these times, though the ancient Egyptians could solve the problem, as the obelisks in Egypt brought from these quarries amply show. It is very strange to see how those ancient masons had cut out large blocks of stone, and to trace the marks of their tools still sharp in the living rock. It looks as if the workmen had only left their labor for a moment, when in reality the hands that toiled there have been cold and still for thousands of years.

I have procured three photographs, trusting that the conductors of ST. NICHOLAS will have them engraved for you.

The first picture is the Hall of Columns, at Medunet Haboo. Those broken pillars look in the photograph like huge barrels, but if you could see them, and walk in and out among the ruined mass, you would be impressed by the grandeur of the architecture.

Open to the sky above, a double range of immense columns supports the massive pediment. But the general effect of this great ruin is very much impaired by the remains of a Christian village which was built upon it, and was destroyed a thousand years ago.

The next picture shows a statue of Rameses the Great, which I saw at Aboo Simbel. You can judge of its size by comparing Rameses with the live man on his knee. Rameses, you know, was one of the old Pharaohs of Egypt. There are many statues erected to him all along the banks of the Nile, and on the walls of the tombs

Digitized by Google

are often found records of his daring and exploits. Aboo Simbel is the grand goal of the long Nile voyage. Here there is a great temple hewn in the solid rock, in front of which are four gigantic figures of Rameses, the faces of which are seven feet long. You see in the picture one of them. The sand has been gradually blown over the cliff from the desert, until the temple is nearly choked with it, and the colossal figures nearly buried. This sand is so fine that it looks like great snow-drifts. We climbed the hill to see the sun rise upon the calm, expectant face that has looked out into the east for twenty or thirty centuries; and as the King of Day cast his warm kisses upon those full lips, the great face seemed to light up with a life-like expression, and smile a welcome.

The third photograph is one of the Memnon figures. There are two, sitting on their rocky throne side by side; but the picture only shows you one of the pair. A weird story is told of this statue. It is said that formerly, when the sun arose and shone upon the face of this figure, it gave forth a note of music; but the voice of the giant is hushed now, and his face, like that of his companion, is marred and worn by time and ruthless hands. Still, there they sit, their heads sixty feet in the air, just as they have done for thousands of years; and the river comes up and bathes their feet with its waves, while the sun pours his scorching rays upon their backs, and time creeps on over their unconscious heads.

Who was it that strewed the Egyptian plains with the fragments of these colossal figures, columns, and temples?

There is but one answer. Cambyses—mad Cambyses. He was, in the traditions of that time, the Cromwell of Egypt.

On we sail. I hear the plash of the Nile waves as we float along in the beautiful moonlight.

The Arab boatmen on the deck are singing a wild kind of chant. The hour is late here, and midnight is creeping on. How strange to think that the sun is just setting, and the evening only just begun over there in America!

STATUE OF MEMNON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

So, amid the wild, weird music from the deck, and the lullaby of the river, I lie down to sleep in my little cabin, with a prayer for ST. NICHOLAS in whatever form he comes, and for all the children who love his appearing.

SARA KEABLES HUNT.

Digitized by Google

THE NEST.

By H. H.

Under the apple-tree, somebody said,
"Look at that robin's nest overhead!
All of sharp sticks, and of mud and clay—
What a rough home for a summer day!"
Gaunt stood the apple-tree, gaunt and bare,
And creaked in the winds which blustered there.
The nest was wet with the April rain;
The clay ran down in an ugly stain;
Little it looked, I must truly say,
Like a lovely home for a summer day.

Up in the apple-tree, somebody laughed,
"Little you know of the true home-craft.
Laugh, if you like, at my sticks and clay;
They 'll make a good home for a summer day.
May turns the apple-tree pink and white,
Sunny all day, and fragrant all night.
My babies will never feel the showers,
For rain can't get through these feathers of ours.
Snug under my wings they will cuddle and creep,
The happiest babies awake or asleep,"
Said the robin-mother, flying away
After more of the sticks and mud and clay.

Under the apple-tree somebody sighed,
"Ah me, the blunder of folly and pride!
The roughest small house of mud or clay
Might be a sweet home for a summer day.
Sunny and fragrant all day, all night,
With only good cheer for fragrance and light;
And the bitterest storms of grief and pain
Will beat and break on that home in vain,
Where a true-hearted mother broods alway
And makes the whole year like a summer day."

Digitized by Google

VENUS' FLOWER-BASKET.

By Mary St. Maur.

Nearly twenty years ago, an English gentleman brought from the Phillipine Islands an elegant curiosity, and sold it for one hundred and fifty dollars. Afterward it passed into the possession of the British Museum. It was about a foot in length, and two inches wide at the top, and made of exquisitely fine spun glass of sparkling whiteness. Nothing just like it had yet been seen by scientific men, and many conjectures arose regarding it. Since then the mystery has been solved. Its history has been studied out and many other beautiful specimens have found their way to this country. One lies before me as I write. The engraving shows you its cylindrical shape and peculiar structure, but words can scarcely describe its texture and pattern.

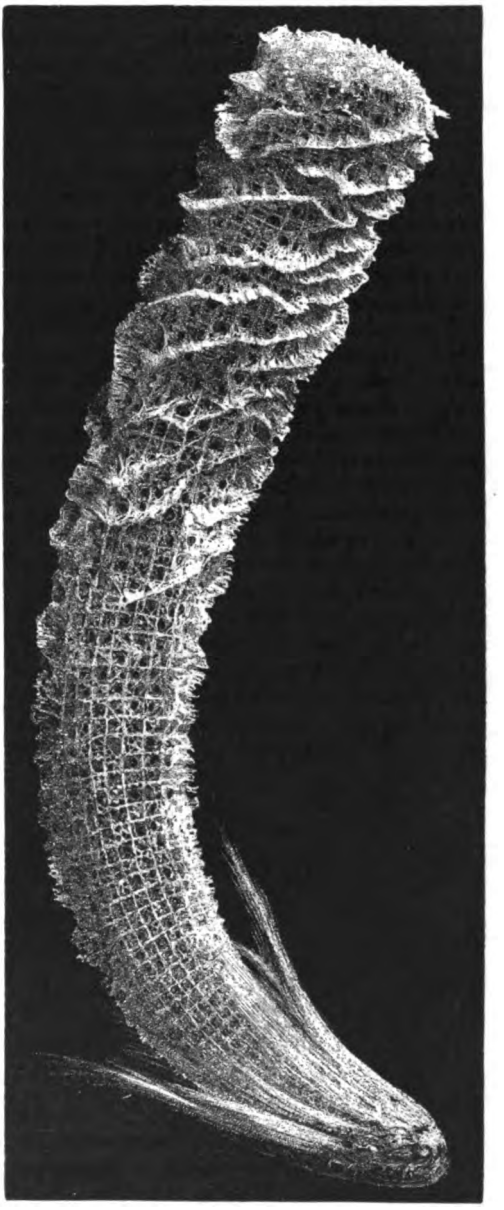
Imagine the delicate frost-lines that you often see on the window-pane after a bitterly cold night, woven into a like form, and you can perhaps catch a faint idea of its loveliness. If you could stand beside me while I hold the peerless thing in my hand, you would know how even frost-work fails in comparison. Our best way, dear reader, is to imagine that we are looking at it together,—I with a real specimen, like that in the British Museum, before me, you with the picture, aided by fancies of spun glass and glittering frost-work. You notice the bunches of fine threads that extend the whole length of it; these are crossed at regular intervals by similar threads, and the whole is covered by an irregular weaving that fills the corners of each square and gives us a pattern very much resembling that shown in a cane-seated chair. From its beautifully curved shape rise numberless delicately-fluted frills arranged in sweeping lines, long and short, as if to suit the fancy of the weaver. This whole net-work is surmounted by an open-work cover more solidly woven.

At the base, the threads of spun glass are left free like rootlets, or as if at some time they had held it in place; and mixed with this mass, which is as soft and silky as white floss, are sand, mud and bits of broken shells.

Now, are you ready to believe that this mysterious beauty comes from the bottom of the ocean, where it stands upright anchored in the mud? It is known as a glass sponge; the learned call it *Euplectella speciosa*, meaning "beautifully woven," while the common name is "Venus' Flower-Basket."

It would seem strange that a form so frail could be safe from harm in the restless ocean, were it not known that the sea in its depths is perfectly quiet, and always of the same warm, even temperature.

There is a wonderful world under the waves; a



THE GLASS SPONGE, OR "VENUS' FLOWER-BASKET."

Digitized by Google

land with its mountains, valleys and plains, covered with lovely forests of tinted sea-weeds. This is the home of innumerable varieties of life. Here the rare and beautiful forms of coral are silently builded, and sponges display their brilliant tints that are lost the moment they leave the water.

Much interest has been taken of late years in the wonders of the deep sea; and perhaps you will like to know how these curiosities are brought to light.

The Swedes, English and Americans have sent out ships at different times furnished with machinery to explore the sea-bottom. This machinery consists partly of dredges, tangles, trawls, nets and sieves.

The dredge is a large canvas bag, the opening of which is furnished with an iron scraper that takes up every particle that comes in its way. This is lowered from the ship by means of a steam-engine. One sent down from the English ship "Porcupine" went to the depth of eight miles, and after seven hours and a-half returned with one hundred and fifty pounds of mud.

All such attempts are not equally successful; but we may be sure that the great canvas bag always comes up with some wonderful passengers in its hold. The mud it brings is carefully washed and passed through sieves; then comes the anxious naturalist with his little bone forceps to pick up the unfortunate victims, which are at once immersed in alcohol for preservation.

The tangle is a simple snare, and is made of large tassels of loose hemp. This is a valuable means of catching the more delicate specimens that might easily be crushed by heavy machinery.

Before the *Euplectella* was known, a very singular glass sponge had been found, consisting of coarse glass threads bound together at one end by sea-weed. It was for years supposed to be the product of Japanese ingenuity. Many wonderful glass sponges have since been found, but none equal in beauty the *Euplectella*, specimens of which may now be purchased in almost any shop of natural curiosities. It is remarkable that every *Euplectella* sold contains a little brown crab. As this same crab has the reputation of appropriating the homes of its neighbors, its presence here may be thus explained. All naturalists agree that it has nothing whatever to do with the construction of its stolen abode. Many conclude that it is a custom to insert the little crab after the object is taken from the water, to give it more interest.

But I must not leave you to think that our glass sponge appears when first found as you see it now. It is washed in a solution of chloride of lime and bleached in the light before it is brought to our part of the world. At first it is completely covered with a greyish substance, very much resembling the white of an egg. This is really "sponge flesh," and is made up of myriads of tiny *animalculæ*, or creatures so small that they cannot be seen by the naked eye. So closely are they connected, and in such unison do they work, that they are really one individual in many. They are considered the lowest type of animal life, as they are without eyes, mouth or stomach. Yet they absorb from the water the silex or glass that makes their framework. It is no more trouble for them to build their elegant mansion than it is for us to make the bones of our bodies.

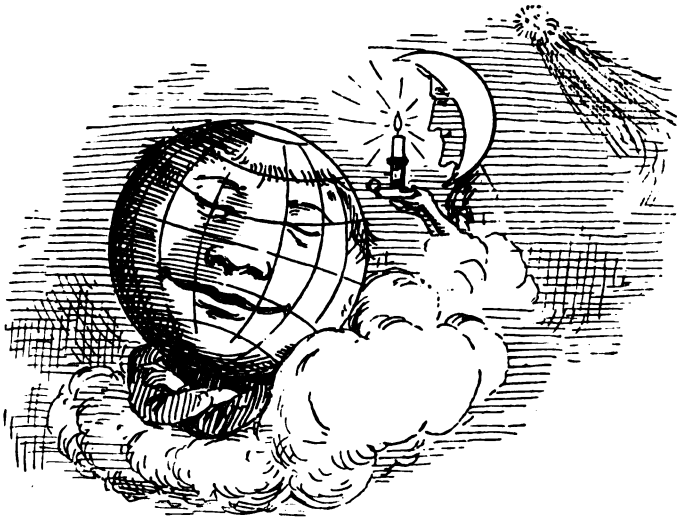
You might imagine that they spin the threads of glass as the spider does its web; but no, the pattern and thread are made as they go upward. While men have been puzzling for years over the secret of flexible glass-making, and have only just discovered it, these little creatures have been spinning glass at the bottom of the sea for centuries, guided by the unseen Power to choose their material and carry out their fairy-like design with unerring exactness.

THE EARTH, THE MOON AND THE COMET.

By C. P. Cranch.

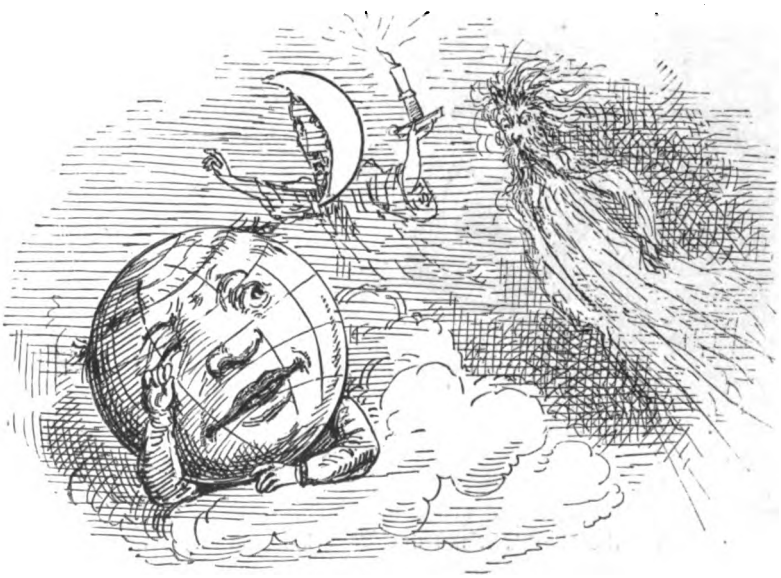
The old Earth was sleepy, and rolled into bed,
And the clouds were the pillows under his head;
While the Moon, his old wife, stood by with her light,
And tucked him up snugly and bade him "good-night."

Digitized by Google



"WHILE THE MOON, HIS OLD WIFE, STOOD BY WITH HER LIGHT."

But neither the Earth nor the Moon was aware
There was coming a Star with a singular glare,
And a terrible tail, across their track,
That was n't set down in their almanac.



"SHE NUDGED HER HUSBAND, AND BADE HIM LOOK OUT."

But the Moon soon awoke and discovered this Star
Plunging along through the night from afar;
And she nudged her husband, and bade him look out,
For a fiery monster was roaming about!

Digitized by Google

"AND NEARER AND NEARER THE COMET CAME."

And nearer and nearer the Comet came,
With his blazing head and his tail of flame
Some millions of miles in length, they say:
And the poor Earth trembled with sore dismay.

"THE EARTH'S ROUND FACE GREW LONG WITH AFFRIGHT."

For the Comet was robed in fire and mist,
And frowned and glared and doubled his fist,
Till the Earth's round face grew long with affright,
And the Moon, in her terror, let fall her light.

But all on a sudden their terror was gone,
For the Comet wheeled by on his way to the Sun;
And they laughed as they saw him go tearing his hair,
Far away in the distance, in rage and despair.

Digitized by Google

"THEY SAW HIM GO TEARING HIS HAIR."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Earth, and "Ho, ho!" cried the Moon;
"I don't think you'll scare us again very soon.
You make a great show in the sky as you pass;
But astronomers say you are nothing but gas!"

THE DEAF AND DUMB PYGMY FAMILIES.

By James H. Flint.

THE remarkable pygmies of which I propose to tell you are only about one inch in height, and when young are of a bright silver color, growing darker as they enter on the active duties of life. They are seldom at rest, being almost constantly kept in service by their hard task-masters, to whom they are in bondage; but whenever they are allowed a few moments' repose, they sleep all huddled together in little wooden houses without doors or windows or roofs. The families are astonishingly large, being numbered by thousands; and as it would be impossible to give every separate member a different name, each family is divided into twenty-six tribes, and each tribe is given a name and a house. This is the more easily done, because every pygmy is known by his face. The twenty-six tribes all have distinct and characteristic features, and it is only necessary to see a pygmy's face to tell at once to what tribe he belongs, and where his house is. When any of the little fellows get into the wrong house, by mistake, they are very apt to make trouble on their next appearance, by speaking when they ought to be quiet. It never does for a member of one tribe to try to take the place and do the office of the member of a different tribe. Each tribe has its own appointed duties, and although they mingle with each other freely to perform these duties, they are rendered quite unfit for use by getting mixed up in their houses; and when, through any mishap, this occurs, it takes a long time to separate and distribute them to their different apartments.

I almost forgot to say that among the twenty-six tribes there were certain pygmies who had larger faces, although bearing the same names as their smaller-faced brethren. They differ so much from the others that it is necessary for them to live in separate houses. These big-faced fellows are the

Digitized by Google

"upper ten" of the dwarf family. They are not so numerous as the others, and have very little to do in comparison with their humbler brethren. Hence they are thought to be proud and to hold themselves very high. They do, in fact, live above the rest, in what is called the "upper case," but are really a capital set of fellows.

Although a single family numbers its thousands, that is nothing when compared to the number of all the deaf and dumb pygmies in the world. Why, in our own country there are numerous families in almost every town. And in this great city of New York they are almost innumerable. In America, England, France, Spain, Russia, and several other countries, the faces of the dwarfs are much the same; but there are some countries, such as China and Japan, where they are very different.

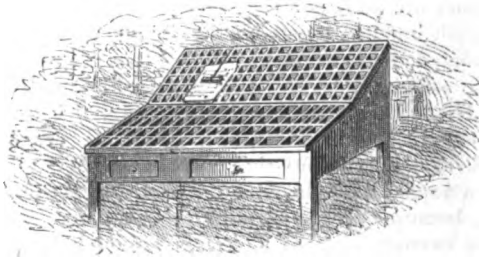
The deaf and dumb pygmy family originated in Germany some four hundred years ago, and from this branch all the other families throughout the world sprang. The English family is at this moment staring you in the face, and speaking to you, young reader. The members have been taken up out of their little wooden houses, one at a time, stood on their feet in a row, and made to spell the words you are reading. Then they have been tied up with a stout string and placed, all together, on a marble slab, where they have been locked up in an iron frame, and taken to a man who covered their faces all over with plaster of Paris. Then the plaster was taken up carefully, and there was a beautiful impression of every face. Then this plaster impression was put into a great iron box and immersed in hot boiling metal, and when it came out it was a stereotype plate.

By this time most of my young readers will have guessed who and what these curious pygmies are. They will begin to understand that these little fellows are not only deaf and dumb, but without animal life of any kind; and yet, the *type* family speaks to millions of persons, every day, in every tongue, and in every clime throughout the world! The little pygmies are printing-types.

But what are stereotype plates? They are simply casts taken, as I have said, from the plaster moulds which are made from the "set up" types. When you remember that the pages of this magazine are printed from stereotype plates, which could not be made until each little type had been taken separately, and placed in a particular position, and when you are told that there are over three hundred thousand types thus placed in position in a single number of this magazine, you will say that the deaf and dumb pygmies are a very useful and wonderful family.

After the little types have left the impression of their faces in the plaster of Paris, and the stereotype plates are cast and finished, they are mounted on wooden blocks, and "made up," as the printers say, into a "form," with the pages arranged so as to come in the right order when they show themselves on the white paper. Then the form is "locked up,"—that is, a large iron frame, called a "chase," is placed around the pages which are then securely wedged in the iron frame. Sometimes this is done on the press, and at other times it is done on a large stone, and the locked-up form is then lifted and placed on the press.

The next thing to be done is to "make the form ready," and a great deal of preparation is often required to secure a clear impression from these stereotype plates, especially when there are fine engravings inserted in some of the pages, as there are in the ST. NICHOLAS. But, at length, all the "overlays" and "underlays" are made, the impression is exactly right all over the form; the ink on the rollers is neither too thin nor too thick; there is no treacherous oil dripping anywhere to spoil the work; and round go the wheels, backward and forward moves the iron bed containing the form, while the paper goes in fair and white and comes out with beautiful pictures and the clear words which the pygmies send you.

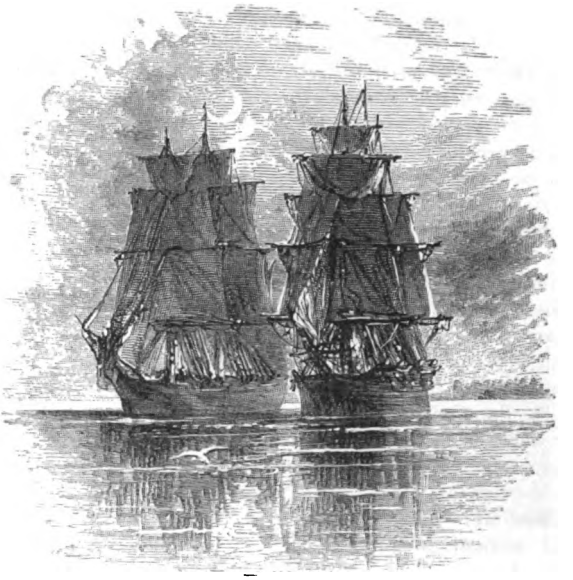


Digitized by Google

COMING.

By M. M. D.

Two fair ships are sailing,
  Sailing over the sea,—
Willie's ship and my ship,—
  Full as full can be;
Side by side, my Willie says—
  Like as pin to pin,
Oh, the happy, happy days
  When our ships come in!



While our ships are sailing,
  Sailing over the sea,—
Willie's ship and my ship,—
  Full as full can be,
Sailing on the sunny tide,
  Grieving would be sin:
Soon or late, and side by side,
  Shall our ships come in.

Digitized by Google

FAST FRIENDS.

By J. T. Trowbridge,
Author of the "Jack Hazard" Stories.

Chapter XXXVI.

AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL.

That day Jack wrote again to Mr. Chatford, recalling his request for a loan of money, and explaining how it happened that he now had enough for present purposes.

He also wrote to Vinnie, begging her not to send the money which George had asked for. "I am sorry to say my poor friend is no better," he wrote; "but, thanks to a strange good fortune, we are no longer in want of anything."

George was, indeed, no better; which means—as it always does in such cases—that he was worse. But now that Jack had money, and with it the power to keep his friend where he could be with him, and watch by his bedside, his hope and courage rose, and never once failed him through all the long, toilsome, terrible days and nights which followed.

Both Mrs. Dolberry and her husband showed him a great deal of kindness at this time; furnishing him his meals, and assisting him occasionally in taking care of his patient. But they were still of the opinion that George should go to the hospital. Either that must be done or a hired nurse would be necessary; for such a boy as Jack, they declared, could not thus give his life to the patient and hold out long.

"O, if only Mrs. Chatford were here, or Annie Lanman, or some good woman I know!" he thought a hundred times; but he could not bear to call in a stranger.

Such was the state of affairs, when, one morning, as he was hurrying home with some ice to be used in the sick-room, he overtook a young girl carrying a satchel, and looking anxiously at the numbers of the houses along the street.

"What house are you trying to find?" asked Jack, not forgetting, even in his own anxiety and haste, the courtesy due to a young girl, and a stranger.

"The house where Mr. Dolberry lives;" and she named the number.

There was something in her sweet, troubled face, and in her winning tones of voice, which would have attracted Jack's attention at any time; for they reminded him, in some subtle way, of the dearest friend he had ever known—Mrs. Annie Felton Lanman. Of course, the question she asked quickened his interest in her.

"The house is close by; I am going there," he said, and offered to carry her satchel.

In her anxiety, she neglected to give him the satchel, and forgot to thank him.

"Is—do you know if George Greenwood ——"

She could not finish the question, the answer to which she trembled to hear.

"He is there," Jack hastened to assure her. "I am going to him now."

She made no reply; but Jack could see the tears start from her eyes and her lips quiver as she glided swiftly by his side.

"Here is the place," he said, when they reached the door. "I am George's friend."

"I thought so," she replied, recovering herself a little. "I could n't thank you before. But I am so glad I met you! I am his friend too—his sister—Vinnie."

"I was sure of it!" exclaimed Jack, clasping her hands with tears of joy. "How did you ever get here?"

"I scarcely know myself. But how—how is he? Tell me the worst at once! I can bear anything, now I know he is alive."

"The worst is—that he is very sick. But we shall save him—now you have come, I am sure we shall!"

"Can I go right to him?"

"You had better see Mrs. Dolberry first. And you must be prepared. He may not know you; and you will hardly know him. We have had to cut off all that beautiful hair of his."

"O my poor George!" was all the young girl could say, as she followed Jack to Mrs. Dolberry's room.

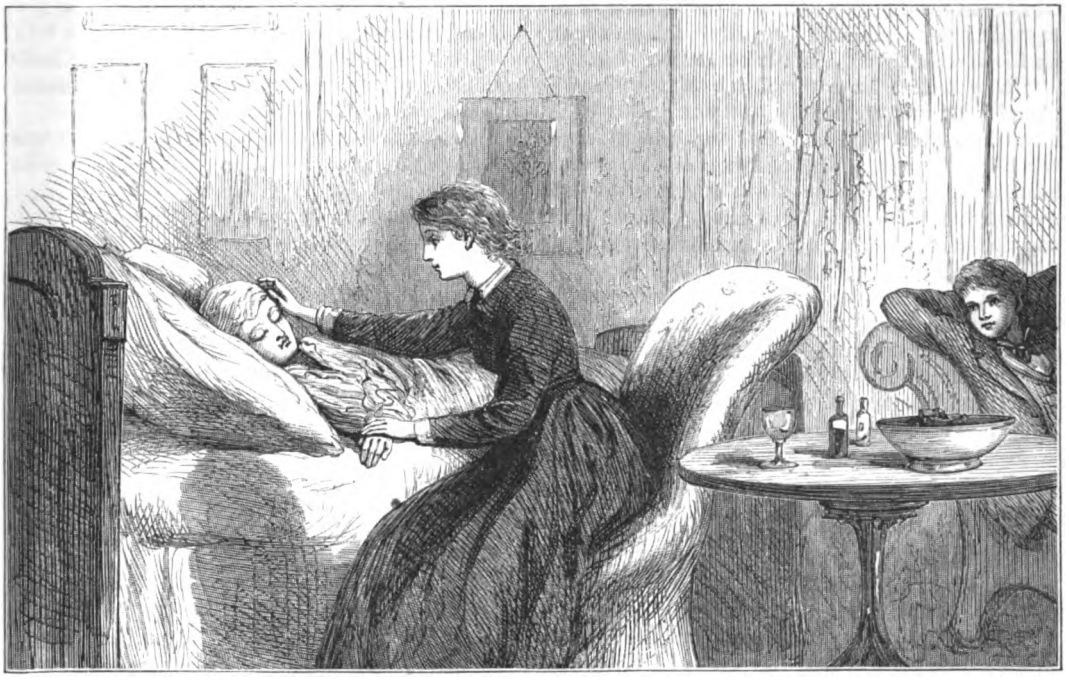
"Bless me! if you aint a spunky gal!" was that worthy creature's admiring comment, when told who Vinnie was, and how far she had traveled alone to come to her sick friend, or brother, as she called him. "It 's lucky now he *did n't* go to the hospital! I 'll give you a vacant room I have on the same floor,—you 'll be glad to be near him; though I don't know what you can do for him that aint done a'ready; for his friend here—*you* can never know, and the poor, sick young man can never know, how *he* has stuck to him, as no brother could ever have stuck closer."

Digitized by Google

Vinnie understood the spirit of these words, in spite of their broken syntax, and a great wave of hope and gratitude moved her breast, so weak after her long, anxious journey.

Jack hastened to relieve Mr. Dolberry, whom he had left with George, and to get the room and his friend in readiness for Vinnie's visit. A new life seemed to have come to him; a strange comfort, a subtle joy, thrilled every nerve.

"O, if he could know she is here, it would help cure him, I am sure!" thought he. "But he will feel her presence, if he does n't know. How much she is like Annie!"



"VINNIE WATCHED THE SICK, WAN FACE OF GEORGE."

When she came in, it was some time before she could overcome her pain and grief at seeing George lying there unconscious, so wan, so wasted, his shaven head covered with cloths kept wet with ice-water—her old playmate, her dear "brother," whom she had last seen full of hope and strength, as he waved his hat towards her, from the deck of the packet-boat, and sailed away into the sunrise! Had all his plans and aspirations come to this?

She lost little time, however, in tears and vain regrets, but soon began to busy herself in the sick-room as only a woman can do. For Vinnie, though scarcely seventeen years old, was a woman in heart and experience; her life with the Presbits had, as an offset to her many privations, given her strength and self-reliance; and in helping their neighbors in times of sickness, she had gained something which she found of far more value now than all the money she had earned. Vinnie had come dressed in a gown of plain, serviceable, dark stuff, suitable alike for her journey and the tasks she expected to perform at the end of it. Besides that, and the few other clothes she wore, she had brought all her traveling gear in the little satchel she carried in her hand. But, had she shone in silks and diamonds, she could not have appeared more charming than she was, in the eyes of Jack.

Her quickness, lightness, and grace made him feel very clumsy and awkward at first; and she found so many little things to do, which he had not thought of, that he began to think that, after all, he was a very stupid nurse indeed.

Mrs. Dolberry had had a lounge brought into the room, for the convenience of the watchers; and it was not long before Vinnie told Jack to lie down on it and sleep, while she sat by the patient, and kept his head cool.

"But you need sleep more than I do—after your journey," replied Jack.

"O no! I rested very well on the steamboat last night, coming down the river. And I have n't been worn out with watching night and day, as you have. Besides, I could n't sleep now; I wish to sit by him, and be quiet for a little while. If anything is needed, which I can't do for him, I will wake you."

Digitized by Google

Her words, although very gently spoken, seemed almost like commands to Jack, who accordingly took the lounge, while she sat alone, in silence, by the bed.

But he did not sleep. He could not help peeping from under his half-closed lids, and watching her, while she, with all her yearning, tender, sad young soul in her eyes, watched the sick, wan face of George.

"How fond she is of him!" thought Jack. "I would almost be willing to lie there sick, if I could have such eyes look so at me!"

Later in the day they had some comfortable talks together; and Jack told her many things about his friend which she did not know before.

"Why did n't he ever tell me of his literary plans?" she said, regretfully,—almost jealously, it seemed to Jack, who wondered now that George could have kept back any confidences from such a heart as hers. "But he was always strange—so very shy and sensitive about many things!" she added, finding the readiest excuse for his conduct. "I am glad he has such a friend in you!"

"But it was the hardest thing for him even to tell me of his plans," replied Jack. "It was necessity that compelled him,—not that he thought half so much of me as he did of you. Oh! if you could have heard him talk of you, sometimes, as I have heard him!"

Chapter XXXVII.

JACK AND THE OLD SAIL-MAKER.

From the very day of Vinnie's arrival, a slight change for the better began to show itself in George; either because the fever had then run its inevitable course, or because—as Jack always believed—something of her own healthful life, some soft, quiet influence, shed its cooling dew upon him, and did perhaps what all his medicines might not have done, to restore his strength.

With his greater leisure, Jack's resolution returned, to finish up, in some way, the business which had brought him to the city. He now made private inquiries, as he had shrunk from doing at first; and Mrs. Dolberry, to whom he told his story, consulted in his behalf all the old gossips in the neighborhood. As this was the side of the city, between Broadway and the North River, where the child was supposed to have been lost a dozen years before, it was very strange indeed that nobody could be found to remember the circumstance. Cases of lost children were not very uncommon in so large a city; but not one could be heard of to correspond with Jack's own.

He did not neglect the police department; but his inquiries there met with no better success. He found two or three officers who had been over a dozen years in the service; but they, with all their recollections of curious things which had occurred in their experience during that time, remembered nothing to his purpose. Nor did the examination of any city records give a clue to the rewards which he supposed must have been offered for him.

As he had already examined very thoroughly two files of old city newspapers, and found nothing whatever to encourage him, he was now forced to the conclusion that he was the victim of a strange blunder, or perhaps a downright falsehood, on the part of either Molly or Mother Hazard.

It was about this time that he bethought him again of old Mr. Plummerton,—whose loan of half-a-dollar he was now well able to repay,—and went once more to find him at his sail-loft.

The old gentleman was out, as before; but this time Jack thought he would go up into the office and wait.

It was a plain, roughly-finished room; the bare walls relieved by pictures of vessels under full sail, and by printed slips, mostly clipped from newspapers, pasted above the desk.

Jack amused himself by looking at the pictures, and then began to read the slips, when his eye fell upon the following paragraph:

Mysterious Disappearance in Brooklyn.—Last Saturday afternoon, Catharine Larcy, an Irish servant living with a family named Ragdon, in Prince street, Brooklyn, received permission to go and visit a sister in Williamsburg, and to take with her a young child of her employer's, a boy about three-and-a-half years old. Neither child nor nurse has since been heard from; and every effort to trace them has proved unavailing. The Williamsburg sister—who appears to be a respectable person—denies all knowledge of their whereabouts, and says she has not seen Catharine for several weeks; the two not being on friendly terms. They have a brother living in another part of Brooklyn; but he is unable to give any explanation of the mystery. The family and friends of the missing child are in great distress, and a reward of one hundred dollars has been offered by them for any information that may lead to the recovery of the lost darling.

Immediately under this paragraph was pasted the following:

It seems that Catharine Larcy, the nurse who disappeared so mysteriously with the Ragdon child, last Saturday afternoon, had a quarrel of long standing with her own family on account of her husband, a worthless fellow, whom all her relatives had turned out of doors. She had promised her last employers that she would have no communication with this man; but it is strongly suspected that he is somehow at the bottom of the mystery. It is not impossible that he has induced her to abduct the child, in order to secure the offered rewards. If so, his opportunity has come, five hundred dollars being now offered by the Brooklyn authorities and the friends of the child, for its recovery.

It also appears that Catharine, only the day before her disappearance, had received from her employers a large amount of wages, which had been accumulating for several weeks.

Jack had barely finished this last paragraph, when Mr. Plummerton came in, and greeted him with his usual kindness.

"I have come to pay my debts," said the visitor, with beaming pleasure in his smile, as he took

Digitized by Google

half-a-dollar from his pocket and gave it to the old man.

"As a matter of business, I take it," replied Mr. Plummerton. "And glad I am to see it again,—not for the sake of the money, you understand,—that 's a trifle,—but because it shows me that you are not only upright boys, but that you have been prospered."

"Prospered after a curious fashion," said Jack, who then told the story of his friend's sickness, and of the pickpocket's diamond.

"Very curious!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "I hope your friend is better now."

"The doctor says the crisis is passed, and that with careful treatment he will get well. But he has had a dreadful time!"

Partly to hide his emotion at the recollection of what he had gone through with George, Jack turned to the printed slips pasted above the desk.

"I was reading something here when you came in."

"So I observed; and you seemed to be interested."

"I have reason to be," said Jack. "I heard of this case before, while making some inquiries with regard to another lost child; but I could n't learn that the mystery was ever cleared up. May be you can tell me."

"It never was cleared up," Mr. Plummerton replied. "What other case of a lost child do you speak of?"

Jack hesitated a moment, then told his story, in which the old gentleman appeared deeply interested.

"And what do you propose to do now?" he asked, after all was told.

"I shall go back home to Mr. Chatford's, as soon as my friend Greenwood is well enough, so that I can leave him. Meanwhile I shall put an advertisement into the papers, as I should have done in the first place, if I had had plenty of money. I don't expect anything from it now; but it will do no harm."

Mr. Plummerton turned to his desk, and appeared about to open it; but hesitated. Jack would have taken this as a hint that it was time for him to withdraw, but for a certain indecision, even agitation, in the old man's manner. He was, moreover, determined to ask some questions regarding that other lost child, of whose case he believed Mr. Plummerton had a personal knowledge.

"Before you leave the city," said the latter, leaving his desk unopened, and turning again to his visitor, "you must go home with me to Brooklyn. Can't you go now?"

"Not very well now; my friends will be expecting me home at noon. But I should like to go with you soon, and learn something more about ——" Jack pointed to the printed slips on the wall. "I should have followed up that case, when I first heard of it, if I had n't been out of the city; that fact, and the circumstance of the nurse being with the child, showed that there could be no connection between it and my own case."

The old man made no reply to this, but said:

"If you can't go home with me to dinner, go over this evening to tea—that will perhaps be better. Call for me here at about five o'clock. Don't fail."

Jack promised, and soon taking leave of the man whose friendship he had gained in so singular a manner, hastened home to his patient.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HIMSELF AGAIN.

THAT afternoon George woke from a long, deep sleep of healthful rest; and for the first time in almost two weeks his own bright, unclouded spirit looked out of the blue eyes that opened upon Jack sitting by his bed.

"Hallo, Jack!" he said, in his old, pleasant tones of voice. "What are you reading?"

"A little of Lord Byron," Jack replied, as carelessly as he could, in the surprise and joy of finding his dear George himself again.

"Byron? But we ate Byron and the other fellows," said George. "Or did I dream it?"

"You 've had some odd dreams," Jack answered.

"Yes, I 've been pretty sick. I know it. But see here, Jack! we did pawn or sell Scott and Burns and Byron and —— What 's that on the mantelpiece? My flute! Why, I remember distinctly pawning that!"

"Yes, George," said Jack. "We pawned a good many things. But they have all come back to us. You see, we 've had a streak of luck."

"What luck?" said George, trying to raise himself, but finding no strength in his shrunken arms.

"You remember the pickpocket's ring, which you noticed had a brilliant diamond the first time you saw it, and had no diamond the next time? And where do you suppose that diamond was, all the while we were suffering the extremes of poverty? In my trousers pocket, George!"

"No, no! That 's a romance, Jack!"

"No romance at all. Who would ever think of inventing such a thing for a story? It actually happened; and the way I discovered it, and sold it back to our friend the pickpocket,—*Mr. Manton's friend*, I mean,—is one of those things which people say are stranger than fiction. It 's all true, George; and with the money that rogue actually paid me, I have redeemed all our pawned articles,

Digitized by Google

bought back the books we sold, paid rent and board and washing and doctor's fees, and have more left for both of us than we started from home with. But see here, old fellow! you must n't go to being excited, or I sha' n't tell you anything more."

"No, don't tell me any more—I can't stand it! I 'm glad I did n't send my letter to Vinnie—I did n't send it, did I? I can't remember."

"No, you did n't," replied Jack, thinking it discreet to withhold the real truth for awhile.

"And yet," said George, "it seems to me I have been with Vinnie. I thought I was in the old room at home, and she was taking care of me, —and you were there too, Jack. Strange how things have been mixed up in my mind! Of course, we have n't been there, Jack. And of course she has n't been here,—that 's more improbable still. But who has arranged this room so nicely? No disrespect to you, Jack, but you never put things in *such* order, I know! Only a woman's hand could do this."

"Well, women have been here," said Jack. "Mrs. Dolberry has been very kind; and, George, we ought both to be ashamed of having ever made fun of her."

"What letter is that on the mantelpiece?" George inquired. "For me?"

"Yes, one that came yesterday."

"From Vinnie? No," said George, with a disappointed look, seeing the superscription. "Hallo! it 's from the *Manhattan Magazine!* Read it, Jack! Quick!"

Jack opened the letter, and found that it contained a bank-note of five dollars, in payment for the poem, "An Autumn Day," printed in the *Manhattan Magazine.* The heart of the poor young poet was filled with joy.

"My poem in the *Manhattan!*" he exclaimed. "O, Jack! I guess I am dreaming now. I never could see the editor; so, finally, I left a note for him; and this——"

He took the bank-note in his thin, feeble fingers, as if to make sure that it was a reality.

It was the first payment he had ever received for his verses; and never afterwards—not even when, not many years later, he was paid for such trifles ten times as much by magazines eager to secure contributions from his pen—did his success as a poet seem so certain, or its reward so sweet.

It was some time before Jack ventured to tell him any more news. But George, after a little rest, wished to know if "A Scene at the Wharves" had been heard from, and whether it was accepted.

"It has been accepted, printed, and paid for," replied Jack. "I have three dollars in my pocket, sent you by the editor, with his compliments, and an invitation to write him two such articles a week, describing city scenes; for which he will pay you six dollars a week."

"I can't believe it!" said George. "Why, Jack, my fame and fortune are made!"

"Not if you get excited, and are made worse by the news, George. I ought not to have told you so much. You must n't think of it any more; and you know it will be a long time before you can begin to write again."

"Yes, yes! But, O Jack! you have made me very happy. I owe that daily paper business all to you. I should never have thought of writing up city scenes, if you had n't suggested the idea. And—have n't you accomplished anything for yourself yet?"

"Nothing to speak of. I 've just prepared an advertisement here, which I am going to let off, as a last resort. I put no confidence in it; for I have about made up my mind that I 've been wretchedly humbugged by somebody. I 'll tell you why I think so, some time; but you must rest now, and I have an engagement to meet soon. Will you believe it? I am going to Brooklyn to take tea with our old friend of the steamboat, who loaned us the half-dollar."

"You must n't leave me alone, Jack! But no! I wont be selfish; go and enjoy yourself, and never mind me."

"I wont leave you alone, George; be sure of that. You shall have better company than I am."

"Better than you! That 's impossible, unless my dream should come true, and I should wake up and find—but that 's foolish! I 'll go to sleep, and see if I can't dream myself with her again."

"George," said Jack, earnestly, "don't be agitated, and I will tell you something. *You* did not send your letter to Vinnie, but *I* sent it, and wrote a few words to tell her that you were sick. And, George,——"

"She is here! Vinnie!" cried George, faintly, as Jack's story was interrupted by the entrance of the young girl herself into the room.

She fluttered to the bedside like a bird; there were stifled cries, scarcely heard by Jack, as he ran out and left the two alone—an example which we will do well to follow.

But, while Jack is on his way to keep his engagement with the old sail-maker, we can glide softly back, and see Vinnie sitting by her "brother's" side, holding his hand, and smiling joyously upon him, while he questions her with his eyes and tongue.

"Now tell me how you got away—all about it," he entreats.

"Well, when I got your letter, with that first

Digitized by Google

note from Jack (he tells me I must call him Jack), it made a great commotion at home."

"I can hear Uncle Presbit's '*I told him so!*'" says George; "and Aunt Presbit's '*He has made his bed, and he must lie on it.*'"

"There was enough of that, certainly," Vinnie replies. "But they are kinder-hearted than you ever believed; you know I always insisted upon that. They scolded and blamed you, of course, at first; and I never said a word in your defense—I knew that was the best way. I waited till their better feelings began to assert themselves, as I knew they would; and then, when Uncle Presbit said, 'Well, Vinnie, I suppose you 'll send off all your hard earnings to that foolish fellow,' I just replied that I had n't made up my mind.

"'Of course she will,' said Aunt Presbit. 'She never could refuse him anything he asked, from the time when we first brought them together. Now her money will go too, and that will be the last of that; then the first we know, he will be sending to us for more.'

"Then I spoke up. 'I don't think I shall send him any money,' I said. That took them both by surprise, and they began to change their tone. Uncle said he supposed, of course, I would send a little—it was no more than right that I should; and he walked out of the house with the dissatisfied look you remember. Then aunt burst out.

"'Vinnie, I 'm astonished at you!' she said. 'There 's poor George, sick among strangers; no matter how foolish he has been, he 's about the same to you as your own brother; and you ought to do everything for him you can. I shall send him some money, if you don't.' And she went to the green chest, and brought out that old stocking of hers you remember—the stocking stuffed with the butter and eggs' money, which uncle gives her!"

"Did she?" says George, with glistening eyes. "I should n't have thought she would touch that money for anybody."

"Hear the rest," Vinnie goes on. "She tumbled out the money on her bed, and was shedding tears over it, and pitying you, and scolding me, when at last I could keep in no longer, and I said:

"'Aunt! George is sick, he may be dying! It is n't money alone he needs. I told you I should n't send him any. And I sha' n't. But I shall take all the money I have, and all you will lend or give me, and go to him, and stay with him, and take care of him, as long as he needs me.' Then you should have seen her look at me!

"'Now that sounds like you,' she said. 'And you are as good a hand at taking care of the sick as any girl of your age I ever knew.' But then she began to make objections; I was too young—I was a girl—the cost of the journey—and a hundred other things. All I replied was, 'George is sick among strangers; I can get to him some way, and I will.'

"Finally, I obtained her consent. It was harder to get Uncle Presbit's; but I did n't wait for it—I just kept right on getting ready for the journey, and the next morning I started. He carried me over to the village, condemning my folly and telling me what to say and do for you, on the way. There I got Jack's second letter, which decided me to send back all aunt's money; that pleased uncle so much, that he at last appeared quite reconciled to my going. I made the journey without an accident; got out of an omnibus on the corner of Broadway, and asked of a young man in the street the way to the house, who turned out to be your friend Jack himself. O, George! I seem to have been watched over by Providence through it all, and now that you are better, I think I can never be ungrateful again, or discontented with anything, in my life!"

"Teach me to feel that way too, Vinnie?" says George, his heart melted with thankfulness and love. "You are so much better than I!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A REVELATION.

JACK found Mr. Plummerton waiting for him. He was in a thoughtful mood, and talked little, as they proceeded to the foot of Fulton street, crossed over in a ferry-boat to Brooklyn, and then walked up one or two streets, till they came to a plain, comfortable wooden house, with PLUMMERTON on the door.

As they stopped before the old-fashioned, little wooden gate, they met two ladies—one quite young, the other of middle age, both dressed in black—coming from the opposite direction.

"Ah, Harriet!" said Mr. Plummerton, as they came up, "so late? I thought you would be here an hour ago. This is our young friend."

Jack had already recognized the kind woman whom he had first seen on the North River steamboat, and afterwards in Mrs. Libby's parlor. He now regarded her with a new and almost painful interest, knowing her to be Mr. Manton's wife.

She greeted him with a silent pressure of the hand, and a singularly tender, almost tearful smile; and then introduced him to her young companion with the hardly audible words, "My daughter."

The daughter smiled tranquilly, and gave him so slight, so cold a nod, that Jack did not venture to do more than pull off his cap to her at a distance. Those still, grey eyes seemed to measure and read him at a glance. She could not have been older than himself, yet her perfect repose of manner sug-

Digitized by Google

gested a woman thoroughly acquainted with the world; or was she not rather like a nun, too pure, too spiritual-minded to be moved by the world?

They went in; and Jack saw no more of the ladies until tea-time.

He met them at table, in company with old Mr. and Mrs. Plummerton, a widowed daughter of theirs, and her three children, who composed the family. Mrs. Manton and her daughter seemed to be neighbors, and familiar visitors, who (he inferred from some word that was dropped) had come in on that special occasion to meet him.

Something was said of the adventure on the steamboat; and from that Jack was led on to give a pretty complete history of himself. He wondered very much how it happened that he was the centre of interest; and he was surprised to see, as he went on, that there was a tremor of feeling, a mist of emotion, even in the nun-like face and eyes of Miss Manton.

After tea, Mr. Plummerton took Jack into a little sitting-room, and carefully closed the door.

"The time has come," said he, "for a little serious talk. Sit down. You have asked me two or three times for the rest of the story,—about the Ragdon child,—and I have put you off. Now I will tell you all I know to the purpose."

Jack drew a long breath. He could not help feeling that something of unusual interest was coming.

"In the first place, about Mrs. Manton and her daughter. They are the wife and daughter of the man you saw fined for drunkenness in the public court the other day, and whose fine I paid."

"It does n't seem possible!" exclaimed Jack. "Mrs. Manton is so good, so beautiful! and the daughter—she is white as snow! I know the father."

"Manton is not a bad man; he is not by nature a low or vicious man. But drink has besotted him, body and mind. This terrible misfortune has had a peculiar effect on his wife and daughter. Grace used to be one of the brightest, merriest children ever seen; and she has a warm heart and a quick wit still; but shame and suffering, in sympathy with her mother, on *his* account, have made her, in the presence of strangers, the kind of statue you see her."

"Are there other children?"

"None living. A son, older than Grace, died a year and a-half ago. It was the remembrance of him, and perhaps a certain resemblance she fancied between him and you, that attracted Harriet to you on the steamboat."

"You were traveling in company with her, then?" Jack inquired.

"Yes; I had been to Albany on business, and she had been to see her husband's brother, who lives there, and who, through me, pays Manton's personal expenses. We wished to have some different arrangements made for him,—to give him some employment, and take him away from temptation; but the brother would n't hear of the plan; he says he has done all he can for Manton, and that he will now have no more trouble with him, except to give him a bare support."

"The bare support includes pretty good suits of clothes," said Jack.

"That comes from the brother's notions of family pride," replied the old man with a smile. "The Mantons must be *gentlemen*, even when they are drunkards. But this is not what I was going to say."

"You were going to tell me about—the Ragdon child."

"That child's mother and Mrs. Manton were sisters. I am their uncle."

The old man was going on to relate more particulars of the family, when Jack, at the first opportunity, interrupted him.

"The child and nurse were never heard from?"

"Yes. Six years after the disappearance, the nurse came back, and told a strange story. She was sick, and believed she was going to die, and wanted to relieve her mind by a confession. She did die, a few weeks after, having maintained the truth of her story to the last. Here is the printed account."

Mr. Plummerton took a small, rough-looking book from a shelf.

"When I turned to open my desk, but changed my mind, this morning, as you may remember, I was going to show you this scrap-book. It contains all the printed accounts of the affair, rewards offered, and so forth. But I thought you had better see it in my own house. Here is the nurse's story, briefly to this effect: that the going to Williamsburg that day was a pretence; that she really went to New York to pay a secret visit to her husband, and took the child with her; that, to induce her to go off with him, or to get her money, he gave her liquor to drink; and that, when she came to herself, the child was lost and could not be found."

Jack became suddenly very pale.

"How long ago?"

"Thirteen years ago, this coming month. The nurse, terrified at the loss of the child, which had been left to stray away through her neglect,—afraid to come back without it, and now completely under her husband's influence,—finally ran off with him, and was not heard of, as I said, for six years."

"What part of New York?"

"She could n't remember the name of the street where she met her husband; but it was not very

Digitized by Google

far up town, and it was between Broadway and the river."

Then Jack inquired, "How was the child dressed?"

And the old man answered, "Very much as you say you were dressed, when you were picked up. Here is the full description, in the printed offers of rewards, only we have 'golden curls,' instead of 'yellow curls,' and 'fine pink and white checks,' instead of plain 'pink,' gives the color of the frock."

Jack held the book in the sunset light, which shone through the window, and read the announcement which he had looked for in the New York papers so long in vain, and which must have escaped his eye, because it appeared in them under the head of "Affairs in Brooklyn."

"HIS HEAD RESTED, CHILDLIKE, ON HER MOTHERLY SHOULDER."

CHAPTER XL.

JACK'S RELATIVES.

HIS breath almost stifled with emotion, his eyes shining, Jack laid down the book and looked at Mr. Plummerton. The old man continued, with singular calmness of look and tone:

"None of us have any doubt but you are the true Henry Ragdon. Mrs. Manton is your aunt; Grace is your cousin. This relationship accounts for a certain resemblance you bear to the son who died,—which was not all in Harriet's fancy."

"Mrs. Ragdon—my mother—is dead?" said Jack. "And my father?"

"Your father was at that time in business with his brother-in-law, Manton. Manton ruins everything he touches. He ruined your father. The failure came close upon the heels of the other terrible affair. It's a distressing story altogether; I wont dwell upon it. Your father was one of the most active, upright, earnest men I ever saw. Overwork and anxiety of mind brought on a fever, and he died the next December. Your mother never recovered from this double calamity; yet she survived her husband about four years."

Jack made no reply. His face was buried in his hands. After a pause, Mr. Plummerton went on:

"You will be interested to know what property was left. Your father, owing to his failure, left nothing. But your mother had a little in her own right, which he would never touch—and wisely, as it proved. It was something less than a thousand dollars; yet it was all she had to live on, after he died. Harriet had as much of her own, but Manton squandered every dollar of it. After Harriet was separated from her husband, she and your mother lived together, and shared everything in common, even to the care of the children. What is left of the little property, Harriet still has, and it is all she has. Your mother left it in her hands, without a will, knowing her necessities, and knowing, too, that if the lost child was ever found, Harriet would do what was right by him. Now would you like to see your aunt and cousin?"

"Pretty soon—not just yet," Jack murmured, his face still hidden, and his bent frame agitated.

Mr. Plummerton went out; and presently Mrs. Manton came in, and sat down by Jack's side, and took his hand, and with an arm placed gently and affectionately about him, drew him towards her, until his head rested, childlike, upon her motherly shoulder. This was more than he could endure, and he sobbed aloud.

She was also deeply moved. But after a time

Digitized by Google

she grew calm, and then she talked to him long and lovingly of his parents, especially of his mother, of his own childhood, and of many things which cannot be recounted here.

Once Jack became conscious of the presence of Grace, and, looking up, he saw her sitting just before him, erect and pale, with tears sliding softly down her still face.

When all had become more composed, Mrs. Manton said:

"And now with regard to your mother's little property, of which I suppose uncle has told you something. It had shrunken considerably at the time she died; but I have kept as correct an account of it as I could; and as soon as uncle came over at noon and told us of you, I set Grace to reckoning up the interest. She has the paper here. You will see by it that we owe you eleven hundred dollars. We shall not be able to pay all of it at once, but we can pay a part of it in a few days, and then, little by little, make up the rest. She is beginning to give music lessons now, and is quite successful; and it costs us not very much to live."

Jack glanced at the paper, by the light of a lamp which had been brought in; then hung his head, with a look of deep trouble, which Mrs. Manton mistook for disappointment.

"You will think that you have gained but little by hunting up your parentage," she said, sadly.

Jack dropped the paper, and accidentally put his foot upon it as he rose.

"I can't tell you how much I have gained!" he exclaimed, with the eloquence of strong feeling. "To know what you have just told me of my parents, is worth everything! As for this little property, my dear aunt! my dear cousin!"—he held the hands of both,—"don't for a moment think that I will ever take a cent of it! It 's where I know my mother would wish to have it; I do not need it; never speak of it again!"

In vain they urged him. He would not even listen to their thanks. His heart was full. If not altogether happy, he felt that he was deeply blessed; and that all the fortunes in the world could not at that moment make him richer.

They urged him to remain, and make them a visit; then wished to know if there was anything they could do for him.

"Not for me. In a few days I am going back to my country home, where I shall work and study and want for nothing. But I shall leave a friend here in the city. He will be lonely without me. If you will be kind to him, and let him visit you,—and if you will sing and play to him, Cousin Grace, for he is very fond of music,—that will make me feel better about leaving him."

Jack promised, however, to come often to Brooklyn, and to bring his friend with him once, if possible, before leaving New York.

Then, parting with Grace and her mother at their own door, he hurried to the ferry, and recrossed the river; his heart throbbing with deep emotion and exalted thoughts as he looked down at the rushing water and up at the silent stars.

Chapter XLI.

THE LAST.

With Jack's accomplishment of the object of his journey, and George's restoration to health, our story of these fast friends draws to a close; for the time of their separation was now at hand.

Whilst awaiting George's convalescence, Jack—for we will still call him by his familiar name—went round one day to Murray street, hoping to have one more talk with his old friend, Master Felix. But neither Master Felix nor Professor De Waldo was to be found, the pair having lately decamped, as the landlord expressed it, between two days. Why they had taken this course, just as they were having a good run of custom, he could not explain, but conjectured that it was for the simple pleasure of cheating him out of his rent.

The friends had some difficulty in dividing satisfactorily what they called their "diamond money;" not because each claimed more than his just share, but for a quite contrary reason. After each had taken all that he thought belonged to him, there remained a handsome little sum which both sturdily refused. The difficulty was growing serious, when Jack suggested, as a happy compromise, a present for Vinnie. "What should it be?" was the question. George said she had long wanted a silk dress, but that his uncle and aunt had frowned upon the mere mention of such extravagance. As they could not well object to her receiving it as a present, the silk was secretly resolved upon.

Jack paid several visits to his Brooklyn friends; and on one occasion invited his aunt and cousin to go shopping with him. He wished to be guided by their feminine taste and judgment in selecting the silk, and also in choosing some suitable gifts for Mrs. Dolberry, and for Mrs. Chatford and little Kate at home.

That evening the friends had the satisfaction of delivering their present, and of witnessing a young girl's innocent delight over her "first silk." There was but one drawback to Vinnie's perfect contentment: she had no new hat to wear with the new gown!

But somehow the hat, and other needful accompaniments, were duly added, while the gown was in the hands of a dressmaker recommended by

Digitized by Google

good Mrs. Dolberry; and on a certain memorable occasion Vinnie "came out."

George also, on that occasion, appeared in a new suit, bought a day or two before at a ready-made clothing shop. As for Jack, he just brushed up his old clothes as well as he could, and made them answer. He was anxious that his friends should that day make a good appearance: he cared less for himself. It was Sunday, and all three were going over to take dinner in Brooklyn, and spend the afternoon with Mrs. Manton and Grace.

It proved a delightful occasion for all; but it was especially so to George. In his languid, convalescent state, his heart was open to all sweet influences; and the beauty of the day, the sunshine and breeze and dancing ripples on the river, the presence and sympathy of his two dear friends, and the exceeding kindness of the new friends he was destined that day to make,—everything contributed to brim his heart with happiness.

It was perhaps owing to this susceptibility of the invalid that Grace made the deep impression on him which his friends observed. The sight of her affected him like the reading of a perfect poem, and the tones of her voice moved him like strange music. He did not find her cold, as Jack at first did; but her very looks and words seemed, to his sensitive soul, always just ready to quiver with emotions unexpressed.

The afternoon was enlivened by the unlooked-for appearance of Mr. Manton. He covered his surprise at seeing his young friends with a great deal of politeness; and, alluding to the story of the diamond, which had reached him, declared that he was "disappointed in that MacPheeler." But he was happy to say that the light-fingered gentleman had recently got his deserts; having been taken in the very act of picking a pocket, and shut up in the Tombs, where he was now awaiting his trial.

Manton made but a short call; but it was long enough to give the other visitors a new insight into the characters of Grace and her mother. While they had not the heart to laugh at his pleasantries, they treated him with a certain tender respect, which—to George particularly—seemed very beautiful. He had much to say about the trouble Jack would have saved himself by confiding to him, at the outset, the object of his business in the city; but, finding that he had the talk mostly to himself, he presently, with many polite flourishes, took his leave.

Vinnie, fresh and vivacious, broke through the reserve even of the quiet Grace, and gained her lasting friendship; though they were not to meet again for many years.

In the pleasant summer twilight, Grace and her mother accompanied their visitors to the ferry, and took leave of them there. To Jack and Vinnie, who were to start the next day on their homeward journey, they gave affectionate good-by kisses; to George, invitations to visit them again.

It was these new friendships he had made which consoled George for the prospect of so soon parting with Jack and Vinnie and seeing them set off on their journey without him,—a trial which had before seemed more than he could bear.

It seemed *all* he could bear, when the time came. I don't know why Jack bore the parting more bravely; perhaps because his present strength and natural self-control were greater; perhaps because Vinnie went with him.

The farewells were spoken at the door; and then George stood and watched the coach that carried them away, and listened to the receding rattle of the wheels, until it turned a corner, and he saw and heard no more. Then climbing slowly to his room, he locked the door, threw himself upon his now lonely bed, and cried like a child.

The parting of friends, either by death, or absence, or estrangement, is, assuredly, one of the very saddest things in life. Almost every other sorrow can be met with patience. But time brings consolation even for this.

Time brought consolation to George; yet neither new friends, nor literary success (which came with hard toil and frugal living), nor any good fortune or happiness, ever crowded from his heart the love and gratitude he felt for Jack.

And Jack was no less faithful in his attachment. Yet the journey up the river and the canal, as far as Vinnie's home, was to him—strange as it may seem—one of the happiest incidents of his whole life. He wished that it might never end. The weather was lovely; and he and Vinnie sat on the deck of the packet-boat, or in the cool cabin, day and evening, and talked about George, New York, the past, the future—everything but the present moments, which made them so happy, and which were going, never to return.

Vinnie wished Jack to stop and visit George's relatives; but he was a little ashamed of giving himself up to dreams and leisure, as he was now doing, and felt that he must hasten home to work on the farm which, after all, he loved so well.

The evening before they were to part, as they sat on the deck, gliding by moonlight through pleasant scenes, Vinnie said to him:

"Why is it that George never talked to me as you do? Even that morning when he bid me good-by, just as he was starting for New York, he seemed thinking of something else."

Though Jack had long since made up his mind that George, with all his brotherly affection, never appreciated Vinnie as *he* would have done in his

Digitized by Google

place, he did not say so, but answered, half-playfully, "Still, when he has succeeded in New York, I suspect he will have something very confidential to say to you."

"Oh!" laughed Vinnie. "I know what you mean. But you are very much mistaken. Why, do you know, I have fully made up my mind that ——"

"That what?"

"That he will marry Grace Manton. Yes, I am sure of it. She's just suited for him; and did n't you notice how he interested her? What a poetical face she has! And then, you know, fond as George and I have always been of each other, we are only brother and sister."

"If I could think so!" Then, after a little pause, Jack added, fervently, "I am only a boy now; but in a few years I shall be a man; and in the meanwhile I am going to make something of myself, if study and hard work will do it. I wont ask you *now* to give me any serious promise; only that we, too, may be FAST FRIENDS till *then*."

"Till then, and always," Vinnie answered, frankly.

ICE IN INDIA.

BY M. E. EDWARDS.

WHAT possible connection can there be between Lake Ontario and India? The one lies between the United States and Canada, where the winter cold seizes upon the rolling waves, and binds them tight and fast. The other, thousands of miles away, burns and dries under a tropical sun. But it is this very contrast that brings them together. Lake Ontario cools and refreshes the people living on the East Indian coast. And this is the way the good work is brought about.

Lake Ontario is so situated that in winter it freezes over a great part of its surface, forming ice several feet in thickness, fine grained, compact, and of beautiful transparency. As soon as the ice is fairly formed, the ice companies set a small army of men at work to take it away, and they are kept busy all the season. Some are on the lake cutting out the ice in huge cubic blocks; others stow them away in the wagons which are to convey them to the ice-houses near the lake, where they are deposited temporarily; some are at work at these houses, receiving the ice and putting it in the buildings; others, again, are taking out the ice that has been waiting for transportation, and loading with it the cars in which it is to be conveyed to the different cities in the United States. The scene is a lively and busy one, and this ice business gives employment to a great number of men.

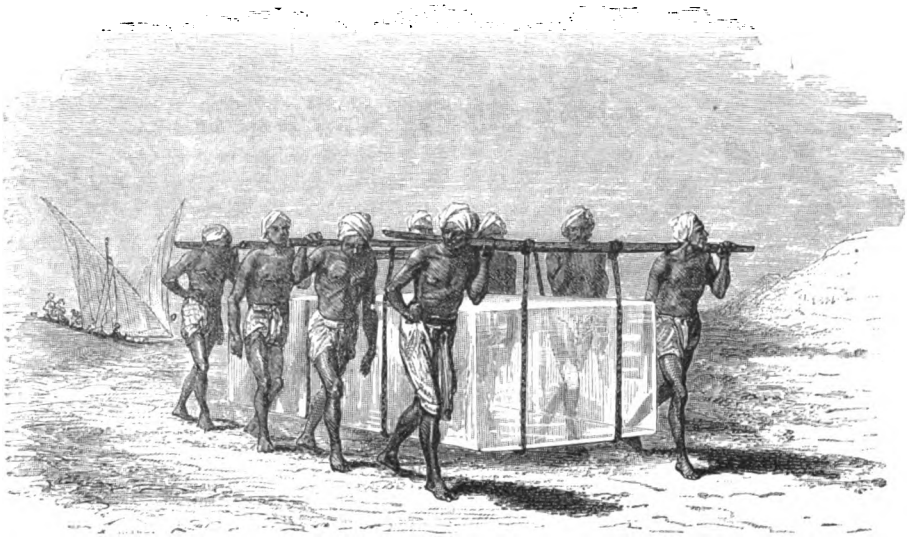
The ice intended for India is sent to Boston, and is there shipped as soon as possible. A good many vessels are employed in this service. The holds of these ships must be made very cold before the ice can be packed into them with safety, and this is done by letting down blocks of ice, and as soon as these melt, the water is drawn off and others are put in. The second blocks do not melt quite so soon as the first, and then others are let down; and the process is continued until the temperature is so low that the ice does not melt at all.

The hold is now ready to be filled for the long voyage. A thick bed of sawdust is laid on the bottom, and upon this blocks of ice are carefully and closely placed, forming a smooth, icy floor. This is covered with a light layer of sawdust. Upon this blocks of ice are packed as before; then another layer of sawdust; another stratum of ice-blocks; and so on, until the hold is filled. This packing has to be done quickly, or the ice would soften somewhat while exposed to the air. Great cranes, moved by steam, lift the enormous blocks of ice from the storehouse or wharf, swing them over the vessel, and lower them into the hold, where the men stow them away. Steam works rapidly, and the labor goes on day and night. When the hold is filled, the hatches are fastened down and caulked, and the precious freight is safely shut up in the cold and darkness, and the ship starts off as soon as possible on her long voyage. These vessels are built for fast sailers; but, at the best, it takes a very long time to reach India. During part of the voyage the tropical sun pours its heat upon the decks; but when the ship gains her port, and the hatches are opened and the work of unloading commences, the blocks of ice taken out are as perfect as when they were put in!

The unloading once begun, it is carried on with-

Digitized by Google

out intermission until the hold is emptied, the workmen relieving each other; but it cannot be done quite as rapidly as the loading. Some of the sailors, dressed in their warmest winter clothing, are down in the hold cutting apart the blocks which have become frozen together, placing the ropes around them, and fastening them to the cable that passes over the pulley. Other sailors, and native East Indians, are on the deck, where it is so hot that they are glad to dress very lightly. They are pulling at the ropes, and in this way hauling the ice out of the hold. Others are conveying it to the depôts on the shore, where it is stored away in vast quantities. Near these may be seen groups of natives waiting to be served with ice, which is to be carried to the hotels and other houses. Some of these natives have already been served, and have started upon their journey into the city, six or eight of them bearing a framework of bamboo sticks and cords, in which is suspended a monstrous block of ice as beautiful and transparent as rock crystal.



EAST INDIANS CARRYING A MONSTER BLOCK OF ICE.

And, after all the labor at Lake Ontario, after the transportation to Boston, the loading and unloading of the vessels, the sums of money that must be paid to so many workmen; and the voyage of several thousand miles, ice can be bought in the cities of India, in ordinary seasons, at three cents a pound!

Now, although ice keeps so well for a long time when packed in the ships built for it, and in this way can be conveyed to any East Indian port, it would be impossible to carry it into the interior of the country, where there are no railroads to transport it quickly. But the East Indian who lives at a distance from the coast is not obliged to do without cooling drinks, for not only does he contrive to cool water by putting it in porous jars and setting them in a current of air, but he has a fashion of his own for making ice, and a very curious fashion it is.

In the warm countries of Europe ice is manufactured by the use of ether, but this would be a very costly process in India, and would place it entirely out of the reach of the mass of the people. Their own method for manufacturing ice, although a slow one, is very simple, and costs nothing.

They have discovered by observation what we are taught in natural philosophy, that during the day the earth absorbs heat, and during the night it gives it out—or, to speak more properly, *radiates* heat. This is much more noticeable in tropical than in temperate countries. They know also by experience that, in order to enjoy the coolness of night, they must avoid the shade of trees, and lie out in the open places. The reason of this, perhaps, they do not know, which is that the branches of the trees interfere with this radiation. Without reasoning on these facts, the East Indian acts upon them, and uses his knowledge of them in manufacturing ice.

In an open space, where there are no trees, parallel ditches are dug in the ground three or four feet deep. These are half filled with straw, and nets are stretched over them. On these nets are placed small earthen saucers, holding about a wineglass of water. There is nothing more to be done but to wait for a clear, starry, and perfectly calm night. When such a night arrives, the little saucers

Digitized by Google

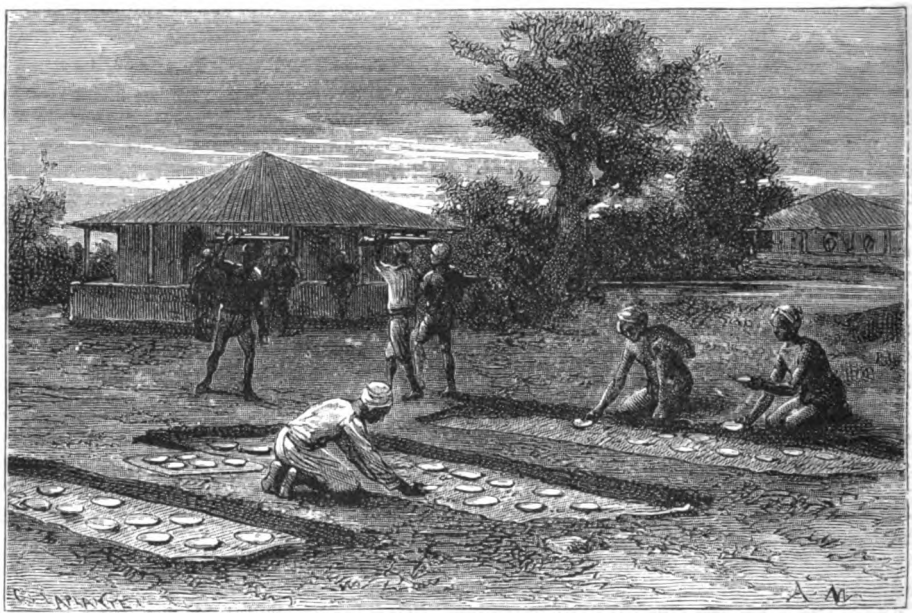
are filled with water in the evening, which water by four o'clock in the morning is found to be covered with a thin coating of ice! These cakes of ice are very small, it is true, but when they are all thrown together into the ice-houses under the ground, they form themselves into masses of quite a respectable size. In these primitive ice-houses the ice keeps for some time.

The straw is placed in the ditches because it is a bad conductor of heat, and by its means the saucers of water are separated from the ground, and receive little or no heat from it. The water, therefore, gives out more heat than it receives, so that its temperature is continually lowered until it reaches the freezing point, when it, of course, becomes ice.

This ice is more or less mixed with bits of straw and with dust. It cannot be used to put into liquids, but placed around them makes them delightfully cool and refreshing, and we can well imagine what a luxury it must be in this torrid region.

These are the two methods by which the people of India procure ice—carrying it there from a great distance, and freezing water by a slow process. And yet, in India itself there are immense ice-fields that never melt, containing material enough to supply perpetually every town and little hamlet in the country. For the Himalayan mountains, with their towering tops covered with everlasting snow and ice, stretch along the western part of the Indian peninsula. What a trial it must be to the temper of an East Indian, who is nearly melted with the heat in the plains below, to look up at those white peaks, and think how much snow and ice is wasted there that would be of the greatest service to him if it could only be brought down! But that is the problem! In the lowest part of the cold regions of the mountains, ice could be cut and made ready to be taken away. But there are no roads by which it could be carried to the plains; and if it were possible to construct roads over the mountains to a sufficient height to reach the snowy regions, the cost of making them would be enormous; and when made, it is doubtful whether ice could be transported over them with sufficient rapidity for it to reach the plains in a solid state.

So the Himalayas keep their icy treasures safely locked up in their mountain fastnesses, and the parched East Indian finds himself obliged to call upon a distant land to take compassion on him and help him.



MAKING ICE IN INDIA

Digitized by Google

HOW CHARLIE CRACKED THE WORLD.

By Aunt Fanny.

One delightful Saturday, Kate and her brother Charlie were going to spend the whole morning at the museum, where, besides the stuffed animals, were to be seen the learned pigs, that sang like birds and did sums in arithmetic; the little birds that grunted like pigs, and fell down dead at the word of command; the cherry-colored cat, that sat twiddling his whiskers at the company, as much as to say, "Deny that I am cherry-colored, if you can;" the man who ate coals of fire, and seemed to relish them as much as you would a beefsteak; the fat giantess, who danced a hornpipe, shaking the floor and making the very windows rattle; the man without arms, who kept seven soup-plates shooting up like a fountain in the air with his toes; and a hundred other curious things.

"Oh dear!" cried Kate. "I am so happy, I cannot keep still; let 's sail a boat, Charlie."

She caught his hands, and they swung round fast and faster, till they both tumbled in a heap on the floor, hats flying off and the blue ribbon in Charlie's collar hanging by one end.

"Now, Kate!" he exclaimed, "just look at my bow! And mamma is ready,—I hear her coming down stairs!"

"Yes, yes; I see, Charlie. I 'll tie it again as good as new," laughed Kate.

She put on her soft, pretty seal-skin hat, and arranging Charlie's tumbled hair, placed his hat nicely on his head; and then the good little sister tied the neck-ribbon into a lovely bow, Charlie holding his head erect, and standing up straight and stiff as a soldier—"eyes right" and "thumbs in."

The next moment, their mamma called them, and away they ran, two merry, happy children.

How astonished they were at all they saw! How they laughed when they found that the cherry-colored cat was *black*, and suddenly remembered that some cherries were black,—so it was no humbug, after all. How amazed they were at the brilliant performances of the learned pigs and birds, and how pleased they were when the giantess shook hands with them, and politely inquired after their healths!

But Charlie was most delighted with the man without arms. It seemed "so very jolly," he said, to do things with one's toes instead of fingers. His eyes were fastened upon those remarkable toes, which drew pictures, cut profiles, played on the fiddle, and, above all, sent the soup-plates gracefully following each other up in the air.

Charlie always learned his lessons rolling about on the carpet in the library. He declared that he could "get them into his head better that way." As he was walking home from the museum, he reflected seriously on his toes, and made a resolution that they must learn to be useful.

"Stupid things!" he said; "they certainly ought to work for their stockings and shoes, and I

TYING CHARLIE'S BOW.

shall begin their education at once. I 'll learn my geography for Monday as soon as I get home. My toes shall hold the world in papa's library, so that I can study the United States comfortably."

No sooner said than done. First putting on his school clothes, with a patched knee,—for his mamma had forbidden him to roll on the floor in his new knickerbockers,—Charlie hastened to the library with his book. He lifted from its axle the heavy globe, which was placed upon a stand, and from which it was ten times more convenient to study. Then he took off his shoes, and lying down on his back, with great difficulty he managed to prop the world up on the soles of his feet.

"Aha! This is jolly!" he exclaimed. "Let me see. There are the United States of North America,—how splendidly I can see them! How many are there? Six New England States; four Middle States; one, two, three, four, five, six,

Digitized by Google

seven, eight, nine, ten Southern States; and *such* a lot of Western States and Territories! Let me see —— Dear me, the world is getting heavy! One, two, —— Don't wiggle so," he remarked to his feet, which were getting very tired and shaky; "hold steady, can't you? One, two, —— Ow!! Hallo!!" he cried, as the world gave a distracted lurch to the left, then careered wildly over Charlie's head, and came down with a crash on the floor.

Alas! alas! A terrible crack showed itself between North and South America! Cuba was in such splinters, that it would be hard to believe she would ever look respectable again; and the Isthmus of Panama was parted asunder as if by an earthquake!

"O! O! O!" cried Charlie. "What have I done? I've broken the world! I've broken the world! and I'm just as sorry as ever I can be!"

But he went instantly and told his mother, like a brave boy; and a dreadful time she had, gluing up the cracks and splinters. She did not object to her son's "rolling" his lessons into his head, but she forbade his ever again "educating his toes" with anything so valuable as the world.

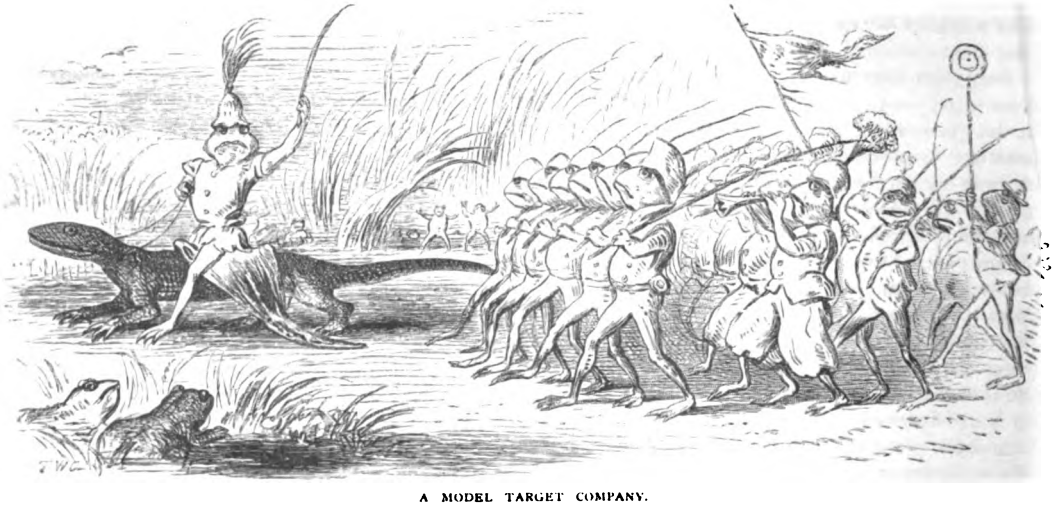
But, as everyone knows, boys will be boys, and a little chap like Charlie could n't be expected to give up his curious pranks just because he happened to make a mistake in regard to the weight of the world. The last time I called on Charlie's mother, I happened to look into the library, and there, on the floor, I saw Charlie lying on his back, with his feet in the air, and his little baby brother carefully balanced on his toes. The baby seemed to enjoy the sport, and it smiled sweetly down on Charlie, as its little fat legs hung down

"DEAR ME, THE WORLD IS GETTING HEAVY."

one way and its round, red face and arms the oth Down and up went the baby, as Charlie bent a stretched out his legs, the little creature chuckli all the time with delight.

"Now I'm going to spin you round," said Charlie; but before this performance commenced I rushed in and saved the baby.

Did you ever see such a boy as Charlie?



A MODEL TARGET COMPANY.

Digitized by Google

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OMNIBUS.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

I was born in Springfield,—excuse me if I don't mention how many years ago, for my memory is a little treacherous on some points, and it does not matter in the least. I was a gay young 'bus, with a long, red body, yellow wheels, and a picture of Washington on each side. Beautiful portraits, I assure you, with powdered hair, massive nose, and a cataract of shirt-frill inundating his buff vest. His coat and eyes were wonderfully blue, and he stared at the world in general with superb dignity, no matter how much mud might temporarily obscure his noble countenance.

Yes, I was an omnibus to be proud of, for my yellow wheels rumbled sonorously as they rolled; my cushions were soft, my springs elastic, and my varnish shone with a brilliancy which caused the human eye to wink as it regarded me.

Joe Quimby first mounted my lofty perch, four fine grey horses drew me from obscurity, and Bill Buffum hung gaily on behind as conductor, for in my early days there were no straps to jerk, and passengers did not plunge in and out in the undignified way they do now.

How well I remember my first trip, one bright spring day! I was to run between Roxbury and Boston, and we set out in great style, with an admiring crowd to see us off. That was the beginning of a long and varied career; a useful one too, I hope, for never did an omnibus desire to do its duty more sincerely than I did. My heart yearned over everyone whom I saw plodding along in the dust; my door opened hospitably to rich and poor, and no hand beckoned to me in vain. Can everyone say as much?

For years I trundled to and fro punctually at my appointed hours, and many curious things I saw—many interesting people I carried. Of course, I had my favorites, and though I did my duty faithfully to all, there were certain persons whom I loved to carry, whom I watched for and received into my capacious bosom with delight.

Several portly old gentlemen rode down to their business every day for years, and I felt myself honored by such eminently respectable passengers. Nice motherly women, with little baskets, daily went to market, for in earlier days housewives attended to these matters and were notable managers. Gay young fellows would come swarming up beside Joe, and crack jokes all the way into town, amusing me immensely.

But my especial pets were the young girls, for we had girls then,—blithe, bonny creatures, with health on their cheeks, modesty in their bright eyes, and the indescribable charm of real maidenliness about them. So simply dressed, so quiet in manner, so unconscious of display, and so full of innocent gaiety, that the crustiest passenger could not help softening as they came in. Bless their dear hearts! what would they say if they could see the little fashion-plates school-girls are now? The seven-story hats with jet daggers, steel arrows, and gilt horse-shoes on the sides, peacocks' tails in front, and quantities of impossible flowers tumbling off behind. The jewelry, the frills and bows, the frizzled hair and high-heeled boots, and, worst of all, the pale faces, tired eyes, and ungirlish manners.

Well, well, I must not scold the poor dears, for they are only what the times make them—fast and loud, frivolous and feeble. All are not spoilt, thank heaven; for now and then, a fresh, modest face goes by, and then one sees how lovely girlhood may be.

I saw many little romances, and some small tragedies, in my early days, and learned to take such interest in human beings, that I have never been able to become a mere machine.

When one of my worthy old gentlemen dropped away, and I saw him no more, I mourned for him like a friend. When one of my housewifely women came in with a black bonnet on, and no little lad or lass clinging to her hand, I creaked my sympathy for her loss, and tried not to jolt the poor mother whose heart was so heavy. When one of my pretty girls entered blushing and smiling, with a lover close behind, I was as pleased and proud as if she had been my own, and every black button that studded my red cushions twinkled with satisfaction.

I had many warm friends among the boys who were allowed to "hang on behind," for I never gave a dangerous lurch when they were there, and never pinched their fingers in the door. No, I gave a jolly rumble when the steps were full; and I kept the father of his country beaming so benignly at them that they learned to love his old face, to watch for it, and to cheer it as we went by.

I was a patriotic 'bus; so you may imagine my feelings when, after years of faithful service on that route, I was taken off and sent to the paint-shop, where a simpering damsel, with lilies in her hair,

Digitized by Google

replaced G. Washington's honored countenance. I was re-christened "The Naiad Queen," which disgusted me extremely, and kept to carry pic-nic parties to a certain lake.

Earlier in my life I should have enjoyed the fun, but I was now a middle-aged 'bus, and felt as if I wanted more serious work to do. However, I resigned myself and soon found that the change did me good, for in the city I was in danger of getting grimy with mud, battered with banging over stones, and used up with the late hours, noise and excitement of town life.

Now I found great refreshment in carrying loads of gay young people into the country for a day of sunshine, green grass, and healthful pleasure. What jolly parties they were, to be sure! Such laughing and singing, feasting and frolicking; such baskets of flowers and fresh boughs as they carried home; and, better still, such blooming cheeks, happy eyes, and hearts bubbling over with the innocent gaiety of youth! They soon seemed as fond of me as I was of them, for they welcomed me with shouts when I came, played games and had banquets inside of me when sun or rain made shelter pleasant, trimmed me up with wreaths as we went home in triumph, and gave three rousing cheers for the old 'bus when we parted. That was a happy time, and it furnished many a pleasant memory for duller days.

After several seasons of pic-nicing, I was taken to an asylum for the deaf, dumb and blind, and daily took a dozen or so out for an airing. You can easily imagine this was a great contrast to my last place; for now, instead of rollicking parties of boys and girls, I took a sad load of affliction; and it grieved me much to know that while some of the poor little creatures could see nothing of the beauty round them, the others could hear none of the sweet summer sounds, and had no power to express their happiness in blithe laughter or the gay chatter one so loves to hear.

But it did me good; for seeing them so patient with their great troubles, I was ashamed to grumble about my small ones. I was now getting to be an elderly 'bus, with twinges of rheumatism in my axletrees, many cracks like wrinkles on my once smooth paint, and an asthmatic creak to the hinges of the door that used to swing so smartly to and fro. Yes, I was evidently getting old, for I began to think over my past, to recall the many passengers I had carried, the crusty or jolly coachmen I had known, the various horses who had tugged me over stony streets or dusty roads, and the narrow escapes I had had in the course of my career.

Presently, I found plenty of time for such reminiscences, for I was put away in an old stable and left there undisturbed a long, long time. At first, I enjoyed the rest and quiet; but I was of a social turn, and soon longed for the stirring life I had left. I had no friends but a few grey hens, who roosted on my pole, laid eggs in the musty straw on my floor, and came hopping gravely down my steps with important "cut, cut, ka da cuts!" when their duty was done. I respected these worthy fowls, and had many a gossip with them; but their views were very limited, and I soon tired of their domestic chat.

Chanticleer was coachman now, as in the days of Partlet and the nuts; but he never drove out, only flew up to my roof when he crowed, and sat there, in his black and yellow suit, like a diligence-driver sounding his horn. Interesting broods of chickens were hatched inside, and took their first look at life from my dingy windows. I felt a grandfatherly fondness for the downy things, and liked to have them chirping and scratching about me, taking small flights from my steps, and giving funny little crows in imitation of their splendid papa.

Sundry cats called often, for rats and mice haunted the stable, and these grey-coated huntsmen had many an exciting chase among my moth-eaten cushions, over the lofts, and round the grain-bags.

"Here I shall end my days," I thought, and resigned myself to obscurity. But I was mistaken, for just as I was falling out of one long doze into another, a terrible commotion among the cats, hens and mice woke me up, and I found myself trundling off to the paint-shop again.

I emerged from that fragrant place in a new scarlet coat, trimmed with black and ornamented with a startling picture of a salmon-colored Mazeppa, airily dressed in chains and a blue sheet, hanging by one foot to the back of a coal black steed with red nostrils and a tempestuous tail, who was wildly careering over a range of pea-green mountains, on four impossible legs. It was much admired, but I preferred George Washington, like the loyal 'bus that I am.

I found I was to live in the suburbs and carry people to and from the station of a new railway, which, with the town, seemed to have sprung up like mushrooms. Well, I bumped passengers about the half-finished streets; but I did not like it, for everything had changed much during my retirement. Everybody seemed in a tearing hurry now,—the men to be rich, the women to be fine; the boys and girls could n't wait to grow up, but flirted before they were in their teens; and the very babies scrambled out of their cradles as if each was bent on toddling farther and faster than its neighbor. My old head quite spun round at the whirl everything was in, and my old wheels knew no rest, for the new coachman drove like Jehu.

Digitized by Google

It is my private opinion that I should soon have fallen to pieces if a grand smash had not settled the matter for me. A gay young fellow undertook to drive, one dark night, and upset his load in a ditch, fortunately breaking no bones but mine. So I was sent to a carriage factory for repairs; but, apparently, my injuries were past cure, for I was left on a bit of waste land behind the factory, to go to ruin at leisure.

"This is the end of all things," I said, with a sigh, as year after year went by and I stood there alone, covered with wintry snow or blistered by summer sunshine. But how mistaken I was! for just when all seemed most sad and solitary, the happiest experience of my life came to me, and all the world was brightened for me by the coming of my dearest friends.

One chilly spring night, when rain was falling and the wind sighed dismally over the flats, I was waked from a nap by voices and the rustling of straw inside my still strong body.

"Some tramp," I thought, with a yawn, for I had often taken lodgers for a night, rent free. I remembered one very odd-looking old gentleman, an artist with no money to spare, who had taken up his abode in me for two days. He would use my cushions for a table, as he spread out his dinner

THE LODGER.

of dry biscuit and drier sausage, then go out in the wood to make sketches, and at last come back to me again for his night's lodging. Once he sketched the sunset from my top, and his low whistling was quite pleasant to me; but he had gone long ago. Besides, the sounds I now heard were the voices of children, and I listened with interest to the little creatures chirping and nestling in there like the chickens I told you of.

"It's as nice as a house, Hans, and so warm I'll soon be dry," said one of the homeless birds who had taken shelter in my bosom.

"It's nicer than a house, Lotte, because we can push it about if we like. I wish we could stay here always; I'm so tired of the streets," sighed another young voice.

"And I'm so hungry; I do wish mother would come," cried a very tired baby voice, with a sob.

"Hush, go to sleep, my Lina! I'll wake you if mother brings us bread, and if not you will feel no disappointment, dear."

Then the elder sister seemed to wrap the little one close, and out of my heart came a soft lullaby as one child gave the other all she had—love and care.

"In the shed yonder I saw a piece of carpet; I shall go and bring it to cover us, then you will not shiver so, dear Lottchen," said the boy; and out into the rainy darkness he went, whistling to keep his spirits up and hide his hunger.

Soon he came hurrying back with the rude coverlet, and another voice was heard, saying, in the tone that only mothers use:

"Here is supper, dear children. Eat all; I have no wish for any more. People were very good to me, and there is enough for everyone."

Then, with cries of joy, the hungry birds were fed, the motherly wings folded over them, and all seemed to sleep in the poor nest they had found.

All night the rain pattered on my old roof, but not a drop went through; all night the chilly wind crept round my windows, and breathed in at every broken pane, but the old carpet kept the sleepers warm, and weariness was a sure lullaby. How pleased and proud I felt that I could still be useful, and how eagerly I waited for day to see yet more of my new tenants! I knew they would go soon and leave me to my loneliness, so I longed to see and hear all I could.

The first words the mother said, as she sat upon the step in the warm April sun, pleased me immensely, for they were of me.

"Yes, Hans, it will be well to stay here a day at least, if we may, for Lina is worn out and poor Lotte so tired she can go no more. You shall guard them while they sleep, and I will go again for food and may get work. It is better out here in the sun than in some poor place in the city, and I like it well, this friendly old carriage that sheltered us when most we needed it."

So the poor woman trudged away like a true mother-bird to find food for the ever-hungry brood, and Hans, a stout lad of twelve, set about doing his part manfully.

Digitized by Google

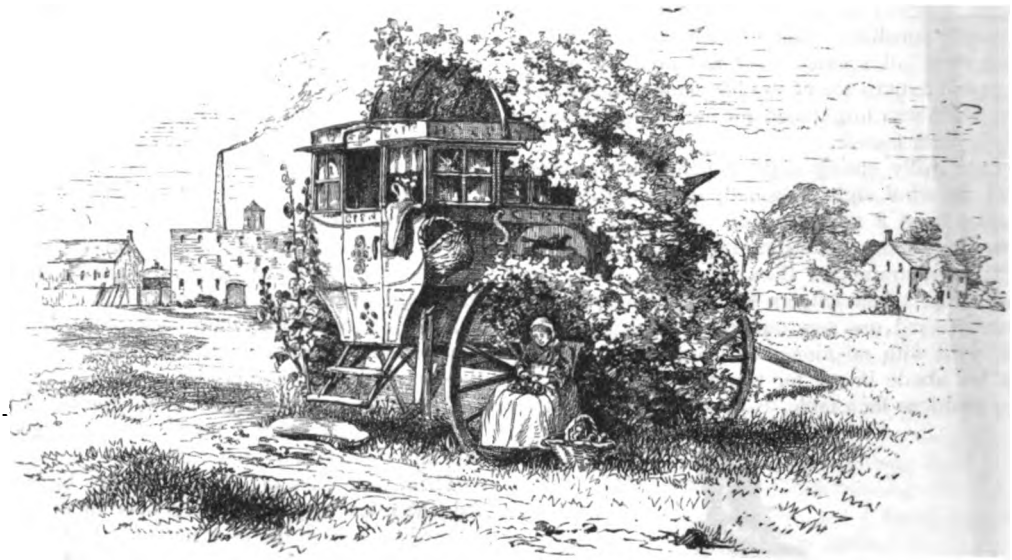
When he heard the workmen stirring in the great factory, he took courage, and going in told his sad tale of the little tired sisters sleeping in the old omnibus, the mother seeking work, the father lately dead, and he (the young lad) left to guard and help the family. He asked for nothing but leave to use the bit of carpet, and for any little job whereby he might earn a penny.

The good fellows had fatherly hearts under their rough jackets, and lent a helping hand with the readiness the poor so often show in lightening one another's burdens. Each did what he could, and when the mother came back she found the children fed and warmed, cheered by kind words and the promise of help.

Ah! it was a happy day for me when the Schmidts came wandering by and found my door ajar! A yet happier one for them, since the workmen and their master befriended the poor souls so well that in a week the houseless family had a home and work whereby to earn their bread.

They had taken a fancy to me, and I was their home, for they were a hardy set and loved the sun and air. Clever Hans and his mother made me as neat and cosy as possible, stowing away their few possessions as if on shipboard. The shed was given to mother Schmidt for a wash-house, and a gipsey fire built on the ground, with an old kettle slung over it, in which to boil the clothes she washed for such of the men as had no wives. Hans and Lotte soon found work selling chips and shavings from the factory, and bringing home the broken food they begged by the way. Baby Lina was a universal pet, and many a sixpence found its way into her little hand from the pockets of the kindly men, who took it out in kisses or the pretty songs she sang them.

All that summer my family prospered, and I was a happy old 'bus. A proud one, too, for the dear people loved me well, and in return for the shelter I gave them, they beautified me by all the humble means in their power. Some one gave Lotte a few scarlet beans, and these she planted among the dandelions and green grass that had grown about my wheels. The gay runners climbed fast, and when they reached the roof, Hans made a trellis of old barrel hoops, over which they spread their broad leaves and bright flowers till Lina had a green little bower up aloft, where she sat as happy as a queen with the poor toys which her baby fancy changed to playthings of the loveliest sort.



"I WAS A HAPPY OLD 'BUS."

Mother Schmidt washed and ironed busily all day in her shed, cooked the soup over her gipsey fire, and when the daily work was done sat in the shadow of the old omnibus with her children round her, a grateful and contented woman. If anyone asked her what she would do when our bitter winter came, the smile on her placid face grew graver, but did not vanish, as she laid her worn hands together and answered with simple faith:

"The good Gott who gave us this home and raised up these friends will not forget us, for He has such as we in His especial charge."

She was right, for the master of the great factory was a kind man, and something in the honest,

Digitized by Google

hard-working family interested him so much that he could not let them suffer, but took such friendly thought for them that he wrought one of the pleasant miracles which keep a rich man's memory green in grateful hearts, though the world may never know of it.

When autumn came and the pretty bower began to fade, the old omnibus to be cold at night, and the shed too gusty even for the hardy German laundress, a great surprise was planned and gaily carried out. On the master's birthday the men had a holiday, and bade the Schmidts be ready to take part in the festival, for all the factory people were to have a dinner in one of the long rooms.

A jovial time they had; and when the last bone had been polished off, the last health drank, and three rousing cheers for the master given with a will, the great joke took place. First the Schmidts were told to go and see what had been left for them in the 'bus, and off they ran, little dreaming what was to come. *I* knew all about it, and was in a great twitter, for I bore a grand part in it.

The dear unsuspecting family piled in, and were so busy having raptures over certain bundles of warm clothes found there that they did not mind what went on without. A dozen of the stoutest men quietly harnessed themselves to the rope fastened to my pole, and at a signal trotted away with me at a great pace, while the rest, with their wives and children, came laughing and shouting after.

Imagine the amazement of the good Schmidts at this sudden start, their emotions during that triumphal progress, and their unspeakable surprise and joy when their carriage stopped at the door of a tidy little house in a lane not far away, and they were handed out to find the master waiting to welcome them home.

Dear heart, how beautiful it all was! I cannot describe it, but I would not have missed it for the world, because it was one of the scenes that do everybody so much good and leave such a pleasant memory behind.

That was my last trip, for the joyful agitation of that day was too much for me, and no sooner was I safely landed in the field behind the little house than one of my old wheels fell all to pieces, and I should have tumbled over like a decrepit old creature if the men had not propped me up. But I did not care; my traveling days were past, and I was quite content to stand there under the apple-trees, watching my family safe and busy in their new home.

I was not forgotten, I assure you; for Germans have much sentiment, and they still loved the old omnibus that sheltered them when most forlorn. Even when Hans was a worker in the factory he found time to mend me up and keep me tidy; pretty Lotte, in spite of much help given to the hard-working mother, never forgot to plant some common flower to beautify and cheer her old friend; and little Lina, bless her heart! made me her baby-house. She played there day after day, a tiny matron, with her dolls, her kitten and her bits of furniture, as happy a child as ever sang "Bye-low" to a dirty-faced rag-darling. She is my greatest comfort and delight; and the proudest moment of my life was when Hans painted her little name on my door and gave me to her for her own.

Here my story ends, for nothing now remains to me but to crumble slowly to ruin and go where the good 'busses go; very slowly, I am sure, for my little mistress takes great care of me, and I shall never suffer from rough usage any more. I am quite happy and contented as I stand here under the trees that scatter their white petals on my rusty roof each spring; and well I may be, for after my busy life I am at rest; the sun shines kindly on me, the grass grows greenly round me, good friends cherish me in my old age, and a little child nestles in my heart, keeping it tender to the last.

Digitized by Google

A LEAF FROM A LITTLE GIRL'S DIARY.

By Abby Morton Diaz.

I am going to put some things about Effie in my diary, and this is the reason why I am going to put them in. My mother says when Effie is a great girl she will like to read some of the things she did and said when she was three years old. And so will the Jimmyjohns when they grow up; and so I shall put in some of their things, too, when I have done putting in some of Effie's things. The Jimmyjohns are my little brothers—both of them twins, just alike.

One time, Effie wanted to be dressed up in her best clothes to go up in the tree and see the sun-birds. She thinks that the tops of the trees are close up to the place where the sun is, and that makes her call birds sun-birds. And she thinks the birds light up the stars every night. My mother asked her, "What makes you think the birds light up the stars every night?" and Effie said, "Because they have some wings to fly high up."

My father brought me home a pudding-pan to make little puddings in. It does n't hold very much; it holds most a cupful. And Joey Moonbeam is going to have a party; and when she does, my mother is going to show me how to make a pudding in it. Joey Moonbeam is my very great rag-baby. She has got a new hat. I made it. Cousin Hiram says he is going to draw a picture of it on Joey Moonbeam's head in my diary, before she wears it all out. Betsey Ginger is going to have some new clothes to wear to Joey Moonbeam's party, and Dorothy Beeswax is going to have one new arm sewed on. Susan Sugarspoon and Eudora N. Posy and Jenny Popover are not careful of their clothes, and so they cannot have some new ones. N. stands for Nightingale. Dear little Polly Cologne was the very smallest one of them all. She was the baby rag-baby. She was just as cunning, and she had hair that was n't ravelings. It was hair, and all the others have ravelings. Her cheeks were painted pink. She had four bib-aprons, and she had feet. We don't know where she is. Rover—that little dog that we used to have—carried her off in his mouth, and now she is lost. Rover went away to find her when I told him to, and he did not come back. We don't know where Rover is. We think somebody stole him, or else he would be heard of. We feel very sorry. He was a good little dog. My father says he was only playing when he carried her off.

JOEY MOONBEAM.

I love all my rag-babies. I love Snip, but not so much as I do Rover. I love dear little baby-brother. I love the Jimmies—both of them. I love Effie, and I love my mother and my father, and Grandma Plummer. I don't love Aunt Debby. Aunt Debby does not love little girls. When little girls have a pudding-pan, Aunt Debby says it is all nonsense for them to have them. My mother said I might have plums in my pudding. I like to pick over raisins. Sometimes my mother lets me eat six, when I pick them over, and sometimes she lets me eat eight. Then I shut up my eyes and pick all the rest over with them shut up, because then I cannot see how good they look. Grandma Plummer told me this way to do. Effie is not big enough. She would put them in her arm-basket. She puts everything in her arm-basket. She carries it on her arm all the time, and carries it to the table and up to bed. My mother hangs it on the post of her crib. When she sits up to the table, she hangs it on her chair.

One time, when the Jimmies were very little boys, they picked up two apples that did not belong to them, under Mr. Spencer's apple-tree, and ate a part. Then, when they were eating them, a woman came to the door and said, "Did n't you know that you must n't pick up apples that are not your own?" After she went in, the Jimmies carried them back, and put them down under the tree in the same place again.

I am going to tell what Effie puts in her arm-basket. Two curtain-rings; one steel pen she found; some spools; some strings; one bottle—it

Digitized by Google

used to be a smelling-bottle; my father's letter when he was gone away; a little basket that Hiram made of a nutshell; a head of one little china doll; Betsey Beeswax sometimes, and sometimes one of the other ones; a peach-stone to plant; a glass eye of a bird that was not a live one; and a pill-box, and a piece of red glass, and pink calico, and an inkstand, and her beads, and a foot of a doll. One time it got tipped over when we played "Siren." Mr. Tompkins was in here when we played "Siren." He looked funny with the things on. Cousin Floy told us how to play it. The one that is the siren has to put on a woman's bonnet and a shawl, and then go under the table; and then sing under there, and catch the ones that come close up when they run by. I caught Hiram's foot. Hiram was so tall he could not get all under. Cousin Floy stood up in a chair to put the bonnet on him. My father did not sing a good tune; it was not any tune but a noise. My mother did, and cousin Floy did, too. Mr. Tompkins squealed. Mr. Tompkins could get way under. The one that is caught has to be the siren. Soon as the siren begins to sing, then the others go that way to listen, and go by as fast as they can. The siren jumps out and catches them. My father got caught. He did not want to put on the bonnet, but he did. He did not sing such a bad tune as Hiram did, but a pretty bad one. He made it up himself. My mother told Hiram that sirens did not howl. When Johnny was caught, Jimmy went under there, too, and had another bonnet, and they both jumped out together to catch. The tune the Jimmies sung was:

> Toodle-doo was a dandy cock-robin;
> He tied up his tail with a piece of blue bobbin.

Effie was afraid to go under. Her arm-basket got upset and made her cry. Snip flew at Hiram when Hiram caught Johnny. He went under, too, when they went under, and barked most all the time. I was the one that got caught the most times, and so then I had to be judged, and I chose Cousin Floy for my judge, and she judged me to tell a story.

We are going to have pumpkin for dinner—I mean squash. Joey Moonbeam's party is going to be a soap-bubble party. When Clarence was the siren, he sang:

> Hop! hop! hop!
> Go and never stop.

Sometimes Clarence stops to play with us when he comes here. My mother says he is a very good boy. His father is dead; his mother is sick; so is his little brother. He has got two little brothers and two little sisters. They do not have enough to eat. He comes here to get the cold victuals my mother has done using.

OUR LIGHT-HOUSES AND LIGHT-SHIPS.

By William H. Rideing.

If you have ever crossed the ocean and have approached land in the night-time, you know something about the utility of light-houses. It was in this way that I learned my first practical lesson on the subject. I came home from England in a Guion steamer during the stormy December of 1872. With ordinary good fortune we should have been in New York on Christmas Day, but instead of that we were 1,500 miles away, tossing about in the wildest sea. Five dispirited passengers ate a lonely Christmas dinner together in the saloon, with our good old captain at the head of the table. The stewards had kindly sought to cheer us with a tiny plaster-of-Paris Santa Claus, and as if to cast our drooping hearts lower, a lurching wave struck the vessel abeam, and threw the smiling little figure to the other end of the saloon, breaking him into a thousand chalky atoms. Then we all prayed to be able to make our New-Year calls as usual; but New-Year's Day came, and still we were afloat in a driving storm, with the wind dead against us, the air filled with snow, sleet and rain, and the decks flooded. We did not meet a passing ship in all the long voyage.

One day when we were crossing the banks of Newfoundland, a dreamy little owl was wafted into the rigging, and was caught and given to the stewardess, who cried over it; but that was all we had to remind us that we were not in a world without form, and without land for its boundaries.

In our twentieth day out, the reckonings showed that we were near Long Island, and the wind fell, only to be followed by a dreary grey mist. The captain was a bluff, mirth-loving old salt, but now his face wore an anxious look, and he was not for a minute absent from the bridge. It was time for a

Digitized by Google

pilot to board us, and guide us past the shoals hereabout into port. The night came on, and the quivering engines that had been plodding ceaselessly these twenty days were ordered "dead slow." Men were on the look-out at the bow and at the mast-head. At intervals there was heard coming from the watches overhead, as out of heaven, a long-drawn cry: "All-l-l-l 's well-l-l-l." And oftener yet was heard the cry of the quarter-master as he measured with a line attached to a leaden plummet the number of fathoms of water in which we moved: "By the deep, nine!" "By the deep, ten!" and so on through many changes. The captain was grave and silent, almost rude to those who interrupted him. The fog-whistle shrieked discordantly every minute, and all ears were awake for a response. The steamer labored cautiously onward in the mysterious night as if uncertain of her position. We five passengers stood shivering in our thickest wrappers near the wheel-house.

The mist came down suddenly, and suddenly it arose. "Fire Island light abeam!" That was the glad sound that we now heard. We could see the light glimmering in the haze on the starboard bow. Soon, too, there appeared ahead of us the yet brighter beams of the Highland lights. The captain then came down from his chilly post on the bridge, with his ruddy, storm-beaten face wreathed in smiles, and his changed manner showed that all was safe, and how great was the care that had been removed from his mind by these sentinel "pillars of fire." He had crossed the ocean ten times a year for nearly a quarter of a century, and since the Fire Island and Highland lights were built, they had ever been the best of friends to him, throwing warmth and joy into his heart when its cares were the heaviest.

"FIRE ISLAND LIGHT ABEAM!"

Many other vessels were beating towards our coast on that bleak January night, with its deceptive mist and angry seas, and many hundred mariners were seeking in the darkness for the lights that point the way to safety. It is the same every night in the year, winter and summer. The ships have their compasses, and the officers their sextants and quadrants. When the sun is in sight they can determine their position with tolerable certainty.

Digitized by Google

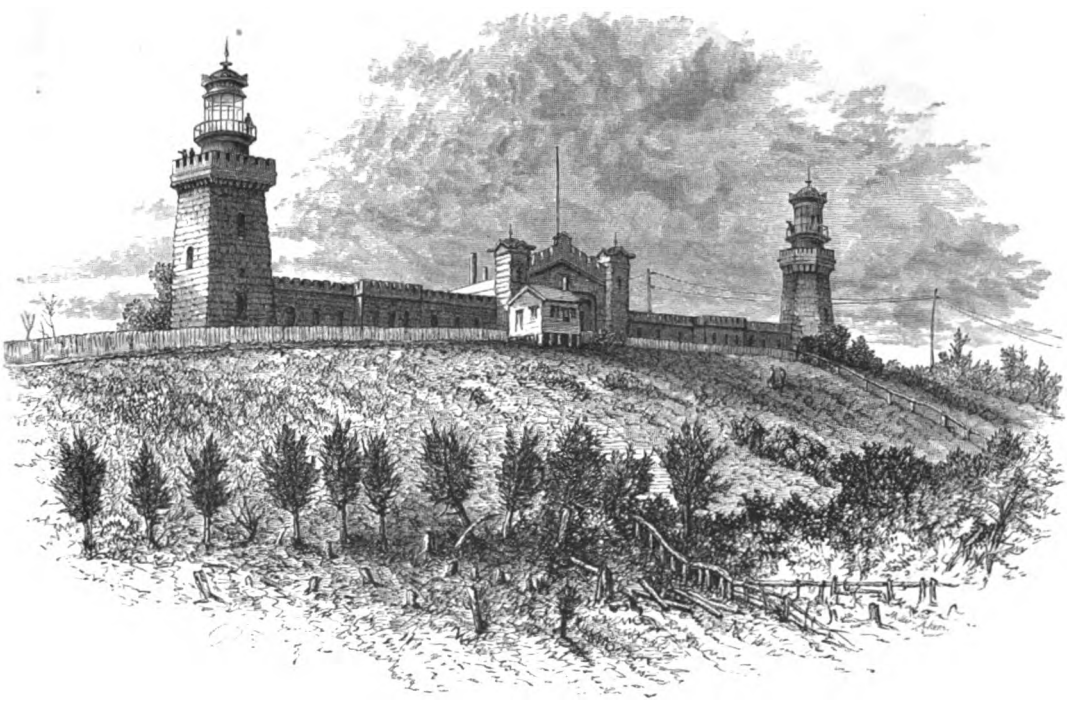
But sometimes the sun is hidden under the clouds for days together, and they have to depend on what they call a "dead reckoning," which is not so certain. The mysterious currents of the ocean may carry them miles out of their course without a warning.

This was the case when the steamship "Atlantic" was wrecked, about two years ago. She was bound for Halifax, Nova Scotia, and one day at noon a dead reckoning showed that she was about 200 miles away from that port. Her engines were making twelve miles an hour; but she drifted into a current setting inland, which accelerated her speed to eighteen miles without indicating it. Thus, when she was thought to be at sea she was actually close to the coast, and ran into the rocks, drowning 400 human beings.

So you will understand that in nearing the land by night the mariners strain their eyes for the light-houses, and move cautiously until they see the beacon that assures them of their true bearings and aids them as the finger-posts aided the road-side travelers of old.

I ought to tell you here, before I speak of other things, that the finest lights in America are those called the Highlands. They are built on a beautiful knoll in the Highlands, New Jersey, and overlook the Atlantic ocean. There are two massive stone towers, each 53 feet high, and placed 248 feet above the sea-level. The apparatus is the best, and the light can be seen 25 miles away.

The light-houses simplify navigation and lessen its dangers, thus encouraging commerce by preventing the shipwrecks that increase the cost of transportation. But it is not alone for their economy that they are valuable. They protect the lives of our sailors, and were established, first of all, with that noble purpose. Less than one hundred years ago there were only eighty-four light-houses in the United States. To-night, as you sit by the window watching the lamp-lighter hurrying through the darkening streets at sunset, five hundred and ninety-one beacons twinkle seaward on the coast from the St. Croix river, on the boundaries of Maine, to the Rio Grande, on the Gulf of Mexico, and cover a distance of over 5,000 miles on the Atlantic coast, 1,500 miles more on the Pacific coast, 3,000 miles on the great Northern lakes, and 700 miles on the inland rivers. There is scarcely a square foot on the margin of the sea throughout the 5,000 miles of Atlantic coast that is not illuminated by light-house rays, and, in clear weather, the mariner passing out of sight of one light immediately gains another.



LIGHT-HOUSE AT THE "HIGHLANDS," NEW JERSEY.

If all these lights were alike they would lead to disastrous mistakes, and instead of guiding they

Digitized by Google

would confuse. Accordingly, they are divided into six kinds. The first-order lights are intended to give warning of the approach of land, and are supplied with the best apparatus, visible at the greatest distance; the second-order lights are of the next best quality, not so powerful as the first, and they mark capes and approaches to bays and sounds; the third-order lights are inferior to either of the above, and point bays that are very wide and intricate, like the Delaware bay; the fourth, fifth and sixth-order lights are usually simple lanterns, marking the shoals, wharves and other prominent points in smaller bays and rivers.

They are also distinguished more exactly in another way. In some instances the lights are white and fixed; in others they are white and revolve at stated intervals, of which the mariner is informed; in other instances they are red and fixed, or red and revolving, and again they are red and white,

LIGHT-HOUSE AT THE "THIMBLE SHOAL," HAMPTON ROADS, VIRGINIA.

exhibiting each color alternately, or varying a steady white flame with a crimson flash. The distinctions are so decided and numerous that the look-out at the mast-head can tell in an instant which light it is that he sees. The principal guides to the harbor of New York for incoming ocean steamships are those that served so well the Guion steamship about which we spoke at the beginning, and the lights of the Sandy Hook light-ship. If these were all the same in color and form, the oldest captain might possibly mistake one for the other, and so run his vessel aground. But each is different. The Fire Island light-house exhibits a white flash, the Highland a fixed white light, and the light-ship a fixed red light. Upon such distinctions as these the success of the system much depends. Another very important point is that no changes shall be made in the appearance of the light-houses until a notice of them has been published in the maritime columns of the newspapers and in official circulars distributed among seafaring men. The sites of light-houses and the stations of light-ships are chosen in the most exposed neighborhoods, and where wrecks are most frequent. On Block Island, in the approach to the Long Island Sound, fifty-nine ships were lost between the years 1819 and 1838, in several instances with all their crews. Think of that, children! There was a place for a beacon, and a beacon was built which has since warned off many an imperiled vessel. In the recommendations of sites made by inspectors to the Light-house Board for new houses, we read such statements as these:

This is a dangerous reef, and an obstruction to navigation. The channel is habitually used by the Providence steamers, and it is recommended that a light-house and fog-bell be erected immediately.

This is one of the most difficult places for even experienced navigators to pass at night. The soundings vary from one hundred feet to five feet within the space of a hundred yards. It is therefore recommended that a light-house be built at an expense of $40,000.

I have quoted these two paragraphs from an official document containing many others of the same nature. They explain more briefly than I could the objects of the light-houses. You will readily understand, of course, that the construction of the lights is often attended with the greatest difficulty, owing to the fact already mentioned that the locations selected are exposed to the fiercest buffets of winds and sea. The best skill of the engineers and as much money as would pay for a palace are sometimes expended in an apparently insignificant and cheap-looking tower of granite.

About seventeen miles by water from Boston, there is a rock called Minot's Ledge, exposed to the full sweep of the Atlantic ocean. It is about a mile and a-half from the nearest mainland, and within thirty years ten barques, fourteen brigs, sixteen schooners, and three sloops were cast upon it and wrecked. At extreme low water, an area about thirty feet in diameter is visible, the highest point not more than three and a-half feet above the water-line. But when the weather is rough, the breakers alone tell of its hidden dangers. In 1842 it was said that a light-house was more urgently wanted here than at any other point in New England, but it was deemed almost impossible to build one. Nevertheless, the task was accepted by some engineers, and successfully done at a cost of $250,000. In the first year only thirty hours of work were done, and one hundred and fifty-seven hours' work in the second year. And even more difficult was the building of the light-house on Spectacle Reef, Lake Huron, which cost $300,000. Several times the whole thing threatened to come

Digitized by Google

tumbling down before the weather gave the engineers a chance to put it on a firm foundation. Some of the light-houses are slight frame structures, not costing more than $10,000 or $20,000, and these cheaper ones appear much more pretentious than others like that solitary, unadorned pillar that gleams the night long on the dreaded Minot's Ledge.

Perhaps, by this time, you are ready to ask who it is that builds and contracts the light-houses. It is an organization called the Light-house Board, which includes eminent soldiers, eminent sailors and eminent scientific men. I doubt that there is another official body in the United States where members are so well adapted for their duties. One of them is especially fitted by a minute knowledge of the coast to select proper sites; another is an army engineer, thoroughly qualified to plan and build; a third is a naval officer, who can direct the equipment of the light-ships and tenders and choose the most suitable crews, and a fourth is a scientific man, who can decide upon new inventions that promise new sources of light or improvements in the optical parts of the light-houses. Thus you will see that each part of the system is under the care of some one who, by education and experience, is most capable of doing the work that is expected from him.

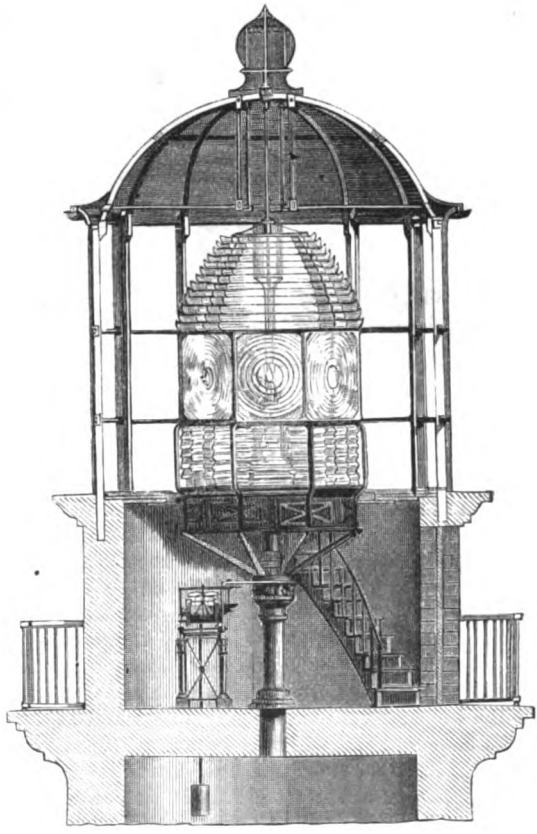
For instance, the scientific man has to select the apparatus that will give the greatest light at the least cost. The simplest light possible is the common torch or candle, but this is wasteful, as it sends its beams in every direction,—toward the ground beneath, the zenith above, and to the interior of the land as well as towards the sea. An improvement is made by adding a reflector, which throws all the light seaward. Another improvement is made by combining several reflectors, each with a separate light. The light is thus much increased in quantity, but not in penetrating power, which is most essential, the mirrors scattering the rays too widely. The latest improvement is a beautiful apparatus consisting of lenses and prisms of glass, which concentrate and intensify every ray of light, and send one broad beam out towards the sea.

A light-house, with this apparatus, may be visible twenty-five miles off, while a common lamp consuming more oil would be lost at half that distance. All such things as these the scientific man must find out and put in effect. The soldier and the sailor would be out of place here; they have their work in manning and equipping the houses and vessels that the engineer has built and the scientific man has lighted.

I should add that the Light-house Board also establishes and takes care of the buoys, which are anchored as day-marks over shoals and along the channels of harbors. Like the light-houses, they are divided into many distinct kinds, to prevent mariners from falling into error. Some of them are massive iron cans of balloon shape, and others are mere floating spars. They are also distinguished by triangles, cages and bells, and by their color, which is sometimes red, sometimes red and black, sometimes black and white, sometimes yellow and sometimes all black.

In addition to these guides for the mariner, the Light-house Board provides at points along the coast immense fog-horns, which are blown by steam or hot air in foggy weather. The light-ships are ordinary schooners of great strength, which exhibit powerful lights at their mast-heads.

Light-houses are strange and lonely homes for men to live in. Some of them are perched out on the ocean, with the land scarcely in sight, and the

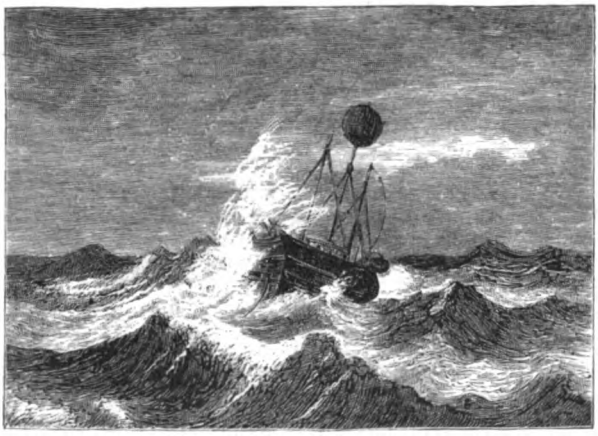


LANTERN OF A FIRST-ORDER LIGHT-HOUSE.

restless sea forever beating and moaning around them. The keepers of these do not see other human faces than their own in a quarter of a year. Night and day they are on the watch, gladdened

Digitized by Google

awhile by a sail that appears for a little while and then floats out of sight, below the horizon. They might be out of the world, for all they know of its concerns, its losses and gains, its battles and its victories, the changes that each day brings forth. There are other light-houses situated on the coast, but so remote that they are never visited; and others that are surrounded by the civilization of a fishing village, and on summer days are crowded by fashionable people from the neighboring watering-places. But for the most part, except in the approaches to flourishing ports, they are built out on the farthest margin of the land, on far-reaching capes and peninsulas, on iron-bound headlands, on detached rocks and sandy shoals. The light-ships are still worse off, anchored as they are in stormy waters, and forever rolling, plunging, leaping in perpetual unrest, clipped of their wings, while other vessels are passing and repassing, shortening sail as they enter port and spreading the canvas as they start out anew.



A LIGHT-SHIP.

The light-ships are manned by men alone, but in the light-houses the keepers are allowed to have their wives, and children are born unto them and brought up with the sea and the sea-birds and the distant ships for companions. Many a pretty story or poem has been woven about children living in this fashion. They learn the secrets and wonders of the sea, and feel glad when it sings softly on the calm days and sad when its bosom is ruffled and white in the storms. Their little heads are full of strange fancies about Nature, and I do not believe they could understand or enjoy the life that you and I lead at home. Somehow I cannot think of them as real children. They seem more like water-sprites that have their home in the blue depths among other delicate plants that blossom there. But they have lessons to learn from school-books, and a great many things to do in their father's household. Their life, with all its romance, is not one of idleness, you may be sure. Sometimes their work is hard and earnest. There is a light-house off Newport, where an old man lives, and with him his daughter. From a wild little girl she has grown to be a young woman, full of color, and strength, and courage. She was born by the sea and has always lived by the sea. When she was very small she used to talk to the waves and listen to their moaning answers. Oftentimes from her nest on the ledge of rocks, when the wind, and sea, and sky have been in fiercest strife, she has seen some vessel in distress, and in a small row-boat has pulled herself out and brought the men to the warmth of her father's house. I do not exactly know how many lives she has saved, but nearly every year she does a heroic deed of the kind. You have heard of her, no doubt; she was married some time ago, but she is still known by the name of her childhood—Ida Lewis.

Light-houses and light-ships often are able to send aid to the shipwrecked, and are virtually life-saving stations. The annals of the Board show that whenever it is practicable the keepers bravely assist in bringing sailors to the shore. Thus I have before me a printed form which is headed as follows: "Quarterly Return of Shipwrecks in the Vicinity of the Light-vessel stationed at Bartlett's Reef, for the quarter ending on the 31st of March, 1874." Two schooners — the "Cahill" and the "Speedwell"—were cast ashore on the reef, and became total wrecks, during a strong gale blowing from the north-west on March 23d. Two columns in the exhibit tell this simple story:

No. of Crew and Passengers Lost.	No. of Crew and Passengers Saved.
None.	All.

Complete details are supplied by the keepers in another report, showing the condition of the weather, the hour when the vessels were first seen from the light, the hour when they struck, and proof that every assistance possible was rendered to them.

The keepers and their assistants are mostly old sailors and soldiers who have seen actual service in the wars. There are eight hundred of them, each paid between four hundred and six hundred dollars a year, besides board and lodging. The regulations require them to be able-bodied, over eighteen years of age, and able to read and write. They must also be intelligent, and have a knowledge of the general principles of optics and mechanics, for

Digitized by Google

the lenses and machinery in their care are both delicate and costly. An unskillful or careless man might spoil the lamp; and as the stations are sometimes hundreds of miles away from civilization, as on the Pacific coast, several weeks might elapse before it could be repaired. In the meantime, the shipping would be in constant danger. On the intelligence, fidelity and experience of the keepers thousands of lives and millions of dollars depend.

ROBBIN'S REEF LIGHT-HOUSE, IN NEW YORK BAY.

You must not think that they are perfectly secure from danger. Sometimes, in a heavy gale, a light-ship parts her moorings and is threatened with destruction on a lee shore, and all the skill and all the bravery of her crew are needed to save her. Sometimes, too, a light-house is destroyed, toppled over by the sea. On the shoals about the southern coast, the light-houses are mostly fragile iron frames bedded in the sand, as you will see in the picture on the next page of the light-house at Alligator Reef, Florida.

Such a one as this—a screw-pile light-house it is called—formerly stood on a lonely place known as Dog Island, also off the coast of Florida. One fearful night during the November gales of last year, the light was burning brightly over the foaming seas, and the keeper was on duty watching the lantern. The wind blew from a severe gale to a hurricane, and the frame of the house trembled under the force that beat it. Still the wind increased in violence, rocking the lantern and soon upsetting it. The keeper then feared for his life, and decided to trust himself to the waves in a small boat and make for the shore. He had scarcely left the tottering structure when it fell and disappeared, an utter wreck, into the water.

A ROOM IN THE LIGHT-HOUSE AT ROBBIN'S REEF.

The first duty of the keepers is to exhibit their lights punctually at sunset and extinguish them punctually at sunrise. The flame must be kept at its greatest attainable height, and the whole illuminating apparatus perfectly clean and free from dampness. One man is on watch constantly. In thick and stormy weather he must see that there is no snow or moisture on the lantern glass, and he is strictly forbidden to stand in front of the light or to allow any other person to do so. If by an evil chance one of the panes of glass is blown out or dashed out by sea-birds, another must be in readiness to replace it immediately. As soon as his own

Digitized by Google

LIGHT-HOUSE AT ALLIGATOR REEF, FLORIDA.

lights are burning, he must note in his journal the names of such other light-houses and lighted beacons as are visible, specifying how they appear, whether bright or faint, and whether the weather is thick or clear. In case any light that ought to be seen is not visible, he must inform the inspectors as soon as possible. Meantime, the other light-house keepers are returning the compliment, and noting in their journals the condition of his light. In this manner a careless or inattentive keeper is soon found out. There are also on patrol a number of steam and sailing vessels belonging to the Light-house Board, whose captains observe and report on the exhibition made at each light-house.

Four times a year the more distant houses are visited by tenders, which supply them with food for the next three or six months. It often happens that the keepers are confined at their station for this length of time by stress of weather or extreme distance from the shore. Usually, however, the smaller vessels passing near hail them, and exchange fresh vegetables and fruit for salt pork, perhaps throwing a newspaper, several weeks old, into the bargain. Vegetables and newspapers are the greatest luxuries you can bestow on the Crusoe keepers. The pilot-boats are especially good friends to them, calling often, and doing many little kindnesses for them.

THE PET MONKEY.

(Translation of French Story in August Number.)

My children, this is Jack, the prettiest little monkey that ever was seen; but as his portrait gives but a faint idea of what he is, I add a few words for you.

Jack came from Africa, from a good missionary who is one of our friends, who sent him to us across the sea. Great was our joy, as you may well suppose, when one day a stout sailor presented himself with this little black creature in his arms. At once Jack showed himself very tame, and even affectionate, as soon as he saw himself supplied with sweetmeats and bon-bons.

He is not much bigger than one of those grey squirrels which you see running in the woods. He has a little brown head, with a collar and long whiskers of white hair, which would give him the air of a little old man, with a skull-cap of velvet, if his great black eyes, so keen and bright, did not quickly change his venerable appearance; and as, on account of the cold, to which he is very sensitive, we are obliged to cover him with a little dress of red flannel, he has, I can assure you, a very young and frisky air, in spite of his white beard. He has for his special use a tiny chair, placed in the warmest corner of the chimney, and nothing is more amusing than to see him gravely seated on it, warming his feet at the fire, and holding on his knees a *doll*, for which he has a great affection, and with which he plays as could the prettiest little girl.

Unhappily, Jack will not keep still long in one place, any more than a child of his age. He touches everything; he rummages everywhere; he turns the hands of the clock to hear it strike; he scratches the books, and opens all the boxes which he can put his little hand on, in quest of sugar and of cakes, of which he is very fond. Sometimes his power of imitation gets him into trouble and causes him a great fright, as when he locked himself in a closet by turning the key, so that it was necessary

Digitized by Google

to send for a locksmith to get him out of his prison, where he was lamenting his fate with piercing cries.

Like all spoiled children, Jack dislikes to go to bed; and when he sees the preparations to take him away from the warm and lighted parlor, he runs to his mistress, climbs on her shoulder, and puts his arms around her neck and fairly *cries* to be kept, like a real baby. He is very much offended, and protests with all the force of his lungs, if he is excluded from the dining-room at the hour of meals. Seated on his little chair, holding, with much address, a saucer on his knees, he follows with his great black eyes all the details of the service with an interest which shows itself noisily at the appearance of the dessert. Everything is good to him, whether it be the ice-cream or only an apple or a nut. But he has his preference, which he testifies by a low grunt of satisfaction, or by pushing away from his plate any morsels which do not suit his taste.

They tell us that Jack might be taught a hundred amusing tricks; and his education was probably commenced by the sailor during his long voyage, for he turns a somersault like a real acrobat. It must be said in his praise that he seems anxious to cultivate this unique talent, and often practices of his own accord, supporting himself on his head, his feet in the air, and turning himself over with a dexterity of which he seems very proud; but no one of us has the courage to impose upon him too severe studies.

His life in our climate, so severe for these poor little creatures, accustomed to the sun of Africa, cannot be a very long one. He is going to pass the summer in the country, in the midst of flowers and fruits; and then if the first frosts should take from us our little pet, we shall bury him under a rose-bush, happy to think that we have at least enjoyed for some months his pretty ways, and have filled his short existence with as much happiness as was possible.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

By Frank R. Stockton.

Chapter XXX.

A GIRL AND A GUN.

A short distance beyond the place where Kate had been left, there was a small by-path; and when, still carefully carrying her gun, she reached this path, Kate stopped. Here would be a good place, she thought, to wait for game. Something would surely come into that little path, if she kept herself concealed.

So she knelt down behind a small bush that grew at a corner of the two paths, and putting her gun through the bush, rested the barrel in a crotch.

The gun now pointed up the by-path, and there was an opening in the bush through which Kate could see for some distance.

Here, then, she watched and waited.

The first thing that crossed the path was a very little bird. It hopped down from a twig, it jerked its head about, it pecked at something on the ground, and then flew up into a tree. Kate would not have shot it on any account, for she knew it was not good to eat; but she could not help wondering how people ever did shoot birds, if they did not "hold still" any longer than that little creature did.

Then there appeared a small brown lizard. It came very rapidly right down the path towards Kate.

"If it comes all the way," thought Kate, "I shall have to jump."

But it did not come all the way, and Kate remained quiet.

For some time no living creatures, except butterflies and other insects, showed themselves. Then, all of a sudden, there popped into the middle of the path, not very far from Kate, a real, live rabbit!

It was quite a good-sized rabbit, and Kate trembled from head to foot. Here was a chance indeed!

To carry home a fat rabbit would be a triumph. She aimed the gun as straight towards the rabbit as she could, having shut the wrong eye several times before she got the matter arranged to her satisfaction. Then she remembered that she had not cocked the gun, and so she had to do that, which, of course, made it necessary for her to aim all over again.

She cocked only one hammer, and she did it so

Digitized by Google

gently that it did not frighten the rabbit, although he flirted his ears a little when he heard the "click, click!" Everything was so quiet that he probably thought he heard some insect, probably a young or ignorant cricket that did not know how to chirp properly.

So he sat very still and nibbled at some leaves that were growing by the side of the path. He looked very pretty as he sat there, taking his dainty little bites and jerking up his head every now and then, as if he were expecting somebody.

"I must wait till he's done eating," thought Kate. "It would be cruel to shoot him now."

Then he stopped nibbling all of a sudden, as if he had just thought of something, and as soon as he remembered what it was, he twisted his head around and began to scratch one of his long ears with his hind-foot. He looked so funny doing this that Kate came near laughing; but, fortunately, she remembered that that would not do just then.

When he had finished scratching one ear, he seemed to consider the question whether or not he should scratch the other one; but he finally came to the conclusion that he would n't. He 'd rather hop over to the other side of the path and see what was there.

This, of course, made it necessary for Kate to take a new aim at him.

Whatever it was that he found on the other side of the path it grew under the ground, and he stuck his head down as far as he could get it, and bent up his back, as if he were about to try to turn a somersault, or to stand on his head.

"How round and soft he is!" thought Kate. "How I should like to pat him. I wonder when he 'll find whatever it is that he's looking for! What a cunning little tail!"

The cunning little tail was soon clapped flat on the ground, and Mr. Bunny raised himself up and sat on it. He lifted his nose and his fore-paws in the air and seemed to be smelling something good. His queer little nose wiggled so comically that Kate again came very near bursting out laughing.

"How I would love to have him for a pet!" she said to herself.

After sniffing a short time, the rabbit seemed to come to the conclusion that he was mistaken, after all, and that he did n't really smell anything so very good. He seemed disappointed, however, for he lifted up one of his little fore-paws and rubbed it across his eyes. But, perhaps, he was n't so very sorry, but only felt like taking a nap, for he stretched himself out as far as he could, and then drew himself up in a bunch, as if he were going to sleep.

"I wish he would n't do that," thought Kate, anxiously. "I don't want to shoot him in his sleep."

But Bunny was n't asleep. He was thinking. He was trying to make up his mind about something. There was no way of finding out what it was that he was trying to make up his mind about. He might have been wondering why some plants did n't grow with their roots uppermost, so that he could get at them without rubbing his little nose in the dirt; or why trees were not good to eat right through trunk and all. Or he might have been trying to determine whether it would be better for him to go over to 'Lijah Ford's garden, and try to get a bite at some cabbage leaves; or to run down to the field just outside of the woods, where he would very likely meet a certain little girl rabbit that he knew very well.

But whatever it was, he had no sooner [illegible] his mind about it than he gave one big [illegible] was out of sight in a minute.

"There!" cried Kate. "He's gone!" [illegible]

"I reckon he thought he'd guv you 'bou[illegible] enough, Miss Kate," said a voice behind h[illegible], turning hurriedly, she saw Uncle Braddock.

"Why, how did you come here?" she exc[illegible]. "I did n't hear you."

"Reckon not, Miss Kate," said the old [illegible]. "You don't s'pose I was agoin' to frighten [illegible] yer game. I seed you a-stoopin' down aim[illegible] at somethin', and I jist creeped along, a little a[illegible], to see what it was. Why, what *did* come over [illegible], Miss Kate, to let that ole har go? It was the [illegible]-tiest shot I ever did see."

"Oh! I could n't fire at the dear little [illegible] while it was eating so prettily," said Kate, le[illegible] down the hammer of the gun as easily as [illegible] could; "and then he cut up such funny [illegible] capers that I came near laughing right out. I could n't shoot him while he was so happy, and I'm glad I did n't do it at all."

"All right, Miss Kate," said Uncle Braddock, as he started off on his way through the woods; "that may be a werry pious way to go a-huntin', but it wont bring you in much meat."

When Harry came back from hunting for the bee-tree, which he did n't find, he saw Kate walking slowly down the path towards the village, the gun under her arm, with the muzzle carefully pointed towards the ground.

Chapter XXXI.

A MAN IN A BOAT.

On a very pleasant afternoon that fall, a man came down Crooked Creek in a small, flat-bottomed boat. He rowed leisurely, as if he had been rowing a long distance and felt a little tired. In one end of the boat was a small trunk.

As this man, who had red hair, and a red face,

Digitized by Google

and large red hands, pulled slowly along the creek, turning his head every now and then to see where he was going, he gradually approached the bridge that crossed the creek near "One-eyed Lewston's" cabin. Just before he reached the bridge, he noticed what seemed to him a curious shadow running in a thin, straight line across the water. Resting on his oars, and looking up to see what there was above him to throw such a shadow, he perceived a telegraph wire stretching over the creek, and losing itself to sight in the woods on each side.

A telegraph wire was an ordinary sight to this man, but this particular wire seemed to astonish him greatly.

"What on earth is this?" he asked out loud. But there was no one to answer him, and so, after puzzling his mind for a few minutes, he rowed on.

When that man reached the point in the creek to which he was bound, and, with his trunk on his shoulder, walked up to the house where he used to live, he was still more astonished; for a telegraph wire ran through one corner of the back-yard.

Cousin Maria now lived in this house, and George Mason was coming to pay her a visit. His appearance was rather a surprise to her, but still she welcomed him. She was a good soul.

Almost before he asked her how she was, he put the question to her:

"What telegraph line 's that?"

"WHAT ON EARTH IS THIS?" HE ASKED OUT LOUD.

So Cousin Maria wiped her hands on her long gingham apron (she had been washing her best set of china), and she sat down and told him all about it.

"You see, George," said she, "that there line was the boys' telegraph line, afore they sold it to the Mica people; and when the boys put it up they expected to make a heap of money, which I reckon they did n't do, or else they would n't have sold it. But these Mica people wanted it, and they lengthened it at both ends, and bought it of the

Digitized by Google

boys—or rather of Harry Loudon, for he was the smartest of the lot, and the real owner of the thing —he and his sister Kate—as far as I could see. And when they stretched the line over to Hetertown, they came to me and told me how the line ran along the road most of the way, but that they could save a lot of time and money (though I don't see how they could save much of a lot of money when, accordin' to all accounts, the whole line did n't cost much, bein' just fastened to pine-trees, trimmed off, and if it had cost much, them boys could n't have built it, for I reckon the Mica people did n't help 'em a great deal, after all),—if I would let them cut across my grounds with their wire, and I had n't no objection, anyway, for the line did n't do no harm up there in the air, and so I said certainly they might, and they did, and there it is."

When George Mason heard all this, he walked out of the back-door and over to the wood-pile, where he got an axe and cut down the pole that was in Cousin Maria's back-yard. And when the pole fell, it broke the wire, just as Mr. Martin had got to the sixth word of a message he was sending over to Hetertown.

Cousin Maria was outraged.

"George Mason!" said she, "you can stay here as long as you like, and you can have part of whatever I 've got in the house to eat, but I 'll never sit down to the table with you till you 've mended that wire and nailed it to another pole."

"All right," answered George Mason. "Then I 'll eat alone."

When Mr. Martin and the Mica Mine people and the Akeville people and Harry and Kate and all the boys and everybody black and white heard what had happened, there was great excitement. It was generally agreed that something must be done with George Mason. He had no more right to cut down that pole because he had once lived on the place, than he had to go and cut down any of the neighbors' bean-poles.

So the sheriff and some deputy-sheriffs (Tony Kirk among them), and a constable and a number of volunteer constables, went off after George Mason, to bring him to justice.

It was more than a week before they found him, and it is probable that they would not have captured him at all had he not persisted in staying in the neighborhood, so as to be on hand with his axe, in case the line should be repaired.

"It 's all along of my tellin' him that that line was got up by them Loudon children," said Cousin Maria. "He hates Mr. Loudon worse than pisen, because he was the man that found out all his tricks."

Mason was taken to the court-house and locked up in the jail. Almost all the people of the county, and some people belonging to adjoining counties, made up their minds to be at the court-house when his trial should take place.

On the second night of his imprisonment, George Mason forced open a window of his cell and went away. And what was more, he staid away. He had no desire to be at the court-house when his trial took place.

No one felt more profound satisfaction when George Mason left the country, and the telegraph line was once more in working order, than Harry and Kate.

They had had an idea that if George Mason should persist in cutting the telegraph line, the Mica Company would give it up, and that they might be called upon to refund the money on which Aunt Matilda depended for support. They had been told that they need not trouble themselves about this, as the Mica Company had taken all risks; but still they were delighted when they heard that George Mason had cleared out, and that there was every reason to suppose that he would not come back.

Chapter XXXII.

AUNT MATILDA'S LETTER.

One afternoon, about the end of October, Aunt Matilda was sitting in her big, straight-backed chair, on one side of her fireplace. There was a wood fire blazing on the hearth, for the days were getting cool and the old woman liked to be warm. On the other side of the fireplace sat Uncle Braddock. Sitting on the floor, between the two, were John William Webster and Dick Ford. In the doorway stood Gregory Montague. He was not on very good terms with Aunt Matilda, and was rather afraid to come in all the way. On the bed sat Aunt Judy.

It must not be supposed that Aunt Matilda was giving a party. Nothing of the kind. These colored people were not very much engrossed with business at this time of the year; and as it was not far from supper-time, and as they all happened to be near Aunt Matilda's cabin that afternoon, they thought they 'd step in and see her.

"Does any of you uns know," asked Aunt Matilda, "whar Ole Miles is now? Dey tells me he don't carry de mails no more."

"No," said John William Webster, who was always quick to speak. "Dey done stop dat ar. Dey got so many letters up dar at de Mica Mines, dat dey send all the big ones to de pos'-office in a bag an' a buggy, and dey send de little ones ober de telegraph."

"But whar 's Ole Miles?" repeated Aunt Matilda.

"He 's a-doin' jobs up aroun' de mines," said

Digitized by Google

Uncle Braddock. "De las' time I see him, he was a-whitewashin' a fence."

"Well, I wants to see Ole Miles," said Aunt Matilda. "I wants him to carry a letter fur me."

"I 'll carry yer letter, Aunt Matilda," said Dick Ford; and Gregory Montague, anxious to curry favor, as it was rapidly growing near to ash-cake time, stated in a loud voice that he 'd take it "fus thing in de mornin'."

"I do' want none o' you uns," said Aunt Matilda. "Ole Miles is used to carryin' letters, and I wants him to carry my letter. Ef you 'd like ter keep yerse'f out o' mischif, you Greg'ry, you kin go 'long and tell him I wants him to carry a letter fur me."

"I 'll do dat," said Gregory, "fus thing in de mornin'."

"Better go 'long now," said Aunt Matilda.

"Too late now, Aunt Matilda," said Gregory, anxiously. "Could n't git dar 'fore dark, no how, and he 'd be gone away, and I spect I could n't fin' him."

"Whar is yer letter?" asked Uncle Braddock.

"Oh, 't aint writ yit," said Aunt Matilda. "I wants some o' you uns to write it fur me. Kin any o' you youngsters write writin'?"

"Yes, ma'am," said John William Webster. "Greg'ry kin write fus-rate. He 's been ter school mor'n a month."

"You shet up!" cried Gregory, indignantly. "Ise been to school mor'n dat. Ise been free or four weeks. And I know'd how to write some 'fore I went. Mah'sr George teached me."

"You 'd better git Miss Kate to write yer letter," said Aunt Judy. "She 'd spell it out a great sight better dan Gregory Montague, I reckons."

"No, I don't want Miss Kate to write dis hyar letter. She does enough, let alone writin' letters fur me. Come 'long hyar, you Greg'ry. Reach up dar on dat shelf and git dat piece o' paper behin' de 'lasses gourd."

Gregory obeyed promptly, and pulled out a half-sheet of note-paper from behind the gourd. The paper had been there a good while, and was rather yellow-looking. There was also a drop of molasses on one corner of it, which John William said would do to seal it up with; but Gregory wiped it carefully off on the leg of his trousers.

"Now, den," said Aunt Matilda; "sot yerse'f right down dar on de floor. Git off dat ar smooth board, you Dick, an' let Greg'ry put his paper dar. I haint got no pen, but hyar 's a pencil Miss Kate lef' one day. But it aint got no pint. Ef some of you boys has got a knife, ye kin put a pint to it."

Uncle Braddock dived into the recesses of his dressing-gown, and produced a great jack-knife, with a crooked iron blade and a hickory handle.

"Look a-dar!" cried John William Webster. "Uncle Braddock 's agwine ter chop de pencil up fur kindlin'-wood."

"None o' yer laughin' at dis knife," said Uncle Braddock, with a frown. "I done made dis hyar knife mese'f."

A better knife, however, was produced by Dick Ford, and the pencil was sharpened. Then Gregory Montague stretched himself out on the floor, resting on his elbows, with the paper before him and the pencil in his hand.

"Is you ready?" said Aunt Matilda.

"All right," said Gregory. "Yer kin go 'long."

Aunt Matilda put her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands, and looked into the fire. Gregory and everyone else waited quite awhile for her to begin.

"Ye had better put the number ob de year fus," suggested Uncle Braddock.

"Well, ye kin put dat," said Aunt Matilda, "while I 'm a-workin' out de letter in me mind."

There now arose a discussion as to what was the "number of the year." Aunt Judy knew that the "war" was somewhere along in "sixty," and thought it must certainly be seventy or eighty by this time; while Uncle Braddock, who was accustomed to look back a long way, was sure it was "nigh on to a hun'red."

Dick Ford, however, although he was not a writer, could read, and had quite a fancy for spelling out a newspaper, and he asserted that the year was eighteen hundred and seventy, and so it was put down "180070," much to the disgust of Uncle Braddock, who did n't believe it was so much.

"Yer ought to say ef it 's before Christ or after Christ," said Aunt Judy. "Old Mah'sr Truly Mathers splained dat to me, 'bout years."

"Well, then," said Gregory, ready with his pencil, "which is it?"

Dick Ford happened to know a little on this subject, and so he told Gregory how he should put down "B. C." for "before Christ," and "A. C." for "after Christ," and that "A. C." was right for this year.

This was set down in Gregory's most careful lettering.

"Dat dar hind letter 's got de stumic-ache," said John William Webster, putting his long finger, black on top and yellow underneath, on the C, which was rather doubled up.

Nobody thought of the month or the day, and so the letter was considered dated.

"Now, den," said Gregory, "who 's it to?"

"Jist never you mind who 's it to," answered Aunt Matilda. "I know, an' that 's enough to know."

"But you 've got to put de name on de back," said Aunt Judy, anxiously.

Digitized by Google

"Dat's so," said Uncle Braddock, with equal anxiety.

"No, I haint," remarked Aunt Matilda. "I'll tell Ole Miles who to take it to. Put down for d fus thing:

'Ise been thinkin' fur a long time dat I oughter to write about dis hyar matter, and I s'pose you is the right one to write to.'"

"What matter's dat?" asked Aunt Judy.

"Neber you mind," replied Aunt Matilda.

Slowly and painfully, Gregory printed this sentence, with Dick Ford close on one side of him; with John William's round, woolly head stuck almost under his chin; with Uncle Braddock leaning over him from his chair; and Aunt Judy standing, peering down upon him from behind.

"Dat's wrong," said Dick Ford, noticing that Gregory had written the last words thus: "rite 1 ter rite 2." "She don't want no figgers."

"What did she say 'em fur, den?" asked Gregory.

"Now, Greg'ry," said Aunt Matilda, "put down dis:

'I don't want to make no trouble, and I would n't do nothin' to trouble dem chillen; but Ise been a-waitin' a good long while now, and I been thinkin' I'd better write an' see 'bout it.'"

"What you want to see 'bout?" asked Aunt Judy, quickly.

"Neber you min' what it is," replied Aunt Matilda. "Go on, you Greg'ry, and put down:

'Dat money o' mine was reel money, and when I put it in, I thought I'd git it back ag'in afore dis.'"

"How much was it, Aunt Matilda?" asked Uncle Braddock, while Aunt Judy opened her eyes and her mouth, simply because she could not open her ears any wider than they were.

"Dat's none o' your business," replied Aunt Matilda. "Now put down:

'I spect dem telegrum fixin's cost a lot o' money, but I don't spect it's jist right to take all an ole woman's money to build 'em.'"

"Lor's *ee!*" ejaculated Uncle Braddock, "dat's so!"

"Now you Greg'ry," continued Aunt Matilda, "put down:

'Ef you write me a letter 'bout dat ar money, you kin giv it to Ole Miles.'

Now sign my name to dat ar letter."

The next day, having been summoned by the obliging Gregory, Old Miles made his appearance in Aunt Matilda's cabin.

The old woman explained to him that the letter was so important that she could trust it to no one who was not accustomed to carry letters, and Miles was willing and proud to exercise his skill for her benefit.

"Now, den," said she; "take dis hyar letter to de man what works de telegrum in Hetertown, and fotch me back an answer."

Chapter XXXIII.

TIME TO STOP.

About a week after this letter was written, Kate said to Harry:

"You really ought to have Aunt Matilda's roof mended. There are several holes in it. I think her house ought to be made tight and warm before winter; don't you?"

"Certainly," said Harry. "I'll get some shingles and nail them over the holes to-morrow."

The next day was Saturday, and a rainy day. About ten o'clock Harry went to Aunt Matilda's cabin with his shingles and a hammer and nails. Kate walked over with him.

To their surprise they found the old woman in bed.

"Why, what is the matter, Aunt Matilda?" asked Kate. "Are you sick?"

"No, honey, I is n't sick," said the old woman; "but somehow or other I don't keer to git up. Ise mighty comfurt'ble jist as I is."

"But you ought to have your breakfast," said Kate. "What is this basin of water doing on the foot of your bed?"

"Oh, don't 'sturb dat ar tin basin," said Aunt Matilda. "Dat's to ketch der rain. Dar's a hole right ober de foot o' de bed."

"But you wont want that now," said Kate. "Harry's going to nail shingles over all the holes in your roof."

"An' fall down an' break his neck. He need n't do no sich foolishness. Dat ar tin basin's did me fur years in and years out, and I neber kicked it ober yit. Dere's no use a-mendin' holes dis time o' day."

"It's a very good time of day," said Harry, who was standing in the door; "and it is n't raining now. You used to have a ladder here, Aunt Matilda. If you'll tell me where it is, I can mend that hole over your bed without getting on the roof at all."

"Jist you keep away from de roof," said the old woman. "Ef you go a-hammerin' on dat ole roof you'll have it all down on me head. I don't want no mendin' dis time o' day."

Finding that Aunt Matilda was so much opposed to any carpenter-work on her premises at that time, Harry went home, while Kate remained to get the old woman some breakfast.

Aunt Matilda felt better that afternoon, and she sat up and ate her supper with Uncle Braddock (who happened to be there); but as she was evidently feeling the effects of her great age, an ar-

Digitized by Google

rangement was made, by which Aunt Judy gave up her cabin and came to live with Aunt Matilda and take care of her.

One morning, about a week after the rainy Saturday, Mrs. Loudon came over to see Aunt Matilda. She found the old woman lying on the bed, and evidently worried about something.

"You see, Miss Mary," said Aunt Matilda, "Ise kind o' disturbed in me min'. I rit a letter a long time ago, and Ole Miles aint fetched me no answer yit, and it sorter worries me."

"I did n't know you could write," said Mrs. Loudon, somewhat surprised.

"Neither I kin," said Aunt Matilda. "I jist got dat Greg'ry Montague to write it fur me, and dear knows what he put in it."

"Who was your letter to, Aunt Matilda?" asked Mrs. Loudon."

"I do' know his name, but he works de telegrum at Hetertown. An' I do' min' tellin' you 'bout it, Miss Mary, ef you do' worry dem chillen. De letter was 'bout my money in de telegrum comp'ny. Dat was reel silber money, an' I haint heerd nor seed nothin' of it sence."

When Mrs. Loudon went home she told Harry and Kate of Aunt Matilda's troubles.

Neither of them said anything at the time, but Harry put on his hat and went up to the store, while Kate sat down to her sewing.

After awhile, she said:

"I think, mother, it 's pretty hard in Aunt Matilda, after all we 've done for her, to think of nothing but that ten cents she put into the stock of the company."

"It is perfectly natural," said Mrs. Loudon. "That ten cents was her own private property, and no matter how small a private property may be, it is of greater interest to the owner than any other property in the world. To be sure, the money that was paid for the telegraph line is for Aunt Matilda's benefit, but you and Harry have the management and the spending of it. But that ten cents was all her own, and she could spend it just as she chose."

The next day Kate went over to Aunt Matilda with two silver ten-cent pieces that Harry had got from Mr. Darby.

"Aunt Matilda," said she, "This is not the very same ten-cent piece you put into the company, but it 's just as good; and Harry thinks that you about doubled your money, and so here 's another one."

The old woman, who was sitting alone by the fire wrapped up in a shawl, took the money, and putting it in the hollow of her bony hand, gazed at it with delight.

Then she looked up at Kate.

"You is good chillen," she said. "You is mighty good chillen. I don't spect I 'll lib much longer in dis hyar world. Ise so precious old dat it 's 'bout time to stop. But I don't spects I 'll find nobody in heben that 'll be more reel comfort to me dan you chillen."

"Oh, Aunt Matilda!" cried Kate. "Why, you 'll meet all your friends and relations that you talk so much about and who died so long ago."

"Well ——," said Aunt Matilda, very deliberately, "perhaps I shall, and perhaps I sha' n't; dere 's no tellin'. But dere aint no mistakin' 'bout you chillen."

That afternoon, when Uncle Braddock called, Aunt Matilda said to him:

"Ef you see Ole Miles ye kin tell him he need n't bring me no answer to dat letter."

Quite early one morning, a few days after this, Kate went over to Aunt Matilda's cabin.

She saw Aunt Judy standing at the door.

"How 's Aunt Matilda?" asked Kate.

"Gone to glory," said Aunt Judy.

Aunt Matilda was buried under a birch-tree near the church that she used to attend, when able to walk.

That portion of her "fund" which remained unexpended at the time of her death was used to pay her funeral expenses and to erect a suitable tombstone over her grave. On the stone was an inscription. Harry composed it, and Kate copied it carefully for the stonecutter.

And thus, after much hard labor and anxious thought, after many disappointments and a great deal of discouragement, Harry and Kate performed to the end the generous task they had set themselves, which was just what might have been expected of such a boy and such a girl.

THE END.

Digitized by Google

A LITTLE girl,
  Quite well and hearty,
Thought she'd like
  To give a party.

But as her friends
  Were shy and wary,
Nobody came
  But her own canary.

LE PETIT PARESSEUX.

PAR A. C.

IL y avait une fois un petit garçon fort paresseux, et par conséquent, fort ignorant, dont il semblait que rien ne pouvait corriger les défauts. Au lieu d'aller à l'école, où ses parents l'envoyaient tous les jours, il flânait dans les rues, les mains dans ses poches, les yeux fixés sur le vide, ou battant des mains, sifflant et faisant du bruit sans rime ni raison. Ou bien, quand on le forçait à aller droit à l'école, il bâillait un peu de temps sur ses livres sans faire le moindre effort pour apprendre ; puis il disposait ses bras en forme d'oreiller sur son pupitre, et posant la tête dessus, il dormait pendant toute la leçon.

Un jour, cependant, comme il gaspillait son temps selon son ordinaire, un vieux savant le trouva, le prit par la main, et le conduisit dans une chambre vaste et tout-à-fait dénuée de meubles et d'ornements. Le petit fainéant craignit d'abord de recevoir quelque punition de sa paresse ; mais le vieillard avait un tel air de bonté, qu'il se rassura, et dès qu'il le vit sourire, il ne le redouta plus.

Quand ils furent entrés dans la chambre, le savant

Digitized by Google

ferma la porte ; puis s'adressant au petit garçon, tout surpris de ce qui lui arrivait, il lui dit ces mots :

" Dis-moi, mon enfant, si tu le peux, qu'est-ce que le *néant*—c'est-à-dire le rien ?"

Le petit ouvrit bien les yeux, mais ne répondit pas.

" Si tu ne me comprends pas," dit alors le savant, " peut-être pourras-tu me dire *où* se trouve le néant."

" Où se trouve-t-il ?" répéta le petit garçon, tout surpris de cette question ; " mais c'est ici, n'est-ce pas ? Il n'y a rien dans cette chambre que nous-mêmes."

" Pense encore," répliqua le savant ; " je crois que tu n'as pas sagement répondu."

Le petit garçon pensa quelques moments ; puis il dit d'un air d'assurance. " Il n'y a ici autre chose que nous-mêmes, j'en suis bien sûr."

Sans répondre, le vieillard agita la main. " Que sens-tu maintenant ?" demanda-t-il.

" Oh ! je sens le vent," répondit le petit en riant.

" C'est-à-dire," répliqua le savant, " tu sens l'air. Maintenant, écoute bien ce que je vais te dire. Cet air que tu sens enveloppe ou entoure toute la terre ; il n'y a point d'endroit où il n'entre pas, car il se trouve partout. Tu vois, donc, qu'il ne peut pas y avoir une telle chose que le *néant* dans tout le monde, puisque tout lieu, tout espace est rempli de quelque chose. Il en est de même par tout l'univers. Nulle part tu ne sauras trouver le néant ; il ne se trouve que dans un lieu seulement. Sais-tu où est ce lieu ?"

" Mais, non," répondit le petit garçon. " S'il ne se trouve pas dans le monde, je ne sais pas, moi, où le chercher."

" Eh bien, je te le dirai ; à quoi pensais-tu avant que je t'aie parlé ?"

" Mais, à rien."

" Rien ! et pourquoi ? N'est-ce pas parce que tu ne sais, mon petit, à quoi penser ? parce que tu as la tête vide ? Oh ! combien d'enfants sont comme toi ! Sache, mon fils, que le néant, proprement dit, ne se trouve que dans les cervelles des fous et les cœurs des infidèles. Et puisque Dieu a si bien rempli le monde qu'il n'y a point d'espace où il ne se trouve pas quelque chose de bon ou de beau, n'as-tu pas honte de penser que seulement dans ton âme il y a un vide ?"

Le petit ne répondit pas ; mais il rougit de honte. Il pensa sérieusement à l'affaire ; et dès ce jour il cessa d'être paresseux ou nonchalant. Il se mit à étudier avec tant de courage et de persévérance qu'il devint à la fin le plus studieux et le plus instruit de sa classe.

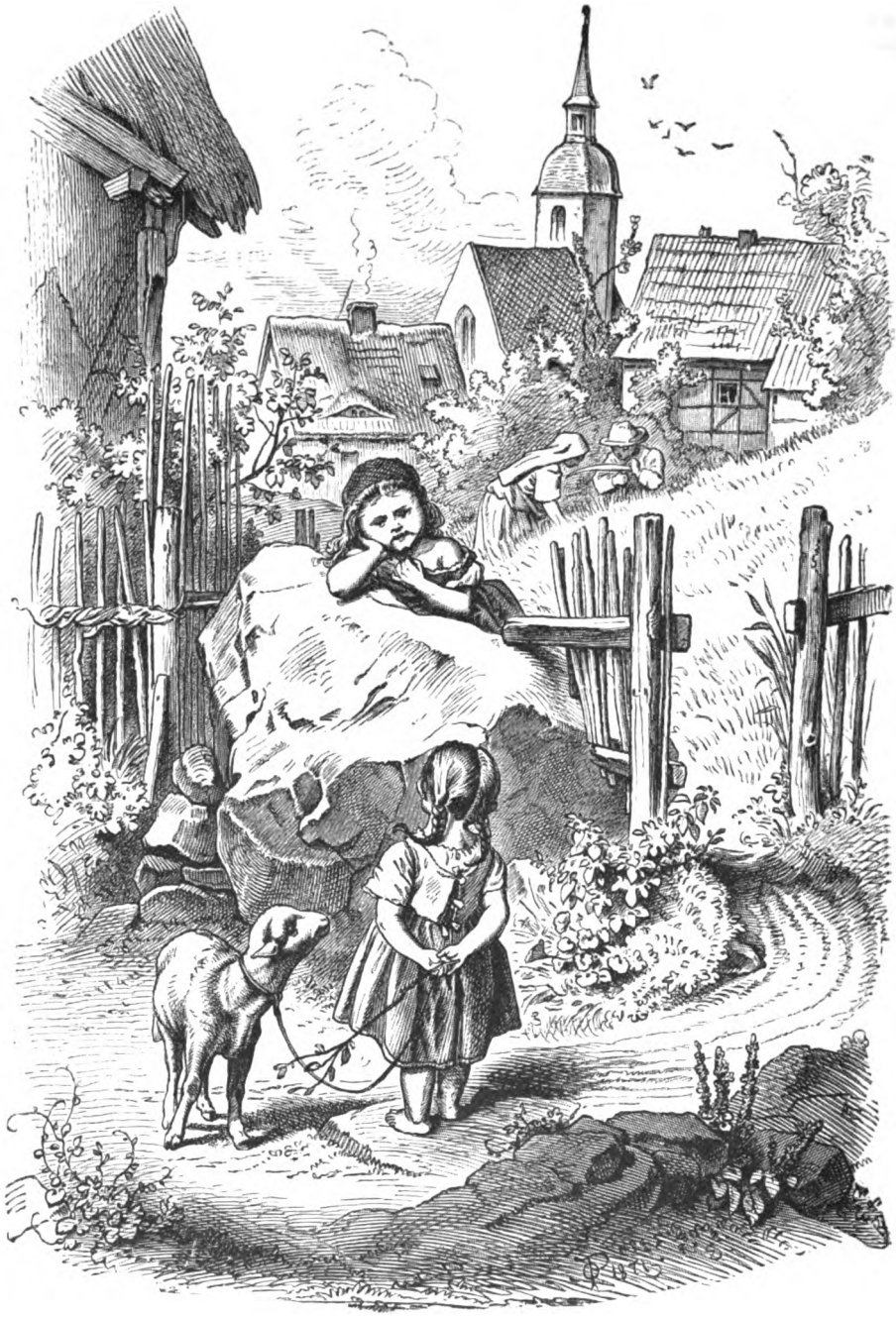
We shall be glad to have our boys and girls send us translations of this instructive story.

TRANSLATIONS OF "LA SINGE FAVORI" have been received from Edward L. Anderson, Grace G. Hiler, Mary M. Farley, Frank H. Burt, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Ellen G. Hodges, Emilie L. Haines, M. S., "Plymouth Rock," Emma C. Preston, Lidie V. B. Parker, Marion A. Coombs, "Hal and Lou," "Dean Swift," E. D. K.

A DOG-DAY FANCY.

Digitized by Google

THE CUNNING LITTLE LAMB THAT KNEW ALL ABOUT IT.



DUTCH KASSY.

Digitized by Google

"Oh, see that girl and snow-white lamb!"
Said pretty Kassy Carr.
"Dear little girl, what is your name?"
The lammie answered, "Ba-a!"

"Your head and tiny feet are bare,"
Said pretty Kassy Carr;
"Come, tell me, did you run away?"
The lammie answered, "Ba-a!"

"I came to see you," said the child;
"I 'm little Eva Starr;
And lammie would not stay behind."
Said lammie, nodding, "Ba-a!"

"Look! mother there is picking beans,"
Said pretty Kassy Carr;
"Come in—she 'll give the lammie some."
Said lammie, frisking, "Ba-a!"

"And father, he is cutting grass,"
Said pretty Kassy Carr;
"Would lammie like to roll in it?"
Said lammie, skipping, "Ba-a!"

Then Eva, running through the gate,
Kissed pretty Kassy Carr;
And nodding, frisking, skipping, went
The lammie, saying, "Ba-a!"

Digitized by Google

HURRAH for grapes and fall-pippins and blushing maples! October is at hand. Are you not glad, my dears? By the way, I heard the pretty school-teacher say that the word October came from the Latin *Octo*, meaning "eight." How do you make that out? It's the *tenth* month, or my name is not Jack. Very likely, though, those long-ago folk, who spoke Latin even on week-days, arranged the months to suit themselves.

Look into this matter, my dears. Did the ancient Roman youngsters wish each other a "Happy New Year" on the first of January? or, if not, when and wherefore?

GOOD NEWS!

GOOD news, children! Here's something that a house-cricket heard somebody say, and he immediately told it to a canary; the canary told it to a sparrow; the sparrow told it to my friend, R. Redbreast; and my friend, R. Redbreast, told it to me:

Mr. Trowbridge's grand new story for the next volume of ST. NICHOLAS, though it will be complete in itself, is to have a great deal in it about Jack Hazard and Vinnie! And Miss Alcott's story will tell about some girls that you can't help being delighted with. Miss Alcott is away up in the mountains writing the story for you at this very moment! Should n't you like to peep over her shoulder?

I don't read serial stories myself, but I know how you youngsters delight in them, and as I'm sure these will not do you a bit of harm, I'm right glad to know of the treat in store for you.

METEORS.

MANY a time when I wake and lean back in my pulpit on clear nights, I see meteors or shooting stars. I don't know much about them as yet; only, in fact, the names by which a few different nations have called them. Strange as you may think it, my birds know more about nations than they do about astronomy. I suppose that is because the nations are very much nearer to them than the stars. Though they live in the sky so much of the time, they really can't see a planet much better than we can; and I know as a positive fact that they're very much more afraid of a shooting gun than of a shooting star.

By the way, if any of you children think that a so-called "shooting star" is an actual *star* darting through space, you must study up on the subject. The Swedes were no wiser than the English in naming the fall of meteors *stjirnjfall*, nor the Italians in calling it *stella-cadente*, both meaning star-fall, for they, too, once considered it as the falling of stars from their places in the heavens.

The Germans call meteors *stern-schnuppe*, or star-snuff, from a queer notion once held by the ignorant that once in awhile the stars should be snuffed like candles or their light would grow dim!

I remember hearing long ago, that whenever a star shot across the sky a soul had passed away from earth. But now we know that, whatever else meteors may be, they are not stars, nor snuff, and that, so far, they have had nothing to do with the passing of souls from earth.

PAYING HIM BACK.

HERE comes a letter giving a true incident that happened the other day in New Jersey:

Montclair, August 8th, 1874.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I would like to tell you of something that occurred under my own eyes to one of those creatures who, as you say, "are wise and keep silent." To us, who have not always lived in the country, the incident was very interesting. A day or two ago, after a severe thunder-storm, James, the coachman, found that several birds had sheltered themselves in a small tool-house near our cottage. Among them was an owl. He put it into an old canary-bird cage, and brought it to us to look at. It is not often that one gets so near a view of one of these curious creatures. The cage was then placed just back of the house on a frame made to hold milk-pans. There he sat all day, not moving from the perch, occasionally rolling his eyes, but not seeing much, as those organs are more useful to him at night than in the daylight.

The day passed on, and we had almost forgotten that our owl was there, when we heard such a chattering while we were at supper that we ran to the door to see what it could mean. There we found Mr. Owl surrounded by a great company of sparrows, blue-birds, wrens, robins, all excited and noisy, flying about, sitting on the trees close by, hovering over the cage, and all showing signs of rage. It seemed as if they felt their enemy was in their power and they would like to tear him to pieces. They could not very well attack him, as he was in the cage, and the small door, which was open, was scarcely large enough to allow them to make a combined assault. Soon, when it began to get dusky, he came out of the cage in the midst of the commotion, and started for the woods near the house, the small birds in full pursuit, screaming and scolding. As we saw no more of them, we suppose that he reached his shelter in safety.

I would like to know if small birds ever are able to destroy this devourer of themselves and their little ones. Celia Thaxter speaks of a large white owl that she saw sitting high on a rock, surrounded by snow-birds.

"The snow-birds swept in a whirling crowd
About him gleefully,
And piped and whistled long and loud,
But never a plume stirred he."

I remain, dear Mr. Jack, yours truly,
J. E. D.

Jack never heard of a case where small birds succeeded in killing an owl. It is quite common in Great Britain, I'm told, to use owls as a kind of bird-snare. The sleepy bird is secured and exposed in open sight during the daytime. Very soon numbers of small birds collect, and thinking at last that they have their enemy in their power they hover about and taunt him in every possible way. But the owl only blinks at them in the most tantalizing manner. He knows, wise bird! what

Digitized by Google

it all means, and that the birds are caught in their own trap; for thus congregated, they fall easy victims to the hunters, while he is left unharmed.

THREE SUNRISES A DAY.

ONE of my birds, in telling me of something, has just put a scientific riddle into my head:

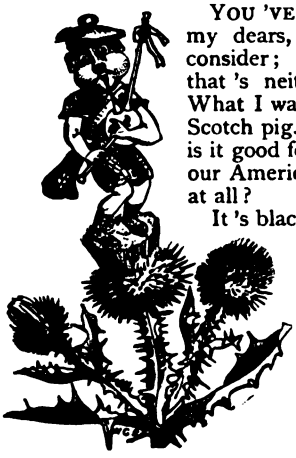
Where and how can you see the sun rise and set two or three times within three or four hours?

Why, by rising in a balloon to about 12,000 feet and watching for morning effects.

Three gentlemen who made an ascent from London in the autumn of 1836 saw this very thing, and I 'd be obliged if the ST. NICHOLAS editors would kindly print a few words of the account for you, if only to set you thinking:

At 5.10 in the morning of November 8, Messrs. Holland, Mason and Green, who had left London the day before, were at an elevation of 12,000 feet. The view spread over an area of 300 miles diameter. At 6.15 the sun rose to them. It set as they descended; and rose and set again, and at last appeared a third time ascending the horizon. About 7.30 they succeeded in finding a resting-place, which proved to be in the Duchy of Nassau, near the town of Weilburg, about 500 miles from London.

SCOTCH PIG.



YOU 'VE heard of the piper, my dears, who bade the cow consider; have you not? But that 's neither here nor there. What I want *you* to consider is Scotch pig. What is it? What is it good for? Is it better than our American pork? Is it pork at all?

It 's black, I am told, and very heavy of its size; also, immense quantities of it are exported every year to these United States. A talkative black-bird, who had been to a Caledonian pic-nic, tried to tell me about it; but all I could make out was "carboniferous formations," whatever they are, "rich beds," "black band," "West of Scotland," "soft and running" and "cheap." Not very satisfactory, you 'll admit.

But your young eyes and bright wits will soon put this pig where he belongs, I 'm thinking.

SLEEPY-PLANT.

LIVE without sleep! A Jack-in-the-Pulpit live without sleep? Preposterous! I 've just heard of a boy saying that he wished he was like the plants and flowers, so that he could live without sleep. You see, the little fellow liked to study hard, and keep at the head of all his classes, and, at the same time, he wanted to play, and to spend a good deal of time in roaming about the woods and fields, and he did n't very well see how he could do all of these things and sleep too.

When I heard this I laughed till my pulpit fairly shook under me at thinking what a miserable-looking Jack I should soon be if I tried to live without sleep.

Now, I advise this young gentleman to go into his papa's garden two or three hours after sunset, and see how the plants have folded in their leaves and are nodding their graceful flowers in sleep.

Why, bless your hard little brown fist, my boy! plants and flowers can no more live and grow without sleep than boys and girls can.

My friend Poll Parrot has told me about a South American plant, which sleeps so much and so often, that the Spanish call it *dormideras*, or sleepy-plant. Very likely some of my ST. NICHOLAS children have seen one of these plants in a conservatory, and have heard it called mimosa, or sensitive-plant. It has very delicate, feathery leaves, that go to sleep at any time of day or night if but a fly lights on them; so the parrot told me. In our cold climate the sleepy-plant can't live out-of-doors, excepting in very warm weather; but after all, it must be better off than in its own country, for there, I am told, the great herds of cattle eat the sensitive-plants in preference to grass. Perhaps, now (queer I did n't think of it before)—perhaps they go to sleep so easily on purpose that they may not feel the wounds when their delicate tops are torn off. Who knows?

THE BEACH OF ST. MICHAEL.

"NOW, children," said the pretty school-teacher one day, during a pic-nic in our meadow, "I 'll translate for you a strange legend of Brittany, from the French of Emile Souvestre. First I must tell you that though legends are not true stories, these Brittany legends are firmly believed in by many of the French peasants.

"Once upon a time," began the pretty teacher, "where now is seen nothing but the sand of the beach of St. Michael there was a great city, which was swallowed up under the dunes for its wickedness."

"Teacher," said a little girl, timidly, "please what is a dune?"

The teacher looked patiently and inquiringly around the group of children.

"Dunes," said a big boy, stoutly, "are hills of movable sand. They are common along the coast of England, France, Holland and other places."

"*Very* good," said the teacher, approvingly; and, still keeping her finger on the page before her, she read on:

"Every year at Pentecost, at the first stroke of midnight, a passage opens, leading to a grand hall, brilliantly lighted, where great treasures of the buried city are heaped up. But at the last stroke of midnight the passage closes with a loud rumbling, and the city remains hidden and in darkness until Pentecost comes again. Some men, too daring, seeking what God wishes to hide, have tried to penetrate into the lighted hall, but not one of them has ever returned."

"Oh!" exclaimed two or three of the girls with a heavy sigh, and then they all rose and passed on.

Digitized by Google

THE LETTER BOX.

Boys and Girls!—Many of you have written welcome letters to St. Nicholas, telling of the pleasant work you have learned to do from directions given in these pages; but this sweet little note from a Boston boy pleases us most of all. You will be pleased too when you read it. John's beautiful little house is before us as we write, and we do not wonder at his delight in making it. If any of you know of any pleasant employment for his deft little fingers, send him word through the Letter Box.

Boston, July 20th, 1874.

Dear St. Nicholas: I am a little lame boy. I was hurt by a fall two years ago, and have been lame ever since. I cannot play all games like other boys, but "Christmas City," in the May number of St. Nicholas, taught me how to amuse myself. I have made all the patterns given, and more than one of many of them. I am going to send one to you. Dr. Grey thinks my little city is wonderful, and everybody thinks it pretty. I am very proud of it. I hope you will give us some more patterns. The doctor told mamma it was vastly better than medicine for me. The little church is perfectly beautiful. I am eleven years old. Please put me down a Bird-defender.

John Sturtevant.

Mr. John A. S., who sends a list of bird-defenders, writes:

St. Nicholas: The above names are from my school. I have kept St. Nicholas upon my desk in the school-room ever since it came out, and I find it a capital text-book. I also find that it is a great help in governing. The children look forward eagerly for the coming of a new magazine, and as Jack does not like idle girls and boys, we have good lessons. Please tell Jack that his paragraphs are fine things for school, since they put all the pupils at work studying, in order to find out something about the wonderful things of which he tells them. He kept my department busy for three days on the transit of Venus. I would tell them nothing until they first told me all they could learn of it. It was an excellent exercise. You may also enroll me in this company.

John A. Sea.

The names of Mr. Sea and his boys were printed in the September Letter Box, under the head of "First Kansas Regiment, Army of Bird-defenders."

Lucy G. T., "Harry," and others.—Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, Publishers, New York, have offered to receive contributions toward the Hans Christian Andersen Fund, and forward the money to the noble old poet, to whom we all owe so much. You can each send your subscription to these gentlemen, or to the editor of the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, and it will be sure to go safely to its destination. We hope all our boys and girls who enjoy Hans Andersen's stories, and who are able to spare even ten cents, will join in this good cause.

As Andersen is a Dane, his stories are written in Danish; but they have been translated into English and all the other languages of Europe. If the publishers of various countries who have printed translations of his work had paid him the sum on each copy sold, that, as an author, he had a moral right to expect, he would be a very rich man to-day. But there is no international law to enforce this, and it is stated that, except in the case of one New York publisher, he has never received any payment for his writings outside of his native Denmark.

But his friends, the children, may, in a measure, make some amends for this wrong. Hans Christian Andersen is an old man now, and in very feeble health. He is not in need of charity, and would be deeply wounded if it were offered, but he is in need of justice and of true recognition from those who owe a great deal of enjoyment to him. It will do his noble heart good to receive a testimonial from the boys and girls of America; and if the testimonial goes in the form of money it may buy him certain luxuries and comforts that will cheer and brighten his old age, provided it does not go to him too late.

Mary E. de F.—Read White's "Natural History of Selborne," which you will find in almost any public library. It will give you what you need, and also afford you some capital hints in the way of giving clear accounts of what you see and hear. You are not correct in saying "long words certainly are the most important." Webster, in preparing his big dictionary, found it necessary to give two entire columns to the little word GO, and three to its kinsman RUN; but he despatches the mighty word VALETUDINARIANISM in about one line.

Perhaps the best way of sending this letter to Jack is to commit it to the care of our boys and girls:

Vallejo, Cal., Aug. 1, 1874.

Dear Jack-in-the-Pulpit: I have seen "water on fire," such as you tell of in August St. Nicholas. It was when I was coming from New York to San Francisco by steamer. From Panama to Matzatlan we saw lots of it every night in the wake of the steamer. It was very pretty. I liked it very much. Mamma said it was "phosphorescent light." There is one thing more, dear Jack: I want to be one of the Bird-defenders.—Yours respectfully,

Helen T. Brown (aged 9 years).

Jasper Scott, H. E. F., "Ned," and several others have finished Jack's "phos——" for him; and Charles Corey, who joins the Bird-defenders, writes "phosphorescence" with the rest.

Good Advice.—I would like to tell all the little St. Nicholas people whom the October number may find in the country, to take with them when they go walking, a stiff-covered, half-worn book, about as long as this magazine, plucking, as they go along, delicate fern, wild strawberry, lily of the valley, birch, and ivy leaves (wreaths of the latter), and putting them in the book, one in each place, being careful to lay each tiny part of every leaf perfectly smooth between the leaves of the book.

Here will be the foundation for a work of art that will surprise them by the simplicity of its execution, and its beauty when finished.

The book containing the leaves may be laid away until some stormy day next winter, before which time I hope to be allowed to tell what to do with them.

The leaves should be pressed *now*; they cannot be found in the fields and woods next winter.

Aunt Libbie.

"Plymouth Rock."—Yes, the author of the Latin story, "Sancti Petri Ædes Sacra," furnished the translation which was published in the August number.

Bird-Defenders.—Again we have to record a list of recruits to the Army of Bird-defenders. There must now be a great many boys and girls in this movement. Will some member be so good as to count them for us and send in a report? Ever since the publication of the "preamble and resolutions" in our December number, scores of young folks from all parts of the Union have flocked to the ranks, pledging themselves never to wantonly injure the birds, and to give them all the protection in their power. Here are some new names and lists just received—heartily welcome, one and all: Richard L. Hovey, Helen T. Brown, Joseph S. Steele, Charles Corey, Ella Moore, Anna J. Ewing, Howard B. Smith, Gertie Bradley, Frank H. Burt, Emma C. Preston, Carrie A. Johnson, John Sturtevant, Oscar Hale, George C. Parker, Lidie V. R. Parker, John W. Parker, Jimmy Rogers, Lulu and Willie Habirshaw, Alexander Wiley, Harry Brandt, Ira Coover, Luke Herring, Bertha E. Saltmarsh, Willie H. Frost, Edwin C. Frost, Charles C. McLaughlin, Frank Collins, Carlos Collins, Eddie Lindeman Davenport, Libbie Yocum, T. Miller, Laura Yocum, Nannie Yocum, J. H. Yocum, W. C. Miller, Emily Miller, Kleyda Richardson, and Elliott Verne Richardson.

Jessie A. Hall's list: Allie F. Chapin, A. M. Billings, Clara Coates, Fannie Deane, Lizzie Z. Whitney, Nina Z. Hall, Mary H. Pratt, Mira Thornton, Albert T. Hall, Frank J. Pratt, George Thompson, Miss Mattie E. Lucy, and Mrs. E. A. Hall.

Mary C. Ayers, of Cleveland, Ohio, sends the following names besides her own: Edith E. Ayers, Morton H. Ayers, Theodore May, Oscar May, Frank T. Bowman, Bessie J. Bowman, Florence A. Bowman, and George H. Bowman.

Edw. W. Robinson sends his own name and the following list: Joseph Greenthall, Joseph Strausser, Sol. Kayser, John Smith, Henry Lafor, John H. Hanan, Louis Vogler, Lewis Robertson, Sam Manheimer, David Manheimer, Julius Lamkay, Adam Fox, Andy Acker, Frederick Acker, Emanuel Bach, Henry A. Van Praag, Edward Dennerlein, Emil Nehl, and Moses Berg.

Katie Bachert and Mary Morris, of Cleveland, Ohio, join the army, and also send the following list: Sarah Barnett, Julia Floyd, Maggie Wolfe, Annie Hundertmark, Minnie Hundertmark, Emma Schyslar, Sophie Schyslar, Wm. Geltz, Mrs. B. Bachert, Jno. M. Bachert, Lizzie Kline, Fannie Robinson, Laura Roberts, Carrie Brightman, Louise Elmer, and Flora Lloyd.

And here comes another list from Ohio, sent by Ambrose Morris,

Digitized by Google

of Canton: Willis Earnshaw, Charley Remillet, Willie Shower, Willie Rogers, M. A. Earnshaw, George Best, August Holland, Charley E. Wilson, E. H. Morris, Cary Roberts, Norviel Earnshaw, Willie Yant, James Wherry, Frankie Singer, Patrick Welsh, and Levite Best.

ST. NICHOLAS IN THE WEST.—We are delighted to see many evidences that these pages are as thoroughly enjoyed by the children of the far West as by those nearer New York. Scores of our stoutest and most enthusiastic Bird-defenders send their names from beyond the Mississippi, and the Letter Box constantly testifies to the hearty interest of our far-away young friends. Therefore we fully appreciate an item in the *Nebraska City News*, which says: "One of the prettiest sights we have seen this year was that of a little girl, perched upon a hitching-post in Laramie street, eagerly reading ST. NICHOLAS by the light from one of the street-lamps."

TWO GOOD PIECES FOR RECITATION.—Our crowded space compels us to disappoint many correspondents who will look for a "speaking piece" in this number of ST. NICHOLAS. In our second volume, which begins next month, we hope to offer many excellent pieces for recitation. Meantime, to "Mamie," "Concord Boy," and "Fidget," we recommend "The Wind and the Moon," by George Macdonald. It is a fine, breezy, dramatic little poem, in eleven easy verses—just the thing to recite. You will find it on page 244 of "Sheldon's Fourth Reader" (Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York), which, by the way, is the best "Fourth Reader" for school use or home instruction that we have yet seen. Harry V. L., "Winnie's Brother," and others will find precisely the speaking piece *they* need on page 326 of this same Fourth Reader.

ROYAL TOM OF CHICAGO.—Here is a letter from a little Chicago girl, eleven years of age:

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It seems as if all the children in the United States were bragging about their smart cats. Now, I don't brag, for it's the truest truth that my Tom is, without any doubt, the champion cat of North America. If you could see him, you would give him the prize, and he deserves it too. On Sundays he wears a bright green ribbon on his neck, which makes him look gay and handsome as a picture. He is so bright and smart that he almost talks. As for his queer tricks, the Letter Box would not contain half of them; but I must tell you of one of his sharp practices:

A wire that rings the front-door bell comes along under the house, up through the kitchen floor. This champion cat has noticed that some of us always open a certain door when this bell is rung. So what should he do one night but try his skill. We were all reading in the sitting-room, when the bell began ringing in such a hurry! Mother said our fortune had come. I thought some little girls had come to see us; so I went to let in the children, or take the box of diamonds,—but what do you think? No one was there, and yet we all heard the ringing! What makes children feel so shivery, if they open the door to let in whoever rang, and they see no one there? The first thought is bad boys; the next is goblins; then, if the hall-lamp is not lit, just think what a long, long time it takes to get where you can tell what is coming next. In a few moments, however, I happened to open the kitchen door, when in walked Mr. Tom. Since that time, he has kept up his trick, and rings whenever he wants to come in—so often, in fact, that papa says we ought to keep a page to open the door for his royal highness. NETTIE E. WILLIAMS.

Detroit, Mich., July 11.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two sisters, and we belong to your army of Bird-defenders May we tell you of one instance of intelligence in a bird, that has always seemed to us very wonderful? My sister and myself were sitting in our courtyard in New York City, when we heard a sudden rustling and chirping from a hole under the wall. We ran to see what was the matter, and found that a little sparrow had fallen from its nest and struggled into a hole only just large enough to receive it. We tried to draw it out, but the poor little thing was terribly frightened, and shrank back so that we could not reach it, and we returned to our play. In a few minutes, the mother bird appeared and flew down to the hole, chirping and calling to the little one; but it was too frightened to stir. Then the old bird flew away, and in a moment came back with a worm in her mouth, which she laid just inside the hole. The little bird hopped forward to eat it, and the mother laid another still nearer the entrance, and then another, till finally the little one stood entirely without. Was n't that clever? We wanted to put it in the nest again, but we were called away, and when we returned both birds were gone. Don't you suppose the old sparrow thought it all out?—Yours truly,

ALICE AND FANNY EDDY.

Warsaw, N. Y., August 8, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a flower-bed, with a great many pretty flowers in it. Yesterday I found a *double* pansy, and papa said I might send it to you. Will you ask the children who read the ST. NICHOLAS if they have ever found any? I was seven last March. I like the ST. NICHOLAS very much. IRVING DANN.

Thanks, Irving. The double pansy is so pretty and curious that we wish we could show it, with its bright colors, to all the boys and girls who read ST. NICHOLAS. It looks, at first sight, like one flower; but, on examination, proves to be two perfect pansies growing, back to back, from one stem.

CHARLETON G. C., who, we are pleased to hear, is going to "try Grace Hunter's plan, in the August Letter Box," says he is an invalid, and cannot go up and down stairs, so he has a flower-bed "on the roof of the piazza." Every day he is rolled in his easy chair "right out of the bedroom into this garden;" "for it is a real, true, beautiful garden," he adds, "if it *is* on top of a piazza—isn't it, ST. NICHOLAS?" Yes, Charleton, and a lovely garden, we should say, judging from your letter,—a sort of "hanging garden," for the "hanging gardens" of Babylon were in something of this style. Perhaps, too, a garden in another sense, of which you probably have not thought. The word *garden* originally meant girded or *guarded*, —that is, enclosed. Our Saxon forefathers called any fenced or walled spot not covered by a roof, a garden; and no place, however beautifully laid out or gay with flowers, was known as a garden unless it had a fence or hedge about it.

A STORY TO BE TOLD.

In the August number of ST. NICHOLAS, page 617, we presented six pictures, requiring a story to be told about them, and invited all our boys and girls to tell it. The response has been as surprising as it has been pleasant. Day after day, and from every direction, the stories have been pouring in,—long stories, short stories, sad stories, funny stories, straightforward stories, roundabout stories, and stories so mixed up that the three candid persons who examined them were in danger of losing their wits.

Still they persevered, sometimes praising, sometimes condemning mildly, and sometimes mercifully laying aside utter failures in solemn silence, until on the last day, August 15, the allotted time being up, they settled down to the difficult task of deciding which was the very best story on hand.

And difficult indeed it proved to be. The stories, though wonderfully alike in plot, were so varied in style, spirit and execution, and so nearly balanced as to good and bad qualities, that it seemed impossible to say which was best in every respect. The committee considered and reconsidered. First a doggerel by George V. was pronounced best, but was set aside because it evidently was written by a grown person. Then a funny boyish imitation of Victor Hugo, by *L'Homme qui rit*, stood No. 1: then the quiet "Harry's Lesson," by Alice W. I.; then "Johnny's Holiday," by Bonny Doon, ranked highest, except that its length exceeded the allowed limit by nearly a thousand words. Finally the committee, after taking every point into consideration, decided in favor of Master George M. Griffith, of Blandford, Mass., at the same time resolving that Honorable Mention should be made of the boys and girls who most closely competed with Master Griffith, viz: Susie A. M., George Bunner, Bertha F——n, L'Homme qui Rit, Charles B. P., Philip C. K., Alice W. I., Lizzie Greenway (best penmanship), H. W. S., Herbert H. W., Annie A. F., Minnie Fisher, "Flo," Henry R. H., Lillie L. B., T. J. Dela H., Bertie M. G., Hezekiah H——ll, Ralph R. S., "Nimpo," Frank F. B., Martha J. D., Mabel D., W. R. Jones, N. G. P., Fred M. L., Lulu Albee, George M. R., "Allie," May Ogden, Tony Tompkins, Laura Chamberlin (the last two were the best pair of very short stories), Lawrence P., Lizzie F. S., Georgiana P. C., "Sweet Pea," W. L. B., "Fressie," Willie H. F., Clarence H. C., Seargent P. M., Mattie V. D., and Bessie B. R.

Besides the above, special mention should be made of stories written by two very little girls, Julia Plummer R. and Arabella Ward.

CRUEL SPORT: A TRAGEDY.

Johnny Bates needed—as many boys do—decision of character, or in other words, strength and firmness to resist temptation. Therefore, when his aunt told him he might go to his Uncle Jim's to tea, she was morally certain that he would get into mischief before he reached

Digitized by Google

there; but as Johnny was just as morally certain that he would not, she let him go, with many warnings.

A little out of the village, just where Tobias Green's high board fence shut off the frog-pond from fun-loving boys, he met Tom Lawkins and Bill White, two big boys, and Pat Garvey, a little shock-headed fellow, with a pair of blue overalls held by one suspender. Pat was much admired by the boys, and feared by some, for his funny tricks and practical jokes.

"Oh, my! we've got new clothes, have n't we? and us is going to see us's little girl. 'Um! Ah!" said Tom, in a mocking voice as he eyed Johnny's fine Sunday-go-to-meeting suit over Bill's shoulder.

Now, it is repugnant to every boy to have his clothes made fun of, and it is, to say the least, slightly embarrassing to have any little girl you have a liking for poked at you, and to have both of these coupled in one sentence is simply exasperating. But Johnny swallowed his wrath, or as you might say, "lumped" it as you would a dose of quinine, and said, in a particularly hail-fellow, well-met air,—that is, for him:

"Well, fellows, what 's going on now?"

"Oh, only a little money venture."

This from Pat, who was called by most of the boys "Gravy." He spoke the last two words with a kind of a smack, as if he liked the sound.

Now I would not like to say that Johnny was a mercenary boy, but just now money had a peculiar attraction for him on account of a certain kite at the village store.

"I say," quoth John, "do tell me, 'Gravy.'"

"Not till you 'let up' in bein' so proud," said Pat.

"Oh, I 'm not proud; am I?" said Johnny, turning around to appeal to the other boys; but they were gone off.

After a little more teasing, Pat said:

"Well, then, I 'll tell you. One of the village boarders has promised me ten cents for every pair of frogs' hind-legs we get him. Oh, but you 're such a 'fraid cat you would n't dare go."

Johnny gave an undecided grunt.

After a little more fun, "Gravy" changed his tactics to coaxing.

"Come now, Johnny, you go with me and ——" But John, with a sanctimonious look, put his hand on his breast, and said:

"My aunt said not to get into mischief."

"But this aint mischief," said "Gravy," patting him patronizingly on the back, and pointing toward the board fence, "The frog-pond aint far off neither."

"But how can we get over? Perhaps he may see us," feebly remonstrated Johnny.

"No one is in the lot," said "Gravy," peeking through a crack in the fence. "You just creep right under here," he added, pushing aside the bushes and showing a hole under the fence. "Hurry, now." And before Johnny knew it, he was under the fence and Pat after him.

"Now, come quick." And in a few minutes they were wading their way through the deep grass to the frog-pond.

In a few moments they were deep in the excitement of hunting the poor froggies, and did not realize how time flew.

During a specially hard chase for one of the frogs, the little animal seated himself under a log that jutted out over the water. Upon this "Gravy" climbed out first, and was just raising his stick to demolish the frog when Johnny, who was creeping out after him, all of a sudden whispered, "Oh, my! Tobias Green 's coming!"

The effect of that whisper was something dreadful. In an instant, "Gravy" had jumped off the log, which shook it so that off tumbled Johnny into the mud and slime of the frog-pond

Tobias Green did n't make much "bones" of throwing John over the high board fence, and the poor fellow had to walk home as he was, nearly covered with mud.

He slunk through the "by-ways and hedges," as he said; and the thought that rankled in his bosom most was that Pat, as he ran off, shouted out, "Well, 't any rate, your clothes have had a christening, Jack."

At the gate, he met his sister Sally, who just gasped, "Why, John Bates!" and led him to his aunt. Her horror-stricken face sent Johnny into fresh tears.

"Why, John Bates! where have you been? Your uncle's been here to get you, and I know these clothes 'll never wash. O, dear!"

But she took him into the house and gave him a cookey, only saying, "It 's half-past six, and time you had a decent supper;" for with all her cross words she pitied him, and tried to soothe him with everything but words.

If you feel at all concerned about his clothes, you have only to look at the picture, and you will see them on the line. They do look quite decent, after all, so there is something consoling in this tragedy.

Geo. M. Griffith.

On second thoughts, we have decided to let our young readers see George Valentyne's pathetic account of

THE LUCKLESS BOY WHO FELL IN.

To the district school in our town,
Went Bobby Patchet and Marmaduke Brown
And a lot of other boys,

To whom we do not intend to refer in this narrative, as they were too numerous to mention and only prominently remarkable

For making a noise.

Bobby Patchet was round and fat,
He went bareheaded 'cause he had n't a hat.
He needed a coat

Also, as well as several other articles that go to make up a gentleman's wardrobe, but which he did without, as he had no cash wherewith to make purchases, and the storekeeper refused

To accept his note.

Little cared he for pride or riches,
While one suspender held his breeches.
He went out to play

As a regular business, which he conducted with that constant energy and close attention so characteristic of American youth

At the present day.

Marmaduke Brown was longer of limb,
Taller and just a trifle more slim
Than Master Bobby Patchet;

And dressed constantly in store-clothes, for his parents were more wealthy than Bobby's, and if his mother had seen him in the street in as careless a costume as Bobby's, she would have told him to go right into the house, where

He 'd have been sure to "catch it."

His clothes were clean, and bright, and new,—
His jacket and cap a beautiful blue,—
His shoes were elegant fits;

But his capacity for getting into trouble with his wearing apparel and disarranging his garments, was sufficient to worry his painstaking mother

Almost out of her wits.

To search for knowledge is noble—hence,
Bobby Patchet peeped through the fence
That guarded a bog

Near by the Patchet residence, where in the cool of the evening he had often heard the mellifluous,

Trilling song of a frog.

Marmaduke Brown, splendidly dressed
From top to toe in his Sunday best,
Was going down street,

On his way to visit his uncle's family, at whose delightful home he hoped to remain for several days, if convenient,

When whom should he meet

But Bobby Patchet after a stick,
With which he meant to kill very quick
That frog in the bog.

So he generously invited Master Brown to come and see the fun, also promising to exhibit afterward a recent acquisition by the Patchet family, viz.,

A large yellow dog.

Passing the fence, they joyfully see,
In proper position, a root of a tree
Over the bog.

With stealthy steps and hurried care, they make their way out upon the exposed root, toward the clump of vegetation whereon reposed, in watchful idleness,

The aforesaid frog.

Marmaduke, carefully balancing, stood
Over the mud-hole as long as he could,
And then tumbled in.

Ker—splash—much to Bobby's surprise, scaring away Mr. Frog and discovering the depth of the mud to be

Just up to his chin.

Scrambling and crawling out of the mire,
Came Marmaduke Brown in his Sunday attire,
And started for home,

Carrying with him a large quantity of—and dropping along the road at intervals samples of—a rich, creamy, well-moistened,

Light yellow loam.

Marmaduke's sister, Sophronia Brown,
Met him returning, and, holding her gown
Back out of the dirt,

Took him by the shoulder, and, marching him around to the back-door, went for him with an old broom and a pail of water, only stopping to see

How much he was hurt.

Marmaduke's clothing hangs out on the line;
He stays in the house under guard feminine
All the day long.

But Bobby Patchet is still hunting for that frog; for if he does not catch him, he is sure that in the cool of the evening will be repeated, without request, the somewhat

Monotonous song.

Digitized by Google

THE RIDDLE BOX.

RIDDLE.

My first is refreshing; oh! many it 's fed;
My next is a prominent part of the head;
My third lends to beauty its power to please;
My fourth is the very quintessence of ease;
My fifth is the head of all species of fun.
My whole is a criminal good people shun.

A. S.

ENIGMA.

The answer contains thirteen letters, and is the name of a plant. The 8, 2, 4, 13, 10 is a plant; the 1, 9, 6, 5, 11 is an opening; the 12, 3, 7 is a vessel. RUTHVEN.

ANAGRAMMATICAL BLANKS.

(Fill the first blank with a word the letters of which may be used in filling the following blanks.)

The —— in Summer's hues we saw
Near the —— of the mountain's brow;
The favoring —— —— far behind,
And —— some were the songsters now.
Down in the —— the willows waved
The streamlet —— us far away;
Into the sunlit, rocky ——,
Where we could ramble —— the day.

ALDEBARAN.

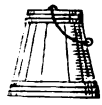
REBUS, No. 1.

CLASSICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Was —— supposed to have carried an ——? 2. Did —— ever cross the Isthmus of ——? 3. Were not both —— and —— produced by Juno striking the earth? 4. —— must frequently have encountered a ——. 5. Oh, ——! arouse from thy long ——. 6. We will appeal to ——, the god of ——. 7. Depart, pale —— from ——. RUTH.

A PICTURE PUZZLE.

Minnie sat down, one morning, to make some drawings in her sketch-book. She looked out at the window, and saw an old bucket. She took great pains with her sketch, and, after awhile, produced a drawing like this:



Next she drew a picture of an old pewter wash-basin which was sitting on a shelf. Here you see the picture of the basin:

Then she tried to draw the profile of the boy who washed his face in the basin. Her work was not very satisfactory this time.

Her next trial was a drawing of a brush which was used to sweep up the ashes from the hearth. This is the picture of the brush:

She looked out in the yard again, and spied a croquet mallet with a broken handle. It was soon transferred to the sketch-book.

Then she drew a picture of one of the wickets, from memory. This was not hard to do, as you may judge from this:

Her riding-whip was resting against the wall, so she made a sketch of that.

Just then her string of beads broke. After she had gathered them together, she commenced to draw them; but, as the sketch looked very much out of proportion, she did not finish it. Here it is:

At last, Minnie cut the drawings out and put them together, like a "dissected" map; and, behold! they formed the picture of what her grandfather termed "A young man 'of ye olden time.'"

By tracing these pictures, and then cutting them out and putting them together, you can make the same picture that Minnie made.

Lucius Goss.

DECAPITATED RHYMES.

If I were captured by a ——
It sure would make me very ——
My captor would I soundly ——
And poison everything he ——

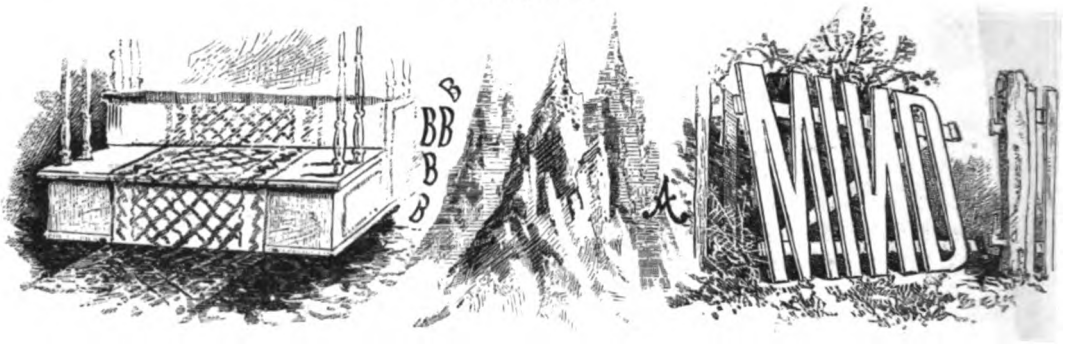
SYNCOPATIONS.

1. Syncopate a pronoun, and get a possessive. 2. Syncopate a measure, and get a plant. 3. Syncopate anger, and get a place. 4. Syncopate fleeced, and get preserved. 5. Syncopate renown, and get bloody.

H. B. F.

Digitized by Google

REBUS, No. 2.



CROSS WORD.

My first is in lost, but not in found;
My second is in hit, but not in pound;
My third is in poor, but not in rich;
My fourth is in tar, but not in pitch;
My fifth is in money, but not in gold;
My sixth is in young, but not in old;
My seventh is in pike, but not in rock;
My eighth is in hen, but not in cock;
My ninth is in winter, but not in fall;
My tenth is in hammer, but not in maul;
My eleventh is in three, but not in four;
My twelfth is in fly, but not in soar.
And my whole is the name of a bird. NIP.

PUZZLE.

I fished in the Thames this summer day,
And drew from its depths, quite unaware,
Four Biblemen who were buried elsewhere:
Wonder of wonders! Who are they?

L. S. G.

MUSICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. There is much musical —— in the —— family. 2. Let us —— in and hear ——. 3. Oh! if —— could but —— again. 4. —— deserves a —— for his non-appearance. 5. I heard of —— even in ——. 6. Have you any music of —— ——? RUTH.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

Hour-Glass Puzzle.—Largentiere.—1. Kabooloosoo. 2. Lancaster. 3. Larraga. 4. Lages. 5. Lea. 6. N. 7. Ita. 8. Laino. 9. Laneend. 10. Landriano. 11. Junglebarry.

Enigma.—"A new broom sweeps clean."

Hidden Word.—Black-board.—Be—Ella—seek a bee—oh—aye—are—Dee.

Charade.—Chinchilla.

Diamond Puzzle.—Conundrum.—1. C. 2. Rob. 3. Renew. 4. Regular. 5. Conundrum. 6. Beldame. 7. Warms. 8. Rue. 9. M.

Picturesque Enigma.—Confectionery.

Sextuple Square Word.—1. Olivet. 2. Lamina. 3. Imposi. 4. Violet. 5. Enseal. 6. Tattle.

Illustrated Proverb.—"Fast bind, fast find."

Blank Square.—Mite, Item, Team, Emma.

Rebus.—Great men on both continents begun life poor.

Patchwork.—Love.

Puzzle.—"Six young ladies:" Hannah, Ada, Eve, Anna, Bab and Nan. "Three lads:" Bob, Otto and Asa. Noon, madam, bub, sis, nun, tenet, peep, tot, gog, deed, minim, aha, eye, tat, civic, gig, tut-tut, level, bib, redder, toot, pip, pap, dad.

A Perfect Figure-Square.—

8 9 4 3 3 4 9 8
9 4 3 8 8 3 4 9
4 3 8 9 9 8 3 4
3 8 9 4 4 9 8 3
3 8 9 4 4 9 8 3
4 3 8 9 9 8 3 4
9 4 3 8 8 3 4 9
8 9 4 3 3 4 9 8

Double Central Acrostic.—Wren—Lark.—

Cra—W L—ing.
Fo—R A—ge.
Cov—E R—dy.
Tha—N K—ful.

Answers to Puzzles in August Number have been received, previous to August 18, from Harry M. D. Erisman, "Cassy," Freddie Bradley, "Jicks," Edward W. Robinson, Susie G. and Mary H. Wilson, Lucy R. and Sophie Johnson, Thomas Baldwin, "Mamie and Bessie," William A. Howell, "Hardnut," Eddie H. Eckel, Lulu M. Sutton, "Frank and Laura," Lizzie C. Brown, Carrie Wells, "Flo," Louise F. Olmstead, Harry C. Powers, Kittie Saintor, John S. Peckham, Henry C. Hart, S. T. Nicholas, Helen B. Fanchart, Thomas J. De la Hunt, Mary M. Farley, Frank H. Burt, Mary C. Ayers, "Hattie and Ella," Clarence H. Campbell, Florence Palmer, Bertha Ferguson, Fannie D. Musgore, Carrie A. Johnson, Florence Graham, Edna H. Kiersted, Rebekah Yates, Nellie Du Puy, Gertrude H. Rugg, Florence Chandler, Willie and Dorah Bryan, Willie R. Collins, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Lucy A. Pryor, T. O. M., Ellen G. Hodges, Emilie L. Haines, William T. Roberts, A. C. C., "Hallie & Co.," Carrie Mairs, Sallie Bush, Mary L. Hubbard, Grace E. Rockwell, Emma C. Preston, Lewis C. Preston, Carrie S. Simpson, "Pond-lily," "Mignonette," Hattie Crane, Minnie Boyer, Mattie C. Haskins, David H. Shipman, Lillie T. Gray, Fred Worthington, Willie Boucher Jones, "Osgood," Worthington C. Ford, John Maryland, Joseph Frank Bird, Carrie L. Hastings, Edwin H. Smith, D. W. McCullough, Eddie E. De Vinne, Florence P. Spofford Belle R. Hooper, Lulu and Willie Habershaw, Marion A. Coombs, Fannie Humphrey, Jessie O. Mallory, Grace G. Hiler, Fred M. Loomie, S. Walter Goodson, Georgie D. Clemens, Ida Crouch, Rose White, G. Davison, Cedar Hill (Tarrytown), "Claire," Fred A. Pratt, Oscar Hale, Mary Dimond, Bertha E. Saltmarsh, Jimmy Rogers, Mamie Irvine, Sarah J. Russell, Clara L. Anthony, "Oliver Twist," Hattie C. Smith, "Queen Pickaninny," Willie H. Frost, W. F. Bridge, J. Bridge, "Fan and Ted," M. C. Sherman, S. Young, Nellie S. Colby, James Sherwood, Johnnie Sherwood, May Brodnax, M. C. G., Susie E. Avery, George B. Crow, Carrie R. Leake, John S. Adriance, Isaac Adriance, M. N. McElroy.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PAIR
Princeton University Library
32101 065274563

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google